

PLAYBOY'S SCUBA-DO!

A CANDID
INTERVIEW WITH
JOHN WAYNE

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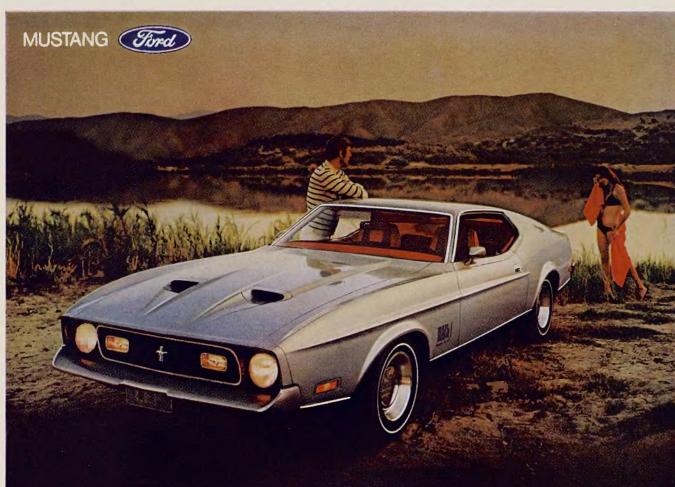
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BY ANHEUSED BUSCH INC ST LOUIS MISSOURI . SINCE 1896

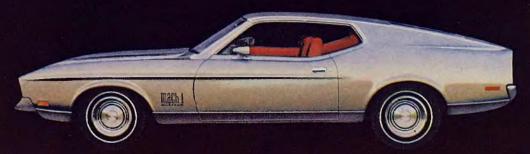
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PLAYBILL IT'S NO SECRET that many of our major power companies are under attack for their inability to provide adequate current at peak periods. What's surprising is that, according to Robert Sherrill in Power Play, there's actually a surplus of energy sources in the U.S. The problem lies in establishing an effective distribution network throughout the country. Sherrill urges that monopolies on the raw materials of power should be more closely regulated and proposes solutions that would permanently end the threat of crippling blackouts. Another major social concern, as ecologists point out with apocalyptic dismay, is overpopulation. Yet, James Collier, in The Procreation Myth, offers his studied opinion that, as far as Homo sapiens is concerned, sex is-and should beprimarily for fun and not for reproduction. Collier's research will be used for a book he's writing that will provide, he says, "a brand-new approach to our understanding of the nature of sex and what it means to human beings." Britain's esteemed V. S. Pritchett, New Statesman director, literary critic and author of, among many works, Blind Love and Other Stories and the autobiographical A Cab at the Door, contributes this month's lead fiction, The Trip, recounting the unsettling experience of a prominent newspaper editor who's followed throughout Europe by a strange and inscrutable female admirer. A trip of a vastly different nature-via canoe down a turbulent river in the Deep South-was described by James Dickey in his best-selling first novel, Deliverance. To better understand the wild country that is so important in Dickey's work and, at the same time, to probe the poet's amazingly diverse intellect, Associate Editor Geoffrey Norman accompanied him on a similar white-water foray and wrote The Stuff of Poetry, which affirms that Dickey is, indeed, a rare combination of aesthete and athlete, Another rugged individual is screen legend John Wayne, the subject of our May Playboy Interview, whose movie heroics and publicly voiced beliefs have cast him as America's superpatriot. Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis spent time with the venerable Duke at his Newport Beach estate and also in his Batjac Production offices. Their resulting dialog reveals Wayne's frank, gut-instinct mentality that is nevertheless balanced by an undercurrent of deep humanity. There's little doubt that Wayne would speak disapprovingly of the revolutionary



COHEN, STAEBLER and NOLAN

















COLLIER



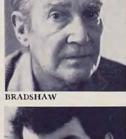


SHEPHERD



WILLS







WILLIAMS



dropouts observed by Garry Wills in his trenchant narrative, World 42; Freaks 0. Wills, whose recently published book, Nixon Agonistes, has been critically applauded, is making his first contribution to PLAYBOY. Another escapist group, at the opposite end of the socioeconomic spectrum from Wills's Canada commune dwellers, are the characters in T. K. Brown's disquieting tale, Haunts of the Very Rich, which concerns three couples at a hugely expensive secret resort who encounter an otherworldly series of disasters. It's illustrated by Chicago artist Seymour Rosofsky, making his eighth appearance in our pages. The unexcelled accommodations available in Japan are among the country's many attractions highlighted by Associate Travel Editor Reg Potterton in Land of the Risen Sun. A rising-and stiflingly hot-sun brings about an abrupt end to The Unforgettable Exhibition Game of the Giants Versus the Dodgers, Tropical Bush League, by Contributing Editor Jean Shepherd, which will be included in his novel The Secret Mission of the Blue-Assed Buzzard, to be published by Doubleday next year. Jean's 13-week television series, Jean Shepherd's America, began April 11 on the Public Broadcasting Service. Other staffers showing up this month include Associate Articles Editor-and private pilot-David Butler, whose "Slow Down, You Move Too Fast" reports on the ulcerous atmosphere in an airport flight-control tower, and Assistant Editor Lee Nolan, Associate Art Director Tom Staebler and Assistant Photo Editor Jeffrey Cohen, who collaborated on an enviable assignment that took them to the Bahamas, testing the latest underwater-diving equipment for the feature Scuba-Do! A vacationer whose journey was less pleasant than our editorial trio's is the protagonist in Brad Williams' One Good Turn. George Bradshaw makes his PLAYBOY premiere in this issue with The Splendid Soufflé, which will become part of a book, The Random Egg, to be published in October by Harper & Row. Besides authoring several cookbooks, Bradshaw is a successful writer of short stories; his Practice to Deceive became the screenplay for How to Steal a Million. Additionally this month, you'll find: our special fashion preview, Turned Out for Tomorrow; Robert Bloch's eerie story of revenge, Animal Fair; The Swingers, cartoonist John Dempsey's look at the lighter side of group sex; and a 12-page pictorial salute to The Bunnies of New York, with whom you can spend-vicariously, at least-all your May days.

BROWN

## PLAYBOY.



Creative Menswear

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Right Number

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Freaky Football

P. 134



New York Bunnies

P. 150



Underwater Sports

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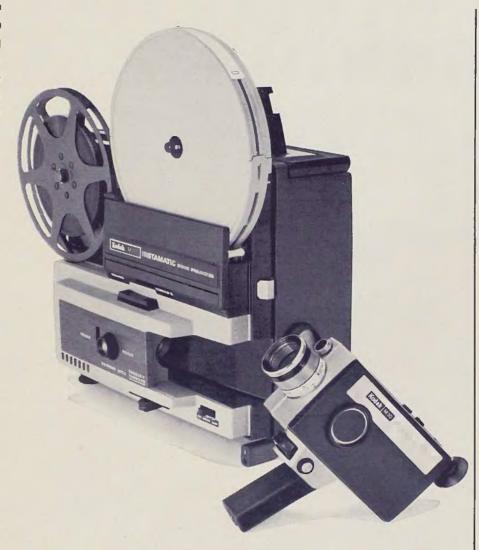
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TO PLAYBOY. BUILD THE PLAYBOY. BY J. S. J. S.

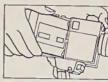
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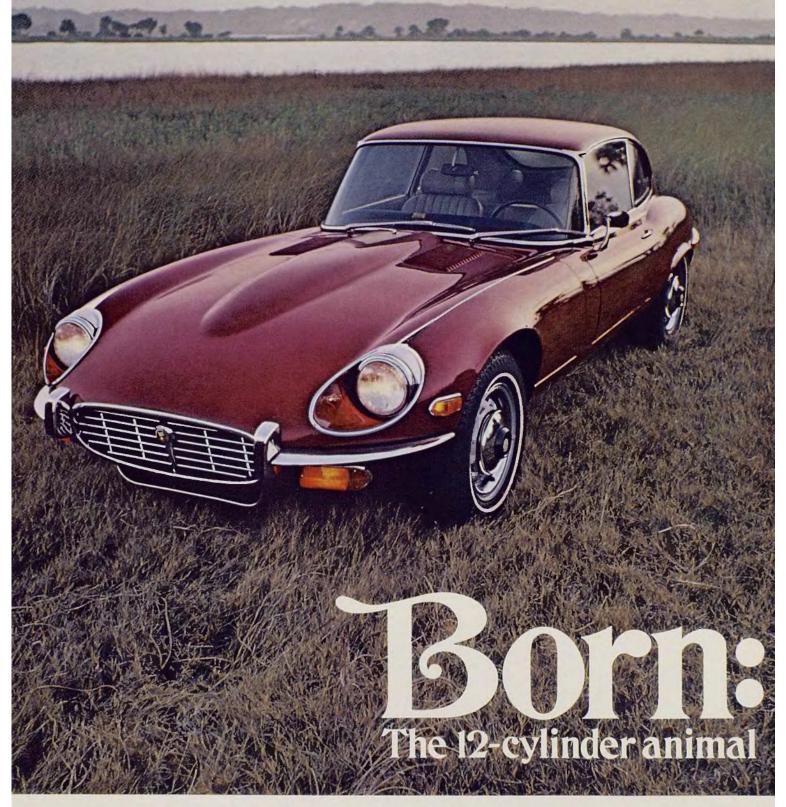
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PLAYBOY, May 1971, Vol. 18, No. 5, Published monthly by Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Jaguar, a breed of cat rarely considered timid, announces the most exciting automotive development in years-an aluminum V-12 engine.

The logic of the V-12 configuration: The V-12 is inherently balanced. Its smooth-

ness is almost uncanny.
Significance: This 12-cylinder engine idles in near-silence. Its virtual absence of

vibration may take some getting used to. Some specifics: Jaguar's V-12 displaces only 326 cubic inches and yet develops 314 horsepower. The cylinders have a very large bore and the pistons have a short stroke, to attain higher potential power and longer engine life. And the power is deliv-

ered through an exceptionally wide range of engine revolutions.

An eye-opener: The ignition system is transistorized. It employs a new electronic distributor that eliminates all contact points. With no contact points to wear or foul, a major cause of engine tune-ups is eliminated. (Incidentally, an out of tune engine is a major cause of air pollution.)

Finally: Jaguar has a fully-independ-ent suspension system with "anti-dive" front-end geometry. New disc brakes, power-

assisted on all 4 wheels. And rackand-pinion steering, also power assisted, with 3.5 turns lock-to-lock and a turning circle of 36 feet.

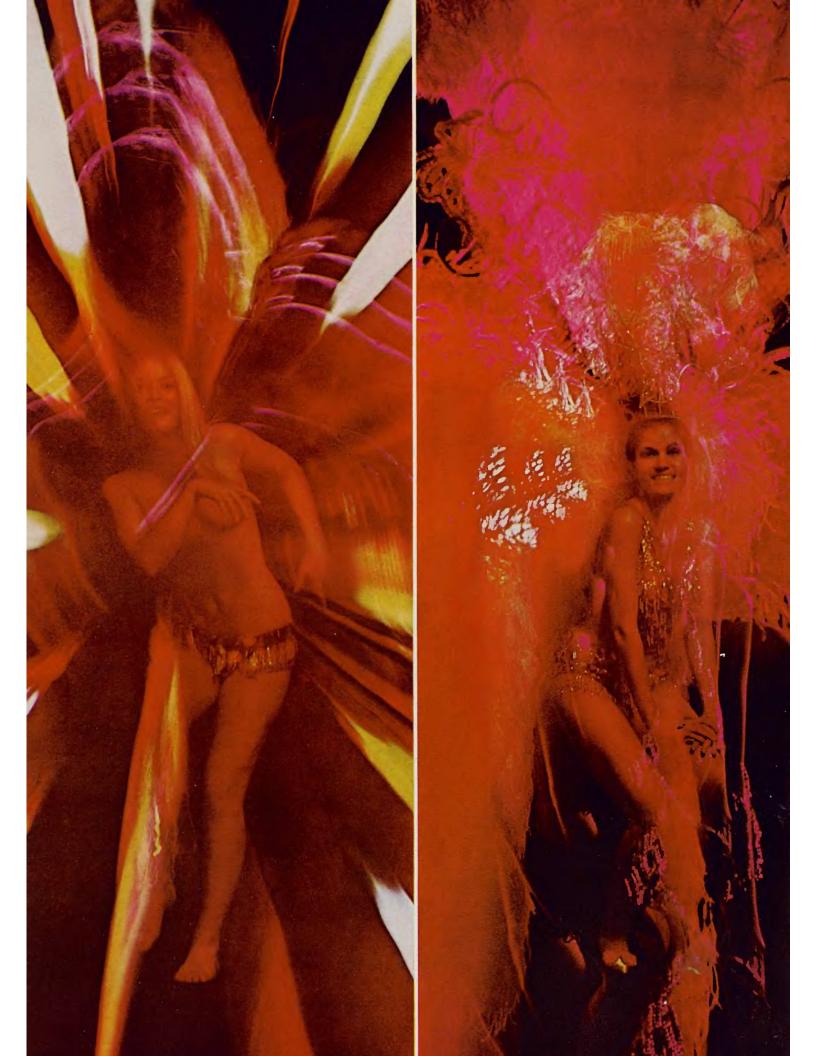
Incredibly, the Jaguar 2+2, with this revolutionary V-12 engine, costs only \$7,325.\*

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#### DEAR PLAYBOY

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#### THOUGHTS ON THINKING

My hat is off to Morton Hunt for his article, *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Intelligence*, in the February PLAYBOY. It is the best popular treatment of a highly technical and wildly controversial subject I have ever read. And, as author of the college textbook *Psychology and Life*, which has sold more copies than any other on the subject in the past 33 years, I have read many such.

Floyd L. Ruch Professor of Psychology University of Southern California Los Angeles, California

Hunt's essay is so knowledgeable, so comprehensive and so fair that it would seem to require no comment. That it deserves extraordinary commendation rests entirely on the unhappy truth that such balanced statements are rare. My own comments on the subject have been frequently and sometimes brutally misquoted. In The Social Contract, my conclusions are in total accord with Hunt's. Regarding the Jensen report, which suggests the genetical inferiority of Negro intelligence, I wrote: "It is a persuasive document, so persuasive that there were those who could provide no better answer than to threaten Jensen's life. But the materials must be regarded with care. Are we truly considering intelligence, or a capacity to learn according to the demands of the materialist American environment?" I concluded my own remarks very much as Hunt has concluded his: "We do not know about race; and that is the final truth today . . . and until the scientist, without threat to his life, is free to explore in all candor racial differences, and to prove or disprove systematic inequalities of intelligence, an observer of the sciences has little to offer. But then, neither racist nor egalitarian has much to offer either, beyond emotion." Let me add one point not covered by Hunt: While random variation dictates wide diversity of mental potential among individuals within an interbreeding population, I can think of no theoretical consideration that would point to an inferior capacity to learn in one race as compared with another. Whether in baboon or man, natural selection must favor capacities for survival in a particular environment. Differences may evolve just as environments differ. But the evolution of an inferior capacity to learn seems to me a natural impossibility.

Robert Ardrey Rome, Italy

A renowned author and playwright, Ardrey has written several widely read books, including "African Genesis" and "The Territorial Imperative."

Hunt's article is undoubtedly the most balanced, thorough and competent treatment of this research area that has yet appeared in a popular magazine. The students in my upper-division course in psychological testing have found it a helpful, informative and, more importantly, an integrative summary of research and issues in this area.

> Frank L. Schmidt, Ph. D. Assistant Professor Department of Psychology Michigan State University East Lansing, Michigan

Morton Hunt has done a magnificent job of reporting on the fascinating and urgent debate about intelligence, with all of its provoking, baffling, challenging, hopeful contradictions. But I wish he had not brushed off so quickly attempts to boost intelligence by enriching the environment of young children. There is more evidence to back the gains made by preschool reading and mental stimulation, for example, than he acknowledges. Most efforts in this direction, like Head Start, have been too little, too late and too influenced by the social-adjustment philosophy of preschool education. Mental, like physical, malnutrition cannot be permanently remedied by an adequate diet at age four alone. The more I learn about the role of environment in the creation of intelligence, the more critical it seems, And the more that's discovered about these innate physical qualities the more important they appear. Hunt's conclusion about their interaction is the only viable model of intelligence. Our ignorance of that ten-billion-neuron computer between our ears is still appalling. It's remarkable

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that for so long we have deceived ourselves by assuming we could understand the mind, while ignoring the brain, the physical organ of the mind. Congratulations to PLAYBOY for running this excellent exploration of an urgent, fascinating topic.

> Joan Beck Child Care Editor Chicago Tribune Chicago, Illinois

#### BOSTON BUST

I must confess I became a fan of Michael Crichton's with The Andromeda Strain: but even though Dealing, concluded in your February issue, was not science fiction (it had its elements of fantasy, however), it was most enjoyable. Michael and Douglas Crichton have obviously been in the Berkeley and the Boston scenes and know their way around. My only complaint is that the real scene is a little grimmer and more paranoid than the one they painted, and heavy dealers are seldom college kids. But that's artistic license, I guess. Thanks for a well-told and fascinating story; you can't hardly get that kind these days.

Ray Arnold Los Angeles, California

I have read *Dealing*. Fiction should be a plausible association with facts. Here, they are complete and utter strangers. For instance, the FBI (a magnificent organization) has never been engaged in the area of narcotic enforcement. This activity is exclusively the orbit of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

Harry J. Anslinger U. S. Commissioner of Narcotics (Ret.) Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

#### GOD AND COUNTRY AND BILLY

Saul Braun's profile of Billy Graham, Nearer, Silent Majority, to Thee (PLAYBOY, February), brings one nearer to Graham than could a front-row seat at any one of the Reverend's crusades.

Christopher H. Wellons Sherman Oaks, California

Braun's piece on Graham is brilliant in a vaguely damaging way, but I wonder if it doesn't miss the point. This evangelist, religion's number one in America-one might say in the Christian world-has scarcely a trace of religion in his make-up. True, Braun brings into sharp focus the paradox of Graham's being violently hostile to supposed sexual obscenity, while he gives covert aid and comfort to the obscenity of killing. This paradox, however, is nothing but an accidental surfacing of the total lack I refer to. What is the nature of Mr. Graham's inner life? We don't know, except that it doesn't transfuse grace, mercy or peace. What does he mean by "God"? We don't know.

There has never been the slightest indication, between his prayers and flourishings of the King James Bible (he has no access to scriptural sources, of course), that Graham has ever given a moment's scrious thought to this mind-shattering question. This man is supposed to resemble Jesus Christ? Don't make me laugh.

Dr. John Theobald San Diego State College El Cajon, California

If Graham ever had a divine message to deliver, it would seem he has lost it in his desire to mingle with rulers and leaders. The religion that championed Custer and his ilk, that condoned slavery and land theft and treaty breaking, has no good work to do in these troubled times. No wonder marijuana gives more peace of mind and sense of the beauty of God's creation than does a chrome-plated, plastic flag-waving idol that some people mistake for Christ. Too bad Graham hasn't met the real McCoy-gentle, long-haired and persecuted. If old Bill ever gets his soul in gear, the first sign will be the sudden lack of invitations to affairs of a corrupt, killcrazy state. A true prophet seldom has honor from his own country.

> Don Joseph, Jr. Hamilton, Ontario

I read with eager enthusiasm Saul Braun's article on the relevance of Billy Graham's message to our war-oriented society. My exceptional interest is born of a nine-month "tour of duty" with the Graham organization prior to and during the 1966 Southern Piedmont Crusade in Greenville, South Carolina. I was employed by the Southern Piedmont Crusade. Inc., not by the parent organization, the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. The location of the article in the magazine (first one to follow the centerfold) and the author's discreet omission of quotation marks are particularly apt. The accompanying caricature illustration of Graham is excellent, though I was disappointed to see a simple lectern has replaced his electrically powered portable pulpit. My respect for Graham's message of salvation is unsurpassed; my respect for Graham and his associates is about the same as Braun's.

> David Roberts Sumter, South Carolina

Braun's splendid profile leads one to believe that were Jesus to appear to Billy Graham in the nude, the Reverend Billy would be forced to disown him,

> Allen Lang Chicago, Illinois

While Billy Graham presents the liberal American with an enigmatic conglomeration of an archaic religious and

political system incarnated in the form of a modern saddle padre, he confronts the seminary student in a far more disturbing light. To many of us, Graham represents a most drastic perversion of Christianity, which allows him to condone by silence many of our society's most hideous crimes against mankind, from the war in Southeast Asia to the gunning down of Americans on college campuses. At a time that sees the indictment of Roman Catholic pacifist clergymen and women by the state for conspiring to commit crimes of violence, it is hard to believe that Billy Graham continues to sell indulgences within the walls of the White House. Although one would not wish to discourage Graham's unique science of political hermeneutics, one might hope that he would recall the following passage: "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" (Matthew 6:24).

> Martin Barlosky Union Theological Seminary New York, New York

Graham says he won't do a *Playboy Interview* unless the foldout for that month is removed. It seems to me I once read about a nice Jewish boy who preached among tax collectors, slave-owners, prostitutes, etc. Is Graham's message so fragile that a couple of bare breasts will shatter it?

Steve Huboner Albuquerque, New Mexico

#### MUSICAL AIRS

PLAYBOY'S Jazz and Pop '71 in your February issue, with Nat Hentoff's analysis of the past year, was superb. During my many years working in radio, I have had the task of selecting the best 100 songs of the year and the best artists in their related fields, almost a mission impossible. Trying to stay away from the standard formalism of follow-the-leader and polling-by-sales, it is often helpful to abide by PLAYBOY, with readers' choices spanning the world.

Mike H. Olund, Manager Radio KYNG Coos Bay, Oregon

I'd like to express my appreciation to PLAYBOY and to its readers for the election of my late son. Jimi Hendrix, to The Playboy Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame. It is a great honor and a source of pride for me. While I know that Jimi would have been proud of this honor, I also knew Jimi as a boy and a son, and the popular image and the person were two different things. Jimi, more than anything else, just wanted to play his music and to be able to live his own life. What he had to do to be able to do that was not what he was. Jimi did have a hard

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time getting to where he could play his music, and it is too bad he had such a short time to do it. I didn't get Jimi an electric guitar when he was 12; all he had was a broom, which he pretended was a guitar. I have no knowledge that "dope claimed" Jimi; according to the death certificate, my son died of suffocation on his own vomit after taking some strong sleeping pills. Jimi was trying to do things with his music that had never been done before, and he died too soon. I am hoping that the real story of what my son was and what he was trying to do will be told. That is why I am involved in a new project, the Jimi Hendrix Memorial Foundation. I am trying to see that some of the things that Jimi really wanted to do are accomplished.

James Allen Hendrix Jimi Hendrix Memorial Foundation, Inc. Seattle, Washington

#### PRISON BLUES

Tom Murton, in your February interview, offers comments on the Arkansas corrections system that lamentably have applicability across this nation. My reaction to the interview is one of applause. Although the inmates of our prisons come in many different packages in relation to personality, past experience, etc., certain generalizations derived from observation and research seem to have validity. Two common denominators, in particular, are feelings of low self-esteem and impaired ability in interpersonal relationships. Handicapped in their capacity to relate to others in the larger community, inmates are temporarily isolated and are placed in a new setting with other similarly frustrated people. Our jails and prisons have then historically tended to operate in reinforcing the inmate's isolation. An effective prison system should encourage open communication through as many avenues as possible. This must be consciously built into a program with the sanction and continuing support of the administration. I participated several years ago in initiating such a program in the San Mateo, California, County Sheriff's Department. In an open institution with no bars, no fences and no gates that housed graduates of San Quentin, etc., only one escape occurred during the first year. There's no one answer to correctional problems. But if we could begin to move on some of the basic knowledge we have, I am convinced we might be more hopeful.

Ray R. Price Assistant Professor School of Social Welfare University of Kansas Kansas City, Kansas

Murton's numbing disclosures regarding the means of penitential rehabilitation employed throughout the land will awaken the conscience and rouse the sentiment of good men everywhere. No level of government can escape the guilt incurred from our shameful and perversive penal system, so long so sorrowfully neglected. I find Murton's approach to prison rehabilitation efforts most refreshing. Rest assured that I, as a member of the House of Representatives' Judiciary and Select Crime Committee, will lend my support to comprehensive prison-reform legislation.

Representative Jerome R. Waldie U. S. House of Representatives Washington, D. C.

The interview with Murton was, by far, the best I have ever read. The topic was timely, the content excellent and the man fantastic. I know of few men as capable as Murton in bringing about the much needed reform, and even fewer willing to lose their jobs to do it. I was prompted to write my Congressman to find out what was being done in my state about the deplorable prison situation. I hope the interview had similar effects on others and that maybe Murton will be re-employed where he belongs—at the prison, not at the campus.

Donald Gerrard Dawson Columbus, Ohio

I am a police officer and I know that the Texas prison system cannot be anywhere near as bad as Arkansas', but it isn't as good as it could be under the direction of a man like Murton. I would feel like I was doing society and the man who committed the crime a much better service if I knew he was going to a place run by Murton's methods. But I couldn't be a law-enforcement officer in Arkansas, knowing that if I arrested a man, he would be sent to a place where crime flourished rather than was deterred. I hope to hear of Murton being hired as superintendent of corrections somewhere soon. If there were more men like him to reduce recidivism, the police officer would have much more time to try to prevent the first offense from occurring.

Ted F. Henley Waxahachie, Texas

As a former inmate of the Arkansas prison system (eight years) who lived under several wardens, I feel qualified to present a subjective critique of your interview. Murton did indeed make some revolutionary changes, administratively and in the physical plant at the Tucker unit, that were for the benefit of the inmates: but overall he just showed up his fanatic and egocentric philosophy of penal reform. He thinks of himself as the messiah, and not the pariah he wishes his readers to believe to be his self-concept. He has the only solution and summarily rejects fellow colleagues' or any other person's attempts at prison reform as being antiquated or

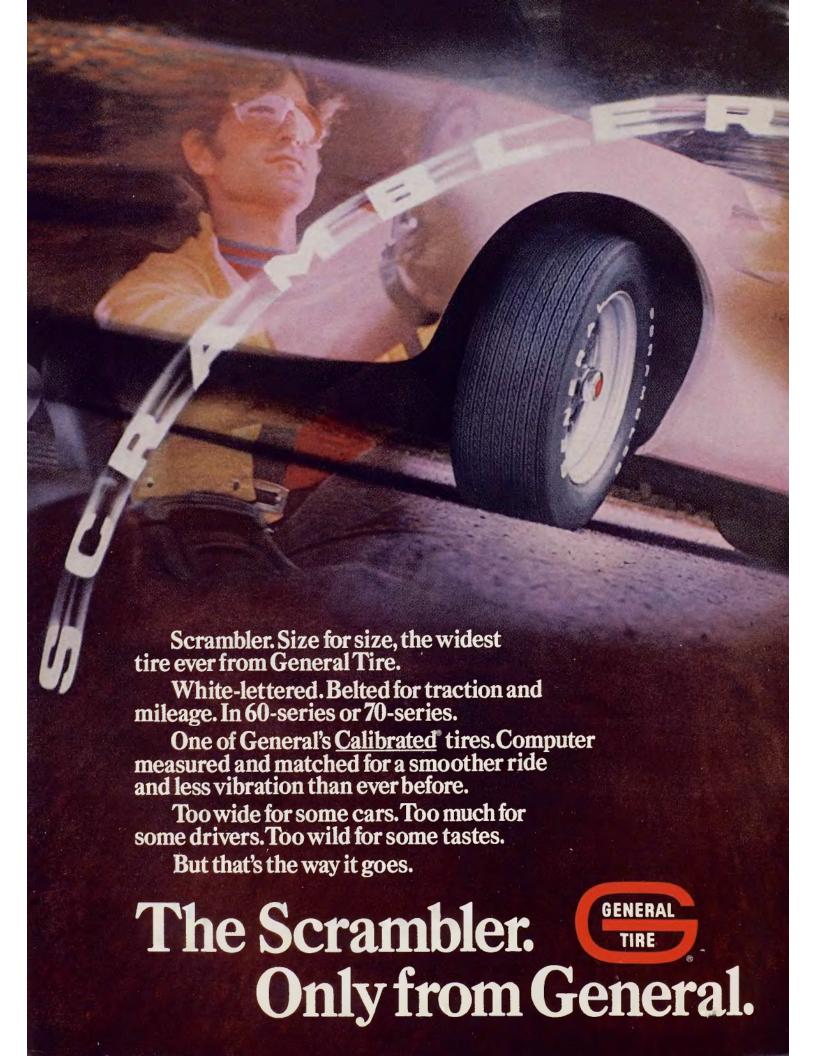
"empirically" nonproductive. Murton dismisses educational and vocational programs as major steps in rehabilitation and decline in recidivism so lightly, that he reaches the ultimate in penal ignorance. The educational program in which I participated during my last year in prison led to my present status in society. I am now a junior in college and plan to enter law school after completing undergraduate work. I challenge Murton to show how college is making me into an educated criminal, and not a rehabilitated citizen.

Buddy Nichols College of the Ozarks Clarksville, Arkansas

Prison reform in Arkansas was not an original idea of Murton's. The Arkansas Gazette, among other leading voices in the state, had been crying for reform long before he or Governor Winthrop Rockeleller appeared. As a Democratic legislator, I welcomed Murton's appointment because he appeared to be so well qualified. I favored more funds for the improvements and reforms we all know are needed, although I feel that the conditions in the Arkansas prison system were not as medieval as has been charged. I had high hopes for the Murton prison administration. I ultimately realized that he would do anything and say anything to get newspaper headlines; he embarrassed Governor Rockefeller repeatedly by his public statements, and his actions were those of a man who was trying to provoke his own discharge so he could capitalize on it. He has since written a book and talked to anybody, any time, anyplace he could to publicize his version of his discharge. Murton is more interested in the spotlight than in solid accomplishments in his chosen field.

Representative Gayle Windsor, Jr. Arkansas State Legislature Little Rock, Arkansas

Murton's past employment record in various other states should easily establish the credibility of his statements. It seems most publications choose to overlook this, as our former governor did. The worst thing that ever happened to Arkansas was when Murton crossed its borders. I predict Minnesota will rue ever seeing him. The cemetery he unearthed is on record in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers office in Vicksburg, Mississippi, where anyone who desires to may obtain the records and facts regarding location, etc. The pathologist who examined the graves stated they were 40-50 years old. There isn't a 50year-old prison or state hospital in the United States that does not have unmarked graves. During the Depression years and before, many people were buried in boxes for lack of resources; and there are many abandoned cemeteries



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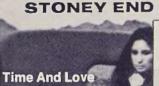


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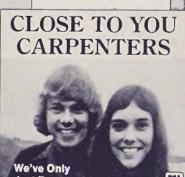


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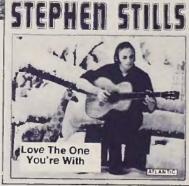
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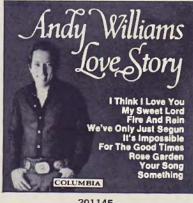
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across this country where people are laid to rest in unmarked graves. What Murton found on the Arkansas prison grounds was not particularly unusual. However, he is so desirous of publicity that he played the occasion to the hilt with the out-of-state reporters-who stood beside the open graves the way condor-beaked vultures wait-and pounced on a sister state for alleged wrongdoings that could have happened in any of our states. Admittedly, there have been violent deaths in prisons and state institutions across this land, but these crimes, if they can be called crimes, happened a generation ago. Nothing can be gained by digging them up 50 years later.

Senator Virgil T. Fletcher Arkansas State Legislature Little Rock, Arkansas

I applaud Murton's critical analysis of pseudo prison reform. True reform must focus on the internal organization of our penal institutions. A system that relieves an individual of the necessity to think and act responsibly cannot expect that individual to function smoothly when returned to a democratic society.

William Cottringer Murray, Kentucky

#### LIBERATION LAY

Thomas Baum's *The Big Pieces* (PLAYBOY, February) was one of the more amusing stories you've run in recent months—a satirical, welcome relief from your more serious types of fiction. Baum has a sharp ear for dialog and an even sharper eye for characterization. Of late, I've been meeting Susan Roth types by the gross, and I'm beginning to wonder what the hell they ever did before women's lib gave them a cause. Baum does a nice job of taking them down a peg.

Fred Robinson St. Louis, Missouri

#### SCHLESINGER'S SOOTHSAYING

I have just read Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s fantastic article *Histories* of the Future (PLAYBOY, February). It's one of the most open-minded pieces of literature I've ever seen. He certainly has a flair for sarcastic insight and has put Agnewminded anarchists where they belong: believing in a bungling, bifaced bastard's belligerent beliefs. Schlesinger hit dead center when he stated that "the future has several histories and every nation has the ability to choose its own." We can only hope that America makes the correct decision in time.

Earl L. Kerns Flagstaff, Arizona

What Schlesinger's article foreshadows is the awakening, in America, of a new brand of nationalism. It is not the tired patriotism of the McCarthy era—flag in hand, tear in eye—but, rather, it is an "honest nationalism." America is great,

but not perfect. In order for such a complex country to exist, people must realize that it is not above having problems. After the growing pains suffered in the past decade, the time has come for America to stop dreaming and wake up. The fanatics, to the left and to the right, will soon consume themselves in their own flames—as fanatics always do. It is highly unlikely that there will be a revolution whose outcome is utopia, or that a return to the puritan ethic will bring back the "good old days" that never were, Most Americans are as sick of the Abbie Hoffmans as they are of the Judge Hoffmans. While the "silent majority" was not talking, it was thinking -and out of this thought came the realization that it is the individual's responsibility as much as the Government's to work for a better America.

> Daniel S. Sargis Newington, Connecticut

Schlesinger's scenarios are interesting and thought-provoking. But he fails to answer that most important of questions—"Where in the world is our national security directly engaged?"

Capt. R. E. Gallatin, U. S. N. Key West, Florida

Thank God for Schlesinger's article. Without any axes to grind or need for personal recognition, without documentation of past events or cause to alarm, he has succeeded in clarifying for me—and probably millions of others—the whole of the Vietnam mess.

John Y. Pyo, M. D. Inglewood, California

#### BEAT THE DRUM SLOWLY

A Nice Enough Funeral, by William Harrison (PLAYBOY, February), was more than a nice enough story-it was a very remarkable one. A withering look into what a genius' life might be like, but told with enough compassion and heart that the outré becomes understandable, if not commonplace. There is a reason why people are like they are, and Harrison wields a deft scalpel, indeed, in peeling back the wrapping around his main character. I found Funeral fascinating though, at first, somewhat repellent; in the end, I could not put it down without wishing Baskin and Kate as much happiness as there might be in life for any of us.

Mal Roberts Cleveland, Ohio

Harrison's last novel, In a Wild Sanctuary, convinced me that he is one of the best of the new writers on our fiction scene. He has an eerie gift for spotting the edges of flint in the soft swamps of eroticism, the kind of metaphysics that every man senses as the skeleton of his

lust. This image of a funereal carnival, or Saturnalian funeral, in which the mother flesh renews the earth again—arousing the son to life—is mythic in the best sense. This is the kind of writing that keeps our metaphysics warm. I'm very much looking forward to the novel from which A Nice Enough Funeral was excerpted. Baskin obviously has far to go before he finds his own grave under the killer mountains.

#### R. V. Cassill

Providence, Rhode Island Cassill is the author of "Doctor Cobb's Game," a currently best-selling novel based on England's celebrated sex-politics scandal, the Profumo affair.

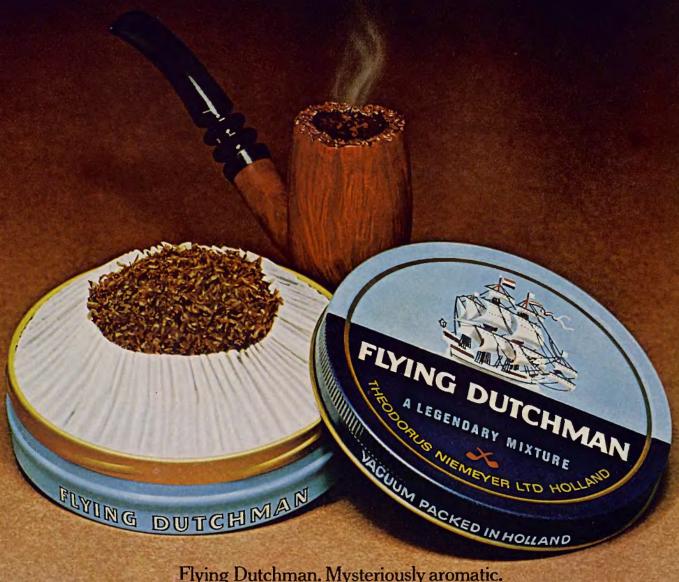
#### WARBIRDS OF A FUNNY FEATHER

I very much enjoyed Brock Yates and Bruce McCall's nostalgic review of prejet warplanes, Major Howdy Bixby's Album of Forgotten Warbirds (PLAYBOY, January); however, I cannot understand their leaving one of my favorite pre-World War One craft off the list. The Hungarian Busmeg-Erker-Lo-Fuss Crumpley-Levesh Z-24 was among the most highly prized secrets of the Hungarian Standing Army. Its field test by Corporal Michael Boldizsar is more memorable in the annals of aircraft lore than the plane itself. It seems that Boldizsar had the aircraft (a unique design of hog innards stretched over steamed willow boughs) towed atop the Sphinx while on Egyptian maneuvers. The plan was to push the prototype off of the statue sans engine for a glide test. But Boldizsar's plans were aborted when several Arab grave robbers attracted by the strong garlic odor mistook the craft for a rack of drying sausages and had eaten half of the plane before Boldizsar's sentry awoke to the popping noise of the bursting casings. Boldizsar, stunned by the failure of this mission, defected to the United States shortly thereafter, and served until retirement as a free-lance consultant to the Food and Drug Administration, Meat Inspection Division.

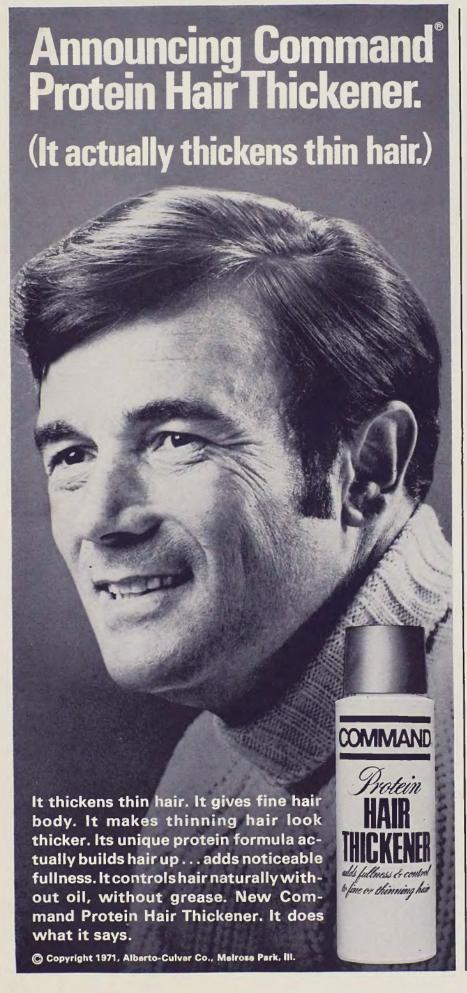
> Robert E. Psenka Houston, Texas

One of the most beautiful and graceful fighters of World War Two was the British Boulton Paul Defiant I. Uniquely designed, it had no guns firing forward. Its sole armament consisted of four Browning machine guns mounted in a turret just behind the pilot and aimed and fired by a second crewman. Theoretically, the pilot would concentrate on flying and the gunner on shooting down enemy airplanes. This highly original fighter design worked only once, while the Defiants were flying fighter cover for a bombing raid on Dieppe. Thinking that the fighters were British Hurricanes (which had standard forward-

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firing guns), the German pilots attacked from above and behind and were blasted out of the sky. But they quickly caught on to the new design and soon learned to attack the Defiant from below and in front. It was impossible to fire the turret guns into this quadrant and the Defiants had absolutely no defense. The airplane was quickly withdrawn from all daylight operations but, painted black, later resurfaced as a night fighter. However, it never did really work as well as it was supposed to. Regrettably, unlike the ones in Major Bixby's Album, the story of the Boulton Paul Defiant I is true. Nor is this sort of fiasco a thing of the past, as our experience with the XB-70 has shown. Yates and McCall came closer to reality than many people would like to admit.

> Geoffrey W. Sjostrom C. L. T. C., C. A. P. (Ret.) Wilmette, Illinois

#### THE PLAYBILL MYSTERY

As a longtime Ellery Queen buff, I was exceedingly gratified to see *The Three Students* in your March issue. But your own investigative talents failed, I think. Shouldn't your *Playbill* have identified Manfred Lee as Fred Dannay's collaborator?

John Howard Noxo, Mississippi

PLAYBOY apologizes to Mansred Lee, who, indeed, has collaborated for years with Fred Dannay to produce the popular Ellery Queen mysteries, another of which will appear in our June issue.

#### SABOTAGING THE SOVIETS

Representative Thomas Rees's article on Bringing Russia to Her Knees in the February PLAYBOY proves that Rees may be miscast as a representative of the people-he could have done equally well as a humorist. But just because we missed on backing the Fiat plant doesn't mean we should give up trying. We might try to introduce commercial TV and cheap TV sets-and everything that implies. Think of the instant greed it would cause, of millions of Muscovites rushing to GUM to buy the latest appliance, of the struggle to keep up with the Sheplovs, of the burning of millions of kilowatts as half of a nation stays up to watch the late-night movie and leaves for work the next morning, red-eyed and accident-prone. The possibilities are limitless. Why, in a year's time, there would be no difference at all between Russians and Americans, and the Nixon Administration could at last take the credit for Bringing Us All Together-on a worldwide basis.

Malcolm Becker Los Angeles, California





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#### PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



few months ago, several ambitious A lew months ago, according to Mest Coast pot peddlers, imbued with an abiding faith in capitalist economics, introduced packaged filter-tip marijuana cigarettes with the catchy name GrassMaster-and predicted that their ambitious endeavor would ultimately legalize marijuana by fait accompli. Despite their claim that 5000 cartons of GrassMasters were distributed among 320 illicit drug sellers in the San Francisco area, they seem only to have unloaded a few hundred sample packages of rather low-grade joints cranked out on Laredo rollers by the underground equivalent of elves. One of the flip-top pot promoters is an astute entrepreneur who calls himself Felix the Cat. Delivering Grass-Master samples (slogan: "GM for Progress") to local rock station KSAN-FM, Felix issued the following claims; that he represented a consortium of eight professional dealers that turns a ton of pot a month in the Bay Area; that the Grass-Master scheme has the financial backing of some "liberal businessmen"; that GrassMasters would be on the market in as many as 30 U.S. cities by the end of this year; that a secret but fully automated joint factory was being built in Mexico; that Felix the Cat delivery vans would one day rumble through the streets of every large city, illegally but unmolested, like beer trucks in the waning days of Prohibition. This, Mr. Cat assured various interviewers, was how Repeal came about in 1933: as a result of massive lawbreaking and fantastic profit potential. And in a trice, Felix was gone: either to London or the Bahamas, either on business or on the lam, depending on the source. Said one unamused San Francisco narcotics agent, "Yeah, we've got a pack. Maybe the only pack. It's just that Berkeley bunch again." But in the hearts of heads there's a spark of hope that where there's smoke, there's dope. Rolling Stone links Felix to the importation of "6000 cartons of the Vietnamese brand Park Lane"-professionally packaged reefers with filter tips (cotton in the mouthpiece) that supposedly reached the U.S. last fall and, according

to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, have been selling briskly on the Philly pot market.

In any case, Felix' Bay Area apologists consider him an honest businessman who's simply encountering those unexpected little problems and delays that plague any new commercial enterprise. Whether or not GrassMasters ever pose a threat to straight America, to the tobacco industry or to present marijuana merchandising, the seed-so to speak-has been planted, and we fancy that in some apartment in the low-rent district of some large city, some marijuana bootlegger has been inspired with a grandiose pipe dream: neighborhood smoke-easies operated by police-protected distributors representing centrally located reefer works (disguised as breweries); the raw materials are trucked in from the Coast, where just beyond the three-mile limit plies the modern version of a rum fleet heavily laden with bales of the Mexican hemp that is already challenging booze on the urban cocktail-party circuit and making the college-fraternity "smoker" just that. As the venerable Al Capone once put it, after describing himself as a simple businessman: "When I sell liquor, it's called bootlegging; when my patrons serve it on silver trays on Lake Shore Drive, it's called hospitality."

Patrick Ryan, a wry Irish wit and a scientist who manages to combine both faculties nicely in a by-lined column he writes for the Smithsonian magazine, calls our attention to an urgent problem. Here we are, he points out, training our radio telescopes hither and you in space, in the hope-mixed-with-apprehension that somebody or something out there will say something to us. What Ryan is concerned about is that we don't have a prepared reply to get the conversation going-not the U.S., not Britain, not Russia, all of whom have their electronic ears peeled, nor even the whole planet Earth. Rvan sets out to remedy this reprehensible unreadiness as follows:

If the historic greeting is first received

in Britain, for example, the immediate problem will be whether etiquette permits any reply to be sent to somebody to whom one has not been formally introduced. But when necessity overcomes punctilio, the probable British answer will be, "Can you lend us any money?" Should the signal fall on Russian ears, the cautious rejoinder from the Kremlin may be, "Before we go any further, comrades of the cosmos, would you please publicly confirm that we invented you?" And were it picked up in the United States, that strange national hunger for international affection would perhaps compel the White House to reply, "Distant friends, can you give us assurance that you truly love our great American people?"

Even if the world actually spoke as one, the time could influence the message. If the great breakthrough comes in 50 years, Earth's answer might have to be, "Mayday, mayday, mayday. . . . Can you lend us any oxygen? We're kneedeep in pollution down here." In a hundred years, it could desperately rise to, "Have you got any room for interplanetary immigrants? We're already standing two-deep on one another's shoulders," After another half century of scientific progress, all the intergalactic listeners may pick up is the sound of a faint "Goodbye . . ." as the human race finally picks up its hat. And afterward? On a wave length of 21 centimeters, nothing but natural emission of the neutral hydrogen that pervades the galaxies.

In ruling that an imported Swedish sex film was not obscene, New York Federal Appeals Judge Leonard P. Moore issued a legal opinion that should qualify as one of this season's better movie reviews. We quote, in part: "Language of Love stars four of what are apparently leading Scandinavian sexual technocrats, with brilliant cameo roles for the functioning flesh of various unnamed actors. . . . It purports to be an animated Little Golden Book of marital relations, or perhaps the Kama Sutra of electronic media, although the film is

nowhere nearly as rich in the variety of its smorgasbord of delights as comparison with that ancient Hindu classic might suggest. It may be the Vulgate Scripture, the *Popular Mechanics* of interpersonal relations, the complete cure for the ailing marriage. Or so goes the theory of its sponsors. . . ."

Best epitaph of the year comes from U. S. Senator Adlai Stevenson III, who said of Illinois' late Secretary of State Paul Powell (the fellow who stashed all that cash): "His shoe boxes will be hard to fill."

Very crever: There's a town in Japan that stamps locally made products MADE IN USA. It's all perfectly proper, though—the name of the place is Usa.

Women's-lib prophecy scrawled on a wall in Cambridge, Massachusetts: THE NEXT MESSIAH WILL BE NAMED MARGARET.

They said it, we didn't: An article in the Minneapolis Daily American ended this way: "Agnew stormed Kansas City yesterday, where he was expected to visit former President Harry Truman, suffering from coitus in a local hospital."

In Ipswich, England, a newspaper ad for a one-night charity screening of a conservation film pulled in S. R. O. ticket requests. A spokesman for the Suffolk Trust for Nature Conservation, which sponsored the movie, remarked: "People obviously thought it was an entirely different film." The name of the flick: The Lust of the World.

This month's Good Taste Award, Graveyard Humor Division, goes to the telephone company in Fair Haven, New Jersey, for the following classified ad on the same page as those for funeral homes: "Doing some planting? Find every garden need in the Yellow Pages."

To protect her students from "ghastly sights and shameless behavior," the headmistress of a secondary school in Thailand bought the brothel next door and closed it.

The sweetly scented winds of change, it seems, have finally hit the Deep South, as witness this headline over *The Miami Herald's* weather map: "MOST OF NATION IS EXPERIENCING A VAST HIGH."

We applaud the recent floor proposal of Senator Robert Dole (Republican, Kansas) that the Upper House should set aside a special time each day for Presidential aspirants to voice their opinions on public issues. The hopefuls, he suggests, should be divided into four groups: "First, those Senators who think they are President. Second, those Senators who think they should have been President. Third, those Senators who think they want to be President. And fourth, those Senators who are ready to settle for being Vice-President."

The new regional junior college in Victoria, British Columbia, changed its name from Juan de Fuca to Camosun when authorities realized that the school would be called Fuca U.

#### ART

The Cubist Epoch, fresh from its opening at the cosponsoring Los Angeles County Museum of Art, has arrived at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will remain through June seventh. Through the past three decades, there have been uncounted exhibits of cubist paintings and sculpture, but the sponsors of this show say this is the first attempt to define cubism historicallyfrom its beginnings as a nonverbal dialog between Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque to its lightning spread through Europe and to the U.S. and Russia. This is cubism's half-century retrospective. It takes a strong will and a stronger pair of legs and eyes to get through it all in an afternoon; the casual visitor will find more cubified still lifes, landscapes and portraits than he ever dreamed of. But for the curious and dogged there are lessons to be learned.

Beginning with Picasso's Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, painted in 1907, the viewer wends his way through hallways of Picasso and Braque-the "pure" cubism that ended in 1912-past the works of other painters in Paris (including samples of such unlikely disciples of the cube as Chagall and Diego Rivera) and on to glimpses of the genre in Holland (Mondrian), Italy (the Futurists), Czechoslovakia, Russia and the U.S. Then one comes upon the best post-War works of Picasso and Braque, among others; and a display that competes with the best of theirs-that of Juan Gris. The final section of the exhibit is devoted to cubist sculpture, represented in small works by Picasso and Braque and, most notably, by the work of Jacques Lipchitz.

New Yorkers can see Marcel Duchamp's definitive Nude Descending a Staircase No. 2, which was unavailable to viewers in Los Angeles, who saw the less impressive No. 1. But New Yorkers are denied another treat. The Philadelphia Museum of Art held out its famed Picasso, Three Masked Musicians (1921), a painting that magnificently marked the end of the epoch at the exhibit in Los Angeles. But in any such huge showing, the omissions are far less important than

what is there—an exhaustive look at what was once a revolutionary and much maligned way to portray reality.

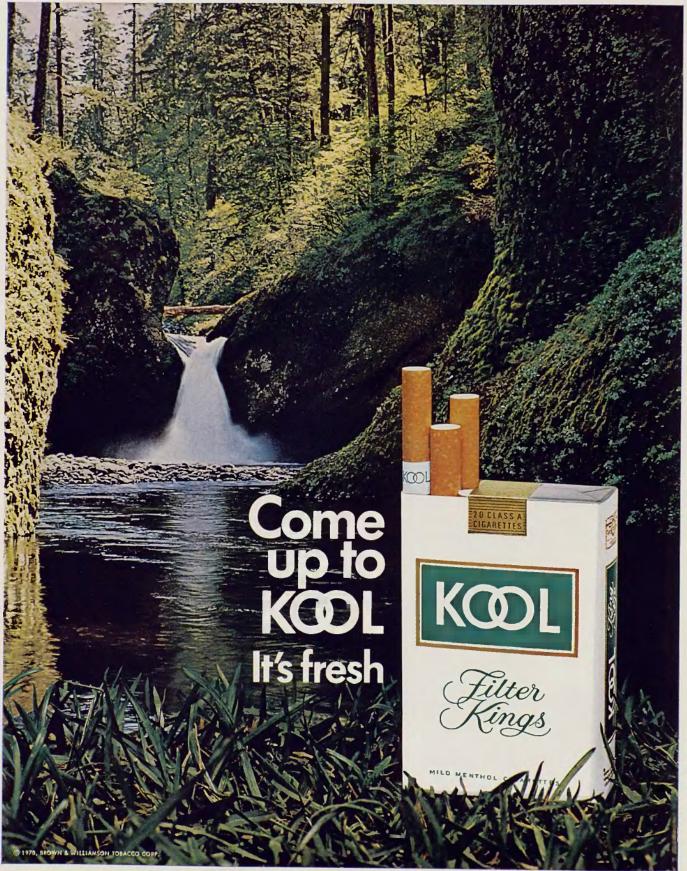
#### BOOKS

Breathes there a man with flesh so dead, who never to himself has said: What about a little wife swapping? Before he tries, he should read Group Sex (Wyden), by Gilbert D. Bartell, associate professor of anthropology at Northern Illinois University. Together with his wife, Bartell explored the swingers' world as a prospective swinging couple who, not unreasonably, wanted to look before they leaped into bed with strangers. The Bartells, who would rather write than switch, never actively participated because "it would have been repugnant to us to have sexual intercourse with people with whom we were not emotionally involved." The opposite principle applies to swingers, Bartell learned: Emotional involvement is what they fear above all. But Bartell does not allow his own moral outlook to color this report of the group-sex activities of 350 couples, almost all of them married. He describes who the swingers are, why they swing, how and where they get together and what happens when they do (from the awkward "mating dance," a throwback to high school dating days, to full-fledged orgies). In what the author calls "possibly the most intriguing finding of our study," it turns out that husbands frequently encourage their wives to perform together, that two out of three women admitted having had sexual relationships with other females and that nine out of ten women at large parties turn to Lesbian swinging-partly because their hard-drinking husbands have passed out. Bartell concludes that group sex reflects "the impersonalization as well as the depersonalization of human relationships in our culture."

An example of this tendency to make sex an impersonal transaction is *The Sensuous Man* (Stuart), by "M." There is nothing depraved about the book; it is, in fact, curiously insistent that a woman deserves care and consideration—the same kind of attention a fellow would give his car to assure getting full power and more m.p.g. This manual tells a man everything he already knows about sex and would never bother to ask.

In Human Sexual Behavior (Basic), a collection of essays edited by Donald S. Marshall and Robert C. Suggs, six cultures are described to point out the extraordinary diversity of sexual response. At one end of the spectrum is an Irish community where the sight of bare feet is considered embarrassing, where couples

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remain clothed during intercourse and where frustration literally drives men and women mad; at the other end is a South Pacific island where copulation takes place freely in the single room of a hut with more than a dozen other individuals present—and none of them paying any attention. This volume is the latest of the *Studies in Sex and Society* being issued by the late Alfred Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research.

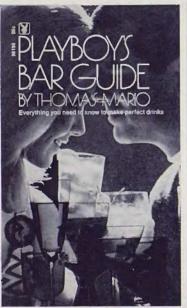
Erotic Spirituality (Macmillan), by Alan Watts, with photographs by Eliot Elisofon, focuses on a culture in which, centuries ago, sexual intercourse became the equivalent of a religious experience. In language that often verges on the incomprehensible, Watts struggles to explain how the Hindu conception of the nature of the world expresses itself in the act of sex. The ancient Indian ideal of sexual love put the stress not on orgasm but on erection, and the greatest pleasure was the prolongation of intercourse-an achievement that required a body so disciplined that physical sensation was transformed into a trancelike state of mind. The contemporary reader can enjoy Elisofon's superb photographs of the Sun Temple of Konarak-and then go on seeking the kind of pleasure his culture has taught him to appreciate: more erotic than spiritual, perhaps, but also more emotional than physical.

After having been explained in several recently published ponies (including one by PLAYBOY Assistant Managing Editor Nat Lehrman), Masters and Johnson's Human Sexual Inadequacy is now dramatized in a pair of books centering on anonymous graduate patients of the St. Louis sex-therapy course. The Couple (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), by "Mr. and Mrs. K," and Inside the Sex Clinic (World), by Barbara and Peter N. Wyden, both provide day-by-day accounts of two-week cures of specific sex problems -impotence in one case, premature ejaculation in the other. The couple in The Couple tell their first-person narrative briefly and rather sensationally. The third-person authors of Inside the Sex Clinic introduce large chunks of explanation from scholarly writings to add clinical body to their subjects' personal experiences. Each of these volumes can provide a useful, though necessarily limited, introduction to Masters and Johnson's therapy for the reader who requires a story line to sustain his interest; but for sheer entertainment, straight porno is recommended. These case histories-in the best, or worst, tradition of soap opera-feature more agony than ecstasy.

The future shape of man's existence is the theme of David M. Rorvik's Brave New Baby (Doubleday) and of David Cooper's The Death of the Family (Pantheon). Combining and expanding a dozen of

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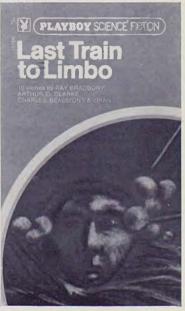


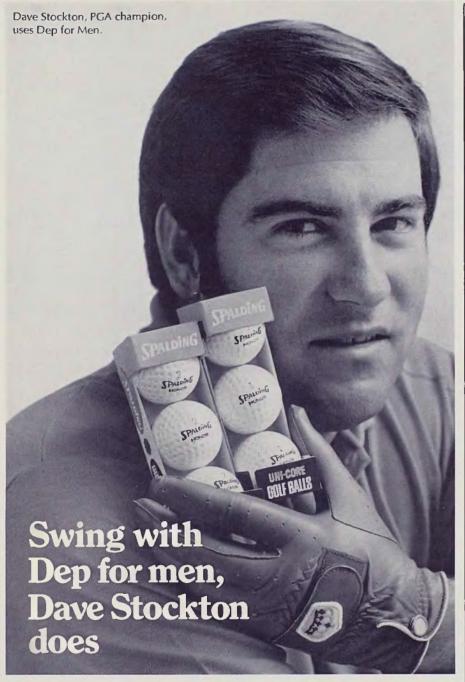


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his magazine articles (one of which appeared in PLAYBOY). Rorvik explores what he calls the "promise and peril of the Biological Revolution." He ranges from new surgical techniques for the production of "parentless" babies to micromolecular and chemical miracles of genetic engineering. Rorvik argues that man is already in possession of the basic knowledge that will enable him to outwit death-indeed, to free himself entirely from the tyranny of flesh-by incorporating his mind into machines that will be able to explore the cosmos and ultimately by converting his essence into pure energy. The author makes such once-science-fictional concepts as memory pills and made-to-order genes seem not only possible but likely. In Rorvik's world of brave new babies, there may be no place for the present idea of family; but David Cooper would not wait for future marvels-he wants to get rid of the family right now. To the avant-garde British psychoanalyst, the death of the family is the best thing that could happen to humanity-in fact, the only thing that will save man from himself. The "bourgeois nuclear family unit," says he, is a "fur-lined bear trap" that deprives us of any genuine identity, experience or ability to love. Furthermore, since this family structure is reproduced in all of our social institutions-businesses, hospitals, schools, government-its power to destroy us as fully functioning human beings exists everywhere. But Cooper's attempts to formulate alternative patterns of human relationships tend to meander into murky byways. He is for love and lovemaking, for communal living, for personal exploration of experience, And because we cannot "liberate" ourselves without overthrowing the "power structures," he applauds such countries as Cuba and Red China that have theoretically abolished the family and finds the "true leadership principle" embodied in Castro and Mao. Some liberation.

Irving Stone's latest, longest book, The Passions of the Mind (Doubleday), subtitled "A Biographical Novel of Sigmund Freud," doesn't yield the finer satisfactions of either a novel or a biography. Stone has adopted the role of infinitely painstaking recorder of facts, and the result of his labors can be notched up as a triumph of research over art. Still, Freud being the towering figure that he is, the method, to an extent, pays off. Freud's drawn-out and somewhat stilted romance with Martha Bernays and his struggles as a penurious young Viennese doctor and university researcher are treated in wearisome detail. But when it comes to the stuff of his mature life-his cascade of great discoveries in the hidden realms of the psyche; his gradual formulation of psychoanalytical theory and



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technique, along with his battle to establish psychoanalysis as an internationally respectable branch of medical science; his constant rear-guard action against orthodox medicine, which tended to view his theories concerning infantile sexuality, the Oedipus complex and the sexual etiology of neurosis as "filthy" and "repugnant to human nature"; the defection of some of his closest colleagues, most notably Jung (his "successor and Crown Prince") but also Adler, Otto Rank and others-the same kind of detail generates considerable interest and even, on occasion, drama. The attentive reader will come away with something like a street map of old Vienna lodged in his head, as well as a knowledge of the physical characteristics of Freud's every patient, colleague and friend, information he might be better off without; and he may be exasperated with the blandness of Stone's style and his lack of selectivity in regard to the facts. But ultimately, Freud does emerge from all the mass of detail as a daring explorer of the mind, a courageous adherent to his own cause in the face of bitter hostility.

In the family of fiction, the short story has been the perennial waif. While fulllength fat cats often feast on royalties from book clubs, paperbacks and movie contracts, the short story usually stands with nose pressed to the windowpane. One parent of such poor relatives who richly deserves to get his share of the goodies is William Kotzwinkle. His Elephant Bangs Train (Pantheon) is a collection of 16 strange, elusive, iridescent stories. Kotzwinkle is as resolutely otherworldly as, say, Theodore Dreiser was realistic and there's not a story in this assemblage that bears a consistent resemblance to the world we know. Perhaps the closest to reality is Marie, a small gem about a little girl who lifts her skirt one day in school and shows her panties, "as white as Christ's linen," and "the distant ages wheeled into view. Ducky the Jester stood on his hands. Ralph Jenkins wiggled his ears. Our princess skipped down the aisle, holding her dress with two fingers." Elephants, magicians and dreamers dance through young Kotzwinkle's fantasy world. Illusion here is fresh off the loom, deep-dyed and draped in as many exotic costumes as a maharani.

Toward the end of a gloomy exploration of *This Endangered Planet* (Random House), author Richard A. Falk voices a fear that he will be viewed as just another "Cassandra whistling in the dark." Now, Cassandra, as far as we know, never whistled in the dark. Yet despite his loose way with a phrase, Falk's own predictions may be just as accurate—and just as certain to be ignored—as that unhappy lady's. Unless we earthlings get

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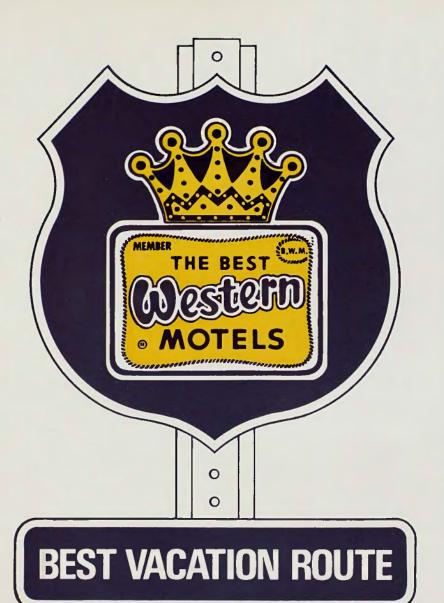
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ourselves together, he warns, we are doomed to be choked by pollution, trampled by overpopulation and ultimately blown up in a nuclear war. Falk points out that such problems cannot be solved within traditional national frameworks: "Only new organizational forms with a planetary scope . . . offer any prospect of a timely . . . and adequate response." The case he builds is well wrought and carefully presented. He is convinced that we must proceed as though we were in a state of emergency if we wish to survive as a species. But he despairs of our capacity to respond. "Who among us," he asks, "would give up summer vacations or consumer luxuries to improve the prospects for enduring peace?" And who among us would give up "progress," the annual sum of which includes 7,000,000 junked cars, 48 billion cans and 200,000,000 tons of smoke and fumes? If this book depresses-and it does-it is not only because of the apocalypse Falk envisions but also because of the morass in which he and the rest of us are floundering already.

Clean French rhetoric and Africa's splendor and barbaric misery have combined to produce the most exciting book to erupt from the anti-colonial movement since its inception. Yambo Ouologuem, a descendant of Mali's chiefs and a gifted young scholar with three French university degrees, has written a novel, Bound to Violence (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), that is sure to throw critics for a loss ("Where can we put him, above or below Genet?") and to enthrall, delight and confuse a large readership. Ouologuem tells the secret history of a Black Moslem dynasty of rulers who kept power over their subjects by using a series of ghastly devices that make Machiavelli seem a scoutmaster. Asps trained to kill on command, drugs and enforced sex used to subjugate hordes of zombie-like slaves, fiendish disembowelments, cannibalism, sexual perversions of the most refined variety, spies, slander and slaughter-these all suffuse the underground story of African oppression that the advent of white French colonialism merely modulated and concealed. But Ouologuem has the gift of making even the improbably melodramatic real; he enchants by the sheer vividness of his prose, which has been brilliantly translated into English by Ralph Manheim. This saga of stealthy crime and terrible misery-"niggertrash" is the author's own epithet for his suffering fellow blacksleads the reader finally to Ouologuem's own conclusion: that one must first come to terms with his own history, horrible as it is, if he wants to see "the golden age when all the swine will die. . . .'

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minor classic, he has produced seven novels, three plays, an anthology and many short stories, including the ones on which the execrable Dobie Gillis was based. His current entry in the collegehumor contest is Potatoes Are Cheaper (Doubleday). (The title is taken from the first line of the book and has absolutely nothing to do with anything.) It's all here -the relentless parodying, the long reach for the gag, the explosive one-liners, the snappy dialog. The story centers on Morris Katz, scion of a Jewish family on its uppers in St. Paul during the Depression. (All of a sudden, the Depression seems to have gotten funny; when it wears thin, we can doubtless expect a series of merry capers based on the siege of Leningrad or the My Lai massacre.) Katz, by his own definition, is the second best humper in town. On the record of the book's action, one can hardly dispute his judgment-in fact, we'll throw in Minneapolis as well. The plot, if so pedestrian a term can be applied to Shulman's arabesques, revolves around the hero's efforts to wed Celeste Zimmerman, whose wealthy father will thereupon make the Katz family solvent. Along the way we meet Cousin Reuben, who is 35 and still has a paper route; Cousin Crip, who picked up that nickname because of a calcium deficiency that makes his bones as brittle as Venetian glass-a girl once caved in his chest with a beanbag; and an automobile made of washing-machine parts that is referred to as the Maytag Six. Unfortunately, Shulman seems to have become bored with the work; toward the end, he is resolving his crises in the same paragraph in which he sets them up. Nonetheless, he remains master of his minor form, and there is more than enough here to satisfy his fans.

Most of the many books indicting America's schools are useful both as exposés and as indexes of alternatives, but only a few are likely to be durable additions to the literature of education. One such is James Herndon's How to Survive in Your Native Land (Simon & Schuster), a deeply felt study of the nature of learning and of children. A teacher, Herndon previously wrote The Way It Spozed to Be, a mordantly compassionate account of survival techniques used by black children in an inner-city school. His new book, about a white junior high in California, is even more illuminating. The book can be read for the sheer pleasure of its style or as a horror story (what of the millions of kids without Herndons as teachers?). In High School (Simon & Schuster), edited by Ronald Gross and Paul Osterman, a few kids and teachers survive their schools, but the damning thrust of this anthology

is that they are so few. High School includes the probes of seers and savagers (Peter Marin, Edgar Friedenberg, Theodore Roszak) as well as diaries and underground writings by the youngsters themselves, plus cautionary tales by young ex-public-school teachers who tried to beat the system. There is also a substantial section about alternative schools where teachers are teachers, not drillers, and the kids actually discover that life and learning need not be separated. It is the unsentimental but hopeful contention of Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner in The Soft Revolution (Delacorte) that students themselves can do a lot to make schools into places for human beings. Subtitled "A Student Handbook for Turning Schools Around," this Cracker Jack box of a book offers "advice, maxims, homilies, metaphors, models, case studies, rules, commentaries, jokes, sayings" and a diversity of ways by which change can be achieved. To critics who put down their approach as piecemeal reform, the authors respond: "They are wrong. When piecemeal reform is inadequate, the reason is that not enough pieces have been reformed," Written with the sardonic flair of the earlier Postman-Weingartner guide to educational judo, Teaching as a Subversive Activity, this sequel should prove even more influential because there is hardly a page without a specific idea that has already worked or that can easily be made to work, In Students Without Teachers, Harold Taylor, the well-known educator, showed how much students themselves can do to rescue higher learning from its mandarin curators. His newest fusion of pragmatism and idealism, How to Change Colleges: Notes on Radical Reform (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), provides an even wider range of realistic alternatives. Like Postman and Weingartner, Taylor believes that it is not necessary or possible to wait for system-wide or nationwide or world-wide change. You have to start where you are. Faise, reformist optimism? It's not a question of optimism, says Taylor, but of the need for action. There are things to be done that have to be done, and we have "only begun to uncover the resources with which to do them." These four books add measurably to those resources.

#### **DINING-DRINKING**

From the folks who gave you L'Orangerie, an elegant and formal French restaurant in San Francisco, comes a new delight: *The Morrokech*, a Moroccan hideaway downstairs at 417 O'Farrell Street and a passionately recreated North African Happening—narrow passageways, fountain and pool, Moroccan-colored tiles, lacy carvings, rich

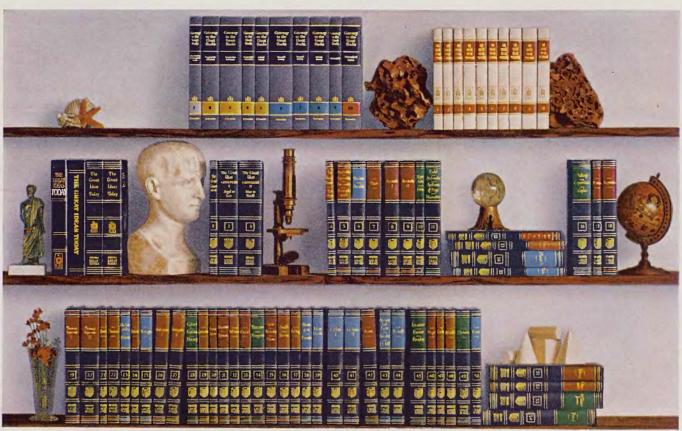
North African rugs, low couches, hammered-brass trays. This is not one of those franchiselike Moroccan restaurants (glue edge A of Authentique Wood Arch against edge B), it lacks only the muffled screams of the souk to be in the casbah. The waiter comes in fez and babouches to squat by your side and explain the menu in English, French or Arabic, depending on your native language. A lovely girl helps you wash your hands (indigenous American touch here: She looks like a frocked Berkeley undergraduate and she washes your hands only in English). And now the food: Salade Marocaine-tomatoes, green peppers, eggplant, spiced with cumin, served with soft and delicious Moroccan bread. (It's not easy to eat with your hands but it's good training in employment of the opposable thumb.) Harira-a soup of tomatoes and lentils, chick-peas, saffron, lamb, coriander, onions and ginger. Bastelah-a pastry of eggs, almonds, pigeon or chicken, parsley, onions, honey, saffron and cinnamon, which vaguely recalls an effetesnob version of apple pie alamode. And this leads to the meat dishes: the usual kebabs unusually presented, plus such rarities as lamb and honey, hare and raisins, and a most special Couscous Fassi-in this case, a savory semolina with eggplant, zucchini, carrots, onions, chickpeas, green peppers and raisins, making the lamb in the dish almost irrelevant. Following the main course come pastries, fruits and mint tea. If you're not a Moslem and forbidden wine by your faith, you can order from L'Orangerie's wine list. Cocktails are also available. Miss Berkeley returns to rewash your hands at the end of the meal as you fall back surfeited with pleasure on your Moroccan pillows. The Marrakech is open from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. Monday-Saturday. Closed Sundays, Reservations on weekdays are advised; on weekends they're imperative (776-6717). Forkless dining, informal dress.

### MOVIES

Directors who yearn to ride a galloping new trend in American films may have been headed off at the pass by the phenomenal success of *Love Story*— a slick, studio-controlled Hollywood product that seems sure to go on earning pots of money; at the same time, alarmed observers predict that it will set cinema back 20 years. In the pages of *Variety*, influential movie executives are already rumbling that the era of the director as superstar is over. Strange words when one stops to consider that the trend was just getting started, at least on this side of the Atlantic.

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films-works that present a vision identified with the man who creates themand those smoothly assembled movies, both good and bad, that bear the stamp of Hollywood's corporate image. The latter are all-too-familiar relics of a time when major studios reigned supreme and so many movies appeared to have been predigested by the likes of the MGM lion. Under the influence of such European film makers as Fellini. Bergman, Antonioni, Godard and Truffaut, American audiences became accustomed to films in which one distinctive set of perceptions illuminated every frame. Auteur" films was a label invented in the Sixties by cultist critics at home and abroad, butting in merely to say that the movies a man makes are-or ought to be —as much his own as his fingerprints.

The idea was sure to catch fire in America, where individualism remains a cherished tradition. The trouble is that U.S. moviemakers with a yen to do their own thing have since been doing it to death. After Faces, Easy Rider and other pacesetters of the genre, normally cautious bankers suddenly found money to back directors whose way with a camera has, little by little, become more and more faddish, capricious and self-indulgent. Thus, from a mixed bag of recent films, we see Little Big Man beautifully acted by Dustin Hoffman under the uneven hand of Arthur Penn, whose erratic signature as a director might pass for homage to Truffaut, Fellini and every other old master in his memory book. Writer-director Paul Mazursky struck a new low in bleary narcissism with Alex in Wonderland, his pseudo-81/2 self-portrait about a moviemaker-makingmovies-about-making-movies-when-he-hasnothing-else-to-make-movies-about. While brilliant in part, John Cassavetes' Husbands burns up megatons of energy searching for new directions in cinema but never knows where to stop; and the same might be said of Ken Russell's wildly baroque Tchaikovsky biography, The Music Lovers. In both cases, the director's personality stands not just behind his film but at times squarely in front of it, obscuring what was supposedly the subject.

With noncommunication and a kind of glorified amateurism running rampant, it was probably inevitable that moviegoers as well as moguls would overreact. Yet there must be a wiser solution than to restore the power of studio chiefs who are apt to be overly impressed by the marketable virtues of countless sequels to Love Story. Meanwhile, several new releases, including one from the heartland of auteur cinema, suggest that film makers are not likely to surrender their newfound creative freedom without a struggle, however uncertain the results.



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distributed film by Jim McBride, an under-30 auteur of the New York school, whose earlier works (David Holzman's Diary and My Girl Friend's Wedding) are known mostly to film-festival buffs. Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, two Mod young-marrieds from the original cast of Hair, play the title roles with engaging innocence and seem less self-conscious in their nude scenes than when circumstances require that they slip a little something on. Set against spectacular chunks of Oregon and California coastline, Glen and Randa is superbly photogenic without setting up postcard vistas. The time is 25 years after a nuclear debacle, and McBride-shooting everything from a ruined Howard Johnson's to a marvelously makeshift beach shelter-captures with the greatest of ease an eerie air of emptiness, desolation and environmental shock. Looking for a fabled city-a city of men or maybe the City of God-is Glen and Randa's mission. But one can overlook McBride's philosophical pretensions and still enjoy his fascinating collage of a world-to-be. circa 2001. It is a silent world, littered with remnants of a civilization as mysterious as Creation must have been to Adam and Eve. And McBride retains his own very fresh sense of discovery toward all of it-a rusted automobile hung precariously in a treetop, a sad hermit (Woodrow Chambliss) who lives by the seashore contemplating sunsets, Glen's matter-of-fact innocence when he finds a grizzled old magic man balling Randa and reacts as if they were playing chess.

Articulate characters who do almost nothing but who talk, talk about what they would like to do if they dared are given plenty of floor time in the films of French writer-director Eric Rohmer. The method worked in My Night at Maud's, a worldly word marathon that became one of last year's surprise hits. But Rohmer has less luck with his lines for Claire's Knee, partly because the actors who speak them are no match for Maud's magnetic twosome, Jean-Louis Trintignant and Françoise Fabian. The stiffness of Claire's Knee takes place during a month in the country, which seems longer as hero Jean-Claude Brialy begins paying regular visits to the lakeside summer home where an old flame (played by Aurora Cornu, a writer and nonactress who keeps glancing at Rohmer's. camera, as if for reassurance) is a guest. Two teenaged girls in the house-a nymphet named Laura (Beatrice Romand) and the diffident Claire (Laurence de Monaghan)-capture the man's imagination, though it carries him no further than taking Laura for a couple of long walks and passing one rainy afternoon in conversation with Claire, his hand placed ever so lightly upon her knee. The rest of the time, Brialy analyzes life's curious contradictions and love's fugitive pleasures with Aurora, who is quite a talker herself. If you happen to like these windbags, the words Rohmer puts into their mouths are literate enough. If their rhetorical questions and answers leave you cold (we're still shivering), Claire's Knee is about as much fun as a picnic with the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Women's-lib types ought to be heartened by the personal feminine touch evident in Wanda, starring actress Barbara Loden (Mrs. Elia Kazan in private life), who also wrote and directed the movie, filmed it on location in rural Pennsylvania and kept her budget down to \$115,000. Call the money well spent. Though inexperience shows in her amateurish film technique and patches of awkward dialog, Miss Loden's debut as a moviemaker is honest, unaffected and surprisingly vivid as a portrait of lowermiddle America-summed up in slag heaps, beer joints, hot-sheet motels, belching smokestacks and the belching bluecollar grabbers who don't expect a girl to think too much. Wanda is their kind of girl. "Never had anything, never will have anything. . . . I'm stupid," says she, while drifting aimlessly from a castoff husband and child to life on the open road-where most of the men she encounters use her up and toss her aside like Kleenex. The movie's best sustained episode is a Bonnie and Clyde odyssey with a nervous would-be bank robber (Michael Higgins) who does nothing to mar Wanda's record for picking losers.

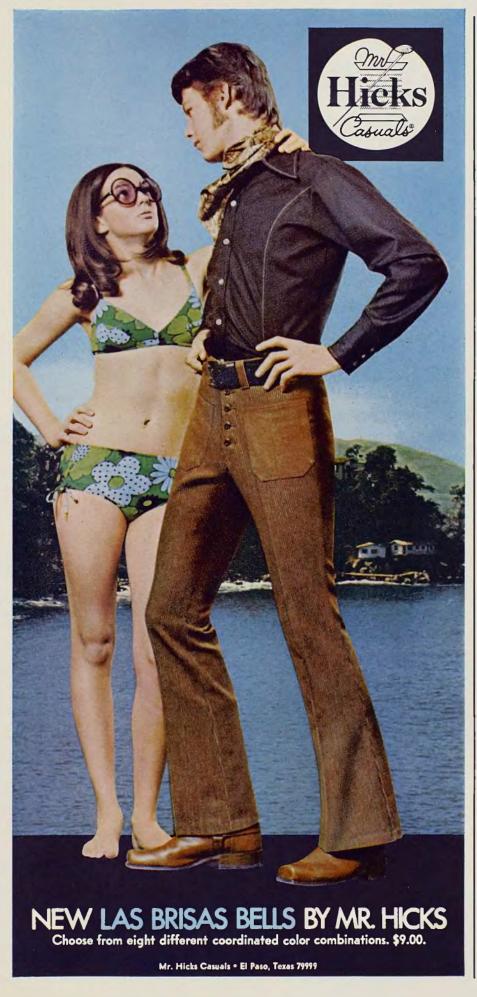
Russian novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the 1970 Nobel Prize winner for literature, is honored again by an exquisite English movie version of his masterpiece One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich. Made in the arctic reaches of northernmost Norway, where the next worse thing to a Siberian prison camp could be duplicated, Ivan Denisovich has England's Tom Courtenay leading a superb cast of British and Scandinavian actors who live their parts in a drama that ranks with the screen's most memorable tributes to the indomitable dignity of man. Classically simple in structure, the movie is just what its title says it is-one day out of more than 3000 days very much the same, as the hero remarks in an occasional scrap of narration. Men shiver, steal, malinger if possible, choke down a glutinous fish soup and join a work detail. They discuss movies they have seen, books they have read, tell stories about the noncrimes for which they were imprisoned. Unsure of God in a frozen limbo where survival is all, they labor like beasts to gain pathetically small favors. One of the film's remarkable achievements is a sequence in which the menial task of laying brick and mortar becomes, as we watch it, truly heroic. While Solzhenitsyn's subject may sound depressing, the treatment here rises above commonplace fear and self-pity to discover universal human truths. Superlative photography by Sweden's Sven Nykvist, who has composed similar miracles for Ingmar Bergman, transforms the fear-some winterscapes of *Ivan Denisovich* into poetry. Enormous credit accrues to scenarist Ronald Harwood and to Finnish-born producer-director Casper Wrede, who has reserved his own place in the sun with a virtually perfect film.

Broadly played by Chuck McCann, an alumnus of TV kiddie shows, the title role of The Projectionist is based on several back-assward assumptions about comedy. Audiences laugh at the movie in an idle way, mildly pleased by the fashionable nostalgia in its collection of old film clips-Bogart with a cigarette pasted to his lower lip, Nazi legions goose-stepping in reverse, hordes of Busby Berkeley blondes tinkling at white pianos. But nostalgia alone can't make the movie really humorous, nor does the hero, whose real life and fantasized reel life invite comparison with the role played by Buster Keaton in his silent classic Sherlock Jr. One brilliant sequence of Sherlock has Buster, as an inept movie projectionist, wistfully projecting his own desires onto a movie screen, where love and life become beautiful with the help of cinema's special effects. As The Projectionist, McCann plays a fairly sure-footed average guy. He dares to tell off his boss (Rodney Dangerfield) because he's got a strong union behind him, and he seems to be making out fine with a scrumptious girl (Ina Balin). Compared with the losers he encounters at the movie palace and pool hall, he is a winner through and through. Thus, his movie-star imitations seem merely an ego trip, and it makes no comic or psychological sense that in his fantasies he casts himself as a schnook-a flabby Captain Flash, who tries to be the big hero alongside Bogey, Errol Flynn and Cary Grant but gets everything wrong. So does writerproducer-director Harry Hurwitz, who borrows from the best old movies without learning from them.

An open-ended thriller tends to be an escape hatch for writers. It's too easy, after all, to spell out provocative riddles if they can be solved at the end by suggesting that the feverish protagonist may have been imagining things. Nonetheless, scenarist Paul Dehn—whose credits include the screenplays for Gold-finger and The Spy Who Came in from the Gold—keeps the suspense triggertight in Fragment of Fear, his adaptation of a novel by John Bingham, one of those deft Britannic varns full of







venomous old ladies who are apt to carry deadly weapons under their shawls. The story begins in the ruins of Pompeii, where an inveterate do-gooder (Flora Robson) is found strangled, much to the chagrin of her nephew (David Hemmings), a reformed drug addict who has written a best seller about himself. Back in London, Hemmings and his svelte bride-to-be (Gayle Hunnicutt, already Mrs. Hemmings in private life) become involved with anonymous callers, bogus policemen and charity workers, and begin to get the idea that there is something about Auntie's death they aren't supposed to know. As the pot boils, director Richard C. Sarafian finds ample opportunity to demonstrate his skill as a manipulator of effects. Soon the objects of fear in the hero's physical surroundings loom on the landscapes of his mind as well-until no positive identification of people, things or events is possible. A rather cool actor, Hemmings hasn't the ideal facial or emotional equipment for registering delicate psychic upheavals, but he gets by right up to the moment where the whole show dissolves into a question mark.

Sidney Poitier, his leading lady Beverly Todd and veteran character actor Will Geer are beautiful people whose mere presence on screen is almost reason enough to recommend Brother John. Almost. For a time, John looks and sounds like an intelligent topical melodrama about a black exile who returns to his Middle-American home town only when there are deaths in the family. After his sister dies, he arrives on cue, fluent in seven languages and speaking casually of visits to Paris and Saigon. The old country doctor who delivered him (Geer) thinks he's great shakes; the doctor's politically ambitious son (Bradford Dillman) thinks he's an outside agitator sent to interfere in a local labor dispute; and the grade school teacher (Beverly), who has also seen a bit of the outside world, loves him no matter what. Interesting questions are raised and a nice interplay of conflicts is building up when scenarist Ernest Kinoy blows it all away on the winds of rhetoric. Poitier's lines suddenly take on the stately cadences of a tone poem, and we learn that he is Christ risen, come to tell a wicked world that Armageddon is at hand. Given the contemporary ferment over black liberation, there's something like a cop-out in Kinoy's posing a realistic black-white confrontation and then dragging God in to quell the argument.

Several recklessly funny moments defrost Cold Turkey, but writer-producerdirector Norman Lear's small-town comedy still faintly resembles the pilot film for a TV series. The overblown style



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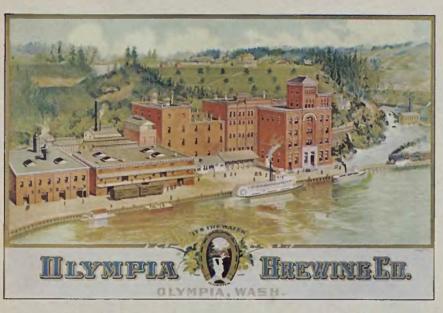
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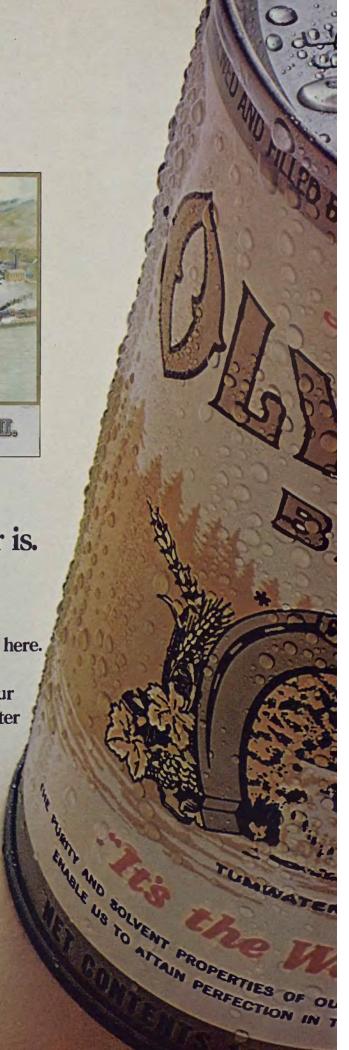
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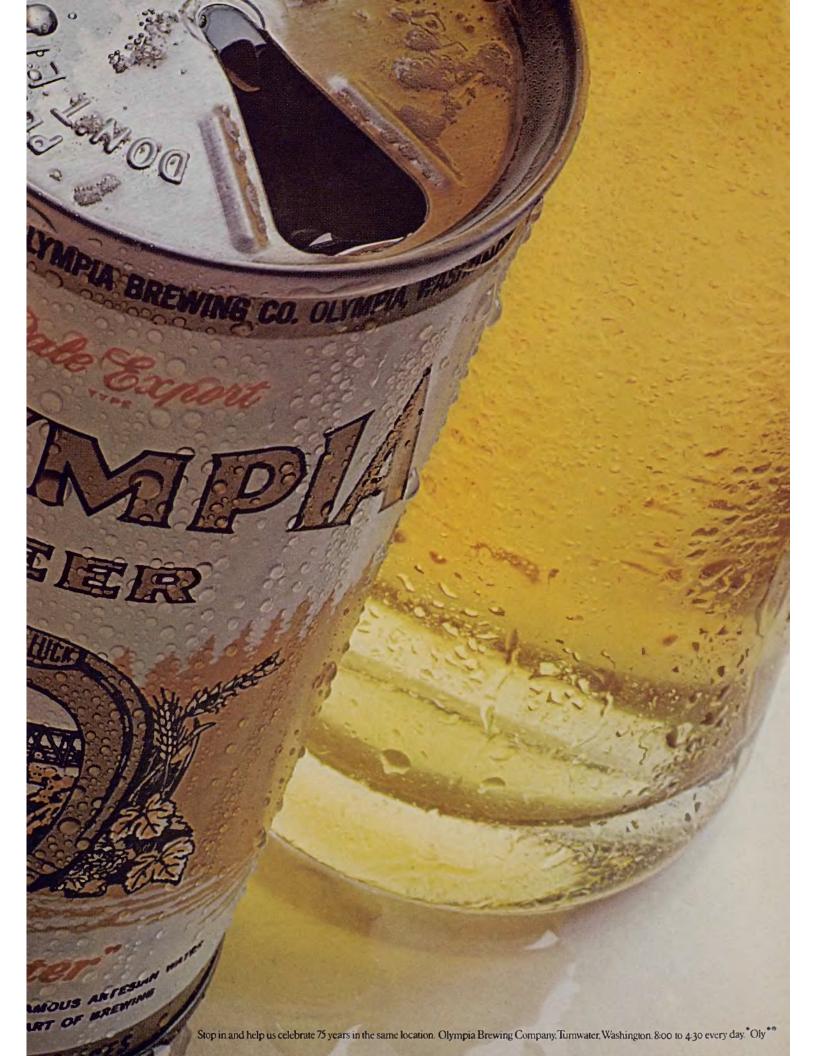
We did it because of the water. The water from our

artesian wells. The naturally-perfect brewing water that sets Olympia apart from every other beer.

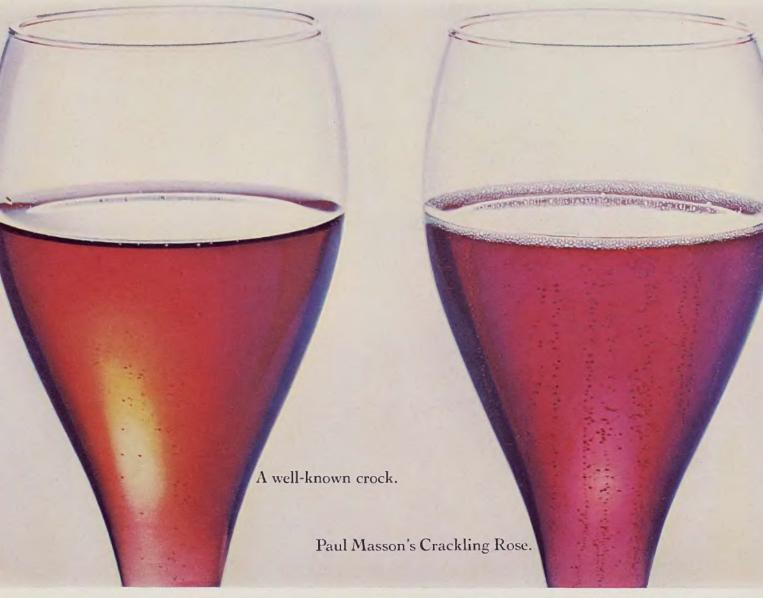
that sets Olympia apart from every other

It's the Water that Makes it Olympia





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Does it crackle like it used to? The leading import doesn't.

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We're in the happy position of being able to offer you a premium crackling rose wine, naturally fermented in the bottle, with all the bubbles necessary to enliven the occasion.

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Not much of a competition.

Paul Masson's Crackling Rosé.



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970



## Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 121

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

### Join Playboy Plaza Splashdo



Playboy Plaza pool Bunny service keeps good cheer flowing year round.

### For Great Golf, Go Great Gorge

GREAT GORGE, N.J. (Special)-For golf fans, the big news of this year is Great Gorge and Playboy's magnificent challenge to great golf.

Playboy pro Pat Schwabrecent winner of the Golden Tee Award as a member of the Golfing Family of the Yearreports that the two courses, one 18 holes and the other nine, are in near-perfect shape, awaiting only the warm touch of spring to turn a rich, play-ready and inviting green.

### Opening Date

Keyholders and their guests will be welcome early this summer at the Great Gorge links, which wind about Playboy's new \$20,000,000 Club-Hotel scheduled to open in late '71.

"We're set to open," says Schwab. "We've a challenging layout here, one that will be a

East," says Schwab. "Three of the holes go through old limestone quarries, a hazard unique in golf."

most talked-about spread in the

heck of a good game for pro and

top golf architect George Fazio,

with the help of Doug Sanders

The 27 holes are the work of

"We think this will be the

duffer alike."

Our keyholders will have a special opportunity to pioneer this new golfing experience. Play will be limited solely to keyholders and their guests, with club-storage facilities, golf carts and locker rooms for men and women available.

### Time to Sign Up

If you are not already a keyholder, you still have time to join the exclusive ranks of those who will be sampling the gre est golf test in the East summer. Just complete the c pon below and rush it our for your Key.

While Great Gorge will the newest Playboy golf umph, the Lake Geneva lay has already won praise as triumph of design-two 18-h courses that add up to the M west's outstanding golf test.
And guests of the Play

Club-Hotel in Jamaica may off at the exciting Upton C and Country Club for a trop round or two.

Enjoy golfing Playboy s -the best style. Apply for y Key today.

MIAMI BEACH, FLA. (Spe-The whole world knows that Miami Beach is the place to be when winter gets down to business. But now Playboy Plaza has transformed the Beach into a year-round vacation delight, where you spend fun-filled days and ignore the calendar.

To help introduce our friends to spring and summer joys at Playboy Plaza, Playboy has put together Splashdown, a total vacation package starting at as little as \$60 for four action-happy days and three velvet nights (per person, double occupancy, exclusive of transportation, taxes and gratuities).

Splashdown puts you in unmatched Playboy Plaza luxury and surrounds you with parties. Splashdown even includes breakfasts and dinners.

### **Gourmet Adventures**

And what dinners! Savor these choices: A gourmet adventure in the dress-up VIP Room . . . a swinging taste treat in the Sidewalk Café, where action lasts until the wee hours . a buffet served on the pool deck overlooking the Atlantic .. or a steak and show in the Miami Playboy Club across Biscayne Bay.

Splashdown is nonstop action, kicking off with a "tiniest bikini" contest and limbo party poolside, Have a complimentary cocktail in the Playmate Bar, where Bunnies stand ready to serve you as you enjoy heavy rock or smooth dance music in an intriguing atmosphere featuring a fantasy in lights created by Joe's Lights of New York City.

For the sports-minded, Splashdown offers golf privileges at the exclusive Country Club of Miami, home of the National Airlines Open. And of course, favorites-deep-sea fishing, boating and the race tracks. Plus all the sun sports at Playboy Plaza's pool or along the beach.

Splashdown invites you to be yourself. If the casual life is your style, pack a swimming suit or two and let it go at that. If you're more dress-up minded, bring your new wardrobe; you'll fit right in at Playboy Plaza.

### Splashdown Stretch-out

And if Splashdown's four days and three nights leave you hungry for more of Miami Beach life, you can extend your visit all summer long for as little as \$20 per person per day with all those fine breakfasts and dinners included!

Ready for Playboy Plaza's Splashdown? Just contact our representatives, the Leonard Hicks organization, or your local Playboy Club. Or write direct to Playboy Plaza, 5455 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida 33140, for reservations and all the details.

And to assure that you can enjoy the other corners of the expanding Playboy world of leisure life, fill out the coupon and become a keyholder by rushing it our way.

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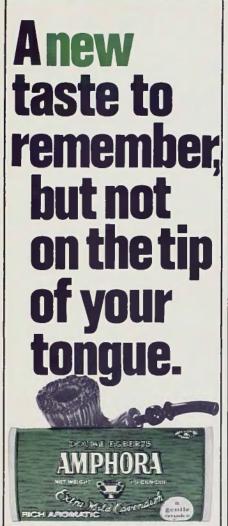
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of the piece is pure factory-made Hollywood, reflecting the doughy sensibility that gave the world such slices of Americana as The Beverly Hillbillies. Yet there is comic merit in the idea of a jerkwater Iowa town (population 4006) that sets out to win the \$25,000,000 prize offered by a cynical tobacco company to any U.S. community able to stop smoking for 30 days. In their zeal to kick the habit and fill the Community Chest, the residents of Eagle Rock naturally turn to violence, neo-fascism, food and sex. As the local preacher, a careerist whose denicotinized physical desires keep him running home to bed his bored wife (Pippa Scott), Dick Van Dyke is backed by a fine company of eccentrics, including Tom Poston, Bob Newhart, Jean Stapleton and especially Barnard Hughes, as an otherwise normal doctor insanely addicted to the weed. Bob and Ray, those hardy perennials of radio, are pretty droll portraying celebrated TV anchormen. More acute observation of human foibles and less carnival atmosphere might have helped Turkey to fly miles higher.

Inhabitants of the village of Tehouda, Algeria, portraying the inhabitants of a remote Tunisian village in Romports of Cloy, depict a current life style that appears to have changed very little since the time of Christ. The film's glimpses of daily routine are memorable-peasants with hard brown hands patiently cutting rock salt from the sere hills; superstitious old women methodically slaughtering a goat for sacrifice; or the face of a restless young beauty (Leila Schenna), reflecting that she has yearned too long for something more than ancient rituals, Had French director Jean-Louis Bertucelli chosen to collect his material in documentary form, there might have been a moving story to tell here. But despite generally effusive acclaim, Ramparts fails as drama; it is too consciously studied, primitive, amateurish and often incomprehensible. To the accompaniment of Berber songs and prayers on the sound track, some soldiers come to sweat out a strike by the natives while the girl, Rima, makes endless trips to draw water from a well. After the soldiers go, she too flees across the desert sand. A cue for applause from those who bestow their patronizing approval upon any backward art or culture-and the more backward the better.

Miraculous microscopic cameras travel through the heart, lungs, liver, rectum and other vital organs of male and female human beings as part of a physiological color tour that is not for the squeamish. Infants, toddlers, teenagers, adults and oldsters far gone in senility are crowded onto a vast sound stage-

some nude, some seminude—to illustrate the myriad ages of man. And a cheerful 29-year-old English housewife is delivered of a son in one of the most beautiful, straightforward natural-childbirth episodes ever filmed. Such cinematic oddities comprise the highlights of The Body, a quasi-documentary pieced together in England by producer Tony Garnett and director Roy Battersby, who seem to be aspiring to a poetic hymn to life. The poetry is a little strained, despite intelligent narration by Vanessa Redgrave and Frank Finlay, but The Body's imaginative photography promotes intimacy with a random collection of people-old and young, black and white, short and tall-who are apparently learning to appreciate their bodies. Unfortunately, the movie tries too hard and ends up a curious hybrid of semiprecious art wedded to ersatz popular science.

Pity the poor advertising man, whose frenetic profession keeps being condemned by high-minded moviemakers. The latest blast is B. S. I Love You (yes. the B. S. stands for bullshit), a first feature by Canadian writer-director Steven Hillard Stern, starring Canada's Peter Kastner. It may be no accident that young Kastner's winsome manner pegs him as a second-string Dustin Hoffman, Playing a kind of post-Graduate who has achieved success in Manhattan as a creator of zingy TV commercials. Kastner leads a hopelessly tangled sex life. While the childhood sweetheart to whom he is engaged cools her heels and her ardor in Connecticut, he meets a kinky nymphet (JoAnna Cameron) aboard a jet and makes it with her in the washroom because she digs freaky scenes. Later on, he hits his stride professionally as well as sexually with a high-powered lady executive (Joanna Barnes). No sooner does the boy wonder grow disgusted with his work (commercials that show looters in a riot-torn ghetto selecting the latest in color-TV sets) than he discovers that the boss lady and the airborne kook are mother and daughter. As his own scenarist, director Stern has a sticky time trying to correlate the moral corruption of the ad game with the hero's plunge into family affairs. The lad liberates himself, of course, by driving pellmell to Connecticut and back, and manages by a split second to keep The Girl from marrying her second choice. Haven't you heard that one before?

Pigeons gives feature billing to Broadway musical-comedy stars Elaine Stritch and Melba Moore, though they have only a few lines apiece in a party sequence. Elsewhere, the movie tries equally hard to stretch a little into a lot, but its thin material shows a stubborn

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After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

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tendency to snap back. It's the youth scene again, misunderstood and glibly misrepresented by British director John Dexter, who fills the generation gap with many shots of trembling leaves, dappled sunlight and other overworked symbols of innocence. The only wholly sympathetic characters here are the hero's parents, as played by Kate Reid and William Redfield-middleclass, middle-aged, middle-brow and unabashedly guilty of all the counts the young folk bring against them. The promising possibilities of David Boyer's novel, Sidelong Glances of a Pigeon Kicker, are scarcely visible in script, direction or in the key performance by former singer Jordan Christopher, who makes the hero-a New York cabdriver with a degree from Princeton-seem to be acting by arrangement with a trendy men's boutique.

A heavy coat of grime lies over Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the industrial city (coals to) in the north of England, providing appropriately grubby backgrounds for Get Corter. It's a pretty grubby story, all in all, starring Michael Caine as a professional killer who speaks in the accents of Yorkshire but behaves like a wild Sicilian where matters of honor and family are concerned. His brother's suspicious death brings Carter home to Newcastle, a city abristle with shady deals and shady dealers, one of whom has enlisted Carter's niece to make pornographic movies. Which could explain why his brother began threatening the mob and so had to be silenced. Caine as Carter is so outraged by sex films that he efficiently shoots, stabs or drowns four or five people, including a couple of unwitting accomplices. Britt Ekland, playwright John Osborne and Ian Hendry are among a thoroughly detestable cast of characters, well handled by fledgling director Mike Hodges, who unflinchingly turns over rocks to examine the slimy side of life.

All the mass-manufactured excitements of The Andromeda Strain, based on Michael Crichton's sci-fi thriller, amount to very little by the time producer-director Robert Wise is through with the tale. Wise employs split-screen and multiplescreen gimmicks galore, and obviously spent a fortune constructing an underground biochemical lab out of stainless steel and plastic. Yet the movie has no point of view; it's directed with a flat impersonality that might be an asset in organizing a hardware show. Part of the problem lies in scenarist Nelson Gidding's turgid adaptation. Gidding found no way to keep the first third of the picture from bogging down under the weight of technical data about procedures, safeguards and possible hazards. Technological never-never lands were twice as much fun when James Bond's diabolical enemies used to yank the switches without benefit of a single briefing session. As the quartet of scientists who are quarantined while fighting to save the planet from a baffling, deadly organism from outer space, Arthur Hill, David Wayne, Kate Reid, again, and James Olson join in predictable personality clashes-with time left for Olson to measure the body heat of pert Paula Kelly. The blandness of Andromeda Strain suggests that the threat of imminent mass annihilation is no guarantee of high drama for an age that has learned to speak calmly of megadeaths.

### RECORDINGS

Melting Pot (Stax) is the latest from Mr. Booker T. Jones and the MG's, the cream of Memphis-style rhythm-and-blues groups. It's a good, workmanlike performance but, curiously, lacks excitement. A background chorus does nice instrumental flashes on Kinda Easy Like, but the tune, like its title, is a cliché riff. The band gets out of its rut on Sunny Monday, which brings in an effective string section along with suggestions of Here Comes the Sun in Steve Cropper's guitar chords.

A very pleasant collection of old folk ballads comes from England by way of Pentangle, a group that writes and arranges simple modern settings for these tales of lost love. Cruel Sister (Reprise) is deliberately archaic, with instruments such as dulcimers and recorders appearing from time to time. Occasionally, the music moves away from the traditional feeling, as in the long ballad of Jack Orion, when an electric guitar and something called a dulcitone bring in appropriate suggestions of rock. Jacqui, the lead singer, has a clear, ringing, Judy Collins-like voice, which suits the material perfectly.

This Is Bull (Paramount) is the debut effort by Barry "Bull" Gordon, a B. B. King discovery, about whom B. B. has said, "He impressed me with his intense feeling for the guitar and his quick fingering and a fantastic voice to go along with it. He shows the potential to be one of America's greatest." On the album, Bull wails through nine songs, slipping easily from a Jimi Hendrix riff on Feelin' Pretty Good to Don't Cry My Lady, a ballad delivered in a soulful voice. Though Bull's still in a derivative bag at this point, it's clear that he won't be for much longer.

For students of the vocal art, we heartily recommend, as a primer on how

it's done, A Mon's Life: Charles Aznavour (Monument), which finds the renowned French composer-performer singing his own songs in English and to perfection. He's helped considerably by splendid English lyrics supplied by Bob Morrison (the exception is the beautiful Yesterday, When I Was Young, with lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer). The songs are all of a piece—deeply moving, very personal, often tinged with a melancholy that lingers on long after the final bars.

Sally Eaton, who has made her mark with her performance in Broadway's Hair, comes across on her initial album. Sally Eaton—Forewell American Tour (Paramount), not only as a forceful vocalist but as a talented composer and lyricist. The ten tunes, in a set that is definitely geared to a young audience, include Charlotte, "about several people I knew who got pregnant 'cause they didn't know any better and needed something to love." It's all been nicely produced by Nat Shapiro and George Brackman.

Marian McPartland, one of the better jazz pianists around-regardless of sex -has gone into the record business and done a very wise thing in recording herself. Ambionce (Halcyon) features the McPartland trio-Michael Moore on bass and Jimmy Madison on drums (Billy Hart is the drummer on two of the cuts)-being superbly inventive through Cole Porter's What Is This Thing Called Love?, the Kalmar-Ruby antiquity Three Little Words and a surprise package of originals. Miss McPartland's style is deceptively simple; she apparently works on the theory that pyrotechnics should never get in the way of the message. It's a theory that comes across beautifully in practice. The LP is available through the mail for \$5.98. Write to Halcyon Records, P. O. Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Live concerts on two- or three-disc sets have always been a problem. However the album is produced, you generally get a lot of junk thrown in with the goodies. The Butterfield Blues Band Live (Elektra) offers two discs of joy without junk, jazz without pretension, rock without shuck. The set begins with Everything Going to Be Alright, a loping blues in medium tempo with a rousing finish, explores some interesting orchestral textures on Driftin' and Driftin' and will drive you to make gleeful noises along with the crowd on Get Together Again.

The title of her latest album, Odetto Sings (Polydor), is an obvious redundancy, since Odetta is synonymous with singing. The opening track—the Elton



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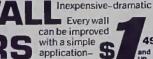
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To be perfectly honest it doesn't work on wine and song, Bacchus After-Shave and Cologne, From \$3.00.

John-Bernie Taupin blockbuster Take Me to the Pilot—sets the mood for the rest of the album, and it will lift you right out of your chair. Also on tap: Paul McCartney's Every Night; the moving Give a Damn, by Stuart Scharf and Bob Dorough; James Taylor's Lo & Behold; and the Mick Jagger-Keith Richards grabber No Expectations. Odetta recorded in both Muscle Shoals and Hollywood and gets uniformly top-drawer backing.

In between seductions of titled ladies and displays of prodigious pianism, the indefatigable Franz Liszt found time to compose an astounding quantity of music. After rummaging through some of these century-old scores. British pianist John Ogdon has managed to compile an intriguing collection titled The Mephisto Waltz and Other "Satanic" Piano Music of Franz Liszt (Seraphim). It's a moot point whether the prevailing emphasis here is on devilish dexterity or on dexterous deviltry. In any event, frenzied rhythms, shivery glissandi and spooky harmonies are in copious supply. Ogdon's list of Liszt ranges from such familiar items as the Mephisto Waltz No. 1 to such rare ones as the Czárdás Macabre.

Guitarist John Pisano and Frenchhorn man par extraordinaire Willie Ruff join forces on Under the Blanket (A&M), with each of them getting into other bags on occasion: Pisano is heard on bass, percussion and piano, and Ruff handles bass, hambone, percussion and vocal guitar. A number of first-rank rhythm men assist them as the duo sets sail across such goodies as I'll Never Fall in Love Again, The Drifter, Everybody's Talkin', El Condor Pasa and assorted originals. The Pisano-Ruff sound is smooth and mellow, even when it encompasses uptempo items. Herb Alpert pitched in on the charts, which are altogether pleasant.

Still another British group testifies to the continuing fertility of the London rock scene. Ian McDonald and Michael and Peter Giles (with a little help from Steve Winwood and Michael Blakesley) get together for McDonald and Giles (Cotillion), a really delightful eclectic stew, impeccably performed. Touches of jazz, electronics, the Fifties' sounds, old acoustical recordings, honking country saxes. movie music, skiffle bands and blues combine in two extended pieces: Birdman, a quasi-Daedalus story that may be a bit too cute musically, and Suite in C, one of the few rock suites that lives up to its pretensions. The approach derives from Sgt. Pepper, but it's more relaxed and intimate.

Peggy Lee, who has been making all the right sounds for many a moon, has a

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less "dropouts" and head wear . . . mirror finish of oxide side prevents "shedding", abrasive action.



new LP, Make It with You (Capitol), that is super-right. The arrangements (with the exception of You'll Remember Me, charted by Mike Melvoin) were beautifully put together by conductor Benny Golson. The material ranges from the lovely Lennon-McCartney tune The Long and Winding Road through the lilting title ode and on to the old Benny Goodman sign-off theme, Gordon Jenkins' haunting Good-Bye. If you're looking for a beautiful album, head Leeward.

Bill Evans, from Left to Right: Playing the Fender-Rhodes Electric Piano and the Steinway Piano (MGM) has to be a frontrunner in the Longest Album Title of the Year contest. Be that as it may, the LP is a joy from beginning to end. Evans' dual-piano work is augmented by an orchestra led by arranger Michael Leonard (who also composed two of the tunes), and the sounds that emanate from both sides of this recording are superb. In addition to the Leonard songs, there are Michel Legrand's What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?, the Burke-Van Heusen standard Like Someone in Love, several lesserknown items and an Evans original, Children's Play Song-all hallmarked with the sensitivity and taste that Evans brings to everything he undertakes.

Brian Hyland (Uni) includes the youthful vocalist's big hit, Gypsy Woman, penned by Curtis Mayfield, and ten other tunes. Brian has brought in some able assistance for his album, too. Del Shannon handled the production work and, with Hyland, wrote five of the songs. Interspersed with the originals are standards such as Lonely Teardrops and Slow Down.

The only thing wrong with Jimi Hendrix' final album, The Cry of Love (Reprise), is that it's his last. Otherwise, it's a joy. He could tease a guitar into producing fantastic sounds that nobody ever made before, and the ten cuts here cover practically the whole range of his moods and music—from whisper-soft blues to explosive, roaring rock 'n' roll. Two particular knockouts are Astro Man, featuring a fiery double-tracked lead guitar, and In from the Storm, a huge-sounding high-energy workout. Jimi may be gone, but he has left a superb album to remember him by.

### THEATER

Centuries have encrusted A Midsummer Night's Dreem with gossamer, cobwebs and layer upon layer of whimsy. Now comes Peter Brook to clean off the clutter and reveal the play afresh. It is as if the author's agent had just placed it with England's Royal Shakespeare Company

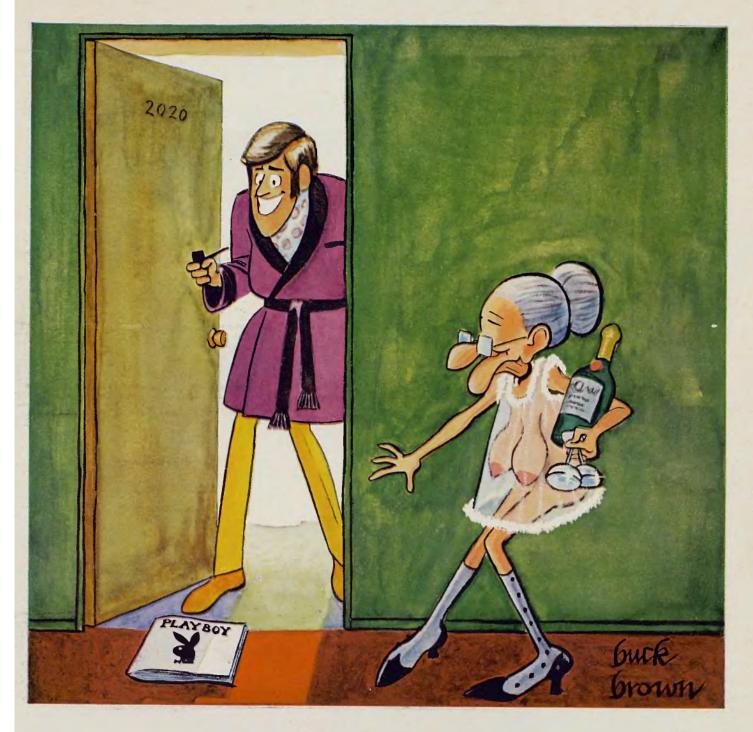
and it had been given to the group's most inventive director. Brook merges characters, strips bare the foliage, puts Puck on a trapeze, turns fairy dust into twirling juggler's plates and trees into twisting sculptural coils, transforms the fairy forest into a circus-and yet does not distort the play. In fact, he treats it adoringly, with full feeling for words and nuances, although disregarding the stage directions and traditions (Bottom, for instance, wears not an ass's head but the red nose of a clown). Sally Jacobs' set is the starkest white-a high threesided court. Actors and musicians, playing Richard Peaslee's zingy score, romp all over the stage within a stage. The lovers are dressed in vivid colors, the clowns in workman's homespun. This is one production in which there is no confusion of identities. The actors are not merely first-rate gymnasts, jugglers and aerialists but highfliers with language as well. They are well disciplined in the classics and it shows. A remarkable cast in a revolutionary production. At the Billy Rose, 208 West 41st Street.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine, the play that Daniel Berrigan, S. J., put together in prison from the transcript of his trial for napalming draft records and from his own musings on civil disobedience, is a white-hot confrontation with today's most pressing concerns: the war in Vietnam, the crisis of leadership, morality sacrificed to legality. Catonsville is less theater than fact, re-enacted for a wider audience. Even though the drama takes place in a courtroom, there is none of the usual trial challenge and response. The prosecution is perfunctory. After all, Fathers Dan and Philip Berrigan and their fellow protesters freely admit that they burned the records. In fact, they waited for the police to arrest them. The defense rests its case on the defendants' moral character and the jury's conscience; and the judgegentle, sympathetic but bound by law -naturally rules such a defense out of order. All correct-yet even to blinded justice, the play asks, is not the burning of draft records less of an offense than the burning of children? What can anyone do to end the war? Can a President be prosecuted for not obeying the law? "We are not here to try the history of the world," insists the judge with growing impatience. But that, of course, is precisely what Berrigan attempts in this compelling exhortation. At the Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 West 66th Street.

When Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot was first staged on Broadway in 1956, it was greeted with puzzlement, even derision. Since then, it has come to be accepted as a profound masterwork

about the endurability of man, a cornerstone play of modern theater. Where are we? Why do we go on? As Beckett sees it, we know nothing, learn nothing new by experience, continue to make the same mistake of living-and stay exactly where we are. In Godot, two tramps-Didi, something of an intellectual and philosopher, and Gogo, a common man. intuitive, rather a clown-wait for the mysterious Godot not to come. Is he God, or Godlike, or nobody? We, and they, never know. The play is all in the waiting-like life, as Beckett sees it, a pause between birth and death. The long-awaited New York revival of Godot. by Alan Schneider, looks right. William Ritman's space-in-time set, with its one tree and a surrounding nothingness, is pure, parched Beckett. Anthony Holland as the leashed slave, Lucky, the mad repository of academic effluvia, has a firm lock on his character, and Henderson Forsythe is an acceptable Didi. However, Edward Winter as Lucky's master, Pozzo, seems a mere bluff-and-bully Teuton, and Paul B. Price is only a shadow of Gogo (played originally, and memorably, by the late Bert Lahr). Somehow, this too-somber production misses the grand humor of Beckett; even the running gags and burlesque bits fall flat. New York is still waiting for Godot. At the Sheridan Square Playhouse, Seventh Avenue at West Fourth Street.

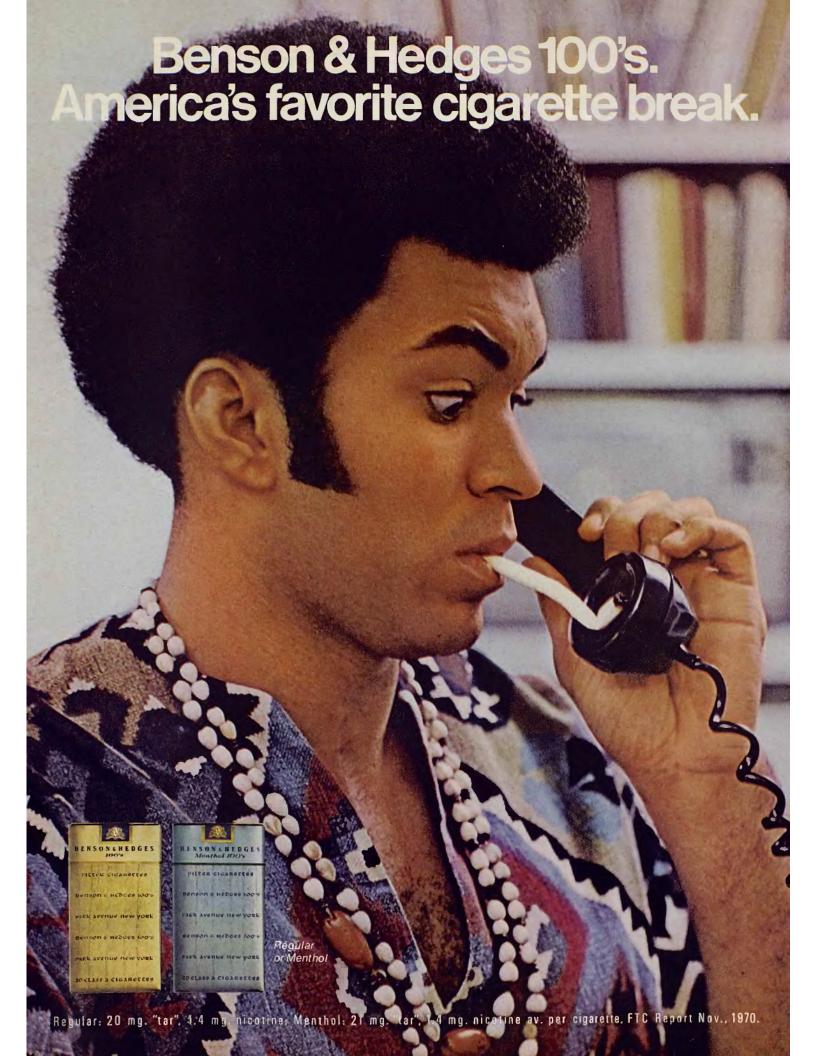
The Arena Stage company in Washington, D. C., is secure in its reputation as one of the most productive of America's regional theaters. This year, the company opened a new auditorium, the 500-seat Kreeger, as a complement and adjunct to its Arena Stage. It should expand the Arena's scope and allow the group a greater flexibility. Producerdirector Zelda Fichandler, never one to fear a tough play, opened the Kreeger with the American premiere of Peter Barnes's savage British comedy, The Ruling Class. It fits snugly-a trifle too snugly -on the Kreeger's small semiproscenium stage. The Ruling Class is a sprawling play, technically and intellectually-but it's potent and very funny. It's about a lunatic (gleefully played by Douglas Rain) who succeeds to a seat in the House of Lords and frightens his stuffy relations out of their half-wits by declaring that he is Jesus Christ and mounting a cross to prove his point. Only when he is forcibly turned into a maniacal villain (hence a sane aristocrat) is he accepted as one of the ruling class. Barnes's style is a juggling act of farce, vaudeville, high and low comedy, parody and old tunes, but he manages to keep everything maliciously aflight. At the Arena Stage, Sixth and M Streets, S. W., Washington, D.C.



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### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am 24 and my girl is 21. We have been dating for two years and are contemplating marriage. My girl wants to be a virgin when she walks down the aisle and I have tried to respect her wishes, though it hasn't been easy. Recently, her roommate has been spending weekends out of town and my girl has insisted that I stay with her, as she is afraid of being alone. The result is that I spend more and more evenings on her couch in sleepless anxiety and I don't think I can stand it much longer. Should I flat-out refuse to spend the night with her or should I press the sexual issue to the hilt, if you'll pardon the expression?-P. W., Seattle, Washington.

You should have a frank talk with your girl about the dubious advantage of walking down the aisle a virgin—with a nervous wreck at her side. Two years is at least a long enough acquaintance for frankness, and probably everything else as well. If she can't see it your way, suggest she have a girlfriend spend the weekends with her—or with you, for that matter.

What causes the scum that forms on the inside of my car's windows? Virtually no one ever smokes in my car, but there always seems to be a light film on the glass, even after it has been thoroughly washed.—O. M., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The light haze sometimes forms when a closed car has been sitting in the hot sun. A plasticizing agent, necessary to keep synthetic materials such as vinyl seat covers flexible so they won't crack in cold weather, may be volatized by the extreme heat (the temperature of some components in such a closed car can reach 200 degrees and more) and condense as a film on the windows. Water and some glass cleaners only smear the film; wipe the windows with a vinegar-soaked cloth or a commercial ammoniated glass cleaner to loosen the substance, then wipe clean with a dry cloth or paper towel.

have been going steady with my boy-friend for six months now and the other night he called up and asked me over. When I got there, he opened the door and was standing there in the nude. He asked me to go to bed with him. We've been close, but not intimate, and I stood there in shock for a few seconds, then left without saying a word. The next day, he called and said he was sorry, it was only a joke. I told him off and hung up, but he keeps on calling. Any suggestions?

—Miss C. M., Atlanta, Georgia.

There's no defending your boyfriend's gauche approach. But the question is:

Were you offended by his manner or his intent? If the latter, then just keep rejecting his calls; but if the former, then tell him that you consider premarital sex a serious matter and resent his trying to make your first coital experience a kind of laugh-in.

Why isn't champagne sold under the labels of vineyards like château-bottled wines?—H. K., Des Moines, Iowa.

Because château-bottled wines come from the grapes of but one vineyard, it's possible to identify them by label. Most champagnes, on the other hand, derive from black, black and white or white Pinot grapes that are nurtured by different winegrowers and then blended. The bubbly's mixed ancestry therefore makes this type of labeling impractical. Although it may seem surprising that white champagne can be made from black grapes, this is due to the fact that the juice is only slightly tinged by the skins. The reddish color diminishes during fermentation and is later removed completely by filtration.

friend of mine claims that syphilis originated in Asia and spread to Europe during the Middle Ages. However, I remember reading in *The Playboy Advisor* that Columbus' crew brought it back with them from the New World at the end of the 15th Century. Is my friend right—or do you still claim that you are?—S. M., Denver, Colorado.

Our "Playboy Advisor" answer in May 1969 was based on the best information available at the time. New facts have since been uncovered in the form of pre-Columbian skeletal remains bearing syphilitic lesions, found in the Americas, East Asia and the Pacific (there is no skeletal evidence for syphilis in Europe before the 15th Century). Currently, the theory is that Treponema pallidum, the organism that produces venereal syphilis, evolved in the early urban centers of China, or possibly those of Central America or Peru (or perhaps independently in both). If the latter, it may have spread to Asia via prehistoric Pacific voyagers, or from Asia eastward to the Americas; in any event, it probably entered Europe by way of the Arab and Turkish conquests, the Crusades, the empire building of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane and the expansion of the Ottoman Empire. Thus, by making war, men made it unsafe to make love.

Although I had many sexual relationships before my recent marriage, my husband had been to bed with only one other woman. I know my husband is



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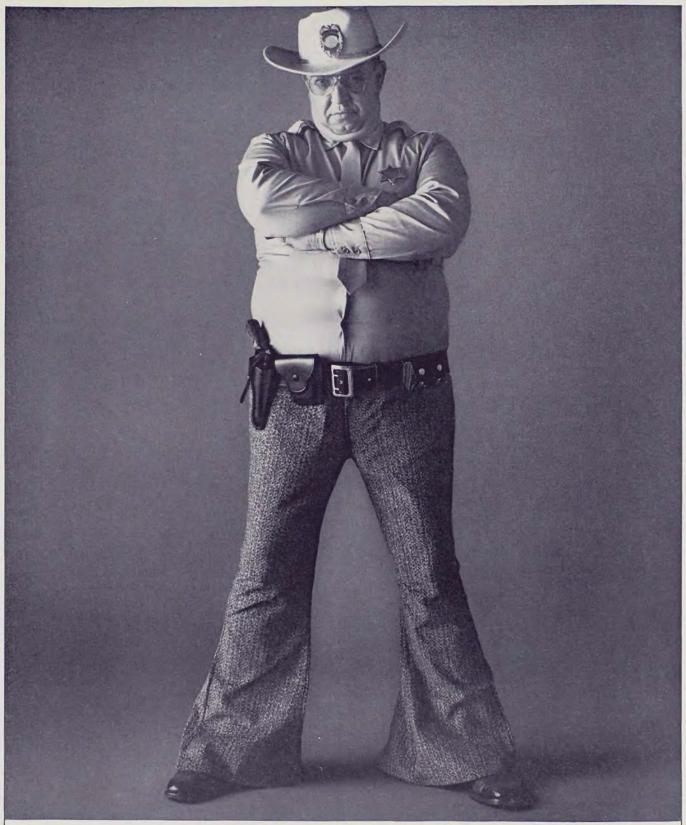
curious and would like to experience other women, but I am very reluctant to encourage him, for fear he'll become emotionally attached to someone else. From what I've read, mate swapping might be the answer to our problem. I would enjoy it as much as my husband and I wouldn't be so worried about losing him. Do you think if I encourage this I would be playing with fire and could be burned?—Mrs. C. P., New Orleans. Louisiana.

That depends on you. Why do you think there would be any less danger of emotional involvement while swapping than if your husband went out with other women alone? If your fear is a real one, then it's likely that you don't trust your husband or his love for you and are suggesting swapping only as a way of keeping an eye on him. If you think you'll enjoy it without guilt or jealousy, then forget the rationalization about your husband possibly becoming attached to somebody else. Talk it over with him and work out your mutual problems—and interests—from there.

A girl I know recently received a gift of three white roses and three yellow ones. Later in the week, she received an identical bouquet from another boyfriend. I now wonder about the significance of the roses and if any other combinations or permutations of flowers have a universal significance.—B. N., San Francisco, California.

In the language of flowers—a language that dates back to Greek and Roman times and that both kings and commoners used to express love and hatred and to disclose future plans-a white rose means "I am worthy of you" and a yellow rose indicates jealousy. Since she got identical bouquets from two admirers, the message would seem quite accurate: The suitors consider themselves worthy of her and are jealous (three times over!). Some other flowery ways of expressing oneself: A gift of arboroitae indicates unchanging friendship; a gift of basil, hatred; a gift of peach blossoms means "I am your captive." Mustard seed indicates indifference; wood sorrel, joy; yellow acacia, a secret love. Hemlock means "You will be my death"; orange blossoms, "Your purity equals your loveliness"; and, as might be expected, the York and Lancaster rose means war.

am 19 years old, a college student and am considered a "regular guy." Unfortunately, I am afraid I am a homosexual. I have had sexual intercourse with girls five times just to prove I could succeed, but have never done so with a girl I really liked. I tried once but could not get an erection. On the other hand, I have come close to falling in love with a few of my male friends. I have had a homosexual experience only once, but



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with someone I didn't care for; if I had liked him, I am sure I would have enjoyed it. I am now going with a girl whom I like very much but fear that if I tried to have sex with her, I would not be successful. I am planning to spend a week with her at a mountain resort but am afraid it will end in disaster. What should I do?—I. P., Salt Lake City, Utah.

At your age, it's not unusual to be fond of your male friends, sometimes to the point at which deep friendship and sexual loneliness will actually involve physical feelings. But it's a little too soon to label yourself as either homosexual or heterosexual when you have yet to have sexual relations with anyone of either sex whom you really like; your sexual experiences so far don't prove much of anything, except that you're a young man who responds to a variety of stimuli. The instance in which you failed could undoubtedly be attributed to anxiety; to couple it with homosexual tendencies or experiences-as you probably did-does not necessarily follow. After all, of the 37 percent of all males who have homosexual experiences to orgasm, only a small percentage become exclusively homosexual. If you do go to the resort with your girl, concentrate on her for the week and forget your male friends and your fears of what you may or may not be.

while back, several of us were watching Dr. Strangelove on TV and we all went into gales of laughter over Sterling Hayden's paranoid monolog about avoiding women because a man can be drained of "the purity of the essence of his precious bodily fluids" through sexual intercourse. Later, one fellow claimed that, far from being a delusion peculiar to the character Hayden played, this idea was widely accepted many years ago. True?—W. F., New York, New York.

This fallacy was endorsed by the 12th Century philosopher Moses Maimonides, who wrote, "Whenever it [semen] is emitted to excess, the body becomes consumed, its strength terminates and its life perishes. This is what Solomon in his wisdom stated: 'Give not thy strength unto women. . . .' He who immerses himself in sexual intercourse will be assailed by [premature] aging. His strength will wane, his eyes will weaken and a bad odor will emit from his mouth and his armpits. . . . The wise physicians have stated that one in a thousand dies from other illnesses and the [remaining 999 in the] thousand from excessive sexual intercourse."

have been married for seven years to a woman many men would call ideal. Her disposition is consistently pleasant, she is tolerant of my failings and her domestic abilities are beyond reproach. Unfortunately, I do not love her. She doesn't excite nor arouse me and for two years, I have refrained from sexual contact with her because of this. I have had extramarital affairs, but she invariably forgives and forgets and tells me that she loves me. I want to break away and start anew but am unwilling to inflict further pain on such a wonderful woman. What do you advise?—A. C., Houston, Texas.

Assuming that you've seen psychological counselors and otherwise tried to patch up your marriage, then perhaps you should face the fact that kindness is killing you both. Her kindness toward you has made it almost impossible for you to break away; your kindness toward her has prevented her from meeting other men who might appreciate her virtues. If your marriage can't be saved, then what is desperately needed is enough honesty to admit it.

Recently, I was asked by a friend to be his guest in the press box at the local race track. Upon arrival, I was introduced to several TV and radio personalities and, due to my excitement, I forgot to place a bet requested by my boss. The horse won and paid a good chunk, the equivalent of a week's salary for me. While I sincerely regret having failed to place the bet, my question is: Am I morally obligated to make it up to him?—A. P., Nashville, Tennessee.

Not really, unless you've got an extremely uptight relationship with the boss and you're afraid to admit you made an error. If your status is so insecure that you think your job will be endangered, then perhaps you'd better pay him and be more careful next time.

When my boyfriend and I have sexual intercourse, I use a diaphragm as a contraceptive. When I insert it, of course, I use the spermicidal jelly, as directed. However, sometimes we have intercourse again a few hours later, and he claims that the jelly is still good and I don't have to get out of bed and insert more. I say its sperm-killing power is gone and I should use a fresh supply. Who's right?—Miss C. T., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

You are. Spermicidal jelly loses its effectiveness after several hours, even if you haven't had intercourse. If you are going to have intercourse again after a few hours, you should definitely replenish the supply (without, of course, removing the diaphragm).

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



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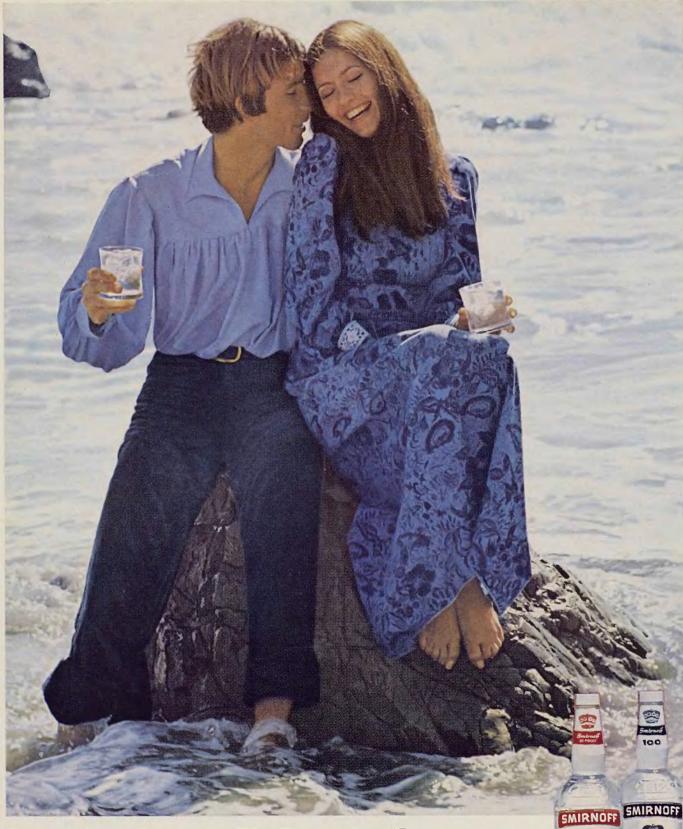
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### THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### GENERATION GAP

Letters in the Playboy Forum frequently compare the current U.S. scene with George Orwell's 1984. Lately, I've learned that even the worst of Orwell's fantasies (children informing on their own parents) is now a reality, as indicated by the following story from The Sacramento Union:

[Charles] Raymond, a state rehabilitation counselor who sometimes works with ex-drug addicts, is facing marijuana possession charges because his 12-year-old son complained to sheriff's deputies he found some "pot" in his dad's dresser drawer.

Sgt. Richard Leeper said the youth told him the bags were "kept in a neat row and placed as if they were separate orders or purchases."

After obtaining a search warrant, Leeper reported finding more marijuana, including 31 partly smoked marijuana cigarettes, in Raymond's home.

> Thomas W. Fea West Sacramento, California

### HOME IS THE HERO

I am a Vietnam veteran with two Purple Hearts. A friend of mine, another Vietnam veteran, has just been sentenced to from one to three and a half years in prison for selling an ounce of marijuana. I cannot fully express my bitterness against this Government that sends men into senseless wars and then jails them for selling a harmless herb while others freely sell gin and whiskey.

W. T. Williams Greenville, Mississippi

### DEATH BY SLOW TORTURE

In your November 1970 Playboy Forum editorial on marijuana, you published a chart listing the penalties in all the states for smoking marijuana. For Florida, you listed up to five years in prison and/or a fine of up to \$5000. It now appears that the actual punishment for being caught with marijuana in Florida might be listed as "death by slow torture." That, in any event, was the penalty inflicted on William Baugher, 25, in Gainesville last year. Arrested for possession of one marijuana cigarette, Baugher served three months before his trial, pleaded guilty and spent three months

more in jail while the judge awaited the results of a presentencing investigation. At the end of this period, Baugher was found dead in his cell. Originally, the authorities claimed that his death was suicide; but, after vigorous complaints by the public and Baugher's lawyer, a grand-jury hearing indicted another convict for strangling him to death. Meantime, other inmates charged that homosexual rape was commonplace in the jail and that Baugher had been a constant victim of such assaults. Later, some of the inmates retracted this testimony, for obscure reasons. Later still, another grand jury declared that violence and homosexuality were, in fact, rampant in the jail.

No matter how one evaluates the charges and the countercharges, it is obvious that young Baugher was thrown in among violent and perverted individuals, and died as a result of it, all for possessing one marijuana cigarette.

Robert M. Celeste Jacksonville, Florida

### OH, DALLAS!

After reading your fine editorial on marijuana laws, I thought I'd call to your attention the following example of the selective enforcement of those statutes.

Last June, four young black students from California, on their way to Shreveport to visit the grandparents of one of them, drove through Dallas. The police arrested them on suspicion of armed robbery because there had been a robbery in the neighborhood where their car was stopped. A search of the car produced two shotguns, a carbine and an automatic pistol in the trunk. The armedrobbery charge was quickly dropped for lack of evidence and the four were accused of carrying prohibited weapons. This second charge was also dropped when the police learned that the guns were legally owned by the four and duly registered under California law.

Then, after these initial charges proved baseless, they were charged with possession of marijuana. Two policemen testified about the finding of the marijuana when the four were tried. The first said he had found the marijuana when searching the car but forgot about it at the time; he also said he found it in the middle of the back seat, that it was in a clear plastic bag and that the bag measured about four inches by four inches.

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The second policeman said he saw the first policeman find the weed near the right door (not in the middle of the back seat) and that it was rolled up in a cigar shape. When the "evidence" appeared in court, it was in an opaque wax-paper container, not a clear plastic bag.

The guns were brought into the courtroom on the first day and placed on a table facing the jury throughout the trial, although there was, of course, no attempt to argue that the defendants possessed them illegally. Nevertheless, the weapons stayed there, and stayed in the jury's mind, while the impression thus created was further heightened by frequent confusions between the Black Student Union (to which the defendants belonged) and the Black Panther Party (to which none of them belonged). It was further suggested, although never proved, that one of the defendants had acted as a bodyguard to Angela Davis; all that was ever demonstrated in that connection was that when she spoke on the campus where he was studying, he had, as a member of the Black Student Union, escorted her to the microphone.

Sixteen blacks appeared among the veniremen from which the jury was selected; when the trial began, the actual jury consisted of 12 white persons. The jury took only a few minutes to find all four guilty, with two terms of three years, one of five years and one of ten years, the last two of which have been probated.

The judge's temperament was indicated by a remark he made after the trial, referring to the defendants as "four colored boys." The youngest was 20 and the others were 22, 24 and 27.

My information on this trial comes from *The Texas Observer*. This ugly example of sham justice is hardly unique; in Houston, Lee Otis Johnson, a SNCC leader, is serving 30 years on a marijuana charge. Meanwhile, the sons of various wealthy figures have escaped without criminal records in similar cases.

Stephen Simon Austin, Texas

### THE SHOCKPROOF JUDGE

Luke Joseph Rener was sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment in Texas in 1966 for possession of a marijuana cigarette. In a recent hearing, he asked for the overturning of his conviction on the grounds that marijuana is not a narcotic, that the evidence against him was obtained by an illegal search and that a 30-year sentence for this offense is cruel and unusual punishment. Federal Judge William M. Taylor rejected all three arguments.

According to the *Dallas Morning* News, Judge Taylor explained his rejection of the last argument on the following grounds:

Regarding the degree of punishment, Judge Taylor said such an

### FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### ABORTION ABOUT-FACE

CHICAGO-When a Federal appeals court voided the Illinois abortion law and enjoined its enforcement (April "Forum Newsfront"), many hospitals, clinics and physicians responded quickly and favorably. At Cook County Hospital alone, calls were coming in at the rate of 30 an hour from women seeking appointments, and one doctor predicted 50,000 legal abortions would be performed in the first year. But antiabortion forces rallied swiftly. Various "right to life" groups strongly protested the ruling as legalizing murder; house majority leader Henry Hyde proposed a new state law that would circumvent the ruling by extending constitutional rights to embryos at the moment of conception; and state's attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, joined by a Catholic physician, petitioned the U.S. Supreme Court to stay the lower court's action until the formal appeal was heard. Justice Thurgood Marshall granted the petition temporarily and abortion in Illinois was again illegal. Hanrahan applauded the action and promised he would continue "steadfast in vigorous enforcement of the statute." Chicago Daily News columnist Mike Royko observed sarcastically that the politicians who most strongly oppose abortion seem to lose their concern for a fetus once it attains the height of several feet and is hungry, unemployed, pregnant or gets aborted in Vietnam.

- New York City's health-service administrator has estimated that 69,000 abortions have been performed in the city in the first six months since the operation was legalized, and that about half of the patients were out-of-state women.
- Students at the University of Maine have established a \$5000 loan fund available to coeds who need cash to obtain abortions in New York.
- A survey of 1190 students on 47 college campuses found that 60 percent of the Protestants and 45.4 percent of the Catholics were in favor of legalized abortion "regardless of circumstances." Only four percent of the total flatly opposed abortion.

### STERILIZATION BONUS

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—Under provisions of a bill filed in the Connecticut legislature, any woman with two or more state-supported illegitimate children will receive a \$300 cash bonus if she chooses to be sterilized. The state would also pay for the operation.

Meanwhile, the Utah legislature found

itself in a fierce debate over a routine bill to repeal a state law—one of two in the entire country—that makes sterilization a felony unless performed out of medical necessity. One of the repeal bill's opponents, house majority leader C. DeMont Judd, Jr., agreed with a Salt Lake Tribune reader whose published letter facetiously proposed that the state's symbol be changed from a beehive to a "pregnant Homo sapiens." Said the congressman, "He's right. It's a great symbol. We have been admonished to multiply and replenish the earth. This legislature cannot go against that concept."

### NATIONAL BUST DAY

Defiance of marijuana statutes is already so widespread that a group has now formed for the purpose of killing pot laws with compliance. The National Bust Day Committee, headquartered in Allendale, Michigan, is coordinating efforts in a number of cities to organize pot smokers for a mass surrender on June 5-both to dramatize the prevalence of marijuana usage and to drop a monkey wrench in the wheels of justice. According to John Struthers, chairman of the committee, if a few hundred or a few thousand citizens descend on a police station carrying joints of marijuana and turn themselves in, the authorities will have the unhappy choice of trying to arrest more people than they can possibly process and hold, or sending home large numbers of lawbreakers defiantly waving their joints in the air.

### THE COOL HEAD

AMSTERDAM-While Uncle Sam talks like a Dutch uncle to American drug abusers, the Dutch government is taking a more permissive attitude. A government pamphlet informs young people that "intelligent use of marijuana and hashish is harmless" and gives several points of advice on how to be "a cool user" and not an abuser. The suggestions include avoidance of unknown drugs or combinations of drugs, keeping a supply of Librium on hand for bad trips, waiting a few weeks after a bummer before tripping again and remembering that "drugs belong to reality, but reality is more than drugs." In a sentence that will raise the hair of American narcoticslaw-enforcement officials, the pamphlet adds that one should not inject anything, but if one does, he should carefully sterilize his works and make sure there is no air in the syringe. (The pamphlet, however, does warn that psychedelics can lead to flipping or prolonged psychic complaints, that marijuana may cause

"possible lung damage in the long run" and that the use of hard drugs leads to addiction and sometimes to liver damage or blood poisoning.)

#### LAW 'N' ORDER

ALBANY, NEW YORK—Two state legislators have proposed a bill that could revive the frontier profession of bounty hunting. The bill offers rewards ranging from \$250 to \$2500 to any citizen who supplies information resulting in the arrest and conviction of a drug dealer.

Meanwhile, an even more melodramatic proposal, from Alabama, has been rejected by the Department of Justice. Under this scheme, Federal money would have helped finance a special police force working only at night, driving unmarked black cars, dressing in black "with no bright or reflective buttons, badges or buckles visible" and questioning suspects in the dark, Conceived under former Governor Albert Brewer, this SS-like apparatus was intended to psychologically terrorize criminals, but the Department of Justice said it would have been more likely to terrorize ordinary citizens.

### SEX EDUCATION UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D. C.—By rejecting an appeal, the U.S. Supreme Court has sustained a Federal-district-court ruling that parents do not have an exclusive right to teach their children about sex. The lower court, in a case brought by suburban Baltimore parents, had held that public school sex-education courses are not an "unreasonable exercise of authority" and do not infringe on the free exercise of individual religious beliefs.

### JAIL-HOUSE BLUES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A survey of local and county jails conducted for the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has revealed some disturbing facts:

- Thirty-five percent of all prisoners are awaiting trial, and 17 percent are being held for other authorities or have not yet been arraigned, making a total of 52 percent who are in jail without having been convicted.
- About 85 percent of the jails, even in metropolitan areas, have no recreational or educational facilities of any kind, about 50 percent have no medical facilities and about 25 percent have no visitation facilities.

### UNPLUGGING THE CHAIR

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—Calling the death penalty "unconstitutional and unenforceable," state attorney general Fred Speaker, during his last week in office, ordered Pennsylvania's only electric chair removed from Rockview State Prison. Although the order does not legally abol-

ish capital punishment, the attorney general cited newly-elected Governor Milton Shapp's announcement that no executions would be carried out during his tenure in office; Speaker added that he personally considered the death penalty to be "cruel and unusual punishment" prohibited by the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments.

#### LESS POSTAL CENSORSHIP

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Postmaster General has been stripped of the authority to impound or return mail addressed to dealers in pornography. In a unanimous decision, the U. S. Supreme Court ruled that while the mailing of obscene materials is still a Federal crime, the Post Office cannot hold up mail pending court action. The Court decided that this practice violates guarantees of free speech by placing the burden of proof on the citizen rather than on the Government.

### THE BUGGERS

The Justice Department is seeking authority to use wire taps and other bugging devices without prior judicial consent in any case involving national security. Attorney General John Mitchell maintains that the department already has this power under the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, but Federal district courts in California and Michigan have ruled wire-tap evidence inadmissible unless obtained by court order. The Government has appealed in U.S. circuit court to reaffirm the right of the Attorney General, acting without court permission, to eavesdrop on anyone suspected of activity contrary to national interest.

### IN DEFENSE OF POLLUTION

BOSTON-Polluters, reeling under attacks from both liberals and conservatives, denounced as monsters by the radicals and increasingly threatened by the Government, have at last found a defender. Ayn Rand, feisty sexagenarian crusader for rugged individualism, denounced ecologists as barbarians trying to send mankind back to the Dark Ages and aiming at "global dictatorship." There's not a grain of truth in their warnings, Miss Rand told a Boston Hall Forum audience: "Nowhere . . . does one find any scientific evidence, no, not even to prove, but to support a valid hypothesis of global danger." Pointing out that life expectancy has risen from 30 to 70 years since the start of the Industrial Revolution, she implied that heavy industry itself, and not medicine, must be credited: "Anyone over thirty years of age today, give a silent thank you to the nearest, grimiest, sootiest smokestacks you can find."

appeal is only credible when punishment "is so greatly disproportionate to the offense so as to be completely arbitrary and shocking to the sense of justice."

I wonder what sentence for possessing a single joint would be shocking to the good judge's "sense of justice"? Boiling in oil?

> Tom Lewis Fort Worth, Texas

#### POT AND PERJURY

I recently encountered some assertions about marijuana that were so startling that I thought of writing to PLAYBOY to ask you to evaluate the statements for me. First, however, I decided to do some investigating on my own—and I found it very revealing to unearth the truth.

The assertions I questioned were contained in a document entitled "Minutes of the Meeting of Monday, January 15, 1968," distributed by the police force and teachers of Bergen County, New Jersey. In this pamphlet, Dr. Louis Sousa is said to have stated that marijuana is the "number-one narcotic drug" because "the effect on chromosomal organization from the beginning, from its first use, posits a permanent effect through generations." The statement adds, "Very few fatal diseases are ever transmitted as both dominant and recessive. They are either one or the other. But marijuana addiction is transmitted to subsequent generations in both ways, dominant and recessive." The scientific evidence supporting Dr. Sousa's claims was allegedly presented at a conference of geneticists at Oxford University in September 1967.

After writing to Oxford University and determining that no Dr. Louis Sousa presented a paper at the genetics conference in September 1967. I started hunting for Dr. Sousa himself. An address given to me turned out to be a hospital in Paterson, New Jersey, but mail sent there addressed to the elusive doctor came back marked with the directive RETURN TO SENDER—NOT HERE. I then wrote to *The Paterson Evening News* and an editor informed me that Louis Sousa, a laboratory technician, was under indictment for perjury and had left the country to escape prosecution.

Incidents such as this lend credence to young people's complaints that the establishment lies. I suggest that other readers perform similar checks when they come upon scientific claims that seem unconvincing to them. The results can be enlightening.

Barry Wittman Cherry Hill, New Jersey

### POT PROPOSAL

I have a simple suggestion based on the debate about whether or not pot leads to hard drugs: Legalize marijuana and then set a heavy tax on it. All the money collected by the Government could then be used for research and treatment of people addicted to heroin and other opiates.

Harold Greenwald, Ph.D. New York, New York

Dr. Greenwald, a PLAYBOY contributor, authored "The Call Girl" (revised and republished as "The Elegant Prostitute: A Social and Psychological Study") and "Active Psychotherapy."

### CHIEF DAVIS' NEUTRALITY

Chief E. M. Davis of the Los Angeles Police Department sanctimoniously wrote to *The Playboy Forum* (February) as follows: "I believe very strongly that police should not lobby to make certain actions crimes, nor should they lobby to eliminate certain actions from the status of a crime. The police job is to effectively enforce the law. Therefore, you will not hear me proposing the legalization of marijuana nor increasing the penalties for its use or possession."

Such an air of professional neutrality is most praiseworthy, but Chief Davis himself has done a great deal to tarnish that image, according to the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner:

A California police official charged today the Black Panthers are being "used" by Communists in a conspiracy to overthrow the Government by force.

Chief E. M. Davis of the Los Angeles Police Department said attacks on police throughout the nation were part of the Communist-inspired conspiracy. . . .

Davis and other spokesmen for the police bitterly denounced the courts and the Federal Government for not doing enough to help them.

The revolutionists, Davis said, have "the court decisions of recent years to hide behind to perpetuate the revolution."

Spare us the Communist conspiracies and bitter denunciations, Chief Davis. As L. A. P. D. Sergeant Joe Friday might put it, "Just give us the facts."

John Cooper Los Angeles, California

### JAVERT LIVES

A local paper has reported the case of an Army private, wounded in Vietnam, who was arrested for stealing an apple from a food market. The soldier claimed he had entered the store eating the apple, which had been purchased earlier. In spite of the fact that he was a wounded Serviceman, that his story was at least as plausible as the store owner's claim that he stole the fruit and even though the theft (if there was a theft) was ridiculously petty, the soldier was kept in jail overnight because he lacked money

to put up the \$200 bail. "It's not the cost of the item that is important," the prosecutor told the press. "It's the act itself that counts."

To me, that sounds like the attitude of Inspector Javert in *Les Misérables:* The law and the law to the letter.

Ron Henry Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

### YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFULLY TAUGHT

In my youth, I had compassion and love for all people and thought that I could never learn to hate. Certainly, I imagined, I would never fall into the bigotry of hating a whole group. Then, I was drafted into the Army. Just as Pavlov conditioned his dogs to salivate at the sound of a bell, just as Big Brother conditioned Winston Smith to obey, the Army conditioned me-except that, not being Pavlov or Big Brother, it produced a different effect than was intended. I have learned to hate-without reason, without justice, blindly and passionately. I hate officers, all officers, without discrimination.

When I read in the paper about the two majors who were killed by their own troops in Vietnam, I thought immediately, "Good!" I was shocked and ashamed of this feeling. I tried to remove it; I tried to think that these men were human beings and brothers, but I couldn't convince myself. They were still officers. I thought of their wives, their children, their other relatives sorrowing over their deaths. It didn't matter; I was still glad that enlisted men had killed two officers.

I would change my soul, if I knew how, and return to being a person who hated nobody. But I can't. I tell myself that hatred is illogical and irrational, but the emotion is still there in my gut.

Sp/4 Elliott Sellers APO New York, New York

### MILITARY JOURNALISM

Here at Marine Corps Air Station, Iwakuni, Japan, a race riot over a year ago half-wrecked the enlisted men's club. On July 4, 1970, some 30 inmates of the base brig tore the facility apart, barricaded themselves inside and took control overnight. Underground activity thrives here. Outside supporters help publish a regular underground newspaper and hand out anti-war and anti-military fliers weekly. Two demonstrations, one boldly staged in front of the base commander's office and both in defiance of existing orders, took place here in October of last year. Speed is sold openly in Japanese drugstores; marijuana is available to anyone.

These phenomena are representative of the situation throughout the military. It all adds up to trouble for the Services, and matters are worsening daily, here and everywhere that American men wear uniforms. Obviously, what is needed is

communication, frank words of truth to help bridge the ever-widening gap between the brass and the lower-ranking enlisted man. And what more appropriate vehicle exists to provide just that sort of communication than base newspapers?

Here at Iwakuni, we almost made it. We tried to produce a Service newspaper with credibility, substance, meaning—a timely, pertinent publication. But, with a new crop of local commanders, all our efforts were brought to a sudden halt. "Drop your weekly columns on human relations and black history," they said. "Kill that dissent story—we don't have any of that here. Stop running articles on drugs, there's none of that here, either."

Once again, American taxpayers are paying more than \$20,000 annually for 12 to 16 pages a week of unadulterated shit at Iwakuni.

Sgt. J. Scott Wallace, U. S. M. C. Editor, *Torii Teller* Marine Corps Air Station Iwakuni, Japan

### **VOLUNTEER ARMY**

Although I agree that there are many inequities in the present draft system, I believe that a volunteer Army is no solution to our problems. First of all, it would create two separate societies in America. The first would be completely removed from military affairs, while the second would be devoted solely to war. This could lead to continuous warfare, since the first society would not be influential or directly interested in military activity, while the second would become restless for action.

Secondly, the image of the United States would further deteriorate. Presently, our troops overseas are tolerated only because it is understood that they are involuntary citizen-soldiers. Civilians the world over tend to dislike and fear the professional military man.

Finally, an all-volunteer Army would mean that our Armed Forces would consist of men more or less permanently committed to an authoritarian, communally oriented life—yet we would expect them to protect us from communism! While they would maintain an attitude of enmity toward Russia, China and other Communist nations, they might eventually decide that military totalitarianism is superior to what they view as civilian anarchy. And should they wish to "convert" us, by what means could we stop them?

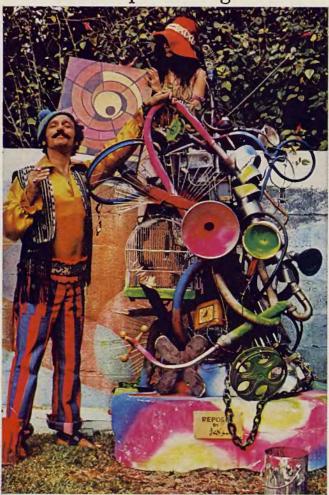
Ultimately, I think we are safer with our Armed Forces leavened by numbers of citizen-soldiers.

A1/C Philip King APO New York, New York

### FOR NO GOOD REASON

In the December 1970 Playboy Forum, Sp/4 Bill Black wrote about his work in After the unveiling of his latest sculpture, Emile Gouche impressed the crowd by hand-painting his own cigarette.

Now everybody will be smoking Emile's hand-painted cigarettes



...almost everybody.



CAMEL

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.

(But then, they don't try to be.)



Whatever you've got going... keep it going with JEB.





Brooke Army Hospital among the crippled and maimed veterans of Vietnam. I wish there were some way I could help these men who are victims of an illegal and immoral war. I also would like Black to have his wish to send unthinking Americans on tours of such hospitals, so they could see with their own eyes what war really is; however, I don't share Black's optimism about the results of such a tour. I'm sure some superpatriots would come out saying that such sacrifices are worth while to protect whatever it is they think we're protecting in Vietnam.

This war reminds me of a quote from Ernest Hemingway's "Notes on the Next War":

They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war, there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason.

Sgt. Michael Domizio, U. S. A. F. Union City, New Jersey

#### CONTROLLING ROCK THROWERS

I've just seen the December 1970 and January 1971 issues of PLAYBOY, in which replies to my September 1970 Playboy Forum letter appeared. One rebuttal equated my views with those of Chairman Mao, but quoting Mao only showed that Mao and his kind believe in violence and war, so we'd better be ready for them, and that people who think an argument can be settled with a quotation can't think for themselves.

Charles Hubbard wrote that if he were pelted with rocks by demonstrators, he wouldn't know what to do and "would probably look to [his] immediate superior, who could conceivably be a man such as Sergeant Serrano." Is it possible he would be getting his orders from someone like me because people such as himself don't end up in leadership positions? Next, Charles E. Redding calls me a flag waver; I should hope I am and that I deserve the name for more than just writing letters to the editor.

Let's get one thing straight; I am not against student protest per se. What I do oppose is the way activist demonstrators on campuses infringe on the rights of others by preventing classes from being held, occupying buildings and blocking thoroughfares. And if anybody knows any way other than force to control such dedicated believers in peace as arsonists, bombers and rock throwers (a well-placed rock can kill), please let everyone else in on it.

Sgt. Daniel F. Serrano Indianhead, Maryland

#### VIEW FROM VIETNAM

My parents sent your holiday issues to me in Vietnam and I was especially moved by *The Playboy Forum*. It seems that a portion of American society has declared war on anyone who is young, long-haired, dissident, radical, black, bearded, unorthodox or even mustached. Any of these stigmas, it appears, can trigger police brutality or even vigilante action by self-appointed protectors of orthodoxy.

Well, I have a message for these superpatriots: Wait until the latest crop of Vietnam veterans starts coming home. We are young and we have most of the other traits you dislike, but we know how to defend ourselves. Your taxes have paid for a long course in death and destruction for us, and we know more about those subjects than we ever wanted to learn.

If any of you don't like my looks or my ideas when I return, take me on. I'll be glad to show you what this war has taught me. In fact, you don't even have to jump on me directly: The first time I see one of you beating on a kid my age for no good reason, I'm going to his defense.

By the way, if you home-front heroes are so damned brave, why aren't you over here doing some of the fighting?

Joel C. Branden APO San Francisco, California

#### **ANTI-COMMUNIST YOUTH**

I'm a political refugee from Romania, now a student in Copenhagen. Having lived the first 23 years of my life under a Communist government, I know one thing: If there is anything youth should fight against, it is Marxism-Leninism in any and all its forms. Every peace demonstration that takes place in America helps communism by demoralizing the Eastern European people, who feel that if young Americans are unwilling to fight against Communist tyranny, there is no hope anywhere in the world. I would like to see young American liberals, progressives and revolutionaries try to hold one of their demonstrations in Prague, Budapest or Bucharest. Then, I'd like to meet the same people ten years later, when they get out of the labor camp.

> Alex Botha, Jr. Naerum, Denmark

#### VETERANS AGAINST WAR

I want to thank you for donating the space for the ad sponsored by Vietnam Veterans Against the War in the February PLAYBOY.

Those of us in V. V. A. W. have gone the establishment's path; we have been to the war and done the fighting. We cannot be dismissed as cop-outs or radicals; when we say the war is wrong, we speak from experience, not from ideology. As a spokesman for V. V. A. W. has said, "We have returned from Vietnam, many with medals, many wounded, some

without arms or legs or eyes. We have earned the right to have our say."

Art Douglas

Vietnam Veterans Against the War San Jose, California

#### SOLDIER'S REPLY

The December 1970 PLAYBOY has reached me here in Vietnam; and The Playboy Forum contains a letter calling me "a little soldier" from William J. Kelly, an intelligent, well-educated ironworker who possesses nerve, strength and skill and wears a plastic hat with a flag on it. He asks if I ever stopped to think that a lot of plastic-hats had already been over here. Well, big plastic-hat, the answer is yes, I have thought about it. If any of the men who beat up peace demonstrators have been over here, they must have been blind to what was happening. Otherwise, they would have seen that this is a senseless war. Most of the Vietnamese people do not want us here any more than we want to be here. What we have accomplished in Vietnam isn't worth one American life.

Construction workers illegally attack peaceful demonstrators and then hypocritically condemn the violence committed against the police and the National Guard. Kelly says he will fight any person or group that tries to tear America down. Can't he see that blind patriotism and support of a war that kills America's young men for no good reason are what is tearing our country down? Can't he see that this fanaticism could lead not just to tearing America down but to a war that could destroy the whole world?

Sp/4 Keith A. Witherow APO San Francisco, California

#### **BLOWING HARD-HATS' MINDS**

The letter in the January Playboy Forum from a woman who had been harassed by construction workers reminded me of an experience I had. Every day on my way to work through midtown Manhattan last summer, I was the target of shouted remarks from a group of hard-hats. I was amused, annoyed and sometimes—early in the morning, when the street was almost deserted—frightened.

I wear my hair short and have an almost nonexistent bust line. One day, I wore a knit pants suit and looked especially boyish. As I passed the construction site, the hard-hats started up their usual morning greetings. When I heard, "Oh, baby, give it to me!" for the third time, I suddenly began batting my eyelids and taking mincing steps in a caricature of a camping homosexual. "Oh, you're so cute!" I squealed and wriggled away.

They were infuriated. One screamed, "Didn't he look just like a girl? Those fucking fags are going to ruin the world for everybody!" I hope I really blew his

mind. My husband says I'm lucky I wasn't killed.

> Lynda Bull Old Bridge, New Jersey

#### PLAYBOY AS OPPRESSOR

While I have never doubted that the editors of PLAYBOY despise human oppression and try to arouse public opinion to alleviate it, I think you took too selfrighteous a posture in your answer to William Kunstler's supporters in the February Playboy Forum. Kunstler was simply pointing out that a great many people do not have the resources, either financial or emotional, to handle the epicurean life style depicted by PLAYBOY and its advertisers. And people can't relate to this pleasant vision of the world until they are shown how to achieve it. Right now, they feel cheated and left out.

Admittedly, no helpful purpose would be served by liquidating the assets of PLAYBOY in order to give 40,000,000 underprivileged people \$2.50 apiece, but certainly more effort and leadership are required if the social evolution PLAYBOY wants is to proceed. You criticize oversimplified moralizing in your editorial statement, but your own recommendations are "greater individual freedom . . . continued scientific and technical progress and . . . more vigorous efforts to establish political equality and equality of opportunity." To offer such resounding phrases in place of specific programs and actions amounts to a tacit acceptance of things as they are until change peaceably comes about. Nowadays, when time is running out for our species, this is irresponsible and oppressive.

M. F. Marsh

Ocean City, New Jersey

Kunstler's objection to PLAYBOY was based on his claim that the affluence this magazine portrays was achieved through the exploitation of workers and poor people around the world. He implied that since PLAYBOY approves certain products and benefits of the capitalist system, we must also endorse every evil that system entails as presently practiced. He also assumes—as you seem to that the only way these goods and benefits can be enjoyed by some is at the expense of others. The notion that there's only so much to go around may be true for scarcity economies in which there is no technological progress. It is obviously untrue for modern Western society. Scientific and technological evolution are constantly increasing and improving the goods and services available in the world. At the same time, contraceptive technology makes population reduction possible. Thus, we're not in the position of having to accept things until change comes about; change has been and is occurring and its rate is accelerating. If "time is running out for our species," it is mainly because there are peoplesome of them in the establishment and

some among the oppressed-who have more faith in brute force than in the creations of the human brain.

#### **COSTLY CATHARSIS**

R. A. Laud Humphreys, a sociologist and associate professor at the School of Criminal Justice of the State University of New York at Albany, has been found guilty in Illinois of destroying Government property. His crime was tearing up a photograph of Richard M. Nixon worth less than a dollar.

Here is what happened: Last year, at the time of the Cambodian invasion, Humphreys was teaching at the Edwardsville campus of Southern Illinois University. Some students wanted to strike to protest the Administration's action, while others were for going to school as usual. Humphreys helped to turn an angry crowd into a forum for dialog. Subsequently, some students suggested vandalizing campus buildings. Humphreys proposed a march to the Edwardsville courthouse instead. One newspaper account indicated that the size of the crowd decreased from more than 1000 students to approximately 100. Some of those who showed up eventually began urging their fellow students to "trash" Main Street, and Humphreys then suggested marching to the local draft board to lodge a protest.

Photographs and published articles by on-the-scene reporters noted that "the demonstration ended up being a noisy one, with lots of chanting, but was otherwise peaceful." When some students wanted to burn the board's files, Humphreys is said to have ripped a photograph of Richard Nixon from the wall and to have torn it up, distributing pieces to the students and urging them to go to their homes and tell neighbors what they thought of Nixon's war. "The smashing of the picture was the catharsis -the climax-after which things calmed down," one reporter noted. There is every reason to believe that Humphreys' actions served to divert students from violence and prevented destruction of property, public and private. There was window breaking and fire bombing at the Carbondale campus of S. I. U. and at Northern Illinois University, but at the Edwardsville campus, confrontations stayed on the verbal level.

For 20 years, first as an Episcopal priest and later as a sociologist, Laud Humphreys has been involved in nonviolent protests and political actionintegrating restaurants and churches in Colorado, Oklahoma, Kansas and Mississippi, and in peace demonstrations in St. Louis. Humphreys also dared to do sociological research on a taboo topic, male homosexuality. His book, Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places, received the C. Wright Mills Award from the Society for the Study of Social Prob-

lems for its compassionate analysis and its strong implications for public policy. Since Humphreys' research qualifies him to testify for the defense in trials involving the issue of homosexuality (especially regarding police entrapment procedures), we cannot ignore the possibility that this trial was designed to interfere with his sociological and scientific, as well as his political, activities. The Federal agents who arrested him spoke knowledgeably of his research and his book.

After Humphreys pleaded guilty on advice of counsel, a Federal judge sentenced him to four months in jail and three years' probation. Free on bond pending appeal of the sentence, Humphreys said, "If this is the kind of justice our courts mete out, then God help our nation."

> Howard S. Becker James F. Short, Jr. Cochairmen Laud Humphreys Defense Fund Evanston, Illinois

#### INVOLUNTARY PSYCHOTHERAPY

A letter from Dr. Thomas S. Szasz. published in the January Playboy Forum describes a new organization, the American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization, Inc. Apparently, A. A. A. I. M. H. believes that a mentally ill or emotionally disturbed person should be treated or hospitalized only if he seeks help voluntarily or agrees to treatment at someone else's suggestion.

I am well aware, as are many people, that there are injustices in the care and treatment of psychiatric patients. Dr. Szasz is certainly to be commended for exposing these injustices and trying to root them out. However, even with the doctor's credentials and training in the field of psychiatry, I believe he has overlooked several important facts.

First, a severely disturbed or psychotic adult does not always recognize his need for treatment, nor does the psychotic person usually accept graciously the suggestion from another person that he seek psychiatric help. However, since these persons can be potentially dangerous to themselves and others, is there real justice in allowing them to remain in society without ever attempting to treat the illness simply because the psychotic is too sick to submit himself voluntarily for treatment?

Another problem Dr. Szasz appears to have overlooked is that of the emotionally disturbed child. Perhaps the doctor does not personally work with children, but I am sure many of his colleagues do. Can an autistic child voluntarily ask for help? Dr. Szasz might say that any doctor should treat a child if the parents or guardian came to him for assistance. However, I've worked very closely with all types of emotionally disturbed children,



Everybody's ads try and tell you their hundred dollar stereo sounds like a million bucks.

Don't you believe a word you read. There's only one way to tell how any stereo sounds. Go listen to it. If it sounds like a million, your ear will tell you.

Take our hundred dollar stereo, for example.

Looks nice in the picture, right? Nice walnut grain feeling. Plenty of controls. Separate ones for bass, treble, stereo balance, and loudness. Headphone jack if

you ever get into the headphone thing.

What you can't see is nice, too. 40 watts of peak music power. BSR automatic turntable. Diamond needle. But best of all, two 4" full-range air suspension speakers that really pour out the sound.

That's the Sylvania MM12WX.

But how do you know all this isn't just a lot of words? You don't. Until you go and hear it.

Once you hear it, you'll believe it.

GIE SYLVANIA

ages five to twelve, with illnesses ranging from autism to paranoid schizophrenia, and I know that parents are not always that enlightened. Many of the children with whom I worked would never have received treatment at all had not their parents been forced to bring them to the hospital by the law requiring children to be in school. These children could have been helped much more successfully if they had received treatment early, but their illnesses progressed until someone in authority noticed the child missing from school enrollment. In these cases, and in many cases still unaided because the parents refuse to accept the fact of emotional illness or to seek help, is it justice to deny these children treatment? Are the child's dignity and liberty best served by ignoring the problem or by forcing the parents to allow the child to receive psychotherapy, thereby giving him a chance to lead a normal life before the illness progresses past the treatable stage?

Perhaps Dr. Szasz took these types of cases into consideration when drafting the aims of the A. A. A. I. M. H., but I see no sign of this in his letter. Maybe Dr. Szasz and the members of the organization should reconsider the idea of complete abolition of involuntary mental hospitalization. Justice that deprives a person of a chance to lead a normal life through care and treatment does not seem just to me.

Vicki Sheppard Dallas, Texas

Dr. Szasz replies:

Concerning the "psychotic adult," Miss Sheppard repeats what is, in effect, the traditional psychiatric definition of psychosis. Heresy was defined similarly; that is, as deviance from the true faith and the failure to "recognize" one's error. Potential dangerousness to self and others are two separate issues. In this connection, too, Miss Sheppard accepts the traditional psychiatric assumption that "mental patients" (however that category is constituted) are "potentially dangerous," whereas others are not (otherwise, why detain only the former?). This assumption is not supported by evidence. In addition, we reject the proposition and policy that "potential dangerousness" justifies punishment by preventive imprisonment. The welfare of "mentally disturbed children" is important. There are many organizations devoted to their cause. The A.A.A.I.M.H. is not one of them. Regarding Miss Sheppard's concluding comment, we believe that the abolition of involuntary mental hospitalization "deprives" a person of care and treatment in exactly the same sense and same way as the abolition of involuntary servitude

"deprived" the American Negro slave of employment and livelihood.

In short, our position is that: (1) An adult should have the right to seek and reject psychiatric treatment. (2) Concepts such as "mental illness," 'psychosis," etc. do not justify the imposition of psychiatric interventions on persons against their will. (3) An individual should have the right to be dangerous to himself (including committing suicide). (4) "Potential dangerousness" to others (whatever that is) does not justify preventive detention. (5) Since the central aim of the A. A. A. I. M. H. is abolishing involuntary psychiatric interventions, the provision of proper treatment for "emotionally disturbed children" falls outside the scope of the association's concerns.

#### MENTAL HEALTH, OR ELSE

The January Playboy Forum discloses that William L. McDonough has been released; I'm delighted that this episode of involuntary commitment has come to an end. I was also delighted to read the letter from Dr. Thomas S. Szasz in the same issue describing the formation of the American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization, Inc. It seems there is hope that the use of psychiatry as a weapon, rather than as a healing art, may be gradually, if not rapidly, eliminated; however, the forces supporting such psychiatric malpractices as involuntary commitment and screening personnel out of jobs are very powerful. Only the strong pressure of public opinion, which your influential and humanitarian magazine can help to mobilize, can guarantee success to Dr. Szasz and the A. A. A. I. M. H.

For what it's worth, I would like to help in whatever way I can. I have myself suffered considerably from the unasked-for interference of a psychiatrist when I was being interviewed for a job as a college instructor. The experience was related in the November 1968 Playboy Forum with my name and address deleted. I also know of specific cases in which the Wisconsin law permitting involuntary commitment has been invoked, and I hope that the A. A. I. M. H. will make this state's law a prime target.

Wade Wellman Milwaukee, Wisconsin

#### PARADISE LOST

I have a friend who is a staunch Baptist and, although I try to avoid religious arguments, his remarks about the theory of evolution finally got to me and I explained to him some of the reasons for believing modern science instead of *Genesis* about the origin of man. To my dismay, he produced an article, "Time, Life and History in the

Light of 15,000 Radiocarbon Dates," which seems to prove fairly conclusively that the earth is much younger than science claims, perhaps young enough to fit the chronology of the Bible: in fact, that it is no more than 50,000 years old and probably less than that. The article is too technical for me to understand, so I enclose a copy. Could you enlighten me: Are there scientific errors in this article or, if not, why do scientists claim the earth is billions of years old?

To avoid more religious squabbles in a rather small town, please withhold my name and address if you publish this.

(Name and address

withheld by request) The essay your friend gave you is correct as far as it goes, but it doesn't go very far. It is based on radiocarbon dating of prehistoric fossils, a method that is used only for relatively recent specimens, since it is known to be ineffective for any object older than 30,000 to 50,000 years. Thus, to try to prove the earth is only 50,000 years old with this method is like using a single yardstick and saying the earth is only three feet in circumference because one can't measure farther with that particular tool. Another method, the solar-radiation technique, has shown that some relics on earth are 1,000,000 years old; the uranium-strontium radioactivity method has placed various rocks at dates as far back as 3.4 billion to 4.5 billion years (with a margin of error of 25 percent); and mathematical calculations working backward from the present rate of expansion of the universe indicate that the entire cosmos began approximately five billion years ago. The legend in "Genesis"-Paradise, serpent, Adam, Eve and all-has the sublime poetic truth of the mightiest passages in Homer or Shakespeare, but to search in it for scientific truth is to seek oranges on a pear tree.

#### STATE VASECTOMY LAWS

I was under the impression that a man who wanted to be sterilized could legally obtain a vasectomy in any state. However, Ann Landers published two letters claiming otherwise in her syndicated column. One person wrote:

This is to inform you that Section 17–19 of the Connecticut General Statutes allows vasectomy only on individuals who "would produce children with an inherited tendency to crime, mental illness or mental deficiency."

Another letter, from Texas, said that vasectomy "may constitute legal mutilation, which is defined as depriving an organ of its function." Miss Landers wittily responded that "some organs have more than one function." She did not, however, contradict the assertions of either letter writer. Does this mean

that vasectomy is illegal in Connecticut and Texas?

Richard Lund

Minneapolis, Minnesota The law cited by Miss Landers' first correspondent applies to involuntary sterilization performed on institutionalized persons. As for voluntary sterilization, Connecticut law permits it only when a physician has declared it a medical necessity. This limitation will end in October, when a new Connecticut penal code that does not make any stipulations about voluntary sterilization takes effect. Utah also restricts voluntary sterilization to cases in which a doctor has deemed it medically necessary. The constitutionality of this restriction is currently being challenged in the courts, and a voluntary-sterilization bill is being debated in the Utah house of representatives (see "Forum Newsfront"). The Texas law cited in the other letter refers to any surgical procedure and has never been applied to a case of voluntary sterilization. So, although limitations are imposed in Connecticut and Utah, vasectomy is legal in all states.

#### ABORTION COUNSELING

Just when I was in my final term as a college senior, the girl I was dating found out that she was pregnant. Her first thought was that we should get married. However, I had no money, many debts and an insecure immediate future, and I wasn't deeply in love with her. I made such an unpromising prospect as a husband that she quickly changed her mind about marriage. Abortion was our next thought, but it is illegal in Florida, as in many other states, and the doctors who will do the operation are frequently quacks and butchers, and they charge fees upward of \$700.

I found the phone number of an abortion referral service in New York City in the September 1970 Playboy Forum. I contacted them and they arranged for the operation to be performed quickly and safely in New York, at a total cost to me of \$260, not including the plane fare. No one around here knew anything about it; with the help of jet travel, the whole procedure was carried out in one day. It scares me to think of what might have happened to us if abortions weren't legal in New York and if organizations such as this one didn't exist.

(Name withheld by request) Tallahassee, Florida

#### ABORTION GUIDANCE

A letter in the November 1970 Playboy Forum mentioned our pamphlet entitled "Abortion: A Woman's Right," which gives information concerning eligibility, cost, procedures and agencies in New York State that offer counseling, referral services, legal aid and redress of complaints for women with problem pregnancies. Also available now is a

pamphlet entitled "Abortion: A Physician's Rights and Responsibilities," which is designed primarily for physicians and which discusses abortion methods, eligibility, fee guidelines, referral for counseling and films and literature on abortion techniques. Unfortunately, the November letter did not mention that we must charge ten cents for each of our pamphlets. We have filled several hundred requests from PLAYBOY readers not aware of this charge, but we hope that anyone else who writes to us will enclose ten cents to defray our expenses.

Ruth Proskauer Smith, President Abortion Rights Association of New York 250 West 57th Street New York, New York 10019

#### BOSTON DOES IT AGAIN

In the Worcester, Massachusetts, Evening Gazette, I read a recent "Wizard of Id" comic strip. The dialog went as follows:

KNIGHT: Cinderella? . . . What are you doing out after midnight? CINDERELLA: I'm waiting for Lady Godiva. I loaned her my carriage and she hasn't returned.

KNIGHT: Fear not! My men will find her in no time flat! Especially, when I tell them they are looking for a nude broad on a pumpkin.

Later, in the Boston Herald Traveler, I noticed that "The Wizard of Id" had changed. The dialog read:

KNIGHT: Cinderella? . . . What are you doing out after midnight? CINDERELLA: I'm waiting for Lady Godiva. I loaned her my carriage and she hasn't returned.

KNIGHT: Fear not! My men will find her in no time flat! Especial-

find her in no time flat! Especially, when I tell them what they are looking for.

Sort of loses in translation, doesn't it? Frank Tucker Boston, Massachusetts

#### COPULATION PSYCHOSIS

I have never objected to PLAYBOY, because, by and large, I have found that the magazine and *The Playboy Philosophy* are reasonable. But today, as I read all the letters, the news reports, the Mac West interview and the many jokes, advertisements, cartoons, stories and articles in a recent issue, one strong thought exploded in my mind, grew and became terribly insistent.

As I read of abortion and vasectomy, unwed mothers and homes for unwanted children, homosexuals, protestors and syphilis, I kept wondering, "Why, in the name of God and common sense, does not a magazine with the power of PLAYBOY use the word chastity every now and again and explain, explore and expound to the fullest the merits, virtues

and, yea, even the plain, old-fashioned convenience of chaste living? Why does everybody seem to think they can go about the world fornicating rampantly without paying a heavy price, whether they be male or female, bond or free?"

The human body doesn't need sexual intercourse to be healthy and happy. Sex just isn't that important and it should not be. The act of physical sex unprotected from illegitimate procreation does not spell love. It spells madness.

Along with anti-pollution, please, can't we preach chastity at least as loudly as we preach abortion?

Mrs. Glen Hatfield Kankakee, Illinois

Chaste makes waste.

#### PIECE OF WHAT?

In Harper's magazine there's an item that PLAYBOY readers might find memorable. In a study of sex and politics by John Corry, a man whose wife had previously been the mistress of a President of the United States was asked how he felt about this. The man stated that he enjoyed it, and added, "It's like going to bed with a little piece of history."

William Paine Los Angeles, California

#### HOME NUDITY VINDICATED

On appeal, the lewdness trial of Seth E. Many and Carolyn R. Peck climaxed in a jury verdict of "not guilty." ("A court in the city known as the Cradle of Liberty has sentenced a psychiatrist and a woman lawyer to 30 days in jail for walking around nude in their own home. . . . The case is being appealed."

—Forum Newsfront, August 1970.)

We were charged with "open and gross lewdness and lascivious behavior" after we had sun-bathed naked in a solarium on the side of our house. Neighbors had been aroused by the sight and by the fact that their children were seeing what the parents struggled to hide. So the neighbors invited the vice squad to view us from the vantage point of nearby windows. An arrest ensued, with the invocation of the 187-year-old "gross lewdness" statute.

We were fooled. We were told, "You will do better with a judge than with a jury. Judges are educated—enlightened." Bullshit! The administration of justice, from the police to the courts, is a grotesque parody of what it ought to be. All the rules, all the thought, all the reason that has gone into the law have been supplanted by empty humans carrying empty forms. The jury acquitted us despite the judge's charge that the issue was the neighbors' right not to see our nakedness, their right to live free of the sight of people different from themselves.

The system that administers justice is gangrened with subservience to special interests, rather than to the law or to

(continued on page 182)





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### PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN WAYNE

### a candid conversation with the straight-shooting superstar/superpatriot

For more than 41 years, the barrelchested physique and laconic derring-do of John Wayne have been prototypical of gung-ho virility, Hollywood style. In more than 200 films-from "The Big Trail" in 1930 to the soon-to-be-released "Million Dollar Kidnapping"—Wayne has charged the beaches at Iwo Jima, beaten back the Indians at Fort Apache and bloodied his fists in the name of frontier justice so often-and with nary a defeat—that he has come to occupy a unique niche in American folklore. The older generation still remembers him as Singing Sandy, one of the screen's first crooning cowpokes; the McLuhan generation has grown up with him on "The Late Show." With Cooper and Gable and Tracy gone, the last of the legendary stars survives and flourishes as never before.

His milieu is still the action Western, in which Wayne's simplistic plotlines and easily discernible good and bad guys attest to a romantic way of life long gone from the American scene-if indeed it ever really existed. Even his screen name—changed from Marion Michael Morrison-conveys the man's plain, rugged cinematic personality. Fittingly, he was the first of the Western movie heroes to poke a villain in the jaw. Wearing the symbolic white Stetson -which never seemed to fall off, even in the wildest combat-he made scores of three-and-a-half-day formula oaters such as "Pals of the Saddle" in the Thirties before being tapped by director

John Ford to star in "Stagecoach"—the 1939 classic that paved the way for his subsequent success in such milestone Westerns as "Red River," the ultimate epic of the cattle drive, and "The Alamo," a patriotic paean financed by Wayne with \$1,500,000 of his own money.

By 1969, having made the list of Top Ten box-office attractions for 19 consecutive years, Wayne had grossed more than \$100,000,000 for his studios-more than any other star in motion-picture history. But because of his uncompromising squareness-and his archeonservative politics-he was still largely a profit without honor in Hollywood. That oversight was belatedly rectified when his peers voted the tearful star a 1970 Oscar for his portrayal of Rooster Cogburn, the tobacco-chewing, hard-drinking, straightshooting, patch-eyed marshal in "True Grit"—a possibly unwitting exercise in self-parody that good-naturedly spoofed dozens of his past characterizations. President Nixon remarked several months later at a press conference that he and his family had recently enjoyed a screening of "Chisum," adding: "I think that John Wayne is a very fine actor."

Long active in Republican politics, Wayne has vigorously campaigned and helped raise funds for Nixon, Ronald Reagan, George Murphy, Barry Goldwater and Los Angeles' maverick Democratic mayor Sam Yorty. Before the 1968 campaign, a right-wing Texas billionaire had urged Wayne to serve as Vice-

Presidential running mate to George Wallace, an overture he rejected. Not least among the Texan's reasons for wanting to draft Wayne was the actor's obdurately hawkish support of the Indochina war—as glorified in his production of "The Green Berets," which had the dubious distinction of being probably the only pro-war movie made in Hollywood during the Sixties.

Last fall, Wayne's first television special -a 90-minute quasi-historical pageant dripping with God-home-and-country hyperbole-racked up such a hefty Nielsen rating that it was rebroadcast in April. At year's end, Wayne was named one of the nation's most admired entertainers in a Gallup Poll. Assigned by PLAYBOY shortly afterward to interview the superstar, Contributing Editor Richard Warren Lewis journeyed to Wayne's sprawling (11-room, seven-bath) \$175,000 bayfront residence on the Gold Coast of Newport Beach, California, where he lives with his third Latin wife-Peruvian-born Pilar Pallete-and three of his seven children. Of his subject, Lewis writes:

"Wayne greeted me on a manicured lawn against a backdrop of sailboats, motor cruisers and yachts plying Newport harbor. Wearing a realistic toupee, Wayne at first appeared considerably younger than he is; only the liver spots on both hands and the lines in his jut-jawed face told of his 63 years. But at six feet, four and 244 pounds, it still almost seems as if he could have single-



"I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgment to irresponsible people."



"The Oscar meant a lot to me—even if it took them 40 years to get around to it. But I really didn't need it. I'm a box-office champion with a record they're going to have to run to catch. And they won't."



"Tomorrow is the most important thing in life. Comes in to us at midnight very clean. It's perfect when it arrives and it puts itself in our hands. It hopes we've learned something from yesterday."

handedly mopped up all those bad guys from the Panhandle to Guadalcanal. His sky-blue eyes, though somewhat rheumy from the previous night's late hours, reinforced the image.

"Adjourning to the breakfast room, we spoke for several hours while Wayne enjoyed the first Dungeness crabs of the season, drank black coffee and fielded phone calls. One of the calls settled details of an imminent visit from the Congolese ambassador. (Wayne and several associates own lucrative mineral rights in the Congo.) Another call confirmed a \$100 bet on the Santa Anita Handicap, to be contested later that day. (Wayne lost.)

"'Christ, we better get going,' he said shortly before one o'clock. 'They're holding lunch for us.' He led the way past a den and trophy room stacked with such memorabilia as photos of his 18 grandchildren and the largest collection of Hopi Indian katcina dolls west of Barry Goldwater. Outside the house, past jacaranda and palm trees and a kidney-shaped swimming pool, we reached a seven-foot-high concrete wall at the entryway and boarded Wayne's darkgreen Bonneville station wagon, a production model with only two modifications-a sun roof raised six inches to accommodate the driver's ten-gallon hat. and two telephone channels at the console beside him.

"At Newport harbor, we boarded Wayne's awesome Wild Goose II, a converted U.S. Navy mine sweeper that saw service during the last six months of World War Two and has been refitted as a pleasure cruiser. After a quick tour of the 136-foot vessel—which included a look at the twin 500-horsepower engines, clattering teletype machines (A.P., U.P.I., Reuter's, Tass) on the bridge disgorging wire dispatches, and the lavishly appointed bedroom and dressing suites—we were seated at a polished-walnut table in the main saloon.

"Over a high-protein diet lunch of char-broiled steak, lettuce and cottage cheese, Wayne reminisced about the early days of Hollywood, when he was making two-reclers for \$500 each. Later that afternoon, he produced a bottle of his favorite tequila. One of the eight crew members anointed our glasses with a dash of fresh lemon juice, coarse salt and heaping ice shards that, Wayne said, had been chopped from a 1000-year-old glacier on a recent Wild Goose visit to Alaska. Sustained by these potent drinks, our conversation-ranging from Wayne's early days in film making to the current state of the industry-continued until dusk, and resumed a week later in the offices of Wayne's Batjac Productions, on the grounds of Paramount Pictures

—one of the last of Hollywood's rapidly dwindling contingent of major studios."

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about the state of the motion-picture business today?

WAYNE: I'm glad I won't be around much longer to see what they do with it. The men who control the big studios today are stock manipulators and bankers. They know nothing about our business. They're in it for the buck. The only thing they can do is say, "Jeez, that picture with what's-her-name running around the park naked made money, so let's make another one. If that's what they want, let's give it to them." Some of these guys remind me of highclass whores. Look at 20th Century-Fox, where they're making movies like Myra Breckinridge. Why doesn't that son of a bitch Darryl Zanuck get himself a striped silk shirt and learn how to play the piano? Then he could work in any room in the house. As much as I couldn't stand some of the old-time moguls-especially Harry Cohn-these men took an interest in the future of their business. They had integrity. There was a stretch when they realized that they'd made a hero out of the goddamn gangster heavy in crime movies, that they were doing a discredit to our country. So the moguls voluntarily took it upon themselves to stop making gangster pictures. No censorship from the outside. They were responsible to the public. But today's executives don't give a damn. In their efforts to grab the box office that these sex pictures are attracting, they're producing garbage. They're taking advantage of the fact that nobody wants to be called a bluenose. But they're going to reach the point where the American people will say. "The hell with this!" And once they do, we'll have censorship in every state, in every city, and there'll be no way you can make even a worthwhile picture for adults and have it acceptable for national release.

**PLAYBOY:** Won't the present rating system prevent that from happening?

WAYNE: No. Every time they rate a picture, they let a little more go. Ratings are ridiculous to begin with. There was no need for rated pictures when the major studios were in control. Movies were once made for the whole family. Now, with the kind of junk the studios are cranking out—and the jacked-up prices they're charging for the privilege of seeing it—the average family is staying home and watching television. I'm quite sure that within two or three years, Americans will be completely fed up with these perverted films.

PLAYBOY: What kind of films do you consider perverted?

WAYNE: Oh, Easy Rider, Midnight Cowboy—that kind of thing. Wouldn't you say that the wonderful love of those two men in Midnight Cowboy, a story about two fags, qualifies? But don't get me wrong. As far as a man and a woman is concerned, I'm awfully happy there's a thing called sex. It's an extra something God gave us. I see no reason why it shouldn't be in pictures. Healthy, lusty sex is wonderful.

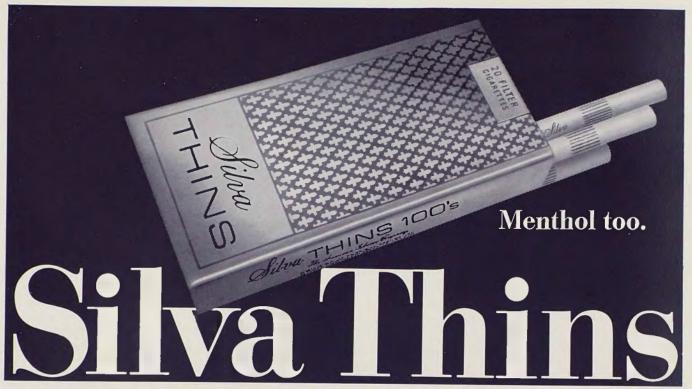
**PLAYBOY:** How graphically do you think it should be depicted on the screen?

WAYNE: When you get hairy, sweaty bodies in the foreground, it becomes distasteful, unless you use a pretty heavy gauze. I can remember seeing pictures that Ernst Lubitsch made in the Thirties that were beautifully risqué-and you'd certainly send your children to see them. They were done with intimation. They got over everything these other pictures do without showing the hair and the sweat. When you think of the wonderful picture fare we've had through the years and realize we've come to this shit, it's disgusting. If they want to continue making those pictures, fine. But my career will have ended. I've already reached a pretty good height right now in a business that I feel is going to fade out from its own vulgarity.

PLAYBOY: Don't gory films like The Wild Bunch also contribute to that vulgarity? WAYNE: Certainly. To me, The Wild Bunch was distasteful. It would have been a good picture without the gore. Pictures go too far when they use that kind of realism, when they have shots of blood spurting out and teeth flying, and when they throw liver out to make it look like people's insides. The Wild Bunch was one of the first to go that far in realism, and the curious went to see it. That may make the bankers and the stock promoters think this is a necessary ingredient for successful motion pictures. They seem to forget the one basic principle of our business-illusion. We're in the business of magic. I don't think it hurts a child to see anything that has the illusion of violence in it. All our fairy tales have some kind of violence-the good knight riding to kill the dragon, etc. Why do we have to show the knight spreading the serpent's guts all over the candy mountain?

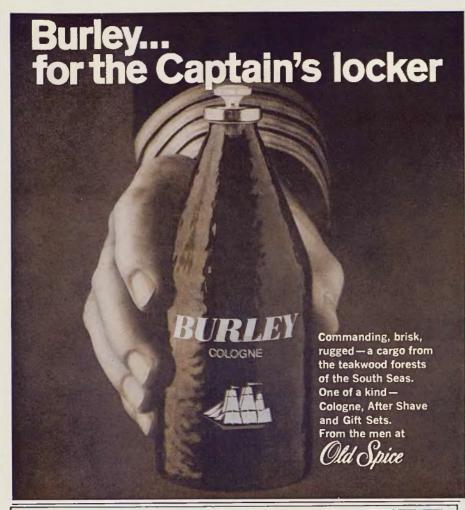
PLAYBOY: Proponents of screen realism say that a public inured to bloody warnews footage on television isn't going to accept the mere illusion of violence in movies.

WAYNE: Perhaps we have run out of imagination on how to effect illusion because of the satiating realism of a real war on television. But haven't we got enough of that in real life? Why can't the same point be made just as effectively in a drama without all the gore? The violence in my pictures, for example, is lusty and a little bit humorous, because I believe humor nullifies violence. Like in one picture, directed by Henry Hathaway, this heavy was sticking a guy's



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head in a barrel of water. I'm watching this and I don't like it one bit, so I pick up this pick handle and I yell, "Hey!" and cock him across the head. Down he went—with no spurting blood. Well, that got a hell of a laugh because of the way I did it. That's my kind of violence. PLAYBOY: Audiences may like your kind of violence on the screen, but they'd never heard profanity in a John Wayne movie until *True Grit*. Why did you finally decide to use such earthy language in a film?

WAYNE: In my other pictures, we've had an explosion or something go off when a bad word was said. This time we didn't. It's profanity, all right, but I doubt if there's anybody in the United States who hasn't heard the expression son of a bitch or bastard. We felt it was acceptable in this instance. At the emotional high point in that particular picture, I felt it was OK to use it. It would have been pretty hard to say "you illegitimate sons of so-and-so!"

**PLAYBOY:** In the past, you've often said that if the critics liked one of your films, you must be doing something wrong. But *True Grit* was almost unanimously praised by the critics. Were you doing something wrong? Or were they right for a change?

WAYNE: Well, I knew that *True Grit* was going to go—even with the critics. Once in a while, you come onto a story that has such great humor. The author caught the flavor of Mark Twain, to my way of thinking.

**PLAYBOY:** The reviewers thought you set out to poke fun at your own image in *True Grit*.

**WAYNE:** It wasn't really a parody. Rooster Cogburn's attitude toward life was maybe a little different, but he was basically the same character I've always played.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think *True Grit* is the best film you've ever made?

WAYNE: No. I don't. Two classic Westerns were better—Stagecoach and Red River—and a third, The Searchers, which I thought deserved more praise than it got, and The Quiet Man was certainly one of the best. Also the one that all the college cinematography students run all the time—The Long Voyage Home.

PLAYBOY: Which was the worst?

WAYNE: Well, there's about 50 of them that are tied. I can't even remember the names of some of the leading ladies in those first ones, let alone the names of the pictures.

PLAYBOY: At what point in your career were you nicknamed Duke?

WAYNE: That goes back to my childhood. I was called Duke after a dog—a very good Airedale out of the Baldwin Kennels. Republic Pictures gave me a screen credit on one of the early pictures and called me Michael Burn. On another

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one, they called me Duke Morrison. Then they decided Duke Morrison didn't have enough prestige. My real name, Marion Michael Morrison, didn't sound American enough for them. So they came up with John Wayne. I didn't have any say in it, but I think it's a great name. It's short and strong and to the point. It took me a long time to get used to it, though. I still don't recognize it when somebody calls me John.

PLAYBOY: After giving you a new name, did the studio decide on any particular

screen image for you?

WAYNE: They made me a singing cowboy. The fact that I couldn't sing-or play the guitar-became terribly embarrassing to me, especially on personal appearances. Every time I made a public appearance, the kids insisted that I sing The Desert Song or something. But I couldn't take along the fella who played the guitar out on one side of the camera and the fella who sang on the other side of the camera. So finally I went to the head of the studio and said, "Screw this, I can't handle it." And I quit doing those kind of pictures. They went out and brought the best hillbilly recording artist in the country to Hollywood to take my place. For the first couple of pictures, they had a hard time selling him, but he finally caught on. His name was Gene Autry. It was 1939 before I made Stagecoach-the picture that really made me a star.

**PLAYBOY:** Like *Stagecoach*, most of the 204 pictures you've made—including your latest, *Rio Lobo*—have been Westerns. Don't the plots all start to seem the same?

WAYNE: Rio Lobo certainly wasn't any different from most of my Westerns. Nor was Chisum, the one before that. But there still seems to be a very hearty public appetite for this kind of film—what some writers call a typical John Wayne Western. That's a label they use disparagingly.

PLAYBOY: Does that bother you?

**WAYNE:** Nope. If I depended on the critics' judgment and recognition, I'd never have gone into the motion-picture business.

PLAYBOY: Did last year's Academy Award for True Grit mean a lot to you?

WAYNE: Sure it did—even if it took the industry 40 years to get around to it. But I think both of my two previous Oscar nominations—for She Wore a Yellow Ribbon and Sands of Iwo Jima—were worthy of the honor. I know the Marines and all the American Armed Forces were quite proud of my portrayal of Stryker, the Marine sergeant in Iwo. At an American Legion convention in Florida, General MacArthur told me, "You represent the American Serviceman better than the American Serviceman himself." And, at 42, in She Wore a

Yellow Ribbon, I played the same character that I played in True Grit at 62. But I really didn't need an Oscar. I'm a box-office champion with a record they're going to have to run to catch. And they won't.

PLAYBOY: A number of critics claim that your record rests on your appeal to adolescents. Do you think that's true?

WAYNE: Let's say I hope that I appeal to the more carefree times in a person's life rather than to his reasoning adulthood. I'd just like to be an image that reminds someone of joy rather than of the problems of the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you think young people still feel strongly about you?

WAYNE: Luckily, so far, it seems they kind of consider me an older friend, somebody believable and down-to-earth. I've avoided being mean or petty, but I've never avoided being rough or tough. I've only played one cautious part in my life, in Allegheny Uprising. My parts have ranged from that rather dull character to Ralls in Wake of the Red Witch, who was a nice enough fella sober, but bestial when he was drunk, and certainly a rebel. I was also a rebel in Reap the Wild Wind with De Mille. I've played many parts in which I've rebelled against something in society. I was never much of a joiner. Kids do join things, but they also like to consider themselves individuals capable of thinking for themselves. So do I.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't your kind of screen rebellion very different from that of today's young people?

WAYNE: Sure. Mine is a personal rebellion against the monotony of life, against the status quo. The rebellion in these kids—especially in the SDSers and those groups—seems to be a kind of dissension by rote.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

WAYNE: Just this: The articulate liberal group has caused certain things in our country, and I wonder how long the young people who read PLAYBOY are going to allow these things to go on. George Putnam, the Los Angeles news analyst, put it quite succinctly when he said, "What kind of a nation is it that fails to understand that freedom of speech and assembly are one thing, and anarchy and treason are quite another, that allows known Communists to serve as teachers to pervert the natural loyalties and ideals of our kids, filling them with fear and doubt and hate and downgrading patriotism and all our heroes of the past?"

PLAYBOY: You blame all this on liberals? WAYNE: Well, the liberals seem to be quite willing to have Communists teach their kids in school. The Communists realized that they couldn't start a workers' revolution in the United States, since the workers were too affluent and

too progressive. So the Commies decided on the next-best thing, and that's to start on the schools, start on the kids. And they've managed to do it. They're already in colleges; now they're getting into high schools. I wouldn't mind if they taught my children the basic philosophy of communism, in theory and how it works in actuality. But I don't want somebody like Angela Davis inculcating an enemy doctrine in my kids' minds.

PLAYBOY: Angela Davis claims that those who would revoke her teaching credentials on ideological grounds are actually discriminating against her because she's black. Do you think there's any truth in that?

WAYNE: With a lot of blacks, there's quite a bit of resentment along with their dissent, and possibly rightfully so. But we can't all of a sudden get down on our knees and turn everything over to the leadership of the blacks. I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility. I don't believe in giving authority and positions of leadership and judgment to irresponsible people.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you equipped to judge which blacks are irresponsible and which of their leaders inexperienced?

WAYNE: It's not my judgment. The academic community has developed certain tests that determine whether the blacks are sufficiently equipped scholastically. But some blacks have tried to force the issue and enter college when they haven't passed the tests and don't have the requisite background.

PLAYBOY: How do they get that background?

wayne: By going to school. I don't know why people insist that blacks have been forbidden their right to go to school. They were allowed in public schools wherever I've been. Even if they don't have the proper credentials for college, there are courses to help them become eligible. But if they aren't academically ready for that step, I don't think they should be allowed in. Otherwise, the academic society is brought down to the lowest common denominator.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it true that we're never likely to rectify the inequities in our educational system until some sort of remedial education is given to disadvantaged minority groups?

vantaged minority groups?

WAYNE: What good would it do to register anybody in a class of higher algebra or calculus if they haven't learned to count? There has to be a standard. I don't feel guilty about the fact that five or ten generations ago these people were slaves. Now, I'm not condoning slavery. It's just a fact of life, like the kid who gets infantile paralysis and has to wear braces so he can't play football with the rest of us. I will say this, though: I think any black who can compete with a white today can get a better break than



a white man. I wish they'd tell me where in the world they have it better than right here in America.

PLAYBOY: Many militant blacks would argue that they have it better almost anywhere else. Even in Hollywood, they feel that the color barrier is still up for many kinds of jobs. Do you limit the number of blacks you use in your pictures?

WAYNE: Oh, Christ no. I've directed two pictures and I gave the blacks their proper position. I had a black slave in The Alamo, and I had a correct number of blacks in The Green Berets. If it's supposed to be a black character, naturally I use a black actor. But I don't go so far as hunting for positions for them. I think the Hollywood studios are carrying their tokenism a little too far. There's no doubt that ten percent of the population is black, or colored, or whatever they want to call themselves; they certainly aren't Caucasian. Anyway, I suppose there should be the same percentage of the colored race in films as in society. But it can't always be that way. There isn't necessarily going to be ten percent of the grips or sound men who are black, because more than likely, ten percent haven't trained themselves for that type of work.

**PLAYBOY:** Can blacks be integrated into the film industry if they are denied training and education?

**WAYNE:** It's just as hard for a white man to get a card in the Hollywood craft unions.

PLAYBOY: That's hardly the point, but let's change the subject. For years American Indians have played an important —if subordinate—role in your Westerns. Do you feel any empathy with them?

WAYNE: I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them, if that's what you're asking. Our so-called stealing of this country from them was just a matter of survival. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't the Indians—by virtue of prior possession—the rightful owners of the land?

**WAYNE:** Look, I'm sure there have been inequalities. If those inequalities are presently affecting any of the Indians now alive, they have a right to a court hearing. But what happened 100 years ago in our country can't be blamed on us today.

PLAYBOY: Indians today are still being dehumanized on reservations.

**WAYNE:** I'm quite sure that the concept of a Government-run reservation would have an ill effect on anyone. But that seems to be what the socialists are working for now—to have *everyone* cared for from cradle to grave.

PLAYBOY: Indians on reservations are

more neglected than cared for. Even if you accept the principle of expropriation, don't you think a more humane solution to the Indian problem could have been devised?

WAYNE: This may come as a surprise to you, but I wasn't alive when reservations were created—even if I do look that old. I have no idea what the best method of dealing with the Indians in the 1800s would have been. Our forefathers evidently thought they were doing the right thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the Indians encamped on Alcatraz have a right to that land?

WAYNE: Well, I don't know of anybody else who wants it. The fellas who were taken off it sure don't want to go back there, including the guards. So as far as I'm concerned, I think we ought to make a deal with the Indians. They should pay as much for Alcatraz as we paid them for Manhattan. I hope they haven't been careless with their wampum.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about the Government grant for a university and cultural center that these Indians have demanded as "reparations"?

WAYNE: What happened between their forefathers and our forefathers is so far back—right, wrong or indifferent—that I don't see why we owe them anything. I don't know why the Government should give them something that it wouldn't give me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they've had the same advantages and opportunities that you've had?

WAYNE: I'm not gonna give you one of those I-was-a-poor-boy-and-I-pulled-myself-up-by-my-bootstraps stories, but I've gone without a meal or two in my life, and I still don't expect the Government to turn over any of its territory to me. Hard times aren't something I can blame my fellow citizens for. Years ago, I didn't have all the opportunities, either. But you can't whine and bellyache 'cause somebody else got a good break and you didn't, like these Indians are. We'll all be on a reservation soon if the socialists keep subsidizing groups like them with our tax money.

PLAYBOY: In your distaste for socialism, aren't you overlooking the fact that many worthwhile and necessary Government services—such as Social Security and Medicare—derived from essentially socialistic programs evolved during the Thirties?

WAYNE: I know all about that. In the late Twenties, when I was a sophomore at USC, I was a socialist myself—but not when I left. The average college kid idealistically wishes everybody could have ice cream and cake for every meal. But as he gets older and gives more thought to his and his fellow man's responsibilities, he finds that it can't work out that

way-that some people just won't carry their load.

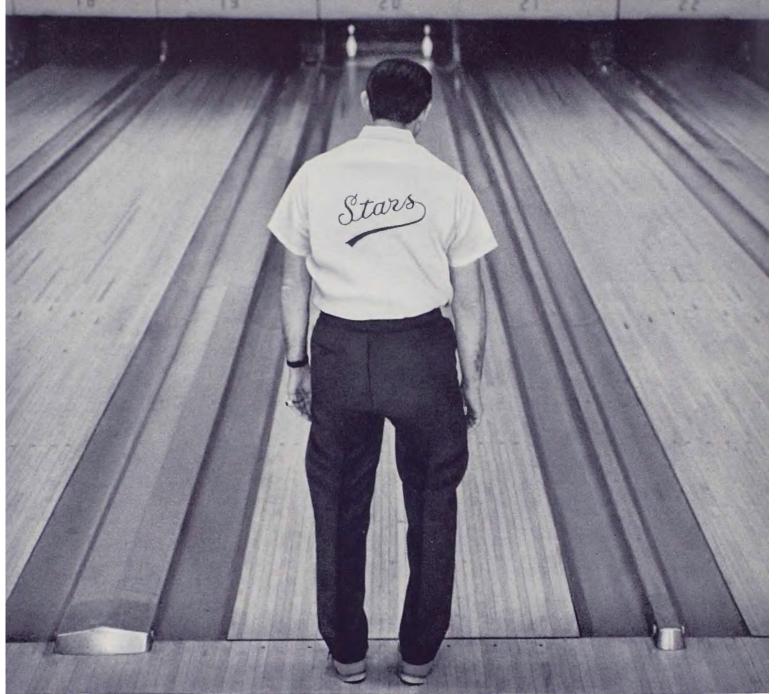
PLAYBOY: What about welfare recipients? WAYNE: I believe in welfare—a welfare work program. I don't think a fella should be able to sit on his backside and receive welfare. I'd like to know why well-educated idiots keep apologizing for lazy and complaining people who think the world owes them a living. I'd like to know why they make excuses for cowards who spit in the faces of the police and then run behind the judicial sob sisters. I can't understand these people who carry placards to save the life of some criminal, yet have no thought for the innocent victim.

**PLAYBOY**: Who are "these people" you're talking about?

WAYNE: Entertainers like Steve Allen and his cronies who went up to Northern California and held placards to save the life of that guy Caryl Chessman. I just don't understand these things. I can't understand why our national leadership isn't willing to take the responsibility of leadership instead of checking polls and listening to the few that scream. Why are we allowing ourselves to become a mobocracy instead of a democracy? When you allow unlawful acts to go unpunished, you're moving toward a government of men rather than a government of law; you're moving toward anarchy. And that's exactly what we're doing. We allow dirty loudmouths to publicly call policemen pigs; we let a fella like William Kunstler make a speech to the Black Panthers saying that the ghetto is theirs, and that if police come into it, they have a right to shoot them. Why is that dirty, no-good son of a bitch allowed to practice law?

**PLAYBOY:** What's your source for that statement you attribute to Kunstler?

WAYNE: It appeared in a Christian Anti-Communism Crusade letter written by Fred Schwarz on August 1, 1969. Here, I'll read it to you: "The notorious leftwing attorney, Bill Kunstler, spoke on political prisoners and political freedom at the National Conference for a United Front Against Fascism, which was held in Oakland, California, July 18, 19 and 20, 1969. He urged blacks to kill white policemen when they entered the black ghetto. He told the story of how a white policeman, John Gleason, was stomped to death in Plainfield, New Jersey. The crowd broke into prolonged applause. Kunstler proceeded to state that, in his opinion, Gleason deserved that death. . . . Kunstler pointed out that no white policeman has set foot in the black ghetto of Plainfield, New Jersey, since July 1967." That could turn out to be a terrible thing he said. Pretty soon there'll be a bunch of whites who'll say, "Well, if that's their land, then this is



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PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of the stated goals of the Black Panthers?

WAYNE: Quite obviously, they represent a danger to society. They're a violent group of young men and women-adventurous, opinionated and dedicatedand they throw their disdain in our face. Now, I hear some of these liberals saying they'd like to be held as white hostages in the Black Panther offices and stay there so that they could see what happens on these early-morning police raids. It might be a better idea for these good citizens to go with the police on a raid. When they search a Panther hideout for firearms, let these do-gooders knock and say, "Open the door in the name of the law" and get shot at.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think many young people—black and white—support the Panthers?

WAYNE: They're standing up for what they feel is right, not for what they think is right-'cause they don't think. As a kid, the Panther ideas probably would have intrigued me. When I was a little kid, you could be adventurous like that without hurting anybody. There were periods when you could blow the valve and let off some steam. Like Halloween. You'd talk about it for three months ahead of time, and then that night you'd go out and stick the hose in the lawn, turn it on and start singing Old Black Joe or something. And when people came out from their Halloween party, you'd lift the hose and wet them down. And while you were running, the other kids would be stealing the ice cream from the party. All kinds of rebellicus actions like that were accepted for that one day. Then you could talk about it for three months afterward. That took care of about six months of the year. There was another day called the Fourth of July, when you could go out and shoot firecrackers and burn down two or three buildings. So there were two days a year. Now those days are gone. You can't have firecrackers, you can't have explosives, you can't have this -don't do this, don't do that. Don't . . . don't . . . don't. A continual don't until the kids are ready to do almost anything rebellious. The Government makes the rules, so now the running of our Government is the thing they're rebelling against. For a lot of those kids, that's just being adventurous. They're not deliberately setting out to undermine the foundations of our great country.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you think they're doing?

WAYNE: They're doing their level worst—without knowing it. How 'bout all the kids that were at the Chicago Democratic Convention? They were conned into doing hysterical things by a bunch of activists.

WAYNE: A lot of Communist-activated people. I know communism's a horrible word to some people. They laugh and say, "He'll be finding them under his bed tomorrow." But perhaps that's because their kid hasn't been inculcated yet. Dr. Herbert Marcuse, the political philosopher at the University of California at San Diego, who is quite obviously a Marxist, put it very succinctly when he said, "We will use the anarchists."

PLAYBOY: Why do you think leftist ideologues such as Marcuse have become heroes on so many of the nation's campuses?

WAYNE: Marcuse has become a hero only for an articulate clique. The men that give me faith in my country are fellas like Spiro Agnew, not the Marcuses. They've attempted in every way to humiliate Agnew. They've tried the old Rooseveltian thing of trying to laugh him out of political value to his party. Every comedian's taken a crack at him. But I bet if you took a poll today, he'd probably be one of the most popular men in the United States. Nobody likes Spiro Agnew but the people. Yet he and other responsible Government leaders are booed and pelted when they speak on college campuses.

PLAYBOY: Beyond the anti-Administration demonstrations on campuses, do you think there's any justification for such tactics as student occupation of college administrative offices?

WAYNE: One or two percent of the kids is involved in things like that. But they get away with it because ten percent of the teaching community is behind them. I see on TV how, when the police are trying to keep the kids in line, like up at the University of California at Berkeley, all of a sudden there's a bunch of martyr-professors trying to egg the police into violent action.

PLAYBOY: If you were faced with such a confrontation, how would you handle it? WAYNE: Well, when I went to USC, if anybody had gone into the president's office and shit in his wastepaper basket and used the dirt to write vulgar words on the wall, not only the football team but the average kid on campus would have gone to work on the guy. There doesn't seem to be respect for authority anymore; these student dissenters act like children who have to have their own way on everything. They're immature and living in a little world all their own. Just like hippie dropouts, they're afraid to face the real competitive world. PLAYBOY: What makes you, at the age of 63, feel qualified to comment on the fears and motivations of the younger generation?

WAYNE: I've experienced a lot of the same things that kids today are going through, and I think many of them admire me because I haven't been afraid to say that I drink a little whiskey, that

I've done a lot of things wrong in my life, that I'm as imperfect as they all are. Christ, I don't claim to have the answers, but I feel compelled to bring up the fact that under the guise of doing good, these kids are causing a hell of a lot of irreparable damage, and they're starting something they're not gonna be able to finish. Every bit of rampant anarchy has provoked a little more from somebody else. And when they start shooting policemen, the time has come to start knocking them off, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "knocking them off"?

WAYNE: I'd throw 'em in the can if I could. But if they try to kill you, I'd sure as hell shoot back. I think we should break up those organizations or make 'em illegal. The American public is getting sick and tired of what these young people are doing. But it's really partly the public's own fault for allowing the permissiveness that's been going on for the past 15 or 20 years. By permissiveness, I mean simply following Dr. Spock's system of raising children. But that kind of permissiveness isn't unique to young people. Our entire society has promoted an "anything goes" attitude in every area of life and in every American institution. Look at the completely irresponsible editorship of our country's newspapers. By looking for provocative things to put on their front pages, they're encouraging these kids to act the way they're acting. I wonder even more about the responsibility of the press when I read about events like the socalled My Lai massacre in Vietnam. The press and the communications system jumped way ahead of the trials. At the time, they made accusations that I doubted they could back up; frankly, I hoped they couldn't. Well, it turns out there may have been something to it. But I could show you pictures of what the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong are doing to our people over there. I was at a place called Dak Song, where the children were all burned to death by the V. C., and that's not an unusual thing. But for some reason, our newspapers have never printed pictures or stories about it. With all the terrible things that are being done throughout the world, it has to be one little incident in the United States Army-and the use of the word massacre-that causes the uproar.

PLAYBOY: Don't you deplore what happened at My Lai?

**WAYNE:** Not only do I deplore it, but so does the Army—which conducted an extensive investigation and charged everyone connected with the alleged crime.

PLAYBOY: Does the fact that the Viet Cong have systematically engaged in atrocities excuse our forces for resorting to the same thing?

WAYNE: No, absolutely not. But if your

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men go to a supposedly peaceful village and the occupants start shooting at them, they're going to have to shoot back to defend their own lives.

PLAYBOY: The reports say our GIs slaughtered unarmed civilians and babies at My Lai; no one was shooting at them.

WAYNE: If, after going into the town, they brutally killed these people, that's one thing. If they were getting shot at from that town and then they fired back, that's a completely different situation. But you're bringing up the stuff that's being debated in the trials. What I resent is that even before the trials, this stuff was even less of a proven fact, yet the newspapers printed it anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think there's a credibility gap between the way the war has been reported and the way it's actually being fought—on both sides?

WAYNE: It's obvious to me, because I've been there. And you'll find that the young veterans who come back from Vietnam have a lot to say that the media haven't told us—even about our allies. These young men know what they're talking about, because they own a piece of that war, and you should ask the man who owns one.

PLAYBOY: Many of those young men who "own a piece of that war" never wanted to go to Vietnam in the first place. Do you think our Government is justified in sending them off to fight in an undeclared war?

WAYNE: Wel!, I sure don't know why we send them over to fight and then stop the bombing so they can get shot that much more. We could easily stop the enemy from getting guns and ammunition that we know are being sent by Chinese and Soviet Communists. But we won't do anything to stop it because we're afraid of world opinion. Why in hell should we worry about world opinion when we're trying to help out a country that's asked for our aid? Of course, Senator Fulbright says the South Vietnamese government doesn't represent the people-even though it's been duly elected by those peop'e. How can a man be so swayed to the opposite side? If he were finding fault with the administration of our help over there, that I could understand. What I can't understand is this "pull out, pull out, pull out" attitude he's taken. And what makes it worse is that a lot of people accept anything he says without thinking, simply because the Fu bright scholarships have established an intellectual aura around him.

PLAYBOY: The majority of the American people, according to every poll, agree with Fulbright that we ought to pull out, and many think we never should have intervened in the first place. Many Southeast Asian experts, including Fulbright, believe that if Ho Chi Minh had

been allowed to run Vietnam as he saw fit after the Geneva Accords of 1954, he would have established an accommodation with Peking that would have given us perhaps a nominally Communist nation, but essentially a nationalist, independent government.

**WAYNE:** How? By what example in history can people like Fulbright come to such wishful thinking?

PLAYBOY: The example of Tito's Yugoslavia comes immediately to mind. In any case, what gives us the right to decide for the Vietnamese what kind of government they should have?

WAYNE: I don't want the U.S. to decide what kind of government they have. But I don't want the Communists to decide, either. And if we didn't help the South Vietnamese government, that's just what they'd do.

PLAYBOY: Why couldn't a general election, supervised by some neutral power, be held in both the North and the South to determine what kind of government the people of Vietnam desire?

WAYNE: That would be no more practical than if France, after coming to help us in the Revolution, suggested having an election to decide what we wanted to do. It would be an exact parallel. The majority of those living in the Colonies didn't want war at that time. If there had been a general election then, we probably wouldn't be here today. As far as Vietnam is concerned, we've made mistakes. I know of no country that's perfect. But I honestly believe that there's as much need for us to help the Vietnamese as there was to help the Jews in Germany. The only difference is that we haven't had any leadership in this war. All the liberal Senators have stuck their noses in this, and it's out of their bailiwick. They've already put far too many barriers in the way of the military. Our lack of leadership has gone so far that now no one man can come in, face the issue and tell people that we ought to be in an all-out war.

PLAYBOY: Why do you favor an all-out

WAYNE: I figure if we're going to send even one man to die, we ought to be in an all-out conflict. If you fight, you fight to win. And the domino theory is something to be reckoned with, too, both in Europe and in Asia. Look at what happened in Czechoslovakia and what's happened all through the Balkans. At some point we have to stop communism. So we might as well stop it right now in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: You're aware, of course, that most military experts, including two recent Secretaries of State, concede that it would be an unwinnable war except at a cost too incalculable to contemplate.

WAYNE: I think you're making a misstatement. Their fear is that Russia would go to war with us if we stopped the Vietnamese. Well, I don't think Russia wants war any more than we do.

**PLAYBOY:** Three Presidents seem to have agreed that it would be unwise to gamble millions of lives on that assumption. Since you find their leadership lacking, who would you have preferred in the highest office?

WAYNE: Barry Goldwater would at least have been decisive. I know for a fact that he's a truthful man. Before the '64 election, he told me that he said to the Texan, "I don't think we ought to make an issue out of Vietnam because we both know that we're going to probably end up having to send a half a million men over there." Johnson said, "Yeah, that's probably true, Barry, but I've got an election to win." So Barry told the truth and Johnson got elected on a "peace" platform—and then began to ease them in, a few thousand at a time. I wish our friend Fulbright would bring out those points.

If Douglas MacArthur were alive, he also would have handled the Vietnam situation with dispatch. He was a proven administrator, certainly a proven leader. And MacArthur understood what Americans were and what Americans stood for. Had he been elected President, something significant would have happened during his Administration. He would have taken a stand for the United States in world affairs, and he would have stood by it, and we would have been respected for it. I also admired the tie salesman, President Truman. He was a wonde ful, feisty guy who'll go down in history as quite an individual. It's a cinch he had great guts when he decided to straighten things out in Korea; it's just too bad that the State Department was able to frighten him out of doing a complete job. Seems to me, politics have entered too much into the decisions of our leadership. I can't understand politicians. They're either yellowing out from taking a stand or using outside pressure to improve their position.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've refused to run for public office yourself?

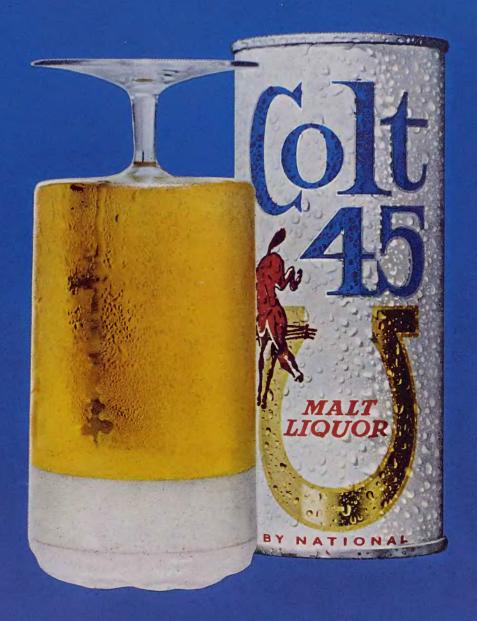
WAYNE: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you told George Wallace when you were asked to be his running mate on the 1968 American Independent ticket?

WAYNE: No, I explained that I was working for the other Wallis—Hal Wallis—the producer of *True Grit*, and that I'd been a Nixon man.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Nixon's performance since then?

WAYNE: I think Mr. Nixon is proving himself his own man. I knew he would. I knew him and stuck with him when he was a loser, and I'm sticking with him now that he's a winner. A lot of extreme rightists are saying that he isn't doing enough, but I think he's gradually



Bottom's up.

wading in and getting control of the reins of Government.

PLAYBOY: What impressed you about him when you first met him?

WAYNE: His reasonableness. When he came into office, there was such a hue and cry over Vietnam, for instance, that it didn't seem possible for a man to take a stand that would quiet down the extreme leftists. He came on the air and explained the situation as it was from the beginning, and then he told the American people—in a logical, reasoning way—what he was going to do. And then he began to do it.

PLAYBOY: What he began to do, of course, was "Vietnamize" the war and withdraw American troops. How can you approve of these policies and also advocate allout war?

**WAYNE:** Well, I don't advocate an all-out war if it isn't necessary. All I know is that we as a country should be backing up whatever the proposition is that we sent one man to die for.

**PLAYBOY:** If that view is shared by as many Americans as you seem to think, then why was *The Green Berets*—which has been labeled as your personal statement on the Vietnam war—so universally panned?

WAYNE: Because the critics don't like my politics, and they were condemning the war, not the picture. I don't mean the critics as a group. I mean the irrationally liberal ones. Renata Adler of The New York Times almost foamed at the mouth because I showed a few massacres on the screen. She went into convulsions. She and other critics wouldn't believe that the Viet Cong are treacherous-that the dirty sons of bitches are raping, torturing gorillas. In the picture, I repeated the story General Stilwell told me about this South Vietnamese mayor. The V.C. tied him up and brought his wife out and about 40 men raped her; and then they brought out his two teenage daughters, hung them upside down and gutted them in front of him. And then they took an iron rod and beat on his wife until every bone in her goddamn body was broken. That's torture, I'd say. So I mentioned this in the picture, and the critics were up in arms about that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did their comments jeopardize the financial success of the film?

WAYNE: Oh, God, no—they ensured it. Luckily for me, they overkilled it. The Green Berets would have been successful regardless of what the critics did, but it might have taken the public longer to find out about the picture if they hadn't made so much noise about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you resent the critics who labeled it a shameless propaganda film?

WAYNE: I agreed with them. It was an American film about American boys who were heroes over there. In that sense, it was propaganda.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any difficulties getting *The Green Berets* produced by a major studio?

**WAYNE:** A lot of them. Universal said they wanted to make the picture and we made a deal. Then the boys went to work on the head of Universal.

PLAYBOY: What boys?

WAYNE: The liberals. I don't know their names. But all of a sudden Universal changed its mind. They said, "This is an unpopular war." And I said, "What war was ever popular? You've already made the deal." Then they started saying, "Well, we don't want you to direct" -trying to use that as an excuse. So I said, "Well, screw this." So I let them renege and I just walked out. In an hour, I'd made another deal with Warner Bros., which was in the process of being sold to Seven Arts. Meanwhile, the guy at Universal couldn't keep his mouth shut. I let him off the hook, but he started blasting in the Hollywood Reporter that the picture couldn't make any money. I didn't go to the press and say these bastards backed out of a deal, but later-after Warner Bros.-Seven Arts released it-I was very happy to inform Universal of the picture's success. PLAYBOY: The Alamo was another of your patriotic films. What statement did this picture make?

WAYNE: I thought it would be a tremendous epic picture that would say "America."

PLAYBOY: Borden Chase, the screenwriter, has been quoted as saying: "When The Alamo was coming out, the word of mouth on it was that it was a dog. This was created by the Communists to get at Wayne. Then there were some bad reviews inspired by the Communists. . . . It's a typical Communist technique and they were using it against Duke for what he did in the early Fifties at the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals." Is that true?

**WAYNE:** Well, there's always a little truth in everything you hear. The Alliance thing was used pretty strongly against me in those days.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the Motion Picture Alliance formed to black list Communists and Communist sympathizers?

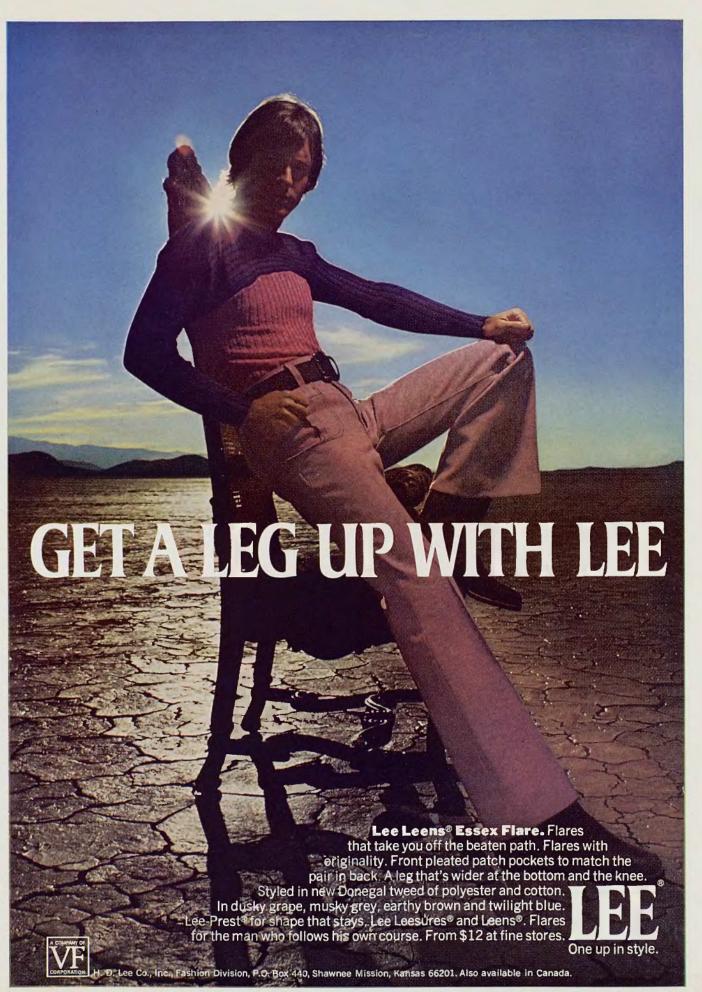
WAYNE: Our organization was just a group of motion-picture people on the right side, not leftists and not Commies. I was the president for a couple of years. There was no black list at that time, as some people said. That was a lot of horseshit. Later on, when Congress passed some laws making it possible to take a stand against these people, we were asked about Communists in the industry. So we gave them the facts as we knew them. That's all. The only thing our side did that was anywhere near black listing was just running a lot of people out of the business.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds a good deal worse than black listing. Why couldn't you permit all points of view to be expressed freely on the screen?

WAYNE: Because it's been proven that communism is foreign to the American way of life. If you'd read the official Communist doctrine and then listened to the arguments of these people we were opposing, you'd find they were reciting propaganda by rote. Besides, these Communist sympathizers ran a lot of our people out of the business. One of them was a Pulitzer Prize winner who's now a columnist-Morrie Ryskind. They just never used him again at MGM after Dore Schary took charge of the studio, even though he was under contract. PLAYBOY: What was the mood in Hollywood that made it so fashionable to take such a vigorous stand against commu-

WAYNE: Many of us were being invited to supposed social functions or house parties-usually at well-known Hollywood writers' homes-that turned out to be Communist recruitment meetings. Suddenly, everybody from make-up men to stagehands found themselves in seminars on Marxism. Take this colonel I knew, the last man to leave the Philippines on a submarine in 1942. He came back here and went to work sending food and gifts to U.S. prisoners on Bataan. He'd already gotten a Dutch ship that was going to take all this stuff over. The State Department pulled him off of it and sent the poor bastard out to be the technical director on my picture Back to Bataan, which was being made by Eddie Dmytryk. I knew that he and a whole group of actors in the picture were pro-Reds, and when I wasn't there, these pro-Reds went to work on the colonel. He was a Catholic, so they kidded him about his religion: They even sang the Internationale at lunchtime. He finally came to me and said, "Mr. Wayne, I haven't anybody to turn to. These people are doing everything in their power to belittle me." So I went to Dmytryk and said, "Hey, are you a Commie?" He said, "No. I'm not a Commie. My father was a Russian. I was born in Canada. But if the masses of the American people want communism. I think it'd be good for our country." When he used the word "masses," he exposed himself. That word is not a part of Western terminology. So I knew he was a Commie. Well, it later came out that he was,

I also knew two other fellas who really did things that were detrimental to our way of life. One of them was Carl Foreman, the guy who wrote the screenplay for *High Noon*, and the other was Robert Rossen, the one who made the picture about Huey Long, *All the King's Men*. In Rossen's version of *All the* 



King's Men, which he sent me to read for a part, every character who had any responsibility at all was guilty of some offense against society. To make Huey Long a wonderful, rough pirate was great; but, according to this picture, everybody was a shit except for this weakling intern doctor who was trying to find a place in the world. I sent the script back to Charlie Feldman, my agent, and said, "If you ever send me a script like this again. I'll fire you." Ironically, it won the Academy Award.

High Noon was even worse. Everybody says High Noon is a great picture because Tiomkin wrote some great music for it and because Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly were in it. So it's got everything going for it. In that picture, four guys come in to gun down the sheriff. He goes to the church and asks for help and the guys go, "Oh well, oh gee." And the women stand up and say, "You're rats. You're rats. You're rats." So Cooper goes out alone. It's the most un-American thing I've ever seen in my whole life. The last thing in the picture is ole Coop putting the United States marshal's badge under his foot and stepping on it. I'll never regret having helped run Foreman out of this country.

PLAYBOY: What gave you the right?

WAYNE: Running him out of the country is just a figure of speech. But I did tell him that I thought he'd hurt Gary Cooper's reputation a great deal. Foreman said, "Well, what if I went to England?" I said, "Well, that's your business." He said, "Well, that's where I'm going." And he did.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a very blunt way of dealing with people. Why?

WAYNE: I've always followed my father's advice: He told me, first, to always keep my word and, second, to never insult anybody unintentionally. If I insult you, you can be goddamn sure I intend to. And, third, he told me not to go around looking for trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you sometimes stray from these three tenets—particularly from the third one?

WAYNE: Well, I guess I have had some problems sticking to that third rule, but I'd say I've done pretty damn well with the first and second. I try to have good enough taste to insult only those I wish to insult. I've worked in a business where it's almost a requirement to break your word if you want to survive, but whenever I signed a contract for five vears or for a certain amount of money, I've always lived up to it. I figured that if I was silly enough to sign it, or if I thought it was worth while at the time, that's the way she goes. I'm not saying that I won't drive as hard a bargain as I can. In fact, I think more about that end of the business than I did before, ever since 1959, when I found that my business manager was playing more than

he was working. I didn't know how bad my financial condition was until my lawyer and everybody else said, "Let's all have a meeting and figure out exactly where you stand." At the conclusion of that meeting, it was quite obvious that I wasn't in anywhere near the shape that I thought I was or ought to be after 25 years of hard work. If they'd given me the time to sell everything without taking a quick loss, I would have come out about even.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you involved in moneylosing deals?

WAYNE: Yeah. Oil and everything else. Not enough constructive thinking had been done. Then there was the shrimp fiasco. One of my dearest friends was Robert Arias, who was married to the ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, While his brother Tony was alive, we had control of about 70 percent of the shrimp in Panama. We were also buying some island property near the Panama Canal. We were going to put in a shiprepair place. There were tugs standing down there at \$150 dollars a day to drag ships back up to the United States, because repair prices in the Canal Zone were so high. But our plans fell through when Tony was killed in an airplane accident. Around a half a million dollars was lost.

**PLAYBOY:** Has your financial condition improved since then?

WAYNE: If anything happened to me now, I have the right amount of insurance, I hope and pray, for my estate. I'm about as big a rancher as there is in Arizona, so I have outside interests other than my motion-picture work. The turning point was the moment I decided to watch what was being done with my money.

PLAYBOY: Another—and certainly more dramatic—turning point for you was your cancer operation in 1964. At the time, were you optimistic about the outcome of the surgery?

wayne: Well, I had two operations six days apart—one for a cancer that was as big as a baby's fist, and then one for edema. I wasn't so uptight when I was told about the cancer. My biggest fear came when they twisted my windpipe and had to sew me back together a second time. When my family came in to see me and I saw the looks on their faces, I figured, "Well, Jeez, I must be just about all through."

PLAYBOY: How did you keep your spirits

WAYNE: By thinking about God and my family and my friends and telling myself, "Everything will be all right." And it was. I licked the big C. I know the man upstairs will pull the plug when he wants to, but I don't want to end up my life being sick. I want to go out on two feet—in action.

PLAYBOY: Does the loss of one lung

restrict you from doing those roughhouse movie stunts?

WAYNE: The operation hasn't impeded anything except that I get short of breath quickly. Particularly in the higher altitudes, that slows me down. I still do my own fights and all that stuff. I'd probably do a little bit more if I had more wind, but I still do more than my share. Nobody else does anything any more than I do, whether they're young or old.

PLAYBOY: Is it a matter of machismo for you to continue fighting your own fights? WAYNE: I don't have to assert my virility. I think my career has shown that I'm not exactly a pantywaist. But I do take pride in my work, even to the point of being the first one on the set in the morning. I'm a professional.

PLAYBOY: In recent years, you've fallen off horses rather unprofessionally on a couple of occasions—once dislocating a shoulder during the production of *The Undefeated*. Wasn't that embarrassing?

WAYNE: What the hell, in my racket I've fallen off a lot of horses. I even fell off on purpose in *True Grit*. But that fall in *The Undefeated* was irritating because I tore some ligaments in my shoulder. I don't have good use of one arm anymore, and it makes me look like an idiot when I'm getting on a horse.

PLAYBOY: Is that an unfamiliar experience?

WAYNE: Getting on a horse? PLAYBOY: Looking like an idiot.

WAYNE: Not hardly. One of the times I really felt like a fool was when I was working on my first important film, The Big Trail, in Yuma, Arizona. I was three weeks flat on my back with turistas-or Montezuma's revenge, or the Aztec twostep, whatever you want to call it. You know, you get a little grease and soap on the inside of a fork and you've got it. Anyway, that was the worst case I ever had in my life. I'd been sick for so long that they finally said, "Jeez, Duke, if you can't get up now, we've got to get somebody else to take your place." So, with a loss of 18 pounds, I returned to work. My first scene was carrying in an actor named Tully Marshall, who was known to booze it up quite a bit. He had a big jug in his hand in this scene, and I set him down and we have a drink with another guy. They passed the jug to me first, and I dug back into it; it was straight rotgut bootleg whiskey. I'd been puking and crapping blood for a week and now I just poured that raw stuff right down my throat. After the scene, you can bet I called him every kind of an old bastard.

PLAYBOY: You've long been known for your robust drinking habits, whether it's rotgut bootleg or imported Scotch. How great is your capacity?

WAYNE: Well, I'm full grown, you know. I'm pretty big and got enough fat on

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me, so I guess I can drink a fair amount. PLAYBOY: What kind of liquor has provided your most memorable hangovers? WAYNE: Conmemorativo tequila. That's as fine a liquor as there is in the world, Christ, I tell you it's better than any whiskey; it's better than any schnapps; it's better than any drink I ever had in

my life. You hear about tequila and

think about a cheap cactus drink, but

this is something extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: Many people argue that alcohol may be a more dangerous health hazard than marijuana. Would you agree?

WAYNE: There's been no top authority saying what marijuana does to you. I really don't know that much about it. I tried it once, but it didn't do anything to me. The kids say it makes them think they're going 30 miles an hour when they're going 80. If that's true, marijuana use should definitely be stopped.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any other expe-

rience with illegal drugs?

WAYNE: When I went to H

WAYNE: When I went to Hong Kong, I tried opium once, as a clinical thing. I heard it didn't make you sick the first time, and Jesus, it just didn't affect me one way or the other, either. So I'm not a very good judge of how debasing it is. PLAYBOY: Do you think such drugs are

debasing?

WAYNE: It's like water against a cliff. Each wave deteriorates it a little more. I'm quite sure that's the same thing that happens to human beings when they get hooked on drugs. What bothers me more is society's attitude toward drugs. We allowed all the hippies to stay together in Haight-Ashbury and turn it into a dirty, filthy, unattractive place. We allow the glorifying of drugs in our business—like in *Easy Rider*, where the guy says, "Jesus, don't you smoke pot?"—as if smoking pot is the same as chewing Bull Durham,

PLAYBOY: You chew tobacco, don't you? WAYNE: I learned to do that in college. During football season, when we couldn't smoke, we always used to chew. When I was a kid, if you wore a new pair of shoes, everybody would spit on them. I haven't practiced spitting lately, so don't wear your new shoes and expect me to hit them with any accuracy. I'm not the marksman I used to be.

PLAYBOY: You chew, but you don't use drugs. Do you still have as much drink, food and sex as you used to?

**WAYNE:** I drink as much as I ever did. I eat more than I should. And my sex life is none of your goddamn business.

PLAYBOY: Sexuality, however, seems a large part of your magnetism. According to one Hollywood writer, "Wayne has a sexual authority so strong that even a child could perceive it." Do you feel you still convey that onscreen?

WAYNE: Well, at one time in my career, I guess sexuality was part of my appeal. But God, I'm 63 years old now. How the hell do I know whether I still convey

that? Jeez. It's pretty hard to answer a question like, "Are you attractive to broads?" All that crap comes from the way I walk, I guess. There's evidently a virility in it. Otherwise, why do they keep mentioning it? But I'm certainly not conscious of any particular walk. I guess I must walk different than other people, but I haven't gone to any school to learn how.

PLAYBOY: Another integral ingredient of your image is a rugged manliness, a readiness to mix it up with anyone who gets in your way. Have you ever run into situations in a restaurant or a bar in which someone tried to pick a fight with you?

WAYNE: It never happens to me anymore. Whatever my image is, it's friendly. But there was one time, a number of years ago, that I did get a little irritated. I was wearing long hair-the exception then, not the rule-and I was, if I say so myself, a fairly handsome kid. Anyway, I'm dancing with my wife-to-be and I'm saying to her, quietly, "You're beautiful enough to marry." Some punk alongside pipes up, "Forget about him, lady; not with that hair." So I sat her down and went over and explained very gently to him that if he would step outside, I'd kick his fuckin' teeth down his throat. That ended that.

**PLAYBOY:** Having once worn long hair yourself, how do you feel about long-haired young people?

**WAYNE:** They don't bother me. If a guy wants to wear his hair down to his ass, I'm not revolted by it. But I don't look at him and say, "Now there's a fella I'd like to spend next winter with."

**PLAYBOY:** Who would you like to spend time with?

WAYNE: That's easy. Winston Churchill. He's the most terrific fella of our century. If I had to make a speech on the subject of communism, I could think of nobody that had a better insight or that said things concerning the future that have proven out so well. Let me read to you from a book of his quotes. While Roosevelt was giving the world communism, Churchill said, "I tell youit's no use arguing with a Communist. It's no good trying to convert a Communist, or persuade him. You can only deal with them on the following basis . . . you can only do it by having superior force on your side on the matter in question -and they must also be convinced that you will use-you will not hesitate to use -these forces if necessary, in the most ruthless manner.

"You have not only to convince the Soviet government that you have superior force—but that you are not restrained by any moral consideration if the case arose from using that force with complete material ruthlessness. And that is the greatest chance of peace, the surest road to peace." Churchill was unparalleled. Above all, he took a nearly

beaten nation and kept their dignity for them.

PLAYBOY: Many pessimists insist that our nation has lost its dignity and is headed toward self-destruction. Some, in fact, compare the condition of our society to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire and the last days of Sodom and Gomorrah. Are you that gloomy about the future of America?

WAYNE: Absolutely not. I think that the loud roar of irresponsible liberalism, which in the old days we called radicalism, is being quieted down by a reasoning public. I think the pendulum's swinging back. We're remembering that the past can't be so bad. We built a nation on it. We must also look always to the future. Tomorrow-the time that gives a man or a country just one more chance-is just one of many things that I feel are wonderful in life. So's a good horse under you. Or the only campfire for miles around. Or a quiet night and a nice soft hunk of ground to sleep on. Or church bells sending out their invitations. A mother meeting her first-born. The sound of a kid calling you Dad for the first time. There's a lot of things great about life. But I think tomorrow is the most important thing. Comes in to us at midnight very clean, ya know. It's perfect when it arrives and it puts itself in our hands. It hopes we've learned something from yesterday. As a country, our yesterdays tell us that we have to win not only at war but at peace. So far we haven't done that. Sadly, it looks like we'll have to win another war to win a peace. All I can hope is that in our anxiety to have peace, we remember our clear and present dangers and beware the futility of compromise; only if we keep sight of both will we have a chance of stumbling forward into a day when there won't be guns fired anymore in anger.

**PLAYBOY:** Contrasting the America you grew up in and the America of today, is it the same kind of country, or has it changed?

WAYNE: The only difference I can see is that we now have an enemy within our borders fighting with propaganda and coloring events in a manner that belittles our great country. But all in all, it's practically the same.

**PLAYBOY:** In retrospect, would you have wanted your life to have been any different?

**WAYNE:** If I had it to do over again, I'd probably do everything I did. But that's not necessarily the right thing to do.

**PLAYBOY:** What legacy do you hope to leave behind?

**WAYNE:** Well, you're going to think I'm being corny, but this is how I really feel: I hope my family and my friends will be able to say that I was an honest, kind and fairly decent man.



### WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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THE TRIP she followed him, worshipful and adoring, from one city to another, finally leaving her innocence behind

### FICTION BY V. S. PRITCHETT

FRIDAY AFTERNOON about four o'clock, the week's work done, time to kill: The editor disliked this characterless hour when everyone except his secretary had left the building. Into his briefcase he had slipped some notes for a short talk he was going to give in a cheap London hall, worn by two generations of protest against this injustice or that, before he left by the



night plane for Copenhagen. There his real lecture tour would begin and turn into a short holiday. Like a bored card player, he sat shuffling his papers and resented that there was no one except his rude, hard-working secretary to give him a game.

The only company he had in his room—and, in a way, it was a rather moody friend—was his portrait hanging behind him on the wall. He liked cunningly to draw people to say something reassuring about the picture: It was "terribly good," as

the saying is; he wanted to hear them say he lived up to it. There was for him a strange air of rivalry in it. It rather overdid him. There he was, a handsome mixture of sunburned, satyrlike pagan and shady, jealous Christian saint under the happy storm of white hair. His hair had been gray at 30; at 47, by a stroke of luck, it was silken white. His face was an actor's, the nose carved for dramatic occasions, the lips for the public platform. It was a face both elated and ravaged by the highest



beliefs and doubts. He was energized by meeting it in the morning and, enviously, he said goodbye to it at night. Its nights would be less tormented than his own. Now he was leaving it to run the paper in his absence.

"Here are your tickets." His secretary breezed into the room. "Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, Berlin, Hamburg, Munich-the lot," she said. She was mannerless to the point of being a curiosity.

She stepped away and wobbled her tongue in her cheek. She understood his restless state. She adored him, he drove her mad and she longed for him to go.

"Would you like to know what I've got outside?" she said. She had a malicious streak. "A lady. A lady from Guatemala. Miss Mendoza. She has got a present for you. She worships you. I said you were busy. Shall I tell her to buzz off?"

The editor was proud of his tolerance in employing a girl so sportive and so familiar; her fair hair was thin and looked harassed, her spotty face set off the knowledge of his own handsomeness in face and behavior. He liked the state of war between them.

"Guatemala! Of course, I must see her!" he exclaimed. "What are you thinking about? We ran three articles on Guatemala. Show her in."

"It's your funeral," said the girl and gave a vulgar click with her tongue. The editor was, in her words, "a sucker for foreigners"; she was reminding him that the world was packed with native girls like herself as well.

All kinds of men and women came to see Macaulay Drood. Politicians, who spoke to him as if he were a meeting, quarreling writers, people with causes, cranks and accusers, even criminals and the mad: They were opinions to him and he did not often notice what they were like. He knew they studied him and that they would go away boasting, "I saw Macaulay Drood today and he said. . . ." Still, he had never seen anyone quite like the one who now walked in. At first, because of her tweed hat, he thought she was a man and would have said she had a mustache. She was a stump, as square as a box, with tarry choppedoff hair, heavy eyebrows and yellow eyes set in her sallow skin like cut glass. She looked like some unsexed and obdurate statement about the future-or was it the beginning?-of the human race, long in the body, short in the legs and made of wood. She was wearing on this hot day a thick, bottle-green velvet dress. Indian blood, obviously; he had seen such women in Mexico. She put out a wide hand to him; it could have held a shovel; in fact, she was carrying a crumpled brown-paper bag.

"Please sit down," he said. A pair of heavy feet moved her with a surprisingly light skip to a chair. She sat down stiffly then and stared without expression,

like geography.

"I know you are a very busy man," she said. "Thank you for sparing a minute for an unknown person." She looked formidably unknown.

The words were nothing; but the voice! He had expected Spanish or broken English of some grating kind, but instead, he heard the small, whispering birdlike monotone of a shy English child.

"Yes, I am very busy," he said. "I've got to give a talk in an hour and then I'm off to lecture in Copenhagen. . . . What can I do for you?"

"Copenhagen!" she said, noting it.
"Yes, yes, yes," said the editor. "I'm

lecturing on apartheid."

There are people who listen; there are people upon whom anything said seems not to be heard but, rather, to be stamped or printed. She was receiving the impress of the walls, the books, the desk, the carpet, the windows of the room, memorizing every object. At last, like a breathless child, she said: "In Guatemala, I have dreamed of this for years. I've been saying to myself, 'Even if I could just see the building where it all happens!' I didn't dare think I would be able to speak to Macaulay Drood. It is like a dream to me. 'If I see him, I will tell him,' I said, 'what this building and what his articles have done for my

"It's a bad building. Too small," he said. "We're thinking of selling it."

"Oh, no," she said. "I have flown across the ocean to see it. And to thank you."

The word thank came out like a kiss.

"From Guatemala, to thank me?" The editor smiled.

"To thank you from the bottom of our hearts for those articles." The little voice seemed to sing.

"So people read The Instigator in Guatemala," said the editor, congratulating that country and moving a few papers onto another pile on his desk.

"Only a few," she said. "The important few. You have kept us alive in all these dark years. You have held the torch of freedom burning. You have been a beacon of civilization in our darkness."

The editor sat taller in his chair. Certainly he was vain, but he was a good man: Virtue is not often rewarded. A nationalist? Or not? he wondered. He looked at the ceiling, where, as usualfor he knew everything-he found the main items of the Guatemalan situation. He ran over them like a tune on the piano. "Financial colonialism," he said, "foreign monopoly, uprooted peasants, rise of nationalism, the dilemma of the mountain people, the problem of the coast. Bananas."

"It is years since I've eaten one," he

The woman's yellow eyes were not looking at him directly yet: She was still memorizing the room and her gaze now moved to his portrait. He was dabbling with the figures of the single-crop problem when she interrupted him.

"The women of Guatemala," she said, addressing his portrait, "will never be able to repay their debt to you."

"The women?"

He could not remember; was there anything about women in those articles?

"It gave us hope. 'Now,' I said, 'the world will listen," she said. "We are slaves. Man-made laws, the priests, bad traditions hold us down. We are the victims of apartheid, too."

And now, she looked directly at him. "Ah," said the editor, for interruptions bored him. "Tell me about that."

"I know from experience," said the woman. "My father was Mexican, my mother was an English governess. I know what she suffered.'

"And what do you do?" said the editor. "I gather you are not married?"

At this sentence, the editor saw that something like a coat of varnish glistened on the woman's wooden face.

'Not after what I saw of my mother's life. There were ten of us. When my father had to go away on business, he locked her and all of us in the house. She used to shout for help from the window, but no one did anything. People just came down the street and stood outside and stared and then walked away. She brought us up. She was worn out. When I was fifteen, he came home drunk and beat her terribly. She was used to that, but this time she died."

"What a terrible story. Why didn't she go to the consul? Why-

"He beat her because she had dyed her hair. She had fair hair and she thought if she dyed her hair black like the other women he went with, he would love her again," said the childish voice.

"Because she dyed her hair?" said the editor.

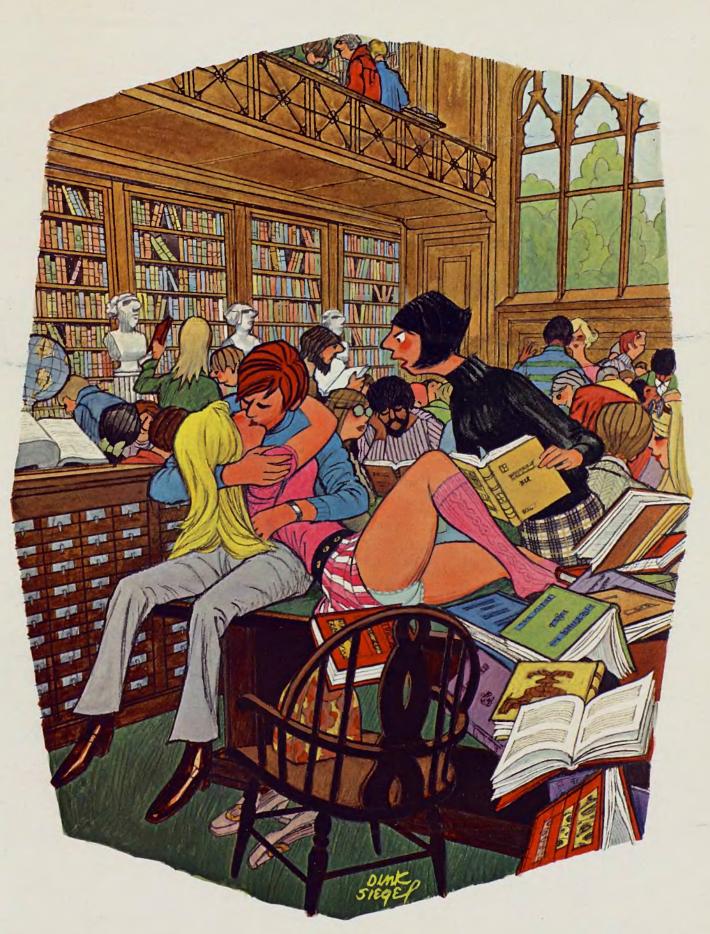
The editor never really listened to astonishing stories of private life. They seemed frivolous to him. What happened publicly in the modern world was far more extravagant. So he only half listened to this tale. Quickly, whatever he heard turned into paragraphs about something else and moved on to general questions. He was wondering if Miss Mendoza had the vote and which party she voted for. Was there an Indian bloc? He looked at his watch. He knew how to appear to listen, to charm, ask a jolly question and then lead his visitors to the door before they knew the interview was over.

"It was a murder," said the woman complacently.

The editor suddenly woke up to what she was saying.

"But you are telling me she was murdered!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. The fact seemed of no further interest to her. She was pleased (continued on page 164)



"Shhhh!"



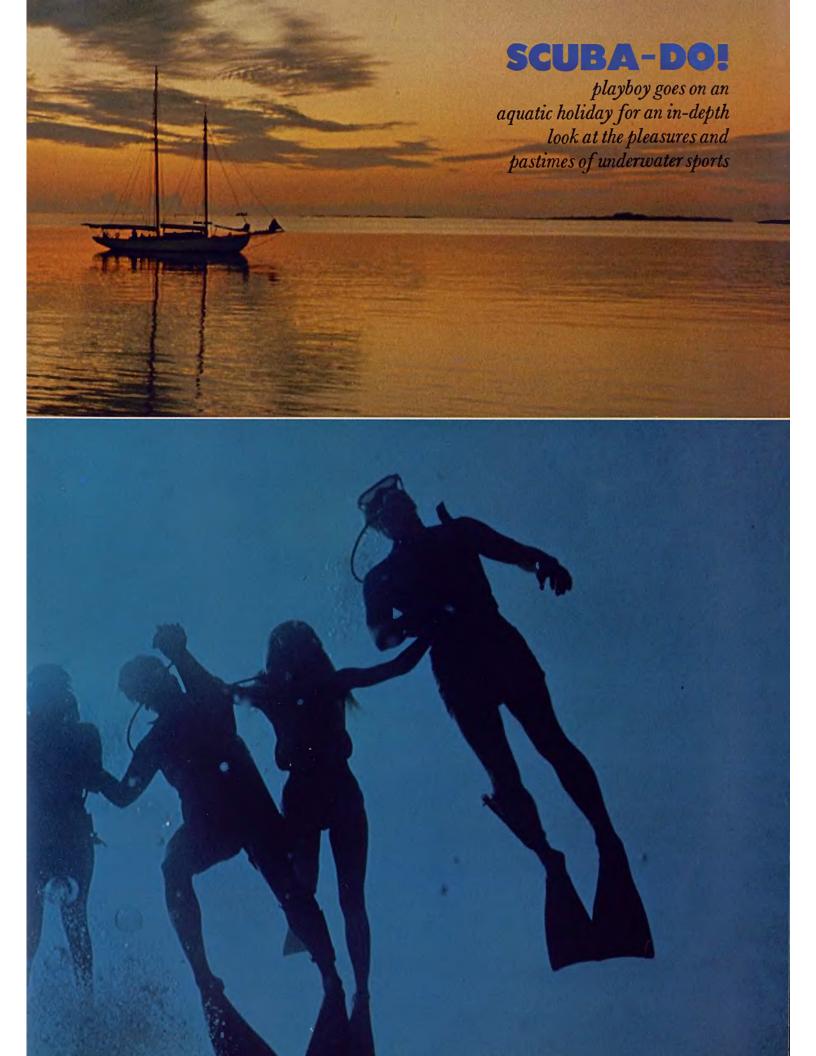
The crystolline, blue-green waters surrounding the Bahamos set the scene for PLAYBOY's scuba holiday.

Aboord a chortered schooner anchored off the western tip of New Providence, the submariners, at left, prepare to take the morning's first plunge. Below: The eager divers join honds os they head for new underwater worlds.

OT SINCE NOAH set off in the ark has man been so preoccupied with water. Ecologically, scientifically and recreationally, the oceans have increasingly become a focal point for our energies. And with good reason; the sea covers over 70 percent of the earth and its depths constitute the largest uncharted frontier this side of outer space. Over the centuries, diving devices have ranged from the primitive (hollow reeds) to the highly advanced (a closedcircuit rebreather system that allows the wearer to stay below up to six hours). It was in 1943 that Captain Jacques Cousteau, a French naval officer, jumped into the sea with his new invention, a scuba (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) tank, strapped to his shoulders-and made a wave that swept across the world. Within a few years, thousands of swimmers had happily sunk below the surface to discover the diverse delights of the aqualung. More are joining them every day.

Scuba diving is a sport that's relatively easy to master—and once you've mastered it, there's a whole new kingdom to explore. The tank of compressed air on your back will enable you to stay below for about an hour and the rubber fins on your feet will provide a surprisingly effective aid to propulsion. For an underwater holiday, after you've completed a scuba course (most Y. M. C. A.s offer them), you'd do well to follow the example we've set on these pages by flying to the Bahamas, where the water is clear and warm and the denizens of the deep are (text continued on page 112)













Top: Emerging from the deep, two divers tie up their inflotable sofety raft to o Formulo 23 runobout and quickly establish a friendly line of communication with the boot's oble-bodied first mate. Above, left to right: Others in the scuba porty splash down to join their friends below, who are already exploring a coral reef.





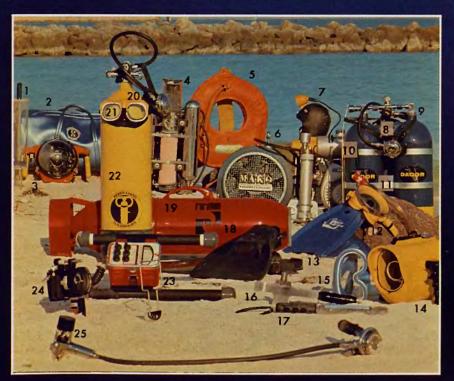
For left: This romontically entwined couple has temporarily traded its aqualungs for a surface-air-supply system that includes a floating compressor and two 25-foot-long air hoses hooked directly to full-face masks. Left: Another topless underwater sprite chances on one of the sea's more intriguing soline citizens—an appropriately named puffer fish, which inflotes itself when angered or frightened.

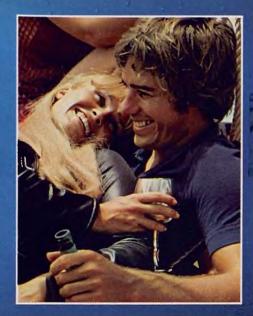




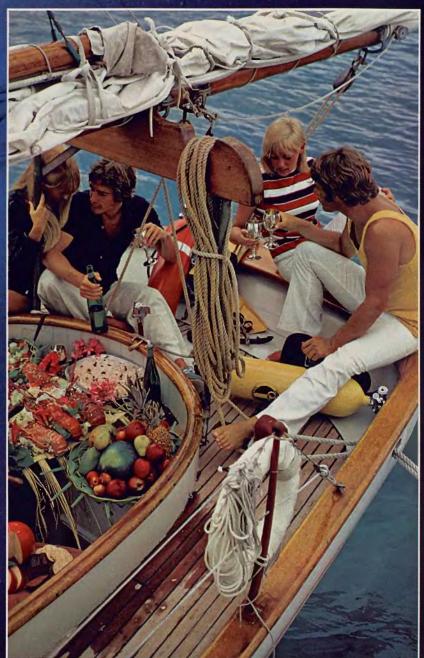
To satisfy the hearty high-noon appetites that predictably follow a morning of scuba diving, this venture-some duo, at left, swims back to the boat with their king-sized catch—a Bahamian lobster—that soon will serve as the midday's main course.

By the numbers: 1. Slurp gun for capturing fish, by Custom Salt Water Aquarium, \$29.95. 2. Vinyl diving-gear bag, by Scubapro, \$21. 3. OceanEye 100 waterproof camera housing, by Data Corporation, \$595, shown with Nikon F camera, \$316. 4. Electrolung closed-circuit breathing apparatus, by Beckman Instruments, \$2975. 5. Bouee Fenzy life jacket with air tank, from International Marine Supply, \$99.50. 6. Purus portable air compressor, by Moko Products, \$695. 7. Neoprene helmet with light, by Birns and Sawyer, \$99.50. 8. and 9. Olympic Model 400 regulator, \$90, and Double 50 air tanks, \$220, both by Dacor. 10. Diver's stiletto, by Scubapro, \$8. 11. Scubamaster snorkel, by Healthways, \$5. 12. Champion underwater mask, by U. S. Divers, \$5.95. 13. Viking Giant Fins, by A. M. F. Voit, \$18 a pair. 14. Al Giddings-designed Cine Mar I underwater camera housing, from U. S. Divers, \$139.95, holds an 8X Super-Zoom movie camera, by Nikon, \$299.50. 15. Mondial diver's mask, by Dacor, \$14. 16. Treasure hunter's tool, by U. S. Divers, \$5.95. 17. and 18. Abalone iron, \$5.50, and a pair of vented Jet Fins, \$20, both by Scubapro. 19. Battery-powered Diver Propulsion Vehicle, by Farallon Industries, \$395. 20.–22. Calypso III regulator, \$106.50, Falco mask takes prescription lenses, \$12.95, and Aqua-Lung tank, \$124.50, all by U. S. Divers. 23. Discoverer II underwater metal detector, by AZA Scientific, \$895. 24. Nikonos II underwater camera, \$198, shown with Nikonos Close-up Kit, \$160.50, both from U. S. Divers. 25. Scubair Sonic regulator with audible warning device, by Healthways, \$110.





Above: Well-chilled white wine proves the perfect way to refresh the water-weary. Right: With all hands on deck, the ship's cook sets out a delicious meal that includes the freshly caught lobster, plus tossed solad, Bohamian grits (a savory mixture of rice, locally grown vegetables and hot tomoto souce) and a selection of fresh tropical fruit. The feost, appropriotely enough, is served native style on plates ond mots made from Bahamion polm fronds.



After all hove eaten their fill, the group pauses awhile for rest and total relaxation. One well-tanned sun worshiper, at right, prepares to take advantage of the early afternoon's roys—and wins the silent approval of a shipmote.







SEX IS "FOR" MAKING BABIES. Every schoolboy knows that. The idea is as ingrained in this society's consciousness as the concept of the cycle of the seasons or the inevitability of death. It is as obvious as moonrise and tide fall that sex is for reproduction. Nothing could be plainer. Man is propelled into the fevers of that splendid and ludicrous act by some basic drive wired into him by a beneficent Mother Nature bent on seeing that the species is preserved. Without the lovely fires of lust, there is no sex; without sex, there are no babies; without babies, there is no longer man. Indeed, so important is this bit of information that we call it the fact of life.

And since this fact is so central to our understanding of life, no wonder that it is the foundation stone on which all sexual thought has been built for ages. As the Christian Church puts it, in God's scheme, reproduction is the natural end and goal of that ineluctable moment. Therefore, any diversion from that natural course perverts God's law. All of Western society's basic strictures about abortion, birth control, masturbation, oral sex, pornography and the temptations of little girls, sheep, ducks and watermelons spring from the idea that sex is for reproduction and should not be used for any other purpose.

In the past couple of decades, a few people have suggested that perhaps we should not be quite so certain we know what God had in mind when He invented copulation: Perhaps He would not really care if we sometimes balled just for fun. Yet even if sex can be fun as well, surely its basic purpose must be conception.

As it happens, it isn't. The so-called facts of life are incorrect. On this point, our thinking is simply dead wrong. The Christian Church is wrong, most legal theory on sex is wrong; indeed, most secular sex theorists are wrong. In this article, I will try to show that for human beings, the main purpose of sex is not reproduction but something else. Conception—the making of babies—far from being the goal of copulation, is merely a rare, almost accidental by-product.

Sex, though it may not always seem so, is a ferociously complicated act. For most of man's existence, he has not had more than a vague inkling of what it is for and how it works. But the new science of ethology, new information about the labyrinthine dips and turnings of evolution and the new facts about sex and people turned up by Kinsey, Masters and Johnson, and their confreres are beginning to add up to a radically new picture of (continued on page 190)

# PROCREATION MYTH

as humans evolved, so did sex—from its primary function of making babies to having fun

opinion By JAMES COLLIER



#### THE UNFORGETTABLE **EXHIBITION GAME** OF THE GIANTS VERSUS THE DODGERS, TROPICAL BUSH LEAGUE

an x-rated story wherein the morale of company k, badly sagging, is bolstered by an unexpected boon from headquarters

humor By JEAN SHEPHERD

"CET THE LEAD OUT OF YER ASS, YOU guys! Fall in!"

'That makes eight hunnert 'n' ninetysix," Gasser whispered under his breath. "Eight hundred ninety-six what?" I whispered out of the side of my mouth.

"I been countin'. Ever since Basic." "AT EASE!"

Company K instantly fell silent. Only the steady drone of our Signal Corps search radar broke the desolate stillness. But that didn't count, since it had hummed day and night, 24 hours on end, until it had become part of the stillness. A horsefly buzzed past my eyes, parting the shimmering heat waves like a tiny spaceship. The rash between my shoulder blades had awakened with the morning sun. A million tiny needles pricked my back and seemed to crawl around under my armpits. A faint breath of air from the swamp tinkled our dog tags as we waited for Sergeant Kowalski to finish the morning ritual.

"Eight hundred ninety-six what?" I asked again in the faintest of whispers, trying to keep my face at attention.

"Eight hunnert 'n' ninety-six forma-tions in a row," said Gasser, sotto voce, as Kowalski stalked up and down in front of the company, flicking over the pages on his clipboard. "That's the eight hunnert 'n' ninety-sixth time that little bastard has said 'Get the lead out of yer ass. Fall in."

I lost interest. For the past six months or so, my mind seemed to be floating in warm water.

"AT EASE, GODDAMN IT!" Kowalski's green Air Corps sunglasses flashed in the sun. It was just another morning in Company K. We stood strung out in a ragged formation over the blinding coral sand, amid scraggly palmettos, com-108 pletely unaware that a great event in our

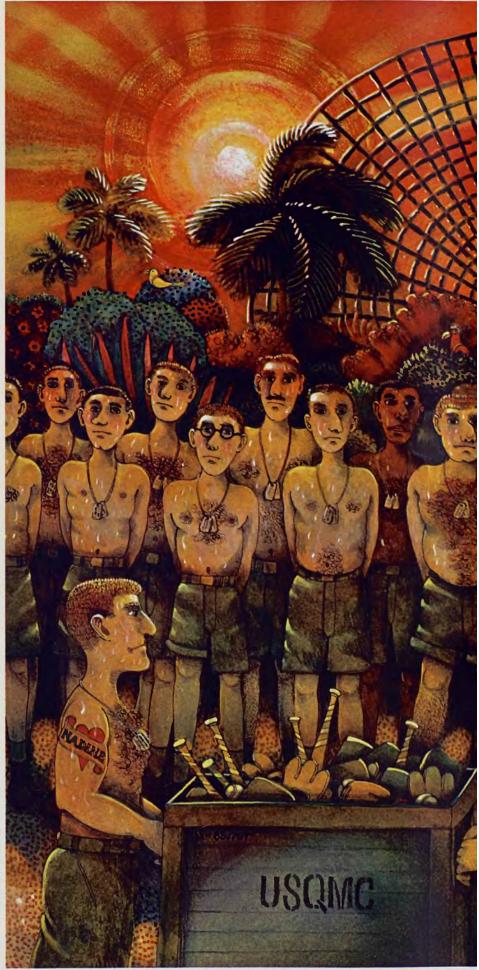
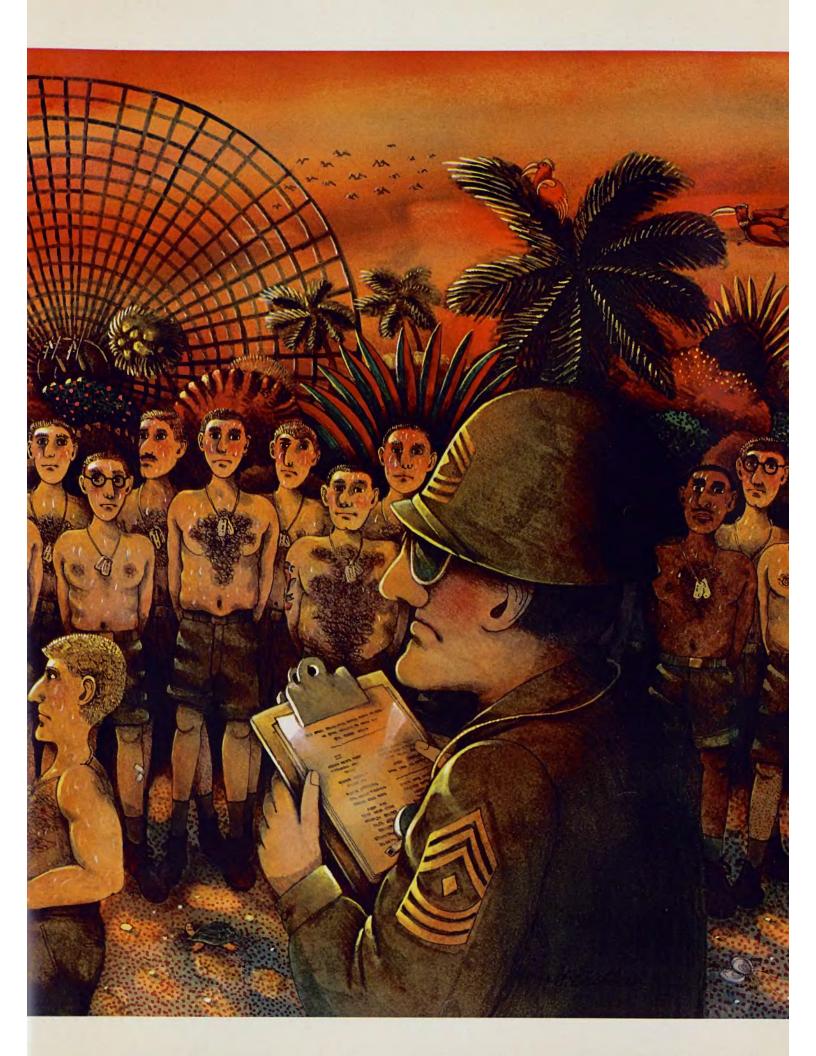


ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON KIBBEE



lives was about to take place.

"Men, if I have to tell you about them butt cans again, there's gonna be some ass-bustin' around here." We shifted in the heat, waiting for the next boring blast from Kowalski's inexhaustible arsenal of harassment. "Goddamn it, I'm gettin' tired of bitchin' about them butt cans. I want 'em emptied every night, y' hear, or am I going to have to detail somebody to do it?"

My heat rash now seemed to be creeping down to the backs of my knees. My mind drifted off over the horizon as the endless tirade about the butt cans continued. Kowalski tapped a yellow pencil on his clipboard to emphasize the sali-

ent points of his lecture.

"Kee-rist, what diddleyshit." It was Elkins, our company driver, who was directly behind me in formation.

"The following personnels will report at oh-eight-hundred tomorrow morning to get their shots renewed . . ." Kowalski droned on. It was the usual morning business.

"Uh-oh," Gasser breathed a warning. Lieutenant Cherry, the C.O., had appeared next to Kowalski. "Keep yer ass low. Here it comes." The lieutenant rarely made an appearance outside the orderly room before noon. He carried on his furtive secret life far from the rabble of Company K. His appearance at this hour was ominous. He was dressed in crisp suntans, in itself an unusual sight around Company K. We had long since given up wearing uniforms and usually dragged around in GI shorts, shoes and, of course, dog tags. Lieutenant Cherry carried a manila folder.

"ATTEN-HUT!" Kowalski barked out his favorite command. A slight movement among the ranks indicated that we had come to attention. Kowalski stepped back and Lieutenant Cherry took charge. For a lone moment, he peered through his steel-rimmed GI glasses up and down

the company.

"Gentlemen. . . ." Lieutenant Cherry had a thin, clerklike voice, dripping with weary irony. He was a disappointed man, a West Pointer who, through some cruel trick of fate, had found himself in charge of a unit so far down the Army table of organization as to be practically nonexistent. ". . . I am in receipt of the following memorandum from Army Headquarters." He paused to brush ineffectually at a swarm of gnats that was passing by on their way to better things. "It concerns this company. You will listen carefully." He cleared his throat. Kowalski shot a ray of menace up and down the ranks to make sure we obeyed orders. "'To all units in the Signal Air Warning Command: There has been a marked decline in morale among radar-operating teams. This will cease as of this date.'

Gasser muttered something under his

breath. Elkins sniffed listlessly, "'A program of morale-building activities is here-by ordered. Athletic-type equipment will be furnished through quartermaster channels and will be made available to the E. M. by order of the commanding officer of each unit.'" Cherry paused to swab at his sweaty forchead. "'Henceforth the morale of Signal Air Warning Radar detection teams will be at a high level. By order of the Commanding General, Army Headquarters, Air Defense Command."

The lieutenant finished reading, in his singsong voice, and lowered his manila folder. "All right—men." Cherry's half-beat pause before the word men made it sound faintly sarcastic. "Immediately after morning chow, we will begin building a baseball diamond over in B area. Those of you who are off shift will be supplied with tools and will continue work until it is completed."

An electric current swept from man to man. A ball diamond! It was the first mildly interesting thing that had happened in Company K for longer than any of us could remember. For the first time in months, I forgot my heat rash. Even Gasser had stopped muttering obscenities.

"Any questions?"

"Yessir." Mitropoulos, our resident Greek from the West Side of Chicago, raised his hand.

"Yes?" The lieutenant seemed always to find Mitropoulos amusing.

"Are we going to be allowed to play baseball on the diamond, sir?"

"That is a good question, Mitropoulos." The lieutenant gazed moodily upward at the brassy sky, as though deep in thought. At length, he answered: "What is a ball field generally used for, Mitropoulos?"

"Are you asking me, sir?" Mitropoulos, always a little slow, was eager to please. His stomach bowed out tautly in front of him. It was his idea of standing at attention.

"Yes, Mitropoulos."

"Uh-to play baseball, sir."

"Very good, Mitropoulos." The lieutenant smiled as at a performing ape.

"You mean, sir, we're going to play real ball games?"

"That is correct, Mitropoulos." The lieutenant turned to Kowalski: "Sergeant, I'll put you in charge of this matter. And see that the boys have a good time."

"Yessir!" Kowalski saluted smartly, his biceps snapping taut the stripes on his sleeve. "They will, sir." He was not aware of how right he was.

"Aw right, you guys, you heard what the lieutenant said. After morning chow, the second section will meet in front of the supply room. And I don't want nobody draggin' ass. This outfit's gonna have morale or I'll burn a few butts around here. DIS-MISSED!"

"I think our good sergeant put that rather well, don't you, Gasser?" Zinsmeister chewed on a rubbery Milky-Way bar as we straggled back to our baking tent.

"Now look, Zinsmeister, I don't need no wisin' off. I gotta think this over." Gasser, six feet, five and a natural pitcher, pulled his fatigue hat down low over his eyes against the slanting rays of the sun, which was already burning nails of

heat into my festering rash.

"Kee-rist, I can't believe it. Company K is gonna have morale. Now there's a twist." It was Eikins, whose own lack of morale was a byword in the chaplain's tent, where he spent countless hours trying to wrangle a transfer out of the Signal Corps-into anything. He had long since become known as "T.S." Elkins. He was so desperate, in fact, that he had been known to sing Bringing in the Sheaves loudly at Sunday services, figuring that maybe the chaplain would break down and spring him. What he didn't know was that God Squad Gorman, our nearsighted battalion chaplain, had been trying to get transferred himself for over a year and couldn't make it.

"Elkins, do you know precisely what morale is?" Zinsmeister carefully licked his thumb, so as not to waste any

chocolate.

"Yeah." Elkins spat at a passing lizard.
"Would you please define it for us?"
Zinsmeister shaded his eyes and peered upward into a palm tree, squinting as though he thought something would fall out of it. Our dog tags clinked as we shuffled through the shimmering heat toward our six-man tent in the listless gait that all soldiers use around the company area.

"Yeah, well, you tell us. I don't feel like it." Elkins scratched his hairy belly.

"Come on, T. S., surely you know what morale is," Zinsmeister persisted.

"Tell 'em about morale, Elkins. Tell that smart-ass what morale is," said Gasser. This brilliant debating society had been in continuous session since our earliest days of Basic. Everyone knew his part. I was just a spectator. Elkins, Gasser, Edwards and Zinsmeister operated like a well-oiled machine, with Zinsmeister as the moderator.

Before Elkins could pick up his cue, Zinsmeister continued: "Do you remember that movie we saw the other night when it rained?"

Company K had movies twice a month, which were scheduled to coincide exactly with the nightly downpour. They were outdoor movies, of course, but life was so crashingly dull in Company K that no one stayed in his tent no matter how bad the weather—or the

(continued on page 204)



"I think he's getting serious, Mother—he asked me to stay to lunch."

both colorful and varied. The aquatic underworld off the western tip of New Providence (the island on which Nassau is located) is a spectacular panorama of coral gardens and reefs. Novice scuba divers often select this area for initial undersea excursions, as conditions are reliably tranquil, beaches are virtually tideless and none of the rivers empties into the ocean; thus, there's little turbulence to stir up sediment and the water is almost always gin-clear. Furthermore, the water temperature seldom drops below 70 degrees and often hovers around the 75-to-80 mark. You can begin the day, as we did, with an early splashdown, then explore during the morning and pause at noon for a leisurely lunch break and a short siesta. Later, you'll be back into the sea for more sport down below, perhaps ending your underwater excursion with a nocturnal dive.

There's another reason why many scuba divers are drawn to the Bahamasshipwrecks. Because of the wicked offshore reefs and shoals, hundreds of ships went to the bottom in this area before the development of sophisticated navigational equipment. It's estimated that there's still \$150,000,000 in gold, silver and other valuables awaiting lucky finders. (One ship, the El Capitan, which sank in 1719, was carrying more than \$2,000,000 worth of gold alone.) Nassau is an ideal jumping-off spot for treasure hunting, as is Freeport on Grand Bahama Island, where the headquarters of the International Underwater Explorers Society is located. (By joining this organization, you'll have use of its extensive facilities, which include a two-story practice-dive tank, a library stocked with books on the aqualung and marine life, and a number of craft specifically designed for underwater exploration.)

Bermuda is reputedly surrounded by the clearest waters in the western Atlantic. On an average day, you can easily see 100 feet, and visibility for 200 feet is not unknown. Water temperatures range from a low of 61 degrees in the winter to a high of 84 in the summer, and here, too, there are wrecks galore. On one ancient ship, the San Pedro, divers discovered a gold-and-emerald cross valued at \$75,000, perhaps the single most valuable find in recent years.

The U.S. Virgin Islands are part of the curving chain known as the Lesser Antilles. Scuba conditions around most of the Virgins are excellent. Just off St. Croix, for example, you'll find Buck Island Reef National Park, an underwater wonderland offering nature trails along which divers can glide while reading the various strategically positioned 112 signs that identify the many varieties of

coral. First-timers may wish to practice at Pelican Cove, near Christiansted Harbor, as the water there is warm and quite shallow. But if you've already acquired your undersea legs and can handle tricky currents and other more arduous conditions without losing your cool, then you'll probably prefer to scuba off Seven Mile Reef or near East End, not surprisingly at the extreme eastern tip of the island. Keep in mind that both these areas are for experts only.

If you'd like to really get away from it all-above as well as below the waterthen consider the island of Cozumel, located just 11 miles off the Yucatán Peninsula. Scuba aficionados have ranked it as one of the five outstanding areas in the world for diving-along with the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, French Polynesia and Australia's Great Barrier Reef. Although Cozumel is not yet developed for large-scale tourism (the population is about 3900), diving facilities are excellent, with compressors and air tanks available on a rental basis. Once suitably equipped, you'll want to head for the six-mile-long Palancar Reef, lying just offshore. The reef extends downward at an acute angle into the depths of the Caribbean Sea. As you drift through sand-bottomed canyons, you may see huge sea turtles, red snapper, yellowtail and parrot fish and perhaps even a bar-

With 6000 miles of coast line washed by warm, crystal-clear water, Mexico is well suited to scuba diving, and equipment can be purchased or rented in all the major areas. Acapulco, of course, offers a full complement of luxurious hotels, clubs and restaurants, thus ensuring that your hours spent ashore will be as memorable as those spent in the sea. When you've eaten and drunk your fill and are ready for a change of scenery, both above and below the water line, take the 150-mile drive up the coast from Acapulco to the undeveloped fishing village of Zihuatanejo. The small hotels there have rental equipment and the local scuba guides will gladly take you to the most rewarding diving areas. It's definitely worth the trip.

If you'd prefer to do your diving within our own coastal waters, the area around La Jolla, California, called the La Jolla Caves, is claimed to be the birthplace of diving in the United States. It was there that one of the nation's first diving clubs, the Bottom Scratchers, made the first scubaless descent in the late Twenties. And there, too, is the famed Scripps Institution of Oceanography, which attracts the world's top undersea scientists and explorers. Although the water temperatures around

La Jolla aren't the bathtub-warm readings you'll have experienced farther south, they are comfortable; a wet suit (a foam-neoprene outfit that uses the water as a heat insulator) is needed only during the colder months. Winter water temperatures never dip below 56 degrees and summer usually finds the undersea thermometer hovering between 65 and 68. Visibility can be as high as 80 feet or as low as 25 during heavy surf. San Diego has recently outlawed spearfishing near the Caves and turned this area into a marine preserve.

Farther north on Highway One, just south of Carmel, you'll find Point Lobos State Reserve, a 775-acre underwater park-one fourth of which is open to sport diving. (The rest is reserved for research purposes.) Though the water temperature there averages a cool 54 degrees, Point Lobos is an extremely popular diving ground, especially with underwater photographers, since it's one of the few places where species of fish and plant life of the north and south coasts overlap. Equipment can be easily purchased or rented; there are two dive shops within ten miles of the park. Regulations for Point Lobos are typical of what you'll encounter at most supervised diving grounds. You must wear an inflatable vest (which can be opened underwater for quick buoyancy or when you reach the surface) and display a diver's flag attached to a flotation device. The flag warns boaters that there are divers in the area and, according to marine custom, they must stay outside a 100-foot radius of your marker. You must also dive with a buddy--an excellent rule to follow whether using an aqualung or just skindiving with face mask, flippers and snorkel.

Other California underwater areas that you may wish to explore include the waters off Santa Catalina Island and around the Channel Islands of San Nicolas, Santa Cruz, Anacapa and Santa Barbara. Farther south, near the Mexican border, you should try the Coronado Islands, and up north, off San Francisco, are the Farallones. Equipment shops for the latter are conveniently located in San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland.

If you prefer to do your diving off Miami, you'll have picked an ideal locale: Just south of the city is the only living coral reef within the continental waters of the United States. One of the reef's most spectacular stretches can be found off Key Largo in John Pennekamp Coral Reef State Park-an incredibly beautiful underwater kingdom dotted with a number of sunken ships.

Easterners intent on going down into the sea this summer should figure on wearing wet suits, for the waters, especially along the New England coast, are notoriously chilly. In some areas of New England, diving is illegal because of

(continued on page 222)



# **POWER PLAY**

the brinkmanship of the electric companies must be opposed, says the award-winning washington journalist, who offers a plan to solve the kilowatt crisis forever

article By ROBERT SHERRILL The most serious, immediate threat to the environment—and to the consumer's pocketbook—comes from the developing cooperation between the fuel industry and the electric-power industry. If they have their way, and there are signs that they will, then the most harmful source of air pollution will go uncontrolled, along with our most monopolistic markets. The situation has become so critical that some responsible observers are beginning to use such unkind words as conspiracy and collusion. Vermont Senator George D. Aiken, one of Congress' watchdogs of the energy industry, was not accused of hysteria when he warned that what's happening constitutes "a very serious threat to political democracy," because "when you control energy—and oil interests now control coal and are on their way to controlling nuclear fuel—then you control the nation." Of specific concern, he said, is the evidence that "there is some group determined to get control of electrical energy in this nation." That would be a natural target for any group interested in controlling all of the nation's power systems—or in

chain-reaction profits-because, if Montana Senator Lee Metcalf knows what he's talking about, "Electric power is by far the nation's largest industry. It's growing rapidly because it has a monopoly on an essential product. The electric utilities took the lighting business away from the gas utilities half a century ago. They appear to be on their way toward domination of the heating area as well. They are going into the real-estate and housing business in a big way. They are intertwined with the banking and insurance industries and have extraordinary force in politics, the educational system and the press." The concentration of the industry is impressive. The 212 largest private electric companies (as distinguished from public outfits like TVA, the rural electric co-ops and the municipals) are said to constitute about one eighth of all investment in U.S. industry.

And from the environmentalists' point of view, the electric utilities are of paramount concern. The coal and oil they burn produce more than 50 percent of the deadly sulphur dioxide and nearly 30 percent of the particulates in air pollution of our cities—which is why Jerome Kretchmer, the Environmental Protection Administrator for New York City, can hardly be thought to exaggerate when he contends that "power versus the environment is the issue for the Seventies." (New York's sulphur-dioxide level is three times higher than the safe maximum set by Federal and state officials, and a heavy atmospheric inversion this summer could kick it up to a level that would kill enough people to ease the city's tight housing situation.)

Nothing unusual there. With an Amherst physicist claiming to have evidence that between 1000 and 10,000 lung-cancer deaths each year are caused by electric-power-plant emissions, and with some scientists now tentatively estimating that coal-burning power plants may be putting as much as 150 tons of the newest hazard, mercury, into the ecosystem each year, it's hardly surprising to find that Senator Edmund Muskie and other politicians rate power pollution at the head of the list of environmental plagues.

Aside from the various chemicals and dirty solids the industry dumps on us, the face of America has been permanently mutilated by 67,000 miles of extrahigh-voltage transmission lines strung across 1,300,000 acres of land—and, in all likelihood, by 1990 there will be 165,000 miles of lines hanging over the land. By 1980, the generating plants will be pirating one sixth of our fresh water as a cooling agent and returning it to the streams and lakes at such a heightened temperature that fish will have to swim for their lives. Algaeic scum will follow.

This continual degradation of what was once a green and pleasant land may be halted only by a massive public confrontation. The situation is neatly summarized by Lee C. White, former chairman of that laissez-faire fraternity, the Federal Power Commission: "It is perfectly evident that the dialog between the environmentalists and utilities is beginning to shift. The utilities are no longer being asked, 'Why don't you locate your plant in a site other than the one you have selected?' The question being asked today is, 'Can you justify the construction of an additional plant anywhere?'"

For several years it's been plain that if the electric-

utility companies were to escape stiffer regulations, they would either have to pour research money into developing more efficient and cleaner methods of production, or they would have to fight off reform by political lobbying, propaganda and threats. They chose the latter course.

Habitually, the power industry has skimped on research—even while mooching billions of dollars of Government research funds. One knowledgeable witness told the Senate Subcommittee on Fuels in 1970 that there are "only 14 Ph.D.s in the entire utility industry." Expert analysts have reported that *all* power companies together spend only twenty-three hundredths of one percent of their operating revenue for R & D, which proportionately is about one ninth what the Bell System spends for that purpose, and about one eighth as much as the utility companies lay out in advertising to persuade the consumer to use more of the power they often cannot provide.

Not wishing to break their habit of sloth, the big electric companies decided to fight reform regulations by other means. For this, they teamed up—conspired, connived, whatever word seems to fit—with the big oil, gas and coal companies. Their weapon was fear, based on disruptions of electric service.

Electricity we've got to have. In vertical cities, there is no substitute for an elevator. For the urban cave dweller, who lives in canyons no breeze ever penetrates, there is no alternative to an air conditioner. The gas furnace may compete with the coal or oil burner, but nothing competes with the light bulb.

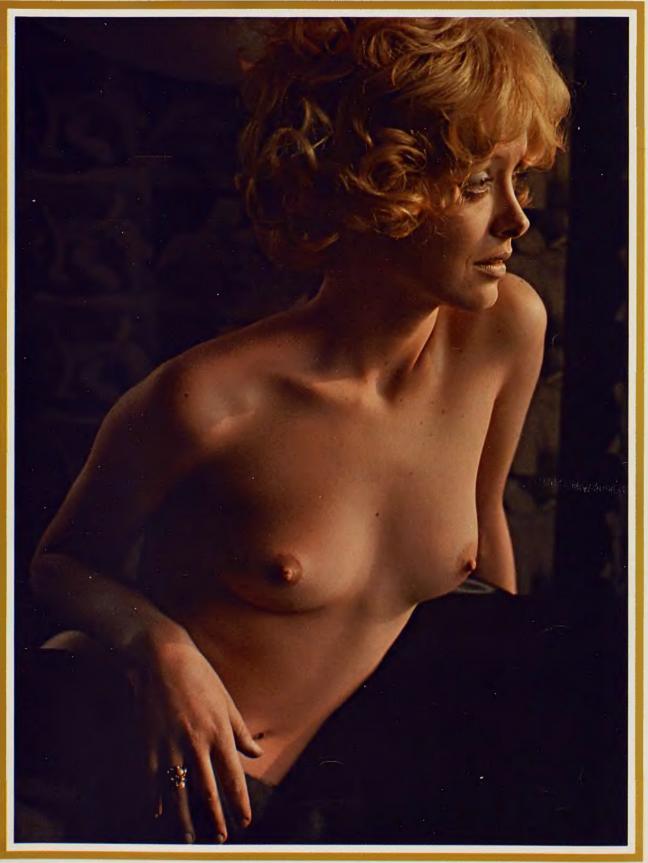
Ever since the 1965 power disruption that plunged much of the Northeast into darkness, the residents of most of the larger urban centers of the country have been wondering when the elevators would stop again between floors. And there have been enough blackouts and brownouts—more than 50 nationwide in 1970, and a severe one in New York this past February—to keep the worry flourishing. Industry spokesmen insist that the crisis will last at least another five to ten years.

Because they peddle an absolutely essential commodity and because utilities are the only industrial monopoly protected officially by Federal and state governments, it's been quite easy for the electric-power companies to create a crisis situation in which they could successfully issue ultimatums: Let us charge the rates we want to charge, or we will permit our equipment to deteriorate and we will not develop new sources of power—so there will be critical blackouts. Let us build our power plants on the steps of city hall and string our transmission lines through national parks without protest from environmentalists, or we will permit so much of our operations to stop that normal life will be disrupted and endangered.

A contrapuntal ultimatum has come from fuel companies, which want no restrictions on their profits or on their drilling and mining operations. In the fight for profits, both groups have apparently won. The fuels that go into the production of electricity have jumped in price by as much as 130 percent in the past year. The electric-utility industry's income, which was 19.4 billion dollars for the 212 largest companies in 1968, is believed to have jumped a billion dollars a year since (continued on page 224)

# RIGHT NUMBER

debuting as the star of a porno-movie satire, "the telephone book," sarah kennedy has obviously found her calling





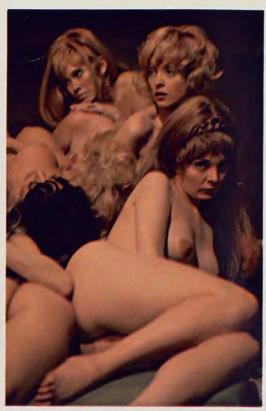


In settings reminiscent of her native Oregon, Sarah forgets, for a time, the career decisions she'll be making in the near future. She's considering film offers as well as a possible role on Broadway.



IN THIS ERA OF MODERN CINEMA, the journey to movie stardom needn't have Hollywood as its destination, as 23-year-old Sarah Kennedy is pleasantly discovering. For her, it began when she dropped out of Oregon State University during her sophomore year, dissatisfied with life as a coed. Her basic unhappiness stemmed from the fact that, on campus, she was known primarily for her third-cousin relationship to the political Kennedys. Discouraged by this gilt-byassociation and by only a fair academic record, Sarah impulsively decided to head east. She settled in Manhattan and was working as a receptionist in a film-production office when a client asked her to appear in a commercial for his company. She agreed, found that she liked the work and subsequently appeared in other TV spots, one of which was viewed by New York movie producer Merwin Bloch, whose attention was focused on Sarah rather than on the sponsor's product. At his invitation, she tested for, and landed, the lead in The Telephone Book, a randy spoof that opens with Sarah receiving an obscene phone call. Instead of finding it repulsive, Sarah is sensually aroused by her caller's voice and immediately sets out to learn his identity. Whether critics will regard The Telephone Book as meritorious or meretricious is still unknown, but for Sarah it means a starring role in her first picture—and a future that promises to make this Kennedy cousin-to-the-clan a public figure in her own right.

In The Telephone Book, Sarah searches for an obscene phone caller and, along the way, encounters such bizarre affairs as an en-masse auditian, below, for a stag movie. Right: At first reluctant to participate, she eventually gets in on the act.









come to lovely paradise plage, the most expensive resort in the world-you'll never guess what your \$3000 a week includes

# HAUNTS **VERY RICH**

#### fiction By T. K. BROWN III

THE SIX OF THEM were the only passengers in a North American Sabreliner high over the unseen continent, running swiftly southward from New York. None of them knew where they would come to earth again. Purposely, they had not been told.

Far from being disturbed by that, they were delighted with something new to laugh about and to get acquainted over. The headlines of their discarded copies of the Times-a development in the Common Market talks, the death of that famous what's-his-name rock singer, a tax proposal in Congress that might pinch those in their high bracket just a little more—these stale things were nice to forget. For the moment, they were charmed with their little novelty. The chairs were very soft and they were all getting slightly

"Good style! Good style!" said Peter Woodrough as if he were approving something he'd seen at Wimbledon or Forest Hills. Indeed, with his 50ish pink face and his smooth gray hair, he seemed to have just come off a country-club court somewhere. "I like the uniforms of the ground personnel. I like the way the limo brought us right onto the runway and put us aboard without any passport nonsense. I even like those opaque windows-superb touch of mystery, don't you think?"

"Only unmysterious thing is the price of it all, wowiel Cost-account everything and you'd probably find that martini in your hand is fifty bucks," Albert Hunsicker said. He laughed a stout man's laugh. But Mary, his pinched-faced wife, didn't laugh. Why was he always making jokes about something that was almost sacred? she thought.

"Don't complain, old boy," Woodrough said. "While you're on vacation, your blue chips will go up a point. I predict it. So you'll be evensteven as far as money goes when you get back. And you want things nice, don't you? You don't want just any old shabby jet, do you? This one costs just over a million bucks. My firm's got three of them and I would've flown one down myself except (continued on page 144) 119





how to elevate the lowly egg to heady heights

food By GEORGE BRADSHAW soufflés are much maligned. "Difficult," "chancy," "maybe" are what you hear about them. Nonsense. They are easier to make than a common stew. There is only one inflexible rule about a soufflé: It must be eaten when ready. A soufflé will not wait upon people: People must wait upon a soufflé. You will benefit by reading the following paragraphs before you plunge into any of the recipes. They will give you some insight into why you are doing what you are doing—a very comfortable feeling for anyone who finds himself in a kitchen making his first soufflé.

The Soufflé Dish: You can make a soufflé in any heatproof utensil of no more than two-quart capacity. It is best, however, to use the traditional French white-china dish; it makes the soufflé look better when it comes to the table. I have almost always specified a two-quart dish, because with it you do not need a collar—that piece of paper tied around the rim of the dish to prevent the soufflé from running over. I find collars a pretentious nuisance.

All of these recipes are for four people. You may halve any of them and use a one-quart dish. Under no circumstance should you attempt to double or triple a recipe and try to cook it in a big bowl. It won't work. Make, instead, two or three soufflés of the usual size. It is useful to have a one-and-a-half-quart dish also. There are several soufflés—lemon and tomato, for instance—that, for some reason, are reluctant to rise very high. They look more successful

in a one-and-a-half-quart dish.

If you wish to serve individual soufflés -clam, for example, makes a good first course-there are small-size dishes that hold about eight ounces. Of course, I am speaking of the classic and, I think, best way of serving a soufflé. But actually, it can be cooked in almost anything-half an orange rind, a scallop shell, inside a crepe, a baked-potato skin-indeed, even on a flat plate.

Preparation of the Dish: The bottom and sides of the soufflé dish should be rubbed with butter. For entree and vegetable soufflés, sprinkle a little flour over the butter. For dessert soufflés, sprinkle with a little sugar. If you should sometimes forget to do this, don't worry; it really isn't vital.

Egg Whites: The whites of eggs should be beaten until they are stiff and creamy. Overbeating will make them hard and dry. If you use a hand beater, this advice is superfluous, since you will probably be exhausted long before the whites can become hard and dry. The warning is for anyone who might be too ambitious with an electric mixer. If the whites are too stiff, they simply will not combine easily and thoroughly with the sauce. So watch for the right moment; the whites will be ready when they glisten and stand in peaks.

In each of the recipes, you will notice that a large spoonful of whites is folded into the sauce before this sauce is dribbled into the remaining whites. Don't neglect to do this. It lightens the sauce -aerates it-so that you do not have the dead weight of a heavy mixture dropping, plunk, on the bubbles of egg whites.

Cream of Tartar: You will notice that a half teaspoon of cream of tartar is included in all of the following recipes. Sprinkle it over the egg whites as they are being beaten. A veteran soufflé maker will likely ignore this instruction, but the recruit will do well to follow it. For cream of tartar is insurance-like a major-medical policy, which you may never need but which is comforting to have around: It stiffens the backbone of the egg whites, guaranteeing that they do what they are supposed to do-rise and shine.

Cooling: This is one of the real requirements of soufflé making. The sauce must be cool. (A good way to determine the right temperature is to hold the top of your double boiler in the palm of your hand. If you can do this comfortably, the sauce is ready.)

Cooking: In all the recipes, a 350° oven is called for. It must always be preheated.

Cooking time will vary. I have made numberless soufflés that were ready in 25 minutes. On the other hand, I have encountered recalcitrant soufflés, made from the same recipes, cooked in the 122 same oven, that demanded 30 minutes. So I have had to come up with a method for testing. A soufflé, as long as it remains in its warm oven home, is a pretty sturdy dish. You don't have to worry about tiptoeing around the kitchen or opening the oven door and taking a look. At about minute 22, I open the oven door and give the dish a little shove. If the top of the soufflé shakes only slightly, I know it is well mannered and will be done in two or three minutes. If, on the other hand, the crust really trembles, so that I have the feeling that the underneath is still soupy, I recognize a delinquent that will require another eight, or even ten, minutes. After you have made this test on several soufflés, you will find yourself able to judge the degree of doneness exactly.

We begin with a breakfast soufflé—not for an early morning meal when you're late for the office but for lazy Saturdays or Sundays when time doesn't matter. While you're waiting for the soufflé to bake, have whatever is the best fresh fruit at the moment, then, afterward, lots of hot buttered toast or croissants and a variety of jams-or better yet, some sharp piccalilli and, of course, strong black coffee.

#### BACON AND EGGS SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour 11/2 cups well-seasoned chicken broth 5 eggs, separated I cup crisp crumbled bacon 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler. Stir in the flour and cook for a few minutes. Add the chicken broth and stir constantly until the mixture is rich and smooth. Remove the top of the double boiler from the heat. Let the mixture cool a bit and beat the egg yolks and add to the mixture along with 3/4 of the bacon. Let the mixture cool thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff and creamy. Sprinkle the cream of tartar over them as you beat. After the eggyolk mixture has cooled, spoon about 1/3 of the whites into it and combine them vigorously. Dribble this mixture over the remaining whites, lifting and folding carefully until all is combined. Place the mixture into a buttered and floured 2quart soufflé dish. Sprinkle the remaining bacon on top of the soufflé. Bake for about 25 minutes in a preheated 350° oven. Test to be certain it is done.

Entree Souffles

#### CHEESE SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour 1 cup milk 1/2 lb. cheddar cheese, grated Dash of cayenne pepper 6 eggs, separated 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar In the top of a double boiler (over boiling water), melt the butter, stir in the flour and cook for a couple of minutes, then add the milk and the cheese and, stirring constantly, cook until the mixture is rich and smooth, about 5 minutes. Remove the top of the double boiler from the heat, add a dash of cayenne and the egg yolks and beat until all is smooth. Allow the mixture to cool, 15 minutes at least. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff and creamy, Sprinkle the cream of tartar over them as you beat. When the cheese mixture is cool, spoon about 1/3 of the egg whites into it and combine vigorously. Now dribble this mixture over the remaining egg whites and lift and fold carefully until all is combined. Slide this mixture into a buttered and floured 2-quart soufflé dish and place in a preheated 350° oven. This should be done in about 25 minutes, but test it as suggested in the introduction.

#### ANCHOVY SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour l cup chicken broth

1 2-oz. jar anchovies with capers and olive oil or 11/2 tablespoons anchovy

4 egg yolks 5 egg whites

1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

Put the anchovies into a bowl and mash them, capers and all, into a paste

with a wooden spoon.

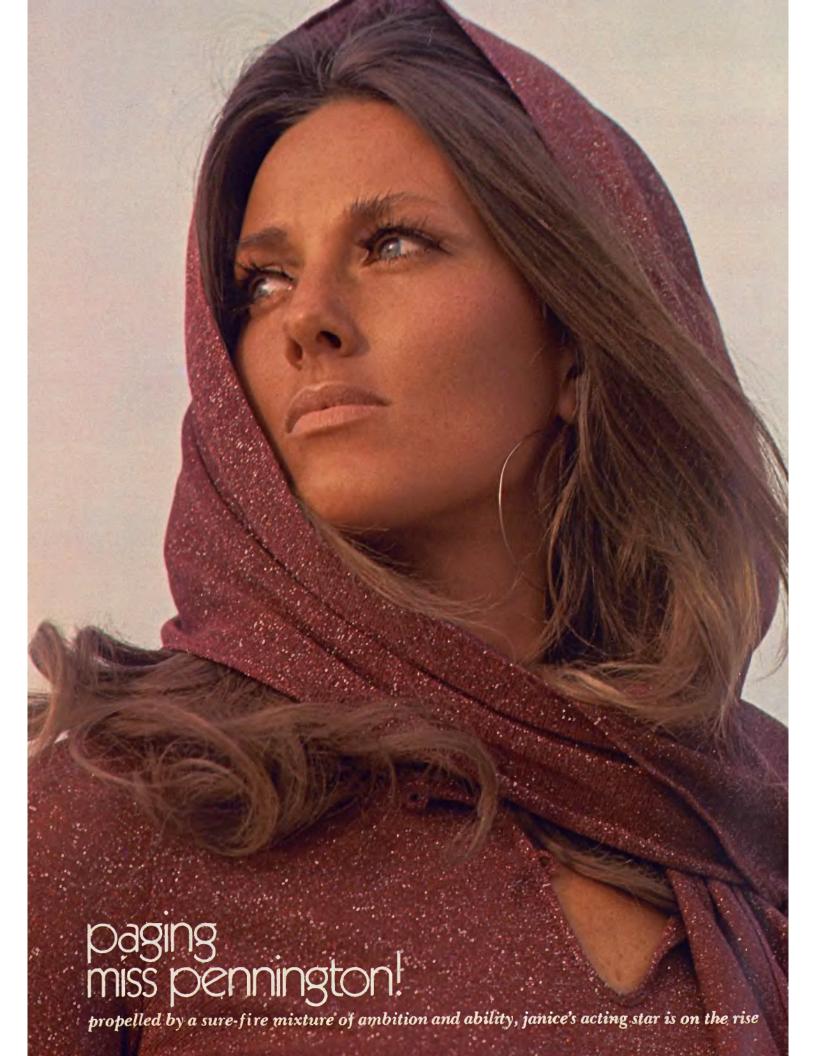
In the top of a double boiler (over boiling water), melt the butter, stir in the flour and cook for a couple of minutes, then add the chicken broth and, stirring constantly, cook until the mixture is rich and smooth, about 5 minutes. Remove the top of the double boiler from the heat, add the anchovy paste and egg yolks and beat until all is smooth. Allow the mixture to cool, 15 minutes at least. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff and creamy. Sprinkle the cream of tartar over them as you beat. When the anchovy mixture is cool, spoon about 1/8 of the egg whites into it and blend vigorously. Now dribble this mixture over the remaining egg whites and lift and fold carefully until all is combined. Slide this mixture into a buttered and floured 2-quart soufflé dish and place in a preheated 350° oven. This should be done in about 25 minutes, but test it.

#### SOLE SOUFFLÉ

4 equal-size slices fillet of sole Juice of 1/2 lemon 3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour I cup chicken broth Dash of salt and pepper 1 cup freshly grated parmesan cheese 4 egg yolks 5 egg whites 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar (continued on page 184)



"Well, I guess this shoots to hell my membership in the women's-liberation movement!"





"I'VE BEEN THINKING seriously about an acting career ever since I was twelve," confesses 25-year-old Janice Pennington. "But I never admitted it because I was afraid people would consider me egotistical if I told them my ambitions." She believes that being raised in Southern California contributed to her precocious plans for stardom, which-except for one attempt to change them-have remained unaltered. Finishing

high school, she left the Coast for New York-"to forget about becoming an actress. I told myself I simply couldn't make it in films." Trying for a career as a fashion mannequin, she eventually came under the auspices of Eileen Ford's prestigious modeling agency; but even after 18 successful months, her screen aspirations hadn't faded, so she headed home to get an agent and begin answering casting calls. After supporting





Above: Janice arrives at the NBC television studios in Burbank for a day's work on Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In. She chats with the security guard, gets a parking token, then leaves her car in the lat. Once inside, Janice heads down the lang studio corridor taward a dressing raom for her change into costume, passing by a photo of Arte Johnson's sly storm trooper, which stands sentry in the hallway. 125





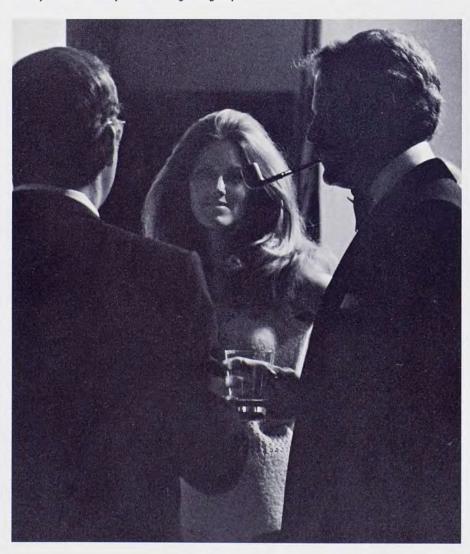
Above: In a Laugh-In skit, as lovely aide-de-camp to The Great Martina, Janice ties up Dick Martin as co-host Dan Rowan looks on. Contrary to his boastful claims, Martin's attempt at a Houdiniesque escape goes predictably awry. "During rehearsal, the knot kept slipping," she confides. Below: As a go-go dancer in the Laugh-In cocktail-party scene, a body-painted Janice backs up two show regulars, Ruth Buzzi—wha's decked out in her desperately solicitous lady-of-the-street costume—and, at left, a uniformed Dennis Allen. "While I'm dancing," says Janice, "I watch the cast for comedy bits that might help me in the future."





Above: In another Laugh-In sequence, Janice finds herself in the clutches of dirty young mon Arte Johnson, whom she considers "unbelievably talented. His ear for dialect is just perfect, and that kind of skill requires constant practice." Below right: Between scenes, Janice has her make-up retouched. Below: After the taping is completed, Janice discusses future appearances on the show with Rowan and an NBC administrative official. "The great thing about doing Laugh-In is the opportunity it gives me to associate with such a voriety of tolents. They're the most gifted group of comedians since the old Steve Allen Show."

herself during lean times with trips to nearby Las Vegas for jobs in casino song-and-dance troupes, she graduated to appearances as an extra on the Playboy After Dark show, to small speaking parts in episodes of several other television series and, finally, to a role as an operating-room nurse who assiststhen resists-surgeon Elliott Gould in the movie I Love My Wife. And now-in what could be her big screen break-Janice is playing a columnist-interviewer in a satirical drama being filmed, without any prerelease publicity, by Orson Welles, about whom she speaks with a deferential admiration approaching reverence. "Everyone in the movie is like a child at his feet. Not that he coerces you into that kind of attitude but you naturally fall into it because he's so overpowering-mentally and physically." Should this be the stroke of good fortune that she's been working and waiting for, Janice wants to weigh future script offers with considerable caution. "I'm not in such a hurry that I'd play a role I didn't feel was right for me," she explains. There's one kind of part, however, that Janice would accept without a moment's hesitation. "I'd love to play someone slightly mad. I don't necessarily mean a villainess, just









Above: Complying with her captoin's orders, Jonice plays an eager-to-please airline stewardess while Phyllis Diller portrays an unlikely copilot in a scene from a Bob Hope television special. Right: Janice waits offstage for a playback of the tape as Hope goes ahead with another segment of the show.

someone kind of flipped out. That would be fascinating and challenging." If she ever plays such a part, her portrayal will certainly belie the offscreen, athome Janice, who calls herself "terribly normal" and enjoys such simple pastimes as cooking and sewing. She even remodeled her Sherman Oaks living room not long ago, plastering the walls and bricking the fireplace herself. This domestic know-how should serve Janice well in a role she hopes will be hers in the still-distant future. "I want to live near a forest and a river, away from smog, with a husband and children. I don't know where that is yet, but I'm certain that I want to be there." We have every confidence that, given her characteristic determination, Janice will find it. Whether she's destined to become a film star or a housewife-or both-she's got all the ambition and the assets for a winning performance.



#### PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Right after he started undressing me," explained the young thing to her roommate, "I told him he mustn't see me anymore."

"What happened then?" asked her friend. "What do you think happened?" the girl said. "He turned out the lights."

A conservative acquaintance of ours happened to mention that he knows a patriotic prostitute who has embroidered on her panties the starspangled inscription: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT.



Upon arriving home early one evening, a weary suburbanite discovered his shapely wife in bed with a neighbor. "Since you're sleeping with my wife," the irate man shouted, "I'm going over and sleep with yours,"
"Go ahead," replied the neighbor. "You prob-

ably need the rest."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines saltpeter as a product that's not easy to come by.

We know a theater critic who says that girls now do things onstage that they used to do offstage in order to get onstage.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines psychiatrist as an ambivalence chaser.

The gold-digging mother was concerned about the fact that her rather plain-looking daughter was not married. With the girl's permission, her mother placed an ad in an under-ground newspaper that read: "Passionate, sexy young girl with many natural assets would like to meet elderly, wealthy gentleman who appreciates the good things in life. Object:

Several weeks later, when the first reply was forwarded, the girl tore it open, read the

response and immediately burst into tears.
"What's wrong?" the mother asked.
"Oh, Mom," the girl sobbed, "it's from

And, of course, you've heard about the narcotics agents who busted a pot smoker just as he was lighting up a huge joint. They really nailed the head on the hit.

Finishing his prepared statement, the blustering politician threw the press conference open

for questions. "Is it true that you were born in a log cabin?" one sarcastic reporter asked.

"You're thinking of Abraham Lincoln," the politician answered coolly. "I was born in a manger."

The captain of the college basketball team had just married a petite blonde and the school's coach could not understand why the giant player had wed such a tiny girl. "She's hardly bigger than your hand," the coach declared. "I know," replied the court hero, "but she's

a hell of a lot better."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines pimp as a man who lives by broad alone.

An aggressive salesman who had been working on a large account for months came into the office slightly the worse for wear one morning and tossed the signed contract onto his boss's desk. A little later, the boss called him in. "Certainly, I'm glad you finally got the president of the Acme Corporation to OK this order," said the executive. "It's just that I'm not sure that his signature written with a swizzle stick dipped in soy sauce is legally binding."

A handsome bachelor and his ravishing date embraced outside the entrance to the girl's apartment house. As he held her close, the young man whispered a suggestion that was flatly refused. After several unsuccessful attempts to change her mind, the disgusted lad started away. "You're not leaving already?" cooed the startled

"Damn right," he grumbled. "It's too cold for the three of us to stand here much longer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines birth control as multiplication tabled.



The inebriated gentleman approached the attractive young lady who was drinking alone in a cocktail lounge and said, "I guess we're here for the same reason.'

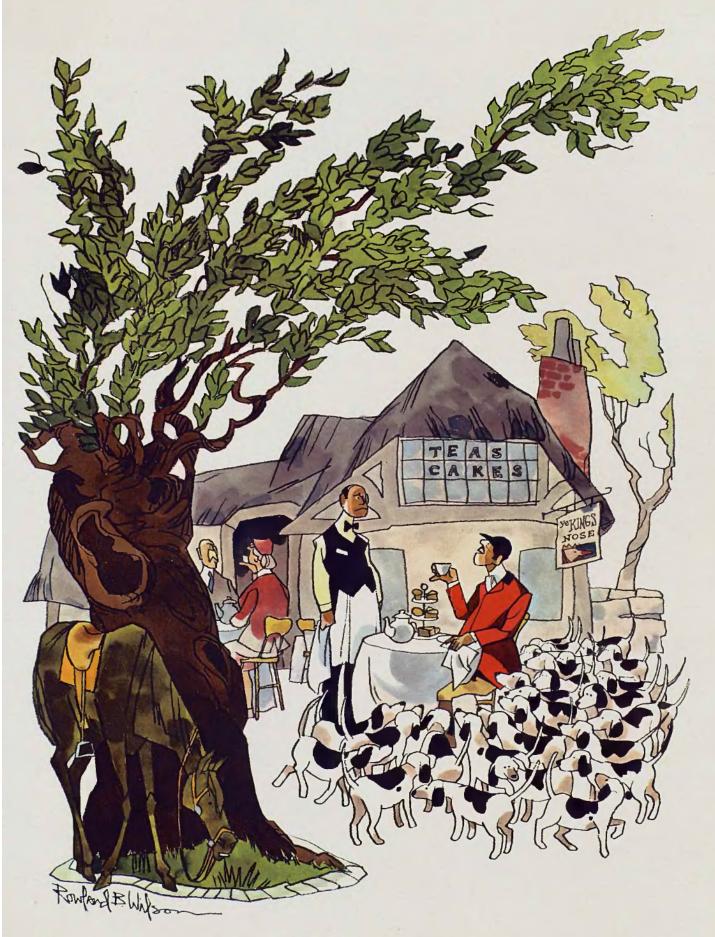
"That's right," she said, dryly. "Let's go pick up some chicks."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines orgasm as a

state-of-the-union message.

As the curtain came down on the main attraction, the P. T. A. president stepped to the mi-crophone and announced: "I'm terribly sorry about what you just saw, but we had naturally assumed that Constance and Her Educated Monkey would be a children's animal act.'

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



"Could you put the rest in a bowser bag?"



article By GARRY WILLS IN A PLEASANT Canadian schoolyard, children are washing cars to make money for their class project. Two Americans—call them Peter and Mickie—gun in on ancient motorcycles. How much to wash a bike? "Fifty cents." They confer, come up with 60 cents, try to bargain with the kids for a two-bike package deal. They are turned down. "What next?" Mickie asks. "Nothing," says Peter, "unless you want to rip off a kid to wash cars and dishes at the house."

A VW bus already dead and half-risen again and a feline little sports car now on the last of its nine lives join the scene and disgorge more Americans into the waning brilliance of Canada's autumn. A mock trial takes place to decide which bike, as the dirtiest, gets the 50-cent treatment. Peter surreptitiously throws dirt on the one he rode. The result is a draw and the bikes remain unwashed, like their owners.

The Americans, with headbands keeping shoulder-length hair out of their eyes, could be rebel Indians breaking out of a reservation. Instead, this afternoon, they are a ragged touch-football team. Mickie, thin and loose-jointed, leads the way onto the dry field, caricaturing a drum majorette, knees almost hitting his chin with each prance and each pump of the great baton. "Don't fuck off," Dusty shouts indignantly. "This is for the honor of the United States of fuckin' America." Dusty left the Army in haste—he had been shipped back to America on suspicion of selling arms to the Viet Cong ("A hundred and fifty dollars in scrip for an M-16," he reminisces dreamily. "Ah, fuck!").

They come here every Sunday to play a collection of Canadian high school footballers, phys-ed teachers and semi-pro castoffs—two-handed touch, Canadian rules (three downs a drive, no fair catch, etc.). The Americans are not high this time—they ran out of grass and money two days ago and are waiting for a hashish shipment to peddle. In fact, they are badly hung over; without money, all they can get is beer, charged to one of several accounts (all delinquent) at the grocery store. (In the store, they pretend not to recognize one another. "That guy? Just another fucker from America dodging the draft," Dusty tells the owner with contempt. He went to drama school before the Army got him.)

"Sisss," the Americans whistle, "boom," as the Canadians boot it, "bahhhhh," as it settles into Big Al's hands. Al is the quiet one who holds the house together, puffing moodily, never drinking, writing poems and manifestos, reading Ché. He scampers well, fakes a lateral, then screams in pain—

Canadian cleats have gouged away most of a big toenail; it dangles bloodily until Jimmy, Al's brother, twists the mangled thing off and wraps his own headband around the toe. "An international incident!" Dusty trumpets. "Off the cleats! That's a non-fuckin'-negotiable demand." The Americans have taken the field in boots and sandals-all but Al, who is barefoot. Lladislaw, "our international diplomat," is chosen to lead a legation to the other side. Llad is a Hungarian defector to the Israeli army who jumped ship with a large store of hashish in Montreal and worked his way inland selling the stuff. His prime qualification as diplomat is that Canadians cannot understand his accent. Eventually, everyone is shoeless, and it is first down Americans. Dwayne takes charge-"I'll run the option." It doesn't work, and no wonder. He had told me the night before how he "flunked Arson 1."

"It was my first try and I was alone, so I thought I'd knock off the only wooden building on campus-just for practice, you know? It meant working right under a streetlight where campus police patrolled, but every other building looked so damn strong. This was hardly more than a shack. I soaked rags in gas, and spread them all around inside in a circle, leading out of a big gas drum and back into it. I had a roll of explosive fuse. So I got across the street and lit it. The silly fire just sat there and looked at me; it didn't go out, but it was smoldering away at a rate of about one inch every ten minutes-no light to it, just a little smoke, people walked right by it in the street, it was so damn sneaky and slow. Hell, I had bought slow fuse! I didn't want to spend the night watching it, so I split. It finally got there, I was told, and a little fire started. But it was put out. I figured it was time to retire. If I couldn't knock over a half-assed building like that, I couldn't bring down a goddamn tent!"

Big Al had done better. He got an R.O.T.C. building before he crossed the border. He has designs on other U.S. buildings, and has lined up the dynamite; but he would rather wait for some plastique: "It's easier to get across the border. I'll make goddamn decorative candles of the stuff." Much of the dope dealt by the house—marijuana up over the border, hashish down—is transmitted inside the large candles they pour and sculpt. Now, crippled on the side lines, Al unwraps his bloodied toe to appreciative oohs and ahs of the children. He is good with kids. One of his poems tells of "the mirror-faces of the very young," and his notebooks say

### WORLD 42 FREAKS O

it isn't easy to be a revolutionary-in-exile when you're out of pot, a one-way brother won't let his chick sleep around, and you have to play football by canadian rules they are the reason he must risk further bombings.

The Canadians are scoring, it is 12-0. Nothing Dwayne can think of moves the ball from scrimmage. The big play so far was Jimmy's interception and 20yard runback of a pass. Dusty pounded his back. "MVP here, M-fuckin'-V-P!" "Great," Jimmy shouts. "What does the MVP get?" Llad, Hungarian potatoes in his English diction, smiles, "He ball Dani first when she cured." Dusty scowls at him-Dani is his chick, off to the city for her Monday morning gonorrhea treatment. "I would get one with the clapbut it's the last time she'll have it, you can bet. There's nothing she hates more than those two shots in the ass on Monday."

Soon the superior Canadians, having run their score up to 42, tire of the game-they are friendly but rather quiet; they like the Americans more for their theatrics than their football. (Each hard block brings weird cries and magical treatments. Even one yard gained from scrimmage calls for Mickie's stirring rendition of the American national anthem.) Sides are now rearranged, three Americans and two Canadians on each, and a stream of little kids pours onto the field-this is the moment they have been waiting for. They know all the "freaks" by name, and know they will be welcomed into the huddle. Even a passing group of high school girls is invited out to play. "They're minnows," Mickie says. "Throw them back." Jimmy: "But so many minnows -nothing like a whole stream of minnows to squirm in." The game disintegrates as the freaks manage to give each kid a turn at passing or receiving. This is the only quarterbacking Dwayne is good at-he has a two-year-old son back in the States.

Dusty breaks things off with, "I got to go to fuckin' work." "Cure him." "Pop him a mescaline." "Chant him an O-O-W-M." "Bring on the medicine man." But the Canadian who owns the football is leaving anyway, and the freaks are hungry.

Back at the house, strays and teenyboppers who passed out or bedded down late Saturday night are awake now, trying to find something in the refrigerator. "There's nothing but salad," one girl complains; she's a French-Canadian high-schooler who comes every weekend, and is called Frou-Frou at the house.

"Make way for Big Al. It's pancake time." They have chaired him up the porch in their arms and told the girls of his heroic toenail sacrifice. But now they need a cook. They rose too late to eat breakfast and make it to the game. Each had grabbed a remedial bottle of beer to drink on the way to the field.

"Al, make a big supply of pancakes. What we don't eat we can use as Frisbees."

"Frisbees, hell! I saved one last week

and put it on a stick for a fly swatter."

"Make me two big ones—I'll use them for snowshoes next month."

Llad has gone up to watch TV—he spends hours before the screen, giggling and picking up English. His favorite shows in Hungary were American and English. "My friends were brokenhearted when *The Saint* was canceled." Llad and his brother live in a different house, occupied by non-American defectors, but he comes over here every day for the TV.

Dusty calls Mickie into the front room to cut his hair and trim his beard-it dwindles to a matted goatee under the shears. "Who has a pair of pants?" "I do," from Jimmy. "Not your dungarees with fuckin' bell bottoms. I mean real pants. I gotta look straight for this job." Dusty begins a temporary job as bouncer in a nearby tavern tonight-just till the shipment of hash arrives. By the time he gets into Al's pants-a foot too short and certain to split if he actually bounces anyone—the girls are giving him a Mr. America treatment, all of them judges with fake little notebooks: "Nice ass on him." "A ghrayt beeg blownd Greek God!" Frou-Frou applauds. "Yeah, but his swimsuit is too long-right down over his goddamn knees." Tina laughs, but does not join in-she was a high school teacher last spring. Al, looking round the corner from his stove, says, "You look like a French faggot." "Yeah," Dusty agrees, and goes up to shave the rest of his beard off.

Llad, at the head of the stairs, shouts, "FLQ ripped off another!" Several people head for the TV. "Mother-sweet-fuck-er!" Dusty croons approvingly. The news is that the Front de Libération de Québec has kidnaped a second government official—the house admires the FLQ and has contacted it in the search for plastique. "They're so much more together than American radicals," Al explains over his batter. "Wow! If they pull this off, the Panthers will bust every black man out of America's prisons."

A car door slams—Tony, back from taking Dani to the city. His hair is short, the Army crewcut still growing out; his tanned thin arms are scribbled over with "good ole boy" unsophisticated tattoos. His eyes light up at the sight of the two motorcycles and he kicks one off into the field, wheels slipping as he bangs off thin deciduous trees, then races halfway up an incline till the loose grass and leaves throw him, laughing crazily. The motor kicks and coughs itself to rest on the ground.

"Bombed out of his head," Al mutters. "He was supposed to deal some dope in the city, but he got high on the first batch. Well, it always happens. When people first come over the border, they have to stay high for a couple of weeks before they can get themselves together." Tony deserted last week, when his company was preparing to ship out for Vietnam. "That means we'll have nothing but rice and salad for dinner tonight."

Dusty is back downstairs, clean-shaven. Frou-Frou sees him first: "Look at the surf keed." "Yeah," he moans, "Troyfuckin'-Donahue." The pancakes are moving fast now, and taste good-stuffing welcome rags into their hunger. The only pause is when Ohio drops onto the phonograph (a machine fed continuously night and day), and the benches are scuffed back for everyone to stand, hand over heart. "That's our house anthem," Al whispers as Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young weave the lament, "Four dead in Llad knows these English words Ohio." well: "Soldiers are cutting us down." As everyone sits down again, he says, "I left army because I could not . . . I can kill no one. In day, I peddled dope with Arabs we were supposed to ambush at night."

Jimmy disagrees: "There are some people I would kill with pleasure." Dusty: "Hell, they're killing us. Sending us out to kill others. The Marines are worst. I once saw them string plastic explosive on wires from hut to hut in a Vietnam village, letting the people think it was a decoration, so they could get off on the way the people touched it and played with it and giggled—before they detonated it."

Al, who has been sampling his wares as he poured batter and flipped pancakes, calls people away from the table: "We have to get the trial started if Dusty is going to get to work."

"On with the trial!" They retire to the front room, rough and paneled but kept very clean, with a well-polished rifle over the fireplace. Every Sunday, violations of house decorum are assessed and punished. Affidavits have to be made up before Saturday midnight to keep the session from becoming a cockpit of sudden hostilities, "We don't want this to be too frivolous," Al explains carefully. "People can't live together if they are not all into the community, if some are taking a free ride on it." The tone is facetious, but a tense trial last week ended in the vote to purge one couple from the house.

Tina is on trial first, for waste. She took a bottle of beer, sipped from it, did not finish it. Jimmy prosecutes—he found the nearly full bottle next morning. Dusty defends—he argues it is the duty of others to fuckin' find any bottles with beer left in them and drink the stuff. She is voted guilty and made to wash dishes one extra time next week. "That's all we do is wash dishes," she complains. "This house is rotten with male chauvinism." "Goddamn right," Jimmy applauds—"The only thing we dig about women's lib is no bras!"

(concluded on page 186)

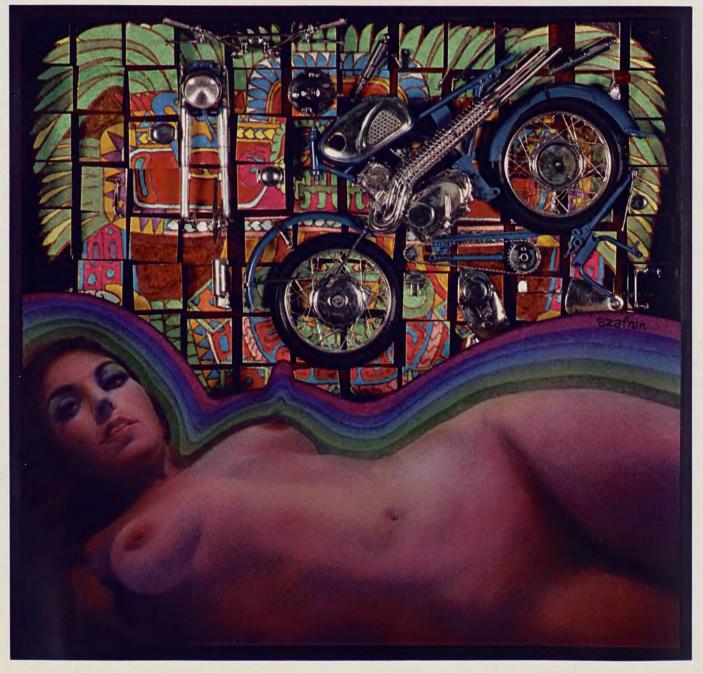
fiction By BRAD WILLIAMS

ALONG THE NARROW and curving road that was the only means of access from the north to the old seaport of Puerto Perdido, Paul Devlan had driven most carefully. The road map showed the highway as a thin, red, unbroken line; but this was a gross exaggeration, as the road often disappeared in a mesa or along the beach. In the latter case, it had not been difficult to pick it up, for when the hard-packed beach ended in a bluff, the road started again, winding back up to another mesa. Here it again would disappear and he was forced to course the opposite end of the plateau, searching for it, much in the manner that a setter crisscrosses a field in search of birds. His motorcycle, however, made a hell of a lot more noise than any dog. Near dusk, he came down a hillside toward the water and this time, the road did not disappear in the hard-packed sand of the beach, choosing, instead, to straighten and run parallel to it. Gratefully, he increased his speed and soon he saw in the distance the muddy outline of the city of Puerto Perdido, where he planned to spend the night.

Centuries earlier, Puerto Perdido had been one of the busy seaports for the conquistadors, but gradually it had

#### **ONE GOOD TURN**

passing through the mexican town, he found friends, enemies and sarita—who was mucho woman



become so full of silt that the harbor today could service only the shallowdraft shrimp boats that brought in the harvest, which provided the basic industry for the community. From here, according to the most unreliable road map, the road was paved all the way to La Paz, some 50 kilometers to the south. Tomorrow, he would drive to La Paz and there, within a few days, he and his motorcycle would board a cargo ship and return to the United States.

It was dark by the time he entered the outskirts of Puerto Perdido. The streets were absurdly narrow for a town with so much open space around it. The stores had no windows, only doors, but no one need enter them to conduct business. The merchants stacked their wares on tables and on the sidewalk outside their stores for easy viewing by the possible customers who were thus forced to walk in the street. Devlan slowed his machine and the popping of the exhaust echoed loudly against the walls, causing the shoppers and the strollers to turn toward him.

He noticed a particularly fine specimen of a woman approaching, hips swaying, breasts loose under her peasant blouse. She had the walk of a person trained to carry a load on her head. As he drew abreast of her, she returned his stare boldly, raised her eyebrows and provocatively thrust a hip in his direction. He realized delightedly that she probably was a prostitute and, at the same time, that he had not had a woman since he started his trip more than a month earlier.

Turning in his saddle for another look, he barely had time to notice that she, too, was looking over her shoulder before the front wheel of his bike twisted violently. Instinctively, he tightened his hold on the handle bars, but the reaction caused him to advance the hand throttle. The motorcycle roared and smashed into the high curb and, at the moment of impact, he was lifted from his saddle and thrown forward. He had a brief second of awareness that he was flying toward a sidewalk stall full of serapes, rebozos, sombreros and huarachos before the world became a smothering black.

He knew when he landed. There was a stinging on the palms of his hands as they slid on the cobblestones for a brief instant before he rolled instinctively, like a tumbler, with the fall. The somersault was followed by a dull thudding blow against his head that stunned him. For a moment, he lay motionless where he had fallen. Then he became aware that he was blind and that he was having a considerable amount of difficulty in breathing. Yet he felt no pain. Far off in the distance, he heard a swelling cacophony of voices. He could move his arms and his legs with no pain; nor was there any pain in his chest. Experimentally, he 138 raised his arms slowly to his head, felt

the rough texture of wool and realized that his head had become enveloped in a serape or a rebozo. He pulled at the cloth but could not loosen it. Then, carefully, he felt with his hands until he found an end and unwound it like a turban. As he slowly freed himself, the voices around him became louder; then, when he finally emerged and gulped in the fresh air, the voices stopped abruptly.

He was surrounded. At least 100 brown-skinned, black-eyed faces of both sexes and all ages tightly pressed together stared at him. On not one of the faces could he detect the slightest expression. None showed sympathy or curiosity; but also, none showed any anger or hostility. The clothing stall was a shambles, garments strewn in all directions. There were no signs of anyone injured, which seemed incredible, considering the crowded conditions of the street. His motorcycle had struck the corner of the stall that had collapsed. Apparently, he had flown through the stall headfirst, which was very lucky, he decided, as his head had picked up a sufficient number of serapes to act as a cushion when he rolled into the adobe side of the building. He was lying now on the sidewalk. Moving very slowly, he raised himself to a sitting position and leaned against the wall. The crowd seemed to sigh and Devlan did likewise. It was best to move very slowly. If someone had been injured, he wanted no revengeful mob descending upon him. The sigh was a good sign that the crowd was not angry.

Thus far, no angry proprietor had appeared. The door to the shop was to his left and inside it was empty and this, too, was odd. A few feet beyond the shop door was a wrought-iron gate that barred the entrance to a shop garage and a patio. A few seconds after he noticed this, it was opened and an obese middle-aged man with a villainous mustache appeared, shrugged, glanced briefly at the wreckage, then turned and pushed the gate wide open. He next walked over to the motorcycle, righted it, slipped the gear into neutral, then rapidly pushed it inside the gate. Devlan noticed that the front wheel wobbled slightly, but otherwise, the bike appeared to be undamaged.

The gate swung shut with a loud clang, followed by the unmistakable sound of a heavy bolt sliding into its socket. Someone in the crowd, a woman, tittered softly. Then a small boy giggled. Devlan sighed deeply in relief. The crowd was not angry. He grinned, raised his hands waist-high with palms up, then shrugged. Several men in the crowd smiled. Two or three boys swooped up some of the rebozos and fled as three women, who looked like criadas, and two men suddenly raced out of the shop, shouting angrily, and began to gather up the scattered merchandise. The incident

was finished. The crowd disappeared, moving along the street unhurriedly. No one any longer paid attention to Devlan.

For perhaps a couple of minutes, he remained against the wall, then slowly he stood up, moved around a busy criada, walked to the gate and looked between the bars. There was only a short driveway leading to a garage. His motorcycle was nowhere to be seen. He went back to one of the men folding the serapes gathered by the criadas.

"What happens?" he asked.

"He has sent for the police, señor. If you are still here when he comes, then you will be arrested."

Devlan nodded. "There is insurance to pay for the damage," he replied. "And also, there is the matter of my machine."

The shopkeeper shrugged and continued to fold the serapes.

A quarter of an hour later, the police came. He came on foot, a young man, about Devlan's age, neatly dressed in a khaki uniform, with a gun in a shiny holster fastened high on his waist. He wore the pips of a captain.

"Buenos dias," the captain said politely, kicking aside a broken sombrero. He glanced cursorily around at the wreckage of the stall.

"Buenos dias," Devlan replied.

"Do you have the necessary insurance?"

"Si, señor."

The captain held out his hand. "May I see the papers, please?"

"They are in the saddlebags of my motorcycle," Devlan answered. He nodded with his head. "The machine was taken inside by a gentleman of many kilos."

The captain nodded and went into the shop. A moment later, he returned and shrugged apologetically. "You will please come with me, señor." Devlan sighed and walked with the captain around the splintered wreckage of the stall. Then he paused and looked down. Lying in the street was a short length of drainage pipe, not attached to anything. The black skid mark of his tire could be seen against the hard clay. "You found the insurance papers?" Devlan asked.

The captain evaded the question. "In Puerto Perdido, we have a jeep, but it would not start, so we must walk. You must accept my apologies."

"The insurance papers," Devlan

The captain touched him on the elbow. "It was the business of Don Antonio Macias that your machine hit, señor. It is unfortunate." The captain shrugged as they strolled down the narrow street. "He says he must keep your machine locked in his garage until you pay for the damage to his stall. He would not let me into his garage to get the insurance papers."

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from playboy's exclusive international collection—creative menswear by the world's top designers 139



Donegol tweed provides the right material for Rupert Lycett-Green's belted coot with matching vest and pants. A coshmere turtleneck completes the suit. Poris designer Antonio Cerruti offers a belted flonnel jump suit with a zip-front turtleneck covered by a midi-length suede outercoat. London's Peter Golding gives the classic duffel coot o longer look in this tweed-with-fringe model worn over o knit shirt suit.







### THE VERY RICH (continued from page 119)

for my burn ticker and the fact that I'm supposed to be on sick leave."

'Nuh-uh," said a young man named Martin Dugan, "the resort management would never let you. The place is as secret as the grave-no location ever given out." He stopped to smile. "I know because I tried to bribe one Pan-Am captain, two travel agents, a professor of Latin-American geography and an ex-CIA man. Nobody could tell me where it might be." Dugan and the girl he was with-Laurie-were the real people that all those fashion models are trying so hard to look like. He was relaxed and handsome without any effort. She was delicious-looking, doe-eyed, bigbreasted without any props. "Still," said Dugan, "I'd sooner be in my little Piper Cherokee, just setting down on some lake in the Adirondacks. Wouldn't you, baby?"

"The Adirondacks stink," said Laurie. "I want to find the lost world of El Dorado and the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan." She smiled and took his hand.

Mrs. Désirée Brooks looked at them through a misty glass of purest Lamplighter with just a breath of Noilly Prat around it. "One day," she said. "I calculate one day, right?" Mrs. Brooks looked to be in her mid-30s and she was very pretty, but nobody noticed that-or not first off, at any rate. What you felt immediately was a certain air that seemed to whisper something about great trust funds, vast safe-deposit vaults full of tax-free municipals and big corporate money pumps that had the name Brooks somewhere on the board of directors. "Married just one day?"

Dugan smiled and admitted it.

"But how did you pin it down to the exact time?" Laurie asked. "You're uncanny."

Mrs. Brooks took a long sip, then lowered the glass. "I should know. In fact, I should change my name to Hope because I've triumphed over experience so many times. My dear, there is always a first time when one of the bridal couple shall remark that the other's favorite thing in life actually stinks. This opinion has never been revealed before and boy and girl convulsively hold hands, shocked. After the first day, they begin to get hardened to that kind of revelation. God, these martinis are beautiful."

The pretty stewardess in a Pucci knew a signal when she heard it, so she came at once with a new pitcher of icy martinis. Woodrough took advantage of this little refueling ceremony and slipped into the empty chair next to Désirée. "From your learned observations, I judge that you are a marriage counselor by profession, and I want to ask your expert advice. I have a problem that's so intimate I'll have to whisper it-I am unmarried. I am all, all alone."

Mrs. Brooks seemed to be amused by this approach. "My advice to you, then, is: Don't blow it. If you're lucky, you can stay that way till you die."

They clinked glasses solemnly. "To the next three weeks, then," Woodrough said, looking into her eyes.

"It's got to be something really special," Dugan was saying, "to have the nerve to charge three thousand bucks a week. Even Frenchman's Cove charges only \$1300 per couple." He poked at the shrouded window at Laurie's shoulder. "It's got to be the Caribbean-not one of the big vulgar places but some little jewel of an island they can keep top secret."

Al Hunsicker slowly withdrew from his pocket a small compass and placed it on the table. "I like to know where I'm at," he stated flatly. All craned forward to see, a conspiratorial gleam in every eye. "We've been airborne for three hours, forty minutes. We're headed south-southwest from New York City. The Caribbean is due south of New York. No, my friend. We're over Central America right now. I say we land in Guatemala or Honduras, probably on the Pacific coast and probably in the next half hour."

"I know that country," Dugan said, with a little drunken edge. "There's not a spot on either coast where you could put what they advertise. In fact, I've got a thousand stalwart men and true who say it won't be anywhere in Central America."

"You've got your bet," Al said, holding out his hand, which Martin took. "We'll know in a few minutes."

"How will you know?" Laurie Dugan asked. "Maybe I'm dumb, but will they tell us where we are?"

"They won't tell us," Al declared importantly, "but I'll know soon enough."

The plane tilted toward the earth and its speed diminished; in a few moments, they heard the flaps go down and then the wheels. Expectancy was on every face except Martin's, which was dark, and Laurie's, which was taking its cue from his. There was a slight screech as the wheels touched and they were rolling.

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to Paradise Plage"-and there was, indeed, a beach of white sand, within sight of the landing strip. But they were not on the sea, as all had expected. They were on a lake, in a valley under towering mountains, some of which glowed at their peaks and cast forth smoke. The man who had greeted them was an elegant little Latin with a tiny mustache and peaked eyebrows.

He said, as they were walking to the limousine, "I am Claudio Montenegro, your host. Please don't trouble to introduce yourselves-you see, I know who all of you are and have been expecting you."

"Who am I?" young Dugan asked.

"You, sir, are Mr. Dugan, with your charming bride of one day."

"How do you know that?"

"Sir, Paradise Plage makes a point of knowing as much as it can about each of its guests, to be able to give them its personalized and superb service. Thus, we have been able to reserve for you the bridal suite.'

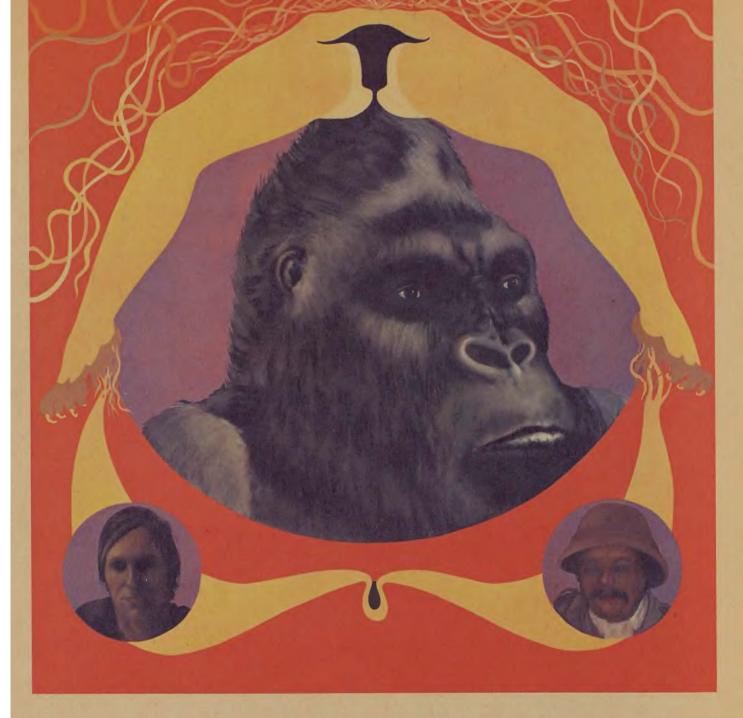
They stowed themselves in the car. The plane that had brought them took off and flew away. "I am afraid you will find Paradise Plage rather empty this evening," Montenegro said. "The fact is, you are the first guests of the new season. But we expect twenty-four tomorrow and another forty or so within the next week. All of them precisely such charming and discriminating persons as yourselves."

They drew up before the main building, a gleaming, gently curving façade facing the lake, and were shown to their four rooms by respectful Indian servants in livery. There they found champagne on ice and caviar nested in an ice Beluga. The rooms were richly appointed and in each of them, certain events and thoughts now took place.

Désirée Brooks stripped and took a long, leisurely bath. Later, in a robe, she sat at her window, smoked several cigarettes and contemplated the spectacular prospect of volcanoes and setting sun. Dinner was not for another hour, but she touched neither the caviar nor the champagne. She was 40 years old now, though she looked 35. She was here because she was on the prowl for another husband. With all the money she could want and with all the world to use it in, she found herself obsessed with a single interestshe genuinely liked a honeymoon marriage. The charm wore off, always, in a year or two and she would again find herself divorced, depressed, lonely. She wondered if Woodrough could have been telling the truth about being single. Probably not, even though he hadn't brought a wife along. She liked that fresh, florid-faced, ex-tennis-champion, moneyed look about him. He seemed charming enough.

Pete Woodrough knew that it was the thing to do to take a bath, but he did not. Instead, he cast himself on the caviar and made almost a meal of it: He was going to get his money's worth. The deal was \$3000 a week and that included absolutely anything you could dream

(continued on page 195)



### THE ANIMAL FAIR billed as the world's most ferocious beast, it was far more vicious than the public dreamed

fiction BY ROBERT BLOCK IT WAS DARK when the truck dropped Dave off at the deserted freight depot. Daye had to squint to make out the lettering on the weather-faded sign. MEDLEY, OKLAHOMA-POP. 1134.

The trucker said he could probably get another lift on the state highway up past the other end of town, so Dave hit the main drag. And it was a drag.

Nine o'clock of a hot summer evening and Medley was closed for the night. Fred's Eats had locked up, the Jiffy SuperMart had shut down, even Phil's Phill-Up Gas stood deserted. There were no cars parked on the dark street, not even the usual cluster of kids on the corners.

Dave wondered about this, but not for long. In five minutes, he covered the length of Main Street and emerged on open fields at the far side, and that's when he saw the lights and heard the music.

They had a carnival going in the little county fairgrounds up ahead—canned music blasting from amplifiers, cars crowding the parking lot, mobs milling across the midway.

Dave wasn't craying this kind of action, but he still had 80 cents in his jeans and he hadn't eaten anything since breakfast. He turned down the side road leading to the fairgrounds.

Like he figured, the carnival was a bummer. One of those little mud shows, traveling by truck; a couple of beatup rides for the kids and a lot of come-ons for the local yokels. Wheel O' Fortune, Pitch-a-Winner, Take a Chance 145 on a Blanket-that kind of jive. By the time Dave got himself a burger and coffee at one of the stands, he knew the

score. A big fat zero.

But not for Medley, Oklahoma-Pop. 1134. The whole damn town was here tonight and probably every red-neck for miles around, shuffling and shoving along the carny street. Dave had to do a little shuffling and shoving himself to get through to the far end of the midway.

And it was there, on the far end, that he saw the small red tent with the tiny platform before it. Hanging limp and listless in the still air, a sun-bleached banner proclaimed the wonders within. CAPTAIN RYDER'S HOLLYWOOD JUNGLE SA-

FARI, the banner read.

What a Hollywood jungle safari was, Dave didn't know. And the wrinkled cloth posters lining the sides of the entrance weren't much help. A picture of a guy in an explorer's outfit, tangling with a big snake wrapped around his neck-the same joker prying open the jaws of a crocodile-another drawing showing him wrestling a lion. The last poster showed the guy standing next to a cage; inside the cage was a black furry question mark, way over six feet high. The lettering underneath was black and furry, too. WHAT IS IT? SEE THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE JUNGLE ALIVE ON THE

Dave didn't know what it was and he cared less. But he'd been bumping along those corduroy roads all day and he was wasted and the noise from the amplifiers here on the midway hurt his ears. At least there was some kind of a show going on inside, and when he saw the open space gaping between the canvas and the ground at the corner of the tent, he stooped and slid under.

The tent was a canvas oven.

Dave could smell oil in the air; on hot summer nights in Oklahoma, you can always smell it. And the crowd in here smelled worse. Bad enough that he was thumbing his way through and couldn't take a bath, but what was their

The crowd huddled around the base of a portable wooden stage at the rear of the tent, listening to a pitch from Captain Ryder. At least that's who Dave figured it was, even though the character with the phony safari hat and the dirty white riding breeches didn't look much like his pictures on the banners. He was handing out a spiel in one of those hoarse, gravelly voices that carry without a microphone-some hype about being a Hollywood stunt man and African explorer-and there wasn't a snake or a crocodile or a lion anywhere in sight.

The two-bit hamburger began churning up a storm in Dave's guts, and between the body heat and the smells, he'd just about had it in here. He start-146 ed to turn and push his way through the mob when the man up on the stage thumped the boards with his cane.

"And now friends, if you'll gather round a little closer-

The crowd swept forward in unison, like the straws of a giant broom, and Dave found himself pressed right up against the edge of the square-shaped, canvas-covered pit beside the end of the platform. He couldn't get through now if he tried; all the red-necks were bunched together, waiting.

Dave waited, too, but he stopped listening to the voice on the platform. All that jive about Darkest Africa was a put-on. Maybe these clowns went for it, but Dave wasn't buying a word. He just hoped the old guy would hurry and get the show over with; all he wanted now was out of here.

Captain Ryder tapped the canvas covering of the pit with his cane and his harsh tones rose. The heat made Dave yawn loudly, but some of the phrases filtered through.

"-About to see here tonight the world's most ferocious monster-captured at deadly peril to life and

Dave shook his head. He knew what was in the pit. Some crummy animal picked up secondhand from a circus, maybe a scroungy hyena. And two to one it wasn't even alive, just stuffed. Big

Captain Ryder lifted the canvas cover and pulled it back behind the pit. He flourished his cane.

"Behold—the lord of the jungle!"

The crowd pressed, pushed, peered over the rim of the pit.

The crowd gasped.

And Dave, pressing and peering with the rest, stared at the creature blinking up at him from the bottom of the pit.

It was a live, full-grown gorilla.

The monster squatted on a heap of straw, its huge forearms secured to steel stakes by lengths of heavy chain. It gaped upward at the rim of faces, moving its great, gray head slowly from side to side, the yellow-fanged mouth open and the massive jaws set in a vacant grimace. Only the little rheumy, redrimmed eyes held a hint of expressionenough to tell Dave, who had never seen a gorilla before, that this animal was

The matted straw at the base of the pit was wet and stained; in one corner, a battered tin plate rested untouched, its surface covered with a soggy slop of shredded carrots, okra and turnip greens floating in an oily scum beneath a cloud of buzzing blowflies. In the stifling heat of the tent, the acrid odor rising from the pit was almost overpowering.

Dave felt his stomach muscles constrict. He tried to force his attention back to Captain Ryder. The old guy was stepping offstage now, moving behind the pit and reaching down into it with

"Nothing to be afraid of, folks; as you can see, he's perfectly harmless, aren't you, Bobo?"

The gorilla whimpered, huddling back against the soiled straw to avoid the prodding cane. But the chains confined movement and the cane began to dig its tip into the beast's shaggy shoulders.

"And now Bobo's going to do a little dance for the folks-right?" The gorilla whimpered again, but the point of the cane jabbed deeply and the rasping voice firmed in command.

"Up, Bobo-up!"

The creature lumbered to its haunches. As the cane rose and fell about its shoulders, the bulky body began to sway. The crowd oohed and aahed and snickered.

"That's it! Dance for the people, Bobo-dance!"

A swarm of flies spiraled upward to swirl about the furry form shimmering in the heat. Dave saw the sick beast shuffle, moving to and fro, to and fro. Then his stomach was moving in responsive rhythm and he had to shut his eyes as he turned and fought his way blindly through the murmuring mob.

"Hey-watch where the hell ya goin',

Dave got out of the tent just in time.

Getting rid of the hamburger helped and getting away from the carnival grounds helped, too, but not enough. As Dave moved up the road between the open fields, he felt the nausea return. The oily air made him dizzy and he knew he'd have to lie down for a minute. He dropped into the ditch beside the road, shielded behind a clump of weeds, and closed his eyes to stop the whirling sensation. Only for a minute-

The dizziness went away, but behind his closed eyes he could still see the gorilla, still see the expressionless face and the all-too-expressive eyes. Eyes peering up from the pile of dirty straw in the pit, eyes clouding with pain and hopeless resignation as the chains clanked and the cane flicked across the hairy

Ought to be a law, Dave thought. There must be some kind of law to stop it, treating a poor dumb animal like that. And the old guy, Captain Ryderthere ought to be a law for an animal

Ah, to hell with it. Better shut it out of his mind now, get some rest. Another couple of minutes wouldn't hurt.

It was the thunder that finally woke him. The thunder jerked him into awareness, and then he felt the warm, heavy drops pelting his head and face.

Dave rose and the wind swept over him, whistling across the fields. He must have been asleep for hours, because (continued on page 254)



"You didn't think the truck drivers all stop here for this slop, did you?"

LANGUAGE IS A CASUALTY of the 20th Century. All-purpose obscenity and mindless slang have become the favorite forms of verbal communication among the young; the bland terminology of bureaucracies has worked itself into the style of their elders; and political rhetoric, Nixonese, has never been drearier. A favorite cliché of the times is "those are only words, they don't mean anything." The keepers of the language, the poets, seem to be in hiding. There are those who insist that poetry isn't dead, that it is as strong as ever, that the Wordsworths of our time have been the Beatles and Bob Dylan. Such assertions prove only that precision in language is a dusty virtue; Dylan and the Beatles obviously have written songs. There may be something poetic in those songs, but what is the real measure? Who writes poems?

James Dickey won the National Book Award for his volume Buckdancer's Choice and shares with Robert Lowell the distinction of being one of the major American poets of his generation. But Dickey is clearly not a composite of those ambiguous qualities people associate with poets, while Lowell, thin, slightly frail, pinched and looking out on the world through a woundedlooking countenance, is perfect—just the right amount of dignity, scorn, hurt and withdrawal. Dickey, 48 years old, six feet, three inches and 215 pounds, his sandy, thinning hair brushed down and across his wide forehead and his impatient, heavy hands always moving in gesture or pure restlessness, looks like a football coach. But he is a poet; the football coach, Paul Dietzel-formerly of Louisiana State and Army, currently at the University of South Carolina-is building a house across the street from Dickey's. When he moves in, he and the poet will have a lot to talk about, because the poet was a football player once and there is a good measure of it left in him.

In fact, when Dickey entered Clemson University in 1942, football was his passion. He had starred as a high school halfback in Atlanta, his home town, and gone on to college to play more ball and study animal husbandry, wanting vaguely to be a veterinarian. He played well as a freshman, then left school for the War, joining the Army Air Corps, where his exceptional eyesight singled him out for training in night fighters.

Dickey came to literature during the War. On

### THE STUFF OF POETRY:

a little guitar picking, fast-water canoeing, booze, archery and weight lifting—if you happen to be james dickey in search of deliverance

bleached-coral airstrips, he filled the hours of waiting by reading books from the Special Services libraries. As he read, he began to formulate a sort of aesthetic that united writers such as Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe and James Agee, interpreting them as failed poets who were using prose for poetic effect. In damp tents, he read poetry seriously for the first time, going through anthologies, finding what he liked and trying to work out a theory to explain his preferences. And he started writing a little poetry himself.

The War ended and Dickey, with 100 combat missions flown through MacArthur's South Pacific campaign, the Philippines and Okinawa battles and the final B-29 raids over Japan, went home to go to school. The War is still with him 25 years later, in some of his best poetry:

And some technical-minded stranger with my hands

Is sitting in a glass treasure-hole of blue light,

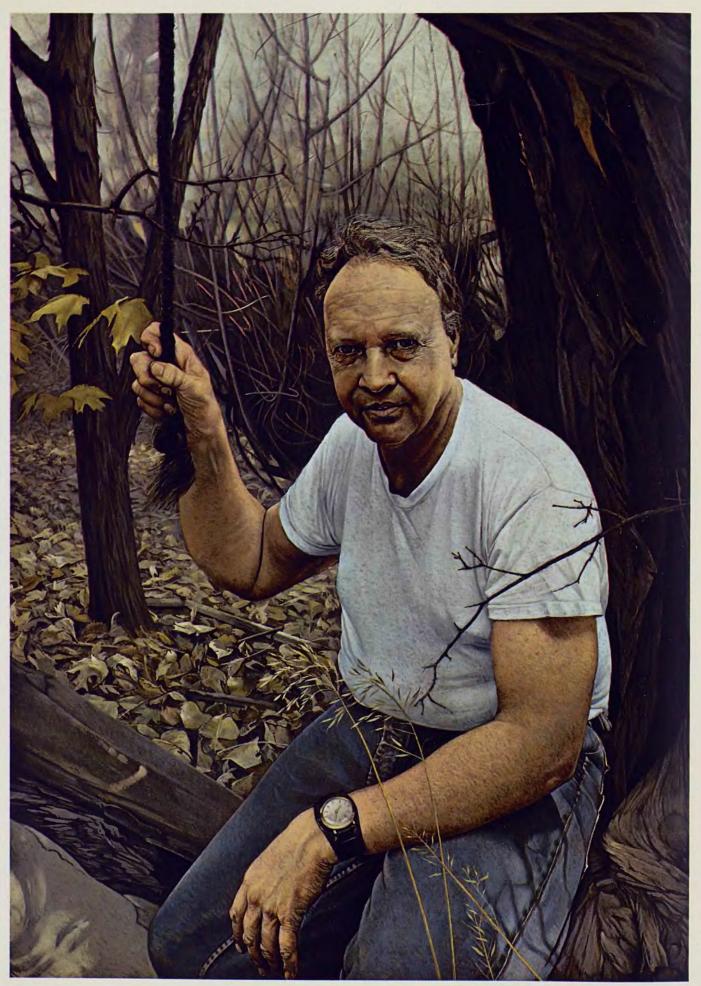
Having potential fire under the undeodorized arms

Of his wings, on thin bomb-shackles,

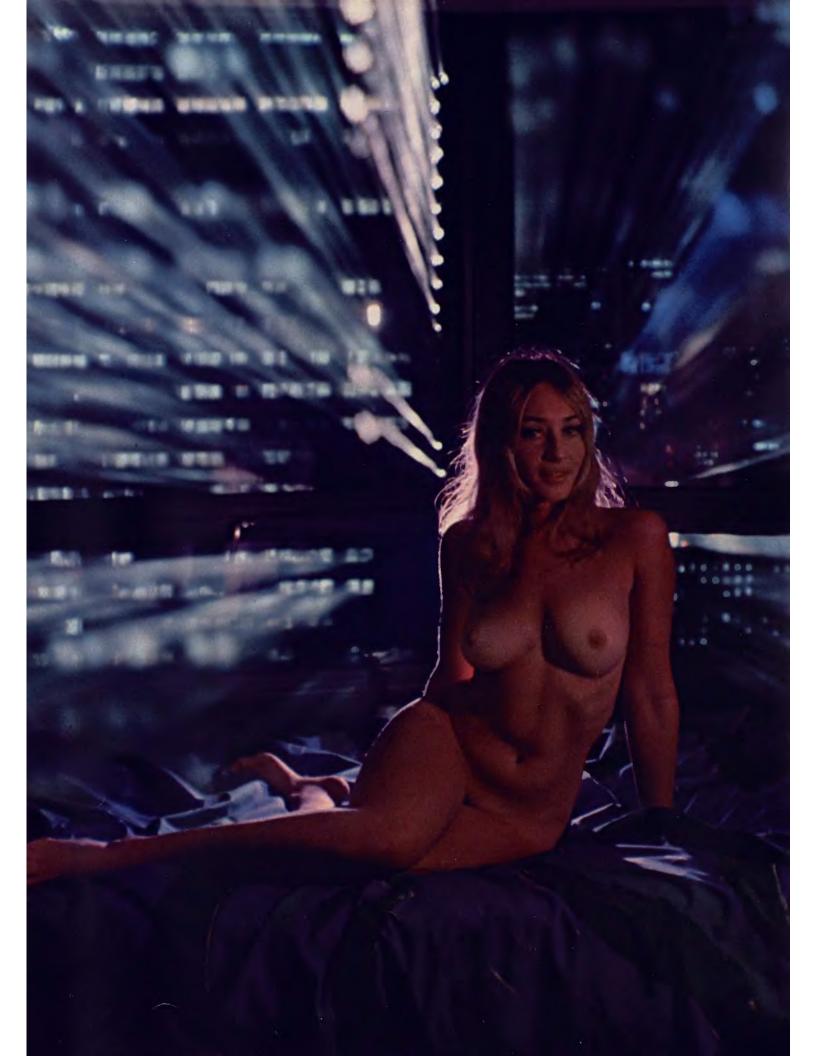
The "tear-drop-shaped" 300-gallon droptanks

Filled with napalm and gasoline.

He talks about it. Not the actual combat but the personal upheaval of going from his comfortable, predictable life into the chaos of military service, aviation and, (continued on page 230)



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### THE BUNNIES OF NEW YORK

a words-and-pictures toast to manhattan's glamorous hutch honeys

"THIS TOWN'S SO BIG," according to the old saw, "they had to name it twice-New York, New York." Actually, in the 345 years since Peter Minuit traded \$24 worth of trinkets to the Manhattan Indians in exchange for their island real estate, the city has been named and nicknamed many times-formally and informally, affectionately and derisively. Starting out as New Amsterdam, it became New York, New Orange, then New York again; more recently, it's been called Big Town, The Big Apple, Fun City. It's also been called ungovernable and uninhabitable. Befitting its stature as our largest metropolis, New York is also the nation's most controversial city. You either love it or you hate it.

The Bunnies of New York love it and, if anyone can turn it into Fun City, it's this lively group of 90 young beauties who staff the Playboy Club at 5 East 59th Street, just around the corner from Fifth Avenue. Their infectious enthusiasm permeates the seven-story hutch and their devotion to the city isn't just a

professional pose or a passing fancy. More than half of New York's cottontail contingent hails from within a 100-mile radius of the Club—nearly a third born within New York City itself. But even those who come from farther afield—Norwegian Marta Andersen, Filipina Kelia Carrillo, Austrian Marie Henn, German Anya Sonders, Jamaican Leigh Jefferson and Briton Pauline Nicholls, as well as dozens of girls from distant Southern and Western states, Puerto Rico and Hawaii—have come to Manhattan for the same reason the natives stay there: It's the place to be.

"It would take a bulldozer to get me out of New York," says Panama-born Barbaree Earl, whose parents named her—appropriately—for the hauntingly lovely old sea chanty *High Barbaree*. She sold cars on St. Croix in the U. S. Virgin Islands before coming to New York, where she had planned to become a Trans-World Airlines stewardess: "I took this job as a Bunny to kill a month and a half before (text continued on page 216)

Typical af New York's talented crap of largely home-grown Bunnies are Broaklyn's Karen Ferber (left) and Manhattan's Beverly Taylor (below). Karen aspires to become an actress and Beverly wants to be "a great singer"; both spend off-duty hours rehearsing.





Playmate-Bunny Debbie Ellison (above) adarned our gatefold in September 1970. In addition to Bunny-happing in New York, Debbie studies ballet and creative writing. Public-relations work appeals to Waren Smith (below left, welcoming keyholders to the Manhattan hutch). Born in Portland, Oregon, Waren lived in Japan and California before moving east with her family; naw she attends Mantclair State Callege in New Jersey. Gina Byrams (right), 1970 Bunny af the Year far the entire Playboy empire, began her cottontail career in Baltimore but recently transferred to the New York Club. An enthusiastic sparts fan, Gina enjoys faotball, basketball, automobile racing and riding; for indoor amusement, she frequently tries her hand at costume design.





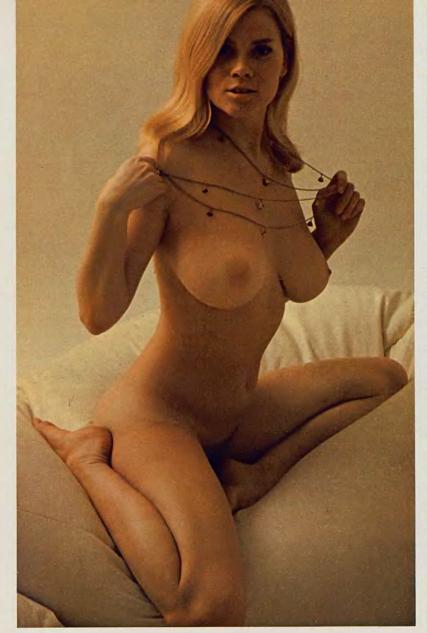


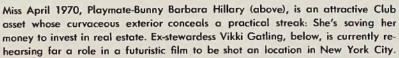


The New York Playboy Club afforded quite a change of pace for Bunny Anita Jabbour (above left), wha came to the hutch fresh from duties as a staff nurse at New York Hospital. Of Spanish-Lebanese extraction, Anita is a free-lance model and a professional vacalist. The chilled cottontail above right is Gina Loren, a former opera student who now leans toward gentle ballads; "I've written some songs, toa, but none has been recorded yet." Leipzig, Germany's gift to the Club is Gisela Moseman, below left and right; the helping hands are Ricki Shapiro's.

















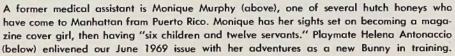
Expert surfer Suzi Mitchell (abave) spent nine months in Hawaii training far an international surfing meet at Makaka Beach; she placed as a finalist. Since moving to New York, she's become interested in flying and intends someday to be a flight instructor. Judy Juterbock (below), a minister's daughter from Michigan and farmer student at Detroit's Society of Arts and Crafts, is working to establish herself as a model in Fun City—and so is Inga Whealtan, the cyclist at left. A transplanted Floridian-born and raised in Tampa-Inga has called Manhattan home for the past two and a half years.





Aspiring actress Candice Bajada (above) bears the same first name as her ideal -Candice Bergen. "She's totally honest and never phony," says Bunny Candice. At the Club, Candice works in the checkraom and Gift Shop; afternaons off are likely to be spent painting water colors or cycling in Central Park. 155













"I could never work in on office; it's too confining," says Shari Marcell (left). Playboy keyholders applaud her choice of Bunnydom over business. An aspiring actress is Dee Levin, at left above, getting an assist from fellow cottontail Carmel Atwell. Dee did everything from scrubbing floors to understudying the stars during a year's theatrical apprenticeship in her native Baltimore before tackling the big city. Carmel, a professional dancer, and droma student Janice Shilinsky (belaw) share Dee's footlight ambitions; Janice also writes poetry.





Playbay is a family affair far Leni Campbell (above), whose mather is the seamstress at the Boston hutch. Before joining the cottontail crew, Leni spent six years as a telephone-company supervisor. Madeling a sari from her collection (below) is Tanya Mohammed, who's saving up for a trip to her parents' native India.





A transferee from the Chicago Club, Lee Wydra (abave) worked as a salesgirl in Marshall Field's and studied art for two years at Western Illinois University in Macomb before donning her Bunny collar and cuffs. Eventually, she plans to enter the teaching field.





Nikki Minick (below), another Georgia peach, worked as a veterinarian's assistant before jaining Playboy last saring. Her father is o career Army man, but Nikki idolizes ex-Beatle John Lennon for his pacifist leanings. "We're all entirely different in our outlook on life," she soys of her family, "yet, we have remained very close."

Another ex-Chicagoan, Emma Patterson, calls guests to the Living Roam's breakfast buffet (above). Emma finds New York living expensive, but Manhattan keyholders are generous tippers, she says: "I can easily earn \$200 in just three days' work here." Next step for Emma will be studies in hotel management; then, she hopes, an administrative job at Playboy's new Great Gorge, New Jersey, resort now under construction. Bunny Diane Richardson, swinging with the Club beat, below, hails from Georgia—where she was graduated from Tift College in Forsyth. "I love exploring New York City on my own," says Diane. Her favorite discoveries: the Sheep Meodow in Centrol Park and the Stoten Island Ferry, the fare of which omozes her. "Where else can you get such a bargoin for a nickel?" she asks. Dione intends to



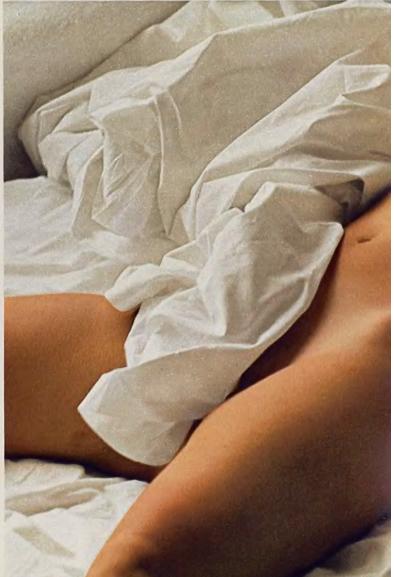






For Dee Saffold (obove left), one of the greatest things obout New York is its obundance of museums. An omoteur ortist ("I dabble in oils"), Dee odmits o preference for works in the 18th Century manner—her toste perhaps influenced by her two years at the College of William and Mory in historic Williamsburg. Jody Irusholmi (above right) pursues o somewhot more strenuous hobby: korate. Brigitte Gartenberg (below left), a Czechoslovokian contribution to the New York Bunny brigode, keeps in shope—beoutifully—with ice skating and tennis.









"I guess I'll always be an outdoor girl," says Dianne Hall, at left, practicing park-bench acrobatics. Emily Brown, at the Club's Living Room buffet above, is a stay-at-home who writes fairy tales. Pam Powers (below) enjoys both leisurely and lively diversions, among them yoga, knitting, ballet, studying classical Greek and astrology—and sky diving.





GLOOM, like a poisonous fog, hung in the golden rooms of the palace and all gaiety was gone. The lovely ladies in waiting wore their most somber dresses and went about their duties in silence; the clever poets kept their epigrams to themselves; the courtiers forgot their usual flattery and snarled at the servants instead; the officials of the kingdom put on their most dour faces; Septimus Pandarus, the grand chamberlain, sat in his study and drank a great deal of brandy. All of this because it was the queen's birthday.

It was not an ordinary birthday but that dread 30th anniversary, when youth suddenly vanishes and beautiful girls turn into raddled dowagers at the stroke of midnight-or so thought her majesty Queen Cymbelina, ruler of Orchis and the Seven Isles. She had been storming and weeping in her bedroom all day.

For the past ten years, the queen had led a wanton, gay and splendidly frivolous life, ever since her husband, the king, had been regrettably destroyed by the explosion of one of his own cannon while attempting to reduce the castle of a rebellious baron. She had been flattered and wooed by 100 noble or princely lovers; she had grown bored with every trick of lust, including the most surprising Oriental inventions. Her beauty had raised the tent pole of every man who had come within eyeshot of her as long as she could remember. And now it was all over. She had grown old.

At last she sent for Pandarus, who came fearfully into her chamber and bowed to the floor.

"Yesterday I was lovely and adored," she said, "and now look at me!"

With some trepidation, he raised his eyes. "Your Majesty has not changed at all. You are still the most enchanting lady in the kingdom," said Pandarus truthfully.

"In that case," the queen said in a bitter voice, "why is it that men no longer undress me with their eyes? Nowadays, why are there no looks of lust, like burning glasses, directed at me? Why have strong men ceased to tremble with the wish to overpower me as I walk by? Why, indeed?"

"You imagine things," said Pandarus shakily, trying to look at the queen with a sex-mad expression.

"Stop making those hideous faces and answer the question," said Cymbelina. "You know that practically every peasant girl with a round bottom and pert breasts gets raped with some regularity, and yet I, who was once so glorious, seldom get even an indecent proposal." She began to weep again.

"Please, your Majesty, give me five minutes and I'll try to think of one," Pandarus stammered. At that, the queen's sobbing broke into a scream of rage and she threw a golden vase at his head. The grand chamberlain accepted



that as a sign the interview was over. Back in his study, he ordered another bottle of brandy. "So the queen has never been raped?" he thought. Of course, it had never been necessary. Now, it occurred to him, Queen Cymbelina was in the midst of a hysterical farewell to her youth-and her greatest regret was that she had missed out on one of life's most exhilarating experiences, that tender moment when the aboriginal hunter impales his prey. It sounded fairly silly to Pandarus.

But then, grand chamberlains are used to the crotchets of queens. They are also used to providing ingenious solutions to imagined problems. Pandarus sent at once for a certain royal guardsman whom he had often remarked on duty in the royal park at the base of an equestrian statue of the late king. He assumed that this young man had been given a post that would be unlikely to tax his intelligence.

He was a fine beef of a boy, however, well over six feet tall, with a great set of muscles, curly golden hair above a strong handsome face and a mind unpolluted by ideas. He arrived, looking like Hercules in the green and white guards' colors, clicked his heels and stood at attention.

"Listen carefully, my lad," Pandarus said, "and follow my directions. Outside my door is a corridor. You will follow it until you reach a flight of stairs. You will then mount those stairs, turn to your right and proceed some thirty paces until you come to a rather heavily gilt door on which there is the royal coat of arms. You will open the door and in the room you will find a woman. Is all of that perfectly clear?"

"Sir!" said the guardsman.

"You will thereupon seize and rape

that woman, no matter what she says or how she resists. Understood? Let us synchronize our watches. It is now 2302. At 2305, you will be at the staircase. At 2310, you will enter the room. At 2312, you will begin to rape the female subject. At 2327, you will complete said rape and get back into uniform. At 2340, report here to me. About, face. Forward, march.'

Pandarus then went to a wall, pressed a button, which caused a panel to slide back, went through this opening, climbed a small circular stairway, walked along a dark passage and finally came to the concealed peephole that gave an excellent view of the queen's bedroom.

The queen, in her nightdress, was lying on a sofa; the door was just opening on the manly figure of the guardsman. Pandarus watched as he came into the room, closed the door behind him and stood at attention with a perfect heel click.

"Who are you? What's this?" said the

"Private Maximus, reporting as ordered, my lady. Mission is to conduct a rape."

The queen looked astonished. Pandarus groaned to himself and beat his head. Finally, the queen said in a rather cutting tone, "Well, if that's so, what are you waiting for?"

"Beg pardon, miss," said the guardsman stiffly, "but I'd appreciate your explaining how I'm to carry out instructions. I think they balled up somewhere in H. Q. when they cut the orders. I know what rape is-it's that little mustardy herb Dad used to feed the pigs on. I don't know what it's got to do with you.'

The queen laughed. But she soon stopped laughing when she took a better look at the soldier and saw his fine physique, the muscles swelling under his tight breeches. "This!" she cried, casting off her nightdress and throwing herself, quite naked, at the astonished guardsman.

Pandarus, feeling that everything had begun to go wrong, withdrew from his peephole-which he was always careful to use for surveillance and security purposes, rather than for spectator sports.

At 2340, the guardsman reported to Pandarus, but he was too confused and inarticulate to give a clear account of the

At 2400, the queen sent for her chamberlain. She was calm, fully dressed and she had a contented smile. "I have just had an instructive experience, dear Pandarus," she said. "I have learned that before thirty, a woman may attract, but after that age, a queen must dominate. From now on, I intend to throw myself into the affairs of the country with vigor. One cannot simply lie back and accept what happens to come, can one? I have begun, in a small way, with the military." -Retold by Paul Tabori 163

#### THE TRIP (continued from page 96)

she had made an impression. She picked up her paper bag and out of it she pulled a tin of biscuits and put it on his

"I have brought you a present," she said, "with the gratitude of the women of Guatemala. It is Scottish shortbread. From Guatemala." She smiled proudly at the oddity of this fact. "Open it."

"Shall I open it? Yes. I will. Let me offer you one," he humored her.

"No," she said. "They are for you."

Murder. Biscuits, he thought. She is mad.

The editor opened the tin and took out a biscuit and began to nibble. She watched his teeth as he bit; once more, she was memorizing what she saw. She was keeping watch. Just as he was going to get up and make a last speech to her, she put out a short arm and pointed to his portrait.

"That is not you," she pronounced. Having made him eat, she was now in command of him.

"But it is," he said. "I think it is very good. Don't you?"

"It is wrong," she said.

"Oh." He was offended, and that brought out his saintly look.

"There is something missing," she said. "Now I have seen you, I know what it is."

She got up.

"Don't go," said the editor. "Tell me what you miss. It was in the Academy, you know."

He was beginning to think now she was a fortuneteller.

"I am a poet," she said. "I see vision in you. I see a leader. That picture is the picture of two people, not one. But you are one man. You are a god to us. You understand that apartheid exists for women, too."

She held out her prophetic hand. The editor switched to his wise, pagan look and his sunny hand held hers.

"May I come to your lecture this evening?" she said. "I asked your secretary about it."

"Of course, of course, of course. Yes, yes, yes," he said and walked with her to the outer door of the office. There they said goodbye. He watched her march away slowly, on her thick legs, like troops.

The editor went into the secretary's room. The girl was putting the cover on her typewriter.

"Do you know," he said, "that woman's father killed her mother because she dyed her hair?"

"She told me. You copped something there, didn't you? What d'you bet me she doesn't turn up in Copenhagen tomorrow two rows from the front?" the rude girl said.

She was wrong. Miss Mendoza was in 164 the fifth row at Copenhagen. He had not noticed her at the London talk and he certainly had not seen her on the plane; but there she was, looking squat, simple and tarry among the tall fair Danes. The editor had been puzzled to know who she was-for he had a poor visual memory; for him, people's faces merged into the general plain lineaments of the convinced. But he did become aware of her when he got down from the platform and when she stood, well planted, on the edge of the small circle where his white head was bobbing to people who were asking him questions. She listened, turning her head possessively and critically to each questioner, and then to him, expectantly. She nodded with reproof at the questioner, when he replied. She owned him. Closer and closer she came, into the inner circle. He was aware of a smell like nutmeg. She was beside him. She had a long envelope in her hand, The chairman was saying to him:

"I think we should take you to the party now." Then people went off in three cars. There she was at the party.

"We have arranged for your friend. . ." said the host. "We have arranged for you to sit next to your friend."

"Which friend?" the editor began, Then he saw her, sitting beside him. The Dane lit a candle before them. Her skin took on, in the editor's surprised eye, the gleam of an idol. He was bored: He liked new women to be beautiful when he was abroad.

Haven't we met somewhere?" he said. "Oh, yes, I remember. You came to see me. Are you on holiday here?"

"No," she said. "I drink at the fount." He imagined she was taking the waters.

"Fount?" said the editor, turning to others at the table. "Are there many spas here?" He was no good at metaphors.

He forgot her and was talking to the company. She said no more during the evening, until she left with the other guests, but he could hear her deep breath beside him.

"I have a present for you," she said before she went, giving him the enve-

"More biscuits?" he said waggishly.

"It is the opening canto of my poem," she said.

"I'm afraid," said the editor, "we rarely publish poetry."

It is not for publication. It is dedicated to you."

And she went off.

"Extraordinary," said the editor, watching her go; and, appealing to his hosts, "That woman gave me a poem."

He was put out by their polite, knowing laughter. It often puzzled him when people laughed.

The poem went into his pocket and he forgot it until he got to Stockholm. She was standing at the door of the lecture

hall there as he left. He said: "We seem to be following each other around.'

And to a minister who was wearing a white tie: "Do you know Miss Mendoza from Guatemala? She is a poet," and escaped while they were bowing.

Two days later, she was at his lecture in Oslo. She had moved to the front row. He saw her after he had been speaking for a quarter of an hour. He was so irritated that he stumbled over his words. A rogue phrase had jumped into his mind-"murdered his wife"-and his voice, always high, went up one more semitone and he very nearly told the story. Some ladies in the audience were propping a cheek on their forefinger as they leaned their heads to regard his profile. She had her hands in her lap. He made a scornful gesture at his audience: He had remembered what was wrong. It had nothing to do with murder: He had simply forgotten to read her poem.

Poets, the editor knew, were remorseless. The one sure way of getting rid of them was to read their poems at once. They stared at you with pity and contempt as you read and argued with offense when you told them which lines you admired. He decided to face her, After the lecture, he went up to her.

"How lucky," he said. "I thought you said you were going to Hamburg. Where are you staying? Your poem is on my conscience."

"Yes?" the small girl's voice said. "When will you come and see me?"

"I'll ring you up," he said, drawing

"I'm going to hear you in Berlin," she said with meaning.

The editor considered her: There was a look of magnetized, inhuman committal in her eyes. They were not so much looking at him as reading him. She knew his future.

Back in the hotel, he read the poem. The message was plain. It began:

I have seen the liberator The foe of servitude The godhead.

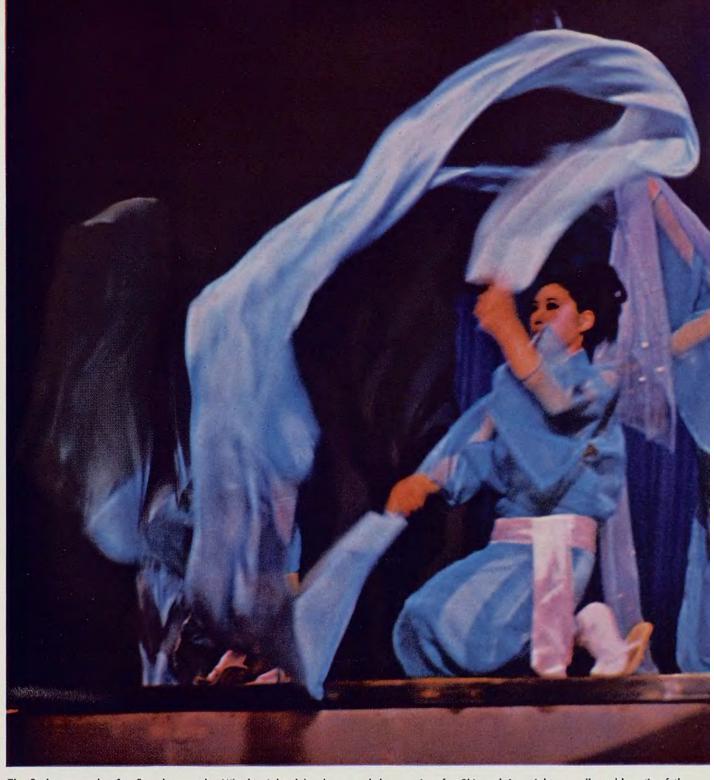
He read on, skipping two pages, and put out his hand for the telephone. First he heard a childish intake of breath, then the small determined voice. He smiled at the instrument; he told her in a forgiving voice how good the poem was. The breathing became heavy, like the sound of the ocean. She was steaming or flying to him across the Caribbean, across the Atlantic.

"You have understood my theme," she said. "Women are history. I am the history of my country."

She went on and boredom settled on him. His cultivated face turned to stone.

"Yes, yes. I sec. Isn't there an old Indian belief that a white god will come (continued on page 211)

# travel By REG POTTERTON powered by suphisticated technology and crackling with future shock, japan's spectacular economic resurgence has left its most cherished traditions incongruously -and delightfully-intact



The flashy spectacle of a floorshow at the Mikodo night club, above, and the serenity of a Shinto shrine, right—equally emblematic of the megolopolis that's become the world's largest city—point up the bizorre cultural contradictions not only of Tokyo but of all Japan as well.

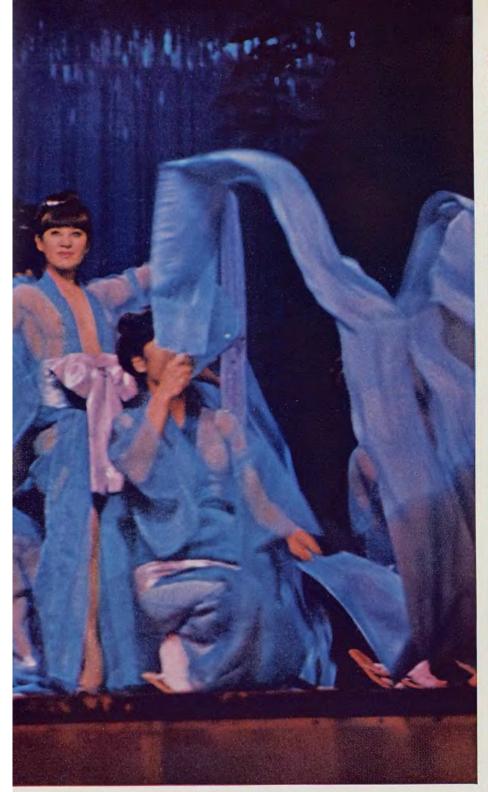
THE MESSAGE WAS slipped under the door of each guest's room early in the morning. It read: "Welcome congenial guest and honored Japan visitant! Announcing process emergency proper fire drilling the clock eleven." That was the English version. Most guests threw it away or kept it as one of the more intriguing examples of Japanese translation. At precisely 11 that morning, an anxious voice was heard over the guest-room speakers: "Emergency! Emergency! Fire in the main elevator shaft! Fire in seventh and eighth

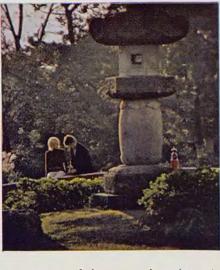
floors! Emergency! Firemen taking good care these fires. Evacuation commencing. Listen for further speaking."

Many guests commenced their own evacuation when they heard this. Most milled nervously in the corridors, some in pajamas with shaving soap on their faces, others still chewing breakfast or carrying luggage. Bright green and purple smoke billowed outside the windows, maids ran around giggling in hard hats and victims wrapped in bandages were lifted onto stretchers and removed to

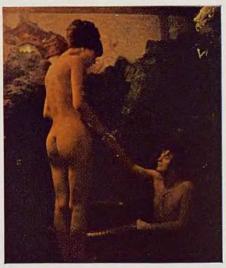
ambulances lined up in the hotel driveway. When one of them careened into the street at top speed and ran into an approaching fire engine, the two "victims" got out and went sprinting back to the hotel to have their dressings checked.

"Very authentic fire drill," beamed the hotel manager to an American guest. "Very thorough to prepare for possible emergency." The guest asked about the collision between the fire engine and the ambulance. "Yes, yes," was the happy

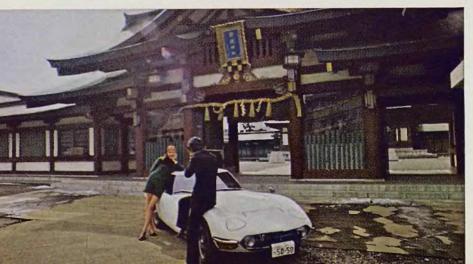




Appreciation of beauty and tradition is manifested in manicured gardens, such as the sylvan retreat above, and in the ritual of the bath, delightfully taken à deux, below.



Tokyo's Shinjuku district, a humming neon jungle after sundown, abounds with restaurants that display their menus in brightly lit windows to entice wandering diners, below.





response. "Authentic mistake, Sometimes people slightly killed in fire drills, but never any guests. Ha-ha! Very authentic, thank you." And he excused himself to join some hard-hatted, smiling hotel executives who were posing for a group photograph.

Many guests, once they learned the alarm was in fact only a drill, started to return to their rooms. Those on the seventh and eighth floors were informed politely that they were temporarily dead and unidentified, but to the chagrin of the organizers, the occidentals in this group became truculent and refused to play. The Japanese guests went along with the game and took pictures of one another in front of the fire engine, while a couple of Europeans and Americans muttered threats about checking out. Their rooms were full of brightly colored fumes from the smoke bombs detonated outside their windows.

"Further speaking," said the voice on the room speakers. "All guests and participants greatly thanked for their cooperation." A middle-aged English guest stamped into one of the elevators to go back to his breakfast. "Mad buggers," he growled at the smiling operator. "Ruined my bloody boiled eggs."

Many travelers who have been to Japan would argue that this anecdote is hardly typical of everyday life there, but then, few people would agree on what is typical about Japan. What is certain is that to the visiting foreigner, Japan is culture shock on a massive scale. For anyone from Africa, Europe, America or even elsewhere in Asia, the first impressions veer wildly from euphoria to outrage, heavily seasoned with confusion and frustration. Nothing he learns in other parts of the world will equip the visitor to cope with Japan or its people; no society thinks and behaves like the Japanese. To go there is to be transported to another planet, to move among earthlings who in mysterious fashion have acquired an otherworldly culture and scale of values. It is an enlightening, exhilarating and sometimes alarming encounter. One tends to become either an addicted devotee or a hostile critic. It is perhaps the most fascinating country in the world.

In historical terms, Japan is still a novelty, its contact with the modern world dating only from the middle of the past century. For nearly 250 years before that, Japan excluded all foreigners from its shores, with the exception of a handful of Dutch traders based on an island in Nagasaki harbor. Nobody from the outside could get in and no Japanese could get out. When Europeans attempted with limited success to break this 168 blockade, the shogunate, or military lead-

ership, decreed that all foreign ships and crews that tried to dock were to be destroyed. It was not until the mid-1850s that the shogunate, threatened on the one hand by increasing domestic unrest and on the other by persistent demands from foreign powers for commercial pacts, gave in and signed trade treaties, first with the Russians and later with the Americans. With these came an abrupt end to Japan's era of catatonic feudalism and self-imposed isolation, and the dreaded barbarians from the West began to arrive in the biggest and meanest warships ever seen in Japanese waters. Observing all this, and the wondrous products of Western technology they brought with them, Japan's leaders took their first fateful step into the modern world. A special department of research was established; it was called Bansho Torishirabesho, or Office for the Study of Barbarian Books. There was a lot of catching up to do.

Today, of course, Japan is the thirdrichest power in the world, after the United States and the Soviet Union. Before the end of this century, if current growth continues, some experts feel it may overtake its two original treaty partners to become the wealthiest industrial nation on earth. Other small countries have achieved great commercial success in the past, but usually this was accomplished through a century or more of colonial exploitation. Japan has done it largely through the industry and ingenuity of its own people in the space of only the past 20 years, and in the wake of a cataclysmic defeat in war.

Foreigners are inclined to view this miraculous recovery as a result of the Westernization of Japan, a theory that has been sustained through the years by Western dip!omats, politicians, businessmen and military leaders. Almost without exception, they have assumed that the largely benevolent administration of the U.S. occupation forces and the Western-style constitution imposed upon the country after World War Two converted a former enemy into a disciple. Other visitors, noting the Western-style progress of industrial growth and the urbanization of Japan, as well as the passion of its people for Western things, have reasoned that this must mean the country itself is imbued with our ideals. They are mistaken; Westernization is a thin film on the surface of modern Japan. The Japanese have not renounced their faith in deeper and more abiding traditional beliefs; these remain constant. As New York Times correspondent Richard Halloran has pointed out, Japan is a laboratory; it imports ideas, institutions and doctrines from the outside, absorbs those parts it can use-after conversion to Japanese tastes-and discards everything else. In this manner, Japan has assimilated wholesale the concept and apparatus of Western technology, but it has rejected almost entirely the substance of the philosophical, political, religious and cultural patterns ingrained in most Western societies. Anyone who visits Japan today immediately becomes aware of the contrasts.

In America, as in most parts of Western Europe, the responsible citizen knows where he stands. He is (he thinks) what he says he is: an individual born and bred in a society that values and respects the integrity of the individual, or at least makes this claim. He is as good as the next man. The Japanese have no such view of the human condition. They do not share our vauntedand sorely abused-assumption that all men are created equal; they believe the opposite, just as they believe that, among nationalities, the Japanese are superior to all. Everyone else is outside the pale, and this includes Okinawa-born Japanese, the children of black or Korean parentage in Japan, the purely Japanese burakumin (the urban-ghetto "village people" who perform the dirtiest and most menial labors in all large cities) and the Ainu, the aboriginal Caucasian inhabitants of the country, who live on Hokkaido and who now hover somewhere between neglect and extinction in the face of an industrial revolution in which they have had little part. Furthermore, the Japanese see themselves as members of groups: family, fellow employees, village, town, prefecture and nation. Loyalty to each is observed scrupulously. There is little room for individualism in the Japanese scheme of things, which is why one of the least surprising news events of last year was the highjacking of a Japanese airliner by nine university students. One man acting alone would have been dismissed as a

The status of the foreigner-gaijin -in modern Japan is largely that of an outsider who is politely tolerated but not encouraged. Tourist or resident, he is unlikely to be invited very often to a Japanese home, and he is seldom if ever fully accepted in the mainstream of Japanese life. It's not that foreigners are treated with hostility, for the Japanese, as a rule, are friendly to strangers and anxious to please as hosts; it's simply that they feel uncomfortable with a foreigner. They fear he may misunderstand their customs, ridicule their manners or, worse, commit some infinitesimal but embarrassing breach of etiquette-an unpardonable lapse in a country where the people are constantly extending invisible antennas, testing the social climate to make sure they're not going to make

## المعالمة الم



"Hey, we came here to swing, not to argue about what kind of sex education our kids should have in school."

# THE SWINGERS

a cartoonist's-eye view of life among the sexhibitionists

> JOIM Dempsey



"I don't think the Bernards are emotionally equipped for swinging."



"But-we thought your ad said A.C./D.C."

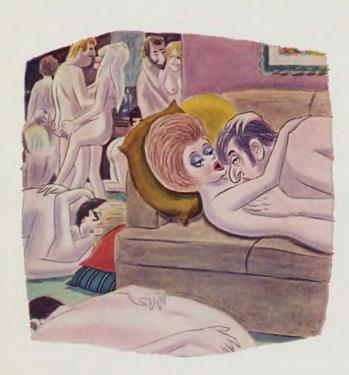
### والمناع المناور المناع المناع



"'Consumer Reports' is going to hear about this."



"What I miss is turning over afterward and going to sleep."



"By the way, Harry, Frank wanted me to ask you about that money you borrowed..."



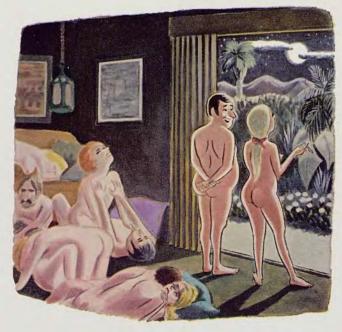
"Oops, sorry!"



# بعراد المراد الم



"Don't hold her so tight, dear . . . slow down a little . . . watch out for her fingernails. . . ."



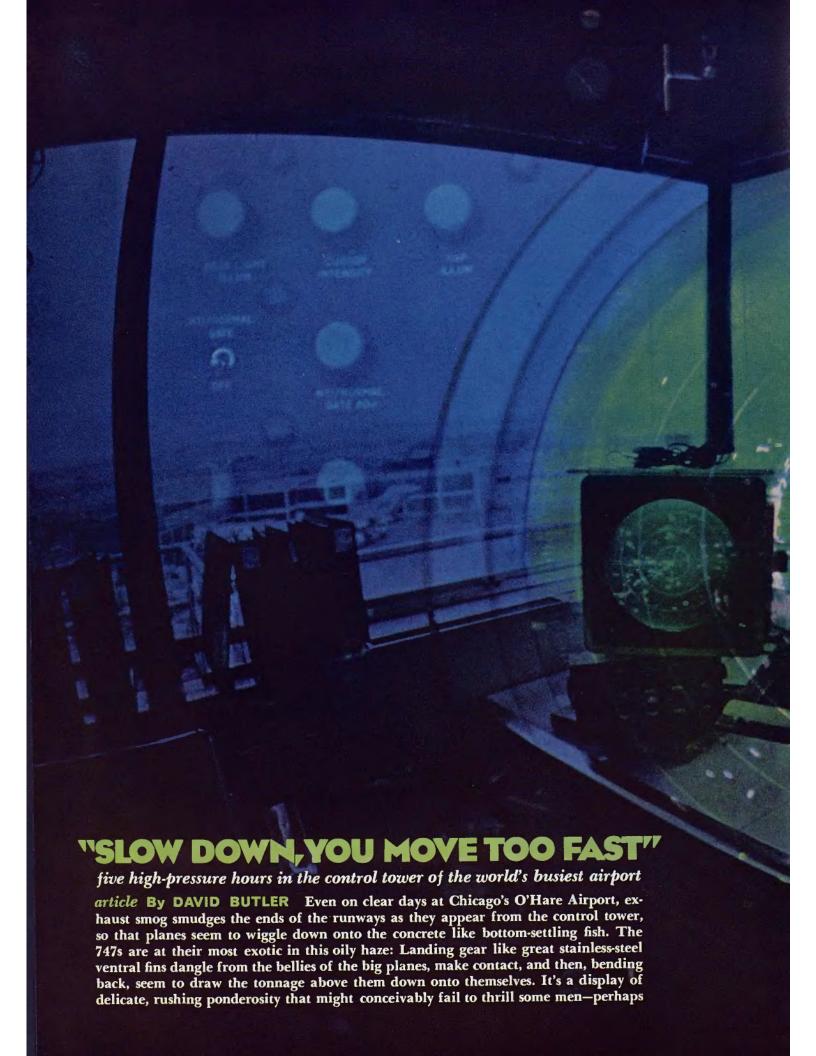
"Romantic, isn't it?"

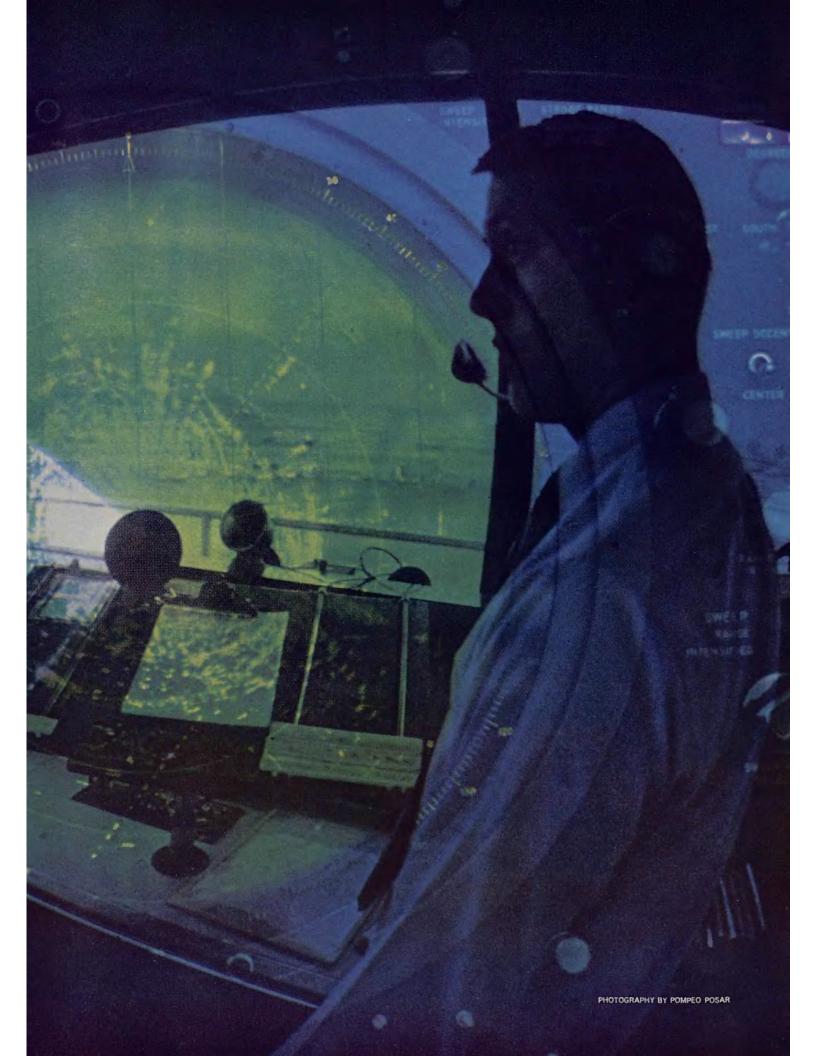


"Honey, I discovered a new erogenous zone."



"I was watching you with Jack, Marty and Dick. I didn't realize you knew all those things."





those who, as boys, could keep themselves from turning to watch a passing train.

A landing 747 fascinates in part because the physics of the proposition don't jibe: The contraption that flew at Kitty Hawk was light as a kite and a jet fighter might as well be a Roman candle, but this thing in the air looks like an abstract artist's impression of a slow-moving, airborne family of elephants. Beyond that, the plane's arrival satisfies the modern delight in sophisticated teamwork. The successful movement of a 747 into and out of O'Hare may be as difficult and serious as anything we ask technicians to do for pay. The state-ofthe-art advances in systems control are made in space flight, but there are 100 or more bodies on a jumbo jet for every astronaut in an Apollo capsule. For routine death prevention, few jobs match air-traffic control at O'Hare, the busiest airport and tower in the world.

The surprising thing is that the tower remains remarkably accessible in this period of controller labor disputes, highjackings and bomb threats. All you need is a legitimate connection with aviation or the media, and the facility's chief, Dan Vucurevich, or his deputy, Bob Schwank, will invite you up to the office they share with a secretary just under the cab-the visual-control room at the top of the tower. Passing muster there, if Schwank is your first contact, means explaining your assignment and then enjoying Schwank's zest for people and air-traffic control for half an hour while he decides if he can trust you.

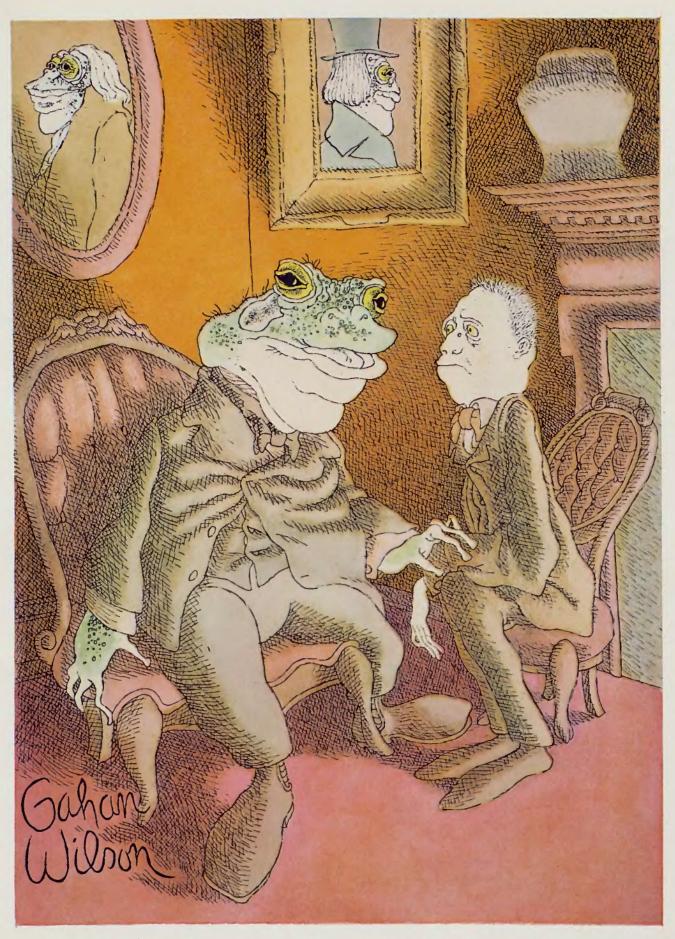
If Schwank were a balloon and you blew him up two sizes, he'd look like Broderick Crawford. He even talks like a TV detective. There used to be a flying club in the area and some of the members sat around the hangar Sunday afternoons, drinking beer until they dared one another into landing at O'Hare or flying into bad weather. "It's the old under-the-gun syndrome," Schwank says of reckless private pilots. "They've been through broads, they've been through Vegas, and so they get their kicks flying stoned."

Schwank's attitude toward the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization, the youngest and most militant controllers' group, is akin to James Farmer's attitude toward the Panthers. He argues that the Federal Aviation Administration-which he, as management, represents-has been pleading for higher salaries, earlier pensions and other benefits for years; it especially galls him that Federal smoke jumpers can retire after fewer years' service than controllers. But PATCO's tactics bring out the conservative in him. "We're not Wall Street," he says, "or Madison Avenue. We can't pay the way those boys can. We have to appeal to a spirit of loyalty, 174 to the feeling that people had back in the Thirties, when it wasn't so easy to get a job." Referring to the Easter-week 1970 PATCO slowdown, he pictures himself walking through the terminal, seeing "the little ones, the siblings," forced by long flight delays to sleep in the rest rooms. They wouldn't have been sleeping there on account of air controllers 25 years ago, he implies, when he was manning the post for \$1800 a year. Yet Schwank later emphasizes that management-controller relations are now much improved, and he remains fiercely proud of his crew, organized or not. "Every day, we handle the traffic that goes into and out of Lansing, Michigan, in a year," he says. "A hundred thousand people a day. Or think of it this way: The day shift at O'Hare does what Washington National does in twenty-four hours. Then the four-to-midnight shift comes in and does it all over again." Dramatic pause. "And then the midnight shift does what'd be a day's load at Cincinnati."

A lovely, 199-foot-tall tower with the streamlined shape of the Seattle Space Needle soars out of the apron in front of the carrousel building connecting the two main O'Hare terminals. The structure was topped off in 1969, and casual travelers over the past couple of years have doubtless assumed that this is the working facility. In fact, it doesn't begin operation until sometime this spring, when the five-story garage rising under it will begin to block off slices of runways from the present tower, which you have to look for to find from most points in the airport. Squarish, its cab giving it a pagoda top, the tower rises less than 100 feet above the concrete at Eastern Air Lines' gates, and the eyes of a controller in the cab are only about 40 feet above the roofs of the adjoining terminal buildings. At night, many gates-some of Delta's and TWA's, all of American's and North Central's-are hidden from the ground controllers.

Five short flights of narrow metal stairway climb up to the cab from Schwank's office, and at the last landing a two-potted coffee maker is tucked into the wall. The supervisor for the seven to nine controllers who man the cab sits at a combination desk and switchboard immediately at the top of the stairs. Like everything else in his domain, the accouterments of his little space appear to be an agreeable 15 or 20 years old. The salmon-pink call director at his right elbow is obviously less than five years old, but all the newness is smudged off it. The controllers are arranged along two of the outjutting window walls of the square cabin, at counters crowded with radios, notebooks, radar display screens, hand mikes and ashtrays, A dozen switching panels of varying complexity are angled in wherever there is room; some of these-such as the one for runway lights-are as makeshift-looking and absorbing as anything in Buck Rogers. Two of the working positions are outfitted with raised, slanted writing surfaces, pieces of gray-painted plywood mounted on pipe, and the wood is streakily gouged at the bottom edges, as if by penknives, so that the blond wood shows under the gray paint. The two narrow aisles in the room are crowded with heavily padded, brown-leather stools that are pushed back out of the way now, but will be pressed into service as the five-o'clock rush approaches. Rings run around the stools' legs, and the controllers stand up on these when colleagues' or visitors' heads persist in their line of sight to the action.

Various combinations of controllers handle each plane. For an outgoing flight, the operation begins in a huge radar facility in nearby Aurora, Illinois, called the Chicago Air-Route Traffic Control Center. The center's shifts of 150 controllers monitor all commercial and much other traffic in a broad area of the upper Midwest, and computers in Aurora spill out the clearancesaltitudes and routes-that help keep the airlines on schedule and traffic separated. Well before a plane's scheduled departure, the man in the corner of the cab nearest the top of the stairs gets the flight's clearance from Aurora and copies it-as a few numbers and abbreviated phrases-onto a strip of stiff paper that he slips into a plastic holder the size of a six-inch ruler. About ten minutes before the captain of the flight wants to taxi, he has his copilot call the next man along the window, who gives the crew its clearance-which in the case of regularly scheduled runs is very often the same for each flight. Now the man who's delivered the clearance takes the flight strip and slaps it down in front of the controller at his right. This man clears the plane out to the top of its runway when it's ready to move and there's room for it. There the copilot, who has already talked to clearance delivery and to ground control, will be instructed to switch over to a third frequency, in order to talk to one of the two men in the cab actually getting planes on and off the runways. The flight strip is moved again at this point, and as traffic increases late in the afternoon the ground controller paces kittycorner across the room, the long coil of his mike out behind him, eyes on the lumbering planes, dipping and darting to bang his precious flight surrogates in front of one or another of the local air controllers. These are the men who give the final go. As soon as the plane is airborne, the air controller takes the strip and drops it nonchalantly, hectically or with aplomb into the mouth of one of three open gravity tubes running down



"Now that you've come of age, son, I think it's time your old dad let you in on our little family curse."

to the tower's own ground-level radar room, the facility's other operations center. The process for an incoming flight is essentially the reverse: The radar room notifies a landing pilot to call the local control post in the tower when he's about five miles out; after the plane has landed and turned off the runway he calls a ground controller, who talks him around into his gate.

The subtle everyday humor that thrives in situations like this-men all of a type who know one another well working the same job, no women around-is modified by the fact that everyone is at least partially abstracted into his headphones. Jokes ride on inflections of the phrases necessary to the job, the season's Hee-Haw lines, whatever's handy as long as it can be slapped up with irony and delivered in less than a second. The banter is as commonplace and easy to like as the men themselves. One of the controllers in the cab this afternoon is about five foot eleven, and one, a trainee, is black. Those exceptions aside, the men are very much of a type: short; with very neatly trimmed hair; wearing short-sleeve shirts, narrow ties and snug-fitting, tapered wash-andwear pants.

"You see a lot of bodies up here," says the tall fellow, who looks like a weak Michael Caine. "But you see myself and one other guy that's certified in everything. We're really hurtin' for people."

So only two of the nine are journeymen air-traffic controllers. The remaining seven are apprentices in varying degrees of training. (In fact, at each post there is a man who has been extensively checked out for the job; the journeyman rating comes only after a controller has been certified completely both here and in the radar room.) The fellow we'll call Michael Caine and the other journeyman are both 34. The rest are between 22 and 27. Most of them, the majority of all air controllers, first learned to handle planes in the Service, where air control is one of those technical jobs that really do what the recruiting posters promise-give boys out of high school and college dropouts the kind of skills that will qualify them eventually for remunerative jobs: Journeymen controllers after several years in the system at the busiest towers around the country make around \$20,000. The Service background is part of the reason that extraneous Sirs clutter up some transmissions out of the tower, but there are a good many Sirs in the other direction, too. Many of the exchanges consist of pilot or controller repeating an air speed or a compass heading that the other has just given, and all include the aircraft or flight identification number, so it sometimes sounds like the rushed liturgy of an early-morning Mass. But 176 through these busiest hours, at least, neither pilots nor controllers sound bored.

Variations within the type: Caine is set off from his colleagues in the cab now not only by his height but by a certain veteran bitterness. ("It's an overloaded system," he says at one point, "and the only reason the cocksucker works is because the guys who control it make it work.") And Lloyd Johnson, Jr. -real names now-the afternoon's black, is considerably funkier than he might be under the circumstances. Hopping around his post at clearance delivery early in the afternoon, he routes somebody to "Detroit city-that's Motown city." At five o'clock, the supervisor calls to one of the men on local air control, "Are you ready to trade with Lloyd, Bill?" Bill answers Yeah, and Lloyd, about to be tested at the post, says, "Well, here we go, get my feet wet." Then he adds in singsong, "Yes sir, y' all."

He seems to an outsider to control the position with authority and panache. The no-nonsense individual monitoring him finds little to say. Lloyd-little Lloyd Johnson with his green check pants, thin mustache and half-inch-thick Afro-stands with the on/off switch to his mike and a Camel in one hand and a fat ballpoint pen in the other, lifting himself on tiptoes occasionally to deal with the ten to fifteen multimillion-dollar aircraft approaching or trying to depart his two runways. For long stretches, he monotones clearances out to his planes without discernible pauses for breath between phrases. You wonder how the captains are reacting to that voice. At one point, in joyful response to the crush of action, he does a little Irish jig. For three years, he was one of the facility's radar-equipment maintenance men; his eyes sparkle with intelligence.

Meanwhile, Caine is having a spot of trouble. He and the slightly prognathous, pug-nosed trainee he's monitoring are controlling the older, northeastern complex of runways.

TRAINEE: Zero three delta, report approaching east of Navy Glenview, for two seven right.

CAINE: Why not "Glenview"?

TRAINEE: Huh?

CAINE: Why not, "report Glenview," instead of, "east of Glenview"?

TRAINEE: Well, yeah. I've already got one that's going to go right over just south of Glenview. I don't want 'em all going right to the same spot. I want them separated in case they all check in at the same time. If they're all in the same spot at the same time. . .

CAINE: Are they all VFR? [Are they all operating visually, rather than with instruments?]

TRAINEE: Yeah.

CAINE: Do you think they'd all get there at the same time?

TRAINEE: Yeah, they could, even though they're all VFR.

CAINE: You really think so? Listen, "east of Glenview" could be a mile or five miles. When you get him right over Glenview you know exactly where he's at, is what I'm getting at. You say "east of Glenview," like I said, it could be a mile or five miles.

The kid doesn't have to talk to any planes through this, but five minutes later Caine is after him again, drawing him to one of this room's two television-screen reproductions of the radarscopes downstairs to make a point. And this time, the trainee does have to talk to traffic as he acknowledges the instructions that Caine delivers in a voice that apparently started in the South and got flattened and exasperated in Chicago. Only a few minutes pass before another exchange:

TRAINEE: Philips [Airways] four twelve, plan the first left turnoff feasible, on landing, beyond runway three six. [Philips four twelve is landing on runway two seven right, which intersects runways three six and two two.]

CAINE: Why?

TRAINEE: I want him to get off the runway. Because technically I hafta hold this guy [indicating the next plane in on two two] short of two seven right as long as he's on the runway. And I don't want him holding short because I got two more aircraft. . . .

CAINE: How much separation do you need between two aircraft on

the runway?

TRAINEE: Four thousand five hundred feet, and after two you run out of room.

CAINE: All right. And how many you got, three planes in there?

TRAINEE: I got three. One touch-

CAINE: You say plan your left turnoff real quick like that, hell, he's liable to go way down here [pointing far down the long strip]. You don't really need that. . .

TRAINEE: I said, "Beyond runway three six."

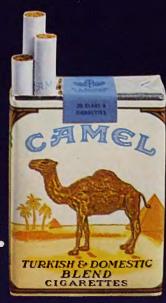
CAINE: Really, there's no need to say anything. You bullshit too much is what I'm getting at. Let the cocksucker land, left on the high-speed [taxiway], and that's all there is to it. Just like TWA, remember that? TRAINEE: Yeah. Mid-States forty two, cleared to land two two. Wisconsin ninety seven, cleared to cross two seven. . . . After three more clearances, he gets his eyes out of the smog for a minute, takes the



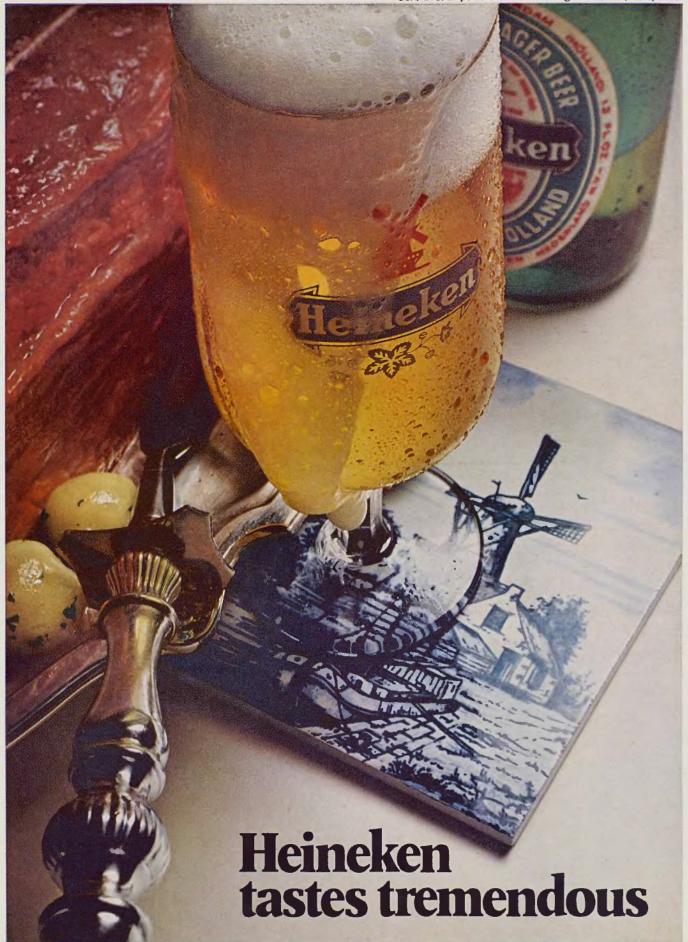


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few steps to the panel of runwaylight switches, and stands staring at them. Anything to get out of the way of mean Michael Caine's turbulent karma.

Caine at his most expressive (Let the cocksucker land) kills other side conversations in the room and even seems to lower the voices going into the mikes. There is a feeling of embarrassment-at his language, his fervor-for him in the air. Well into the rush period now, a Lufthansa 747 touches down just as another one of the monstersthis one a TWA-takes off. The sun's image in one of the great panes of glass has laid a skew of glare on the window opposite it, and the reflection of the TWA 747 climbs steeply through a wash of salmon, bright colorlessness and then the purest, palest lime. From here only slightly more so than from O'Hare's raised, open terminal, the planes and especially their service vehicles are cleanly designed toys. Even the 747s will look manageable from the new tower, and the passengers who sometimes still walk across the concrete to board will look as inconsequential as pedestrians do from high-rise apartments.

The man in charge of departing ground control has been relieved for a moment: He rinses out a glass coffeepot in the weak spout of water from the cooler and back down at the landing

makes more coffee.

Caine again, just before the visitor decides three hours upstairs is enough:

But when you get one on one out there, man. . . . Here, on the radar, look. Make it, fella. "You got this guy out ahead of you. Follow him." Or, "Widen out to the right." Tell him what to do. You gotta control it. As it was, you had 'em pointing right at each other.

The radar room down at the bottom of the elevator ride is spooky, 13 to 18 men sitting around five green-glowing tables in the dark. Here are technology's votaries, if they're anywhere, but in fact they look no more demonic than the kids upstairs. Most of the operation is contained in a curving, six-piece battery of control tables and blinking, suspended switch cabinets that looks like a melting Moog synthesizer. Four men sit facing two vertical screens with almost identical pictures along the center section of this console, under a neatly printed and centered notice: ALL SICK LEAVES MUST BE SCHEDULED IN ADVANCE. Planes approaching Chicago are handed over to these controllers by Aurora at 20 or 30 miles out, at this position put onto the courses that will get them to their runways and finally-when they are five miles out-handed upstairs to the cab. Planes departing O'Hare, and also all

instrument-dependent flights into and out of Midway, Chicago's other major airport, are controlled at tabletop scopes at the two bulging ends of the complex and at a third table close to it. Every 30 seconds or so now, the plastic flight strips pop out of the mouths of the tubes from upstairs onto one of these departure tables. Some of the controllers peel the strips off their holders at this point. A man sits with half a dozen or more of the curling pieces of paper in front of him, and there's no reason at all why two doors into the place couldn't open at the same time and send them scattering, but it doesn't seem to concern anyone.

A controller is relieved here, stands up, starts through the darkness. Someone asks him if he has vectored yet, referring to one of the tasks in this room. He answers, "Yeah, I've vectored, over." The darkness makes the room more intimate than the cab, changes the humor. A wisecrack is sent out into the dusk and it doesn't matter if no one laughs, because faces aren't clear. Although the room is on the ground level,

it's windowless and has the feel of a deep underground bunker. It would be a perfect set for the pay-off in a Hitchcock movie.

The operation's supervisor seats his visitor at the tabletop scope where three men are handling Midway and south departures out of O'Hare. Mike Powderly, on Midway, looks at the tape recorder and calls across the room, "OK, Bob, you can tell your gag."

Now four heads bend over the green scope and between transmissions to his planes Powderly easily and economically explains what he's doing. "You should have been here earlier," he says. "We had really good inbound rushes at O'Hare. We were staggered three miles apart all the way out to here," fingering the edge of the screen, some 30 miles away from O'Hare at its center. He points out the eight smaller airports on the scope, the dots that represent Chicago's Prudential Building and the John Hancock Center, and the segment of airspace in which he has to maneuver Midway's traffic to keep it clear of the volume of planes into and out of



"We can't go on meeting like this, Gerald. . . . I'm afraid of heights.'

O'Hare. Virtually all the planes with which this room is concerned carry transponders, gadgets that make radar control practicable: When a pilot is instructed by his controller to tune the device to a certain frequency, what is called his beacon then shows up on that man's screen as a double slash, remaining a single slash on all other screens. The double slashes especially leave lingering traces of themselves on the screen, and the traces collectively-the oldest of them fading down to a dotform a wake behind the bold green of the newest impression. The density and direction of the wake show the plane's path and speed. The screen could be a lake in a nightmare, buzzing with motorboats, or a bright-treated slide of bacteria culture.

Doesn't it hypnotize you? Powderly is asked.

"No," he laughs. "It might scare the hell out of you, but it won't hypnotize you." He's a big man in his late 20s,

with a prominent nose, and he likes answering questions, explores them. "I think the first few times you watch radar, you watch the sweep go around. And maybe that will do it. But after years of watching it, you don't even know there's a sweep on it. Unless it stops, of course." He talks to a plane and then comes back to the conversation. "When the weather's bad, it can give you a headache. Thunderstorms, sleet, hail, pilots wanting to go one way when you've got to run them another. That's being a controller. American 514 descend to twenty-five. Report the runway or the airport in sight. It's eleven o'clock and eight miles."

"Hand-job," a controller calls out, "I mean, hand-off."

Here, too, the average age seems to be under 30—and Powderly is asked why. "I don't know. They get old and cranky, and they get bleeding ulcers, and then they want to get away from the airplanes. They transfer out to other facili-

ties and get supervisory jobs-obviously they can't all become supervisors here. Getting out is usually what they want then. Your timing has to be. . . . You know, it's nothing phenomenal, you don't have to be Superman to work in here. But when we're doing parallel approaches into fourteen, for example. ..." He points to a spot about 15 miles northwest of the airport: "The turn-on point for fourteen right is very close to the holding-pattern area up there, and you're trying to interrogate your guy coming in and there are all these other beacons. It confuses and aggravates the hell out of you sometimes. You have to be able to look at a group of aircraft, at varying speeds, and say who's going to be first. And you don't have time to work it out mathematically. In thunderstorms, when airplanes are running all over the sky, you have to sit down and say, 'Damn it, I'm gonna make it work right. I'm going to keep those airplanes apart.' And when you get a little older, you just can't do that kind of stuff. It's just too much on your nerves." Then, looking across the table: "What you got, Curly?"

Watching them work is a pleasure. Curly, absorbed in the screen, taps an ashtray off its edge with his pencil the way a pilot adjusts the trim tab in his plane, or a driver tunes his radio. Powderly says of planes he's just pointed out, "What I'm going to have to do is get away from these O'Hare arrivals over here. They're high and fast." Two of the single slashes heading into the bull's-eye jog a big quarter inch closer on each sweep. "They are fast," Powderly says, "I'm gonna have to hustle." He talks quickly into the standard telephone handpiece that serves as a mike at this post, bending his Midway departures out of the paths of the speedsters.

"What happens if there's a power failure?"

Powderly grins. "Well," he starts, "the first thing I do is scream and holler. Then I rant and rave. Then I doubt the ancestry of everybody in maintenance And then I try to get some help through to my planes. Five-oh-nine, are you at four [thousand feet]?"

"Five-oh-nine at four."

"We've got backup power, of course," he continues, "and it trips in automatically. The transition period is when it's bad, because it takes a little bit for it to get going, just a matter of a minute or so, but that thing"—pointing to one of the double slashes—"can go a long way in a minute. So what you do. . . . The pilot either can switch over to a visual approach, or you give him an altitude and he just holds, circling, until we get the power back."

"Assuming you can still talk to him."
"Yes, that's true. American 509, three













miles from Calumet, cleared for the approach. Contact the [Midway] tower on 118.7 at Kedzie, good night. If radio fails, we go to a backup radio. If the backup radio fails, we try to get them on a navigational aid, like a radio beacon. He navigates on it, but it also has the capability of broadcasting a voice. But, say that power is out, and all those frequencies are out. Uh. . . . The pilot has procedures that he is to execute in the event of lost communication. He'll proceed to the clearance limit and execute an approach. And to explain all that would take a long time. If you look it up in the manuals, it seems that there are sixteen pages of things that he's supposed to do in different situations. But really it's pretty simple. He knows what he's supposed to do and he will do it. The danger in that is that you have too many planes trying to do the same thing. And we don't run altitude separations into the fix. We run in-trail separations into the fix only. If that separation holds-if they all keep their speedfine. But it's like a freight train. If the first guy slows up, the second guy has to slow up, too, and then you're talking about planes doing 360s all the way back to South Bend.'

He looks back to the table, with an expression acknowledging the incompleteness of his answer. "I've seen us lose radio but not radar, or radar and not radio. There was always another frequency. I've never seen everything go out at one time. I think the fail-safe systems are phenomenal. Listen, there's never been a mid-air collision at O'Hare. But if everything did go out at one time. . . ." He pauses again to consider. "Well, if your luck was good, you'd have the weather. Maybe the weather would be on your side." Another pause. "But if everything goes against you. . . ." He draws away from the table, smiling, uneasy.

"Well, you know," he says softly, still smiling, "at that point, fate is the hunter."

A figure in the gloom interrupts to remember losing both radar and radio for four minutes, and in an exchange there's quick agreement that losing voice is much more serious than losing radar. "Yeah, there's nothing you can do," Powderly says. "You just sit there and watch. And it scares the hell out of you. That's what'll age a guy."

The request comes down from upstairs for a longer-than-usual, five-mile separation between incoming planes so that the controllers in the cab can feed out their heavy load of departures. One of the men on incoming traffic at the console behind us is having trouble making the distance. The supervisor calls his name across the room, and then



shouts, "Five miles. Not four, not three, or any other number. Five!"

"OK, OK," the man says.

Fifteen minutes later, they're closing up again and now the man working next to him and a third controller, this one lounging around behind his chair, get on him at the same time. Their voices aren't all that friendly. The controller has to pull a plane up through his landing corridor and then loop him back to make the distance. Four times during the harassment, he says, "It might work out to be five."

"Slow down," someone even farther away sings softly to his blips, "you move too fast. . . ."

Upstairs, a supervisor named Tom Rauner, a quiet man heading into his 40s with grav-brown hair and a soft, koala-bear face, had gone to the psychological heart of PATCO's case: "What really makes a controller pucker, so to speak," he said, "is the fact that he has all these things to do and he can't say, 'To hell with it, I'll do it tomorrow.' There's an enormous demand on the man at the moment he's doing it. Of course, it has the advantage that he can walk away from it, which isn't true in all jobs. But what the guy feels sometimes is that it's thankless. It's selfrewarding only, and that isn't good enough for him. He's in a world of his own inside those headphones. You can look at it from the outside for hours and it'll never be the same as standing there having to solve the problems. He's the only one who knows what he did, and there's no one to tell about it. I mean, he can't keep telling the same people about the ordeal he goes through every day."

As he spoke, a journeyman controller behind him was getting excited: "What are your plans now?" he asked his trainee. "You got any plans?" And then: "What did I tell you? I told you immediate take-off. I want you to do what I tell you!" And finally: "Put your fucking glasses on! You were lucky as shit last time!"

Seven miles east of the airport, the Edens Expressway coming down from Milwaukee flows into the Kennedy Expressway, which runs from O'Hare to Chicago, and for a distance of a hundred yards or so there are six lanes of traffic in one direction. Timid drivers coming off the Edens attempt to segue three lanes to the right, while jockeys in the high-speed lane of the Kennedy now have to jump two or three lanes left if they're to retain dominance. At least once each time through the pass, somebody's doing it stupidly enough to require a sudden recovery. Tonight there are two such lurching near misses. Illinois has no automobile inspection, and the near misses very often involve cars so badly wounded they'd be impounded in rural Puerto Rico. Holding a lane, descending on the city as warily as a commercial pilot coming in over the little airports to the north, the visitor wishes that the next time he had to get from O'Hare to downtown Chicago he could fly.

the people, and should be amputated. We conducted our own defense because we believe that the infection cannot be cured by hiring lawyers, even so-called radical lawyers. It can't be cured by piling yet more regulations and protections on an already corrupt system. Each protection then becomes a device to hide the reality of corrupt manipulation. The job of changing our judicial system has to be done by people, not by specialists and professionals with status and an economic stake in the outcome, but real people willing to work from a basic principle: The law must operate at the level of the people. This fundamental change will occur only as people willingly engage themselves in legal struggle, not when they hire others to do the job.

Seth E. Many Carolyn R. Peck Cambridge, Massachusetts

### WOMAN'S SELF-IMAGE

About a year after the birth of her second child, my sister suddenly surprised me by blossoming forth with a remarkably full bosom. Since she'd been on the small side to begin with and had lost what little breast development she had after pregnancy, I suspected she'd had help from sources other than nature. Finally, I had an opportunity to

discuss it with her tête-à-tête. It turned out she'd undergone an augmentation mammaplasty operation-enlarging her breasts by the implantation of synthetic material-and was quite happy with the results.

I'm the kind of person who doesn't believe in tampering with nature unless it's necessary; it's better to learn to accept yourself as you are. I asked if her husband had pushed her into the operation and she said no, it was her own idea. I'm still puzzled, though. Since (according to Desmond Morris in The Naked Ape) the full, rounded breasts of women exist to attract men, why would a woman want to tamper with her appearance unless to please the men in her life? Is this a psychologically healthy thing to do?

> (Name withheld by request) New York, New York

Whether a woman's reasons for enhancing the size of her breasts are sound will depend on how realistic her expectations are. Women who think an improved breast contour will change their whole lives and women who undergo the operation to please others, such as husbands or lovers, are likely to be disappointed. In an article in "Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality," Dr. Harvey A. Zarem, a plastic surgeon, names

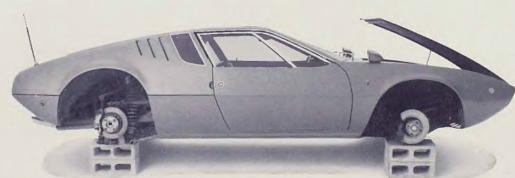
four categories of women who seek breast-enlarging operations: young women who are totally flat-chested, women who (like your sister) experienced breast atrophy after pregnancy, women whose profession, such as topless dancing, calls for larger breasts and women whose breasts are noticeably asymmetrical. The operation will be successful in terms of helping such women, Dr. Zarem says, if they undergo it primarily to enhance themselves in their own eyes:

The most commonly outward motive is to gratify their own ego, to improve their self-image. They state, often without prodding, that they do not expect an improved breast contour to alter other people's attitudes toward them, but they are convinced that they themselves will be happier with their own image. When this attitude prevails, a satisfactory outcome can be expected.

## MANY KINDS OF LOVE

Several letters in The Playboy Forum from women having affairs with married men voice the complaint that they will never be able to take these men completely away from their wives, that they can know and enjoy only a part of them. I find this attitude pathetic.

I am 26 and have been married for ten years and I enjoy being worried over, provided for and loved by my



The only thing they couldn't get was Craig's floor-mount car stereo.

husband; but he does not fully possess me. Neither does the man with whom I've been having an affair for the past year. Why, then, should I want to possess either of them?

My relationship with this other man—who is also married—is very rewarding, and we are always saying, "I love you," to each other. Neither of us intends to leave our spouse, and we understand that we enjoy each other so much because we aren't married and don't have to undergo the strain of day-to-day living together. There are many kinds of love—I love my father, my husband and my other man each for different reasons.

(Name withheld by request) Cambridge, Massachusetts

### WOMEN'S LIB AND LESBIANS

In conversations about the movement for female equality, several friends of mine, secure and smug in their male chauvinism, have said, "Those women are just a bunch of man-hating dykes. If they just once had a good lay, they'd shut up." I always dismissed this attitude as a kind of know-nothing argumentum ad feminam. I do support women's lib, although I make a distinction between the women who agitate for equal pay, equal opportunity, day-care centers and sexual freedom and those who seem bent on fomenting some kind

of total psychological warfare between the sexes: the gals in combat boots, the PLAYBOY burners, the ones whose feminism is all mixed up with Marxism and the like. But even this latter group I would not attack as man-haters and Lesbians.

Lately, however, I've noted that avowed Lesbians are increasingly active in the feminist movement. I've read that gay women are breaking with organizations dominated by homosexual men to devote themselves to women's liberation. By the same token, feminist organizations have taken the trouble to express solidarity with Lesbians. All this makes me wonder if women's liberation has become some kind of Trojan horse for Lesbianism. Are Lesbians fomenting strife between women and men because it serves their purposes? Or is all this attention to Lesbians in women's lib merely what Aileen Hernandez of the National Organization for Women called "sexual McCarthyism"?

Howard Marks

New York, New York

The women's-liberation movement is a political, economic and social struggle, and the statements of its spokeswomen should be judged for pertinence, logic and factuality—the question of their sexual preferences being generally irrelevant. However, a person's private tendencies would be relevant when he or she is making subjective, impressionistic eval-

uations of sexual relationships. Homosexuals have often pointed out that when woeful descriptions of the gay life are written, either by heterosexuals or by unhappy homosexuals, their validity is questionable. In the same way, a person whose heterosexual experiences have been nonexistent, unsatisfactory or downright awful is not likely to be much of an authority on love between the sexes. When some women's liberationists say such things as, "It may be that sex is a neurotic manifestation of oppression," or, "The biological differences between men and women mean nothing," or, "Love between a man and a woman is debilitating and counterrevolutionary," or, "Sex is just a commodity, a programed activity, it is not a basic need," it would help to know on what evidence such statements are based. If they are based on the speaker's personal experience, it would help to know not only the nature of that experience but also how extensive or limited it has been.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





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Just one look at Craig's new exclusive well-guarded unit, and even Master Thieves walk away muttering..."Curses on the base plate bolted to the floor into which the car stereo is locked by means of a secret magnetic key, making it pick-proof by conventional methods!" And little do they know about the quick disconnect—for you to use in your home unit or lock in your trunk. Your choice of three models from \$79.95\* (just a few bucks more than those unprotected under-the-dash units) to \$129.95\*. Available now from your nearest Craig Car Stereo Dealer.

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"Suggested minimum retail price during Craig's "Spring Steal" Sale





# urned out

(continued from page 139) menswear," said Green, as he provided incisive commentary on the invitationonly offerings that had been submitted by 60 renowned designers. The audience of 400 personalities from the fashion, social, business and entertainment worlds, who had each paid \$100 to dine, dance and view the clothes (all for the benefit of a menswear development fund at New York's Fashion Institute of Technology), found Green's sartorial critique almost as entertaining as the selections.

The list of designers invited to display one-of-a-kind wares that met PLAYBOY's standards of design excellence read like an international edition of Who's Who in Fashion and included such eminent couturiers as Bill Blass, Hubert de Givenchy, Pierre Cardin, Yves St. Laurent, Pierre Balmain and Marc Bohan of Christian Dior. America's pop-poster king, Peter Max, was also invited to contribute; he came forth with the starstamped jump suit pictured on page 143. From Eastern Europe, the apparel firm of Cen-Tro-Tex of Prague, Czechoslovakia, offered a handsome three-piece wool walking suit. Xavier de La Torre of Mexico chose to focus his creative thinking on the influence fashion has on

leisure and presented an embroidered white-cotton resort formal shirt and pants that would be right at home in Acapulco.

If one word could be chosen to describe the cumulative impression left by the PLAYBOY Collection, it would have to be liberation. Men's clothing no longer is a tradition-bound industry in which a popular trend, such as the Ivy look, could indefinitely bind creative thinking. "Today, nobody's trying to force men into a mold," is Green's way of putting it. "All the designers are doing different things, so men can choose what they like. It's the guy spending the money who should decide what's right for himself."

Undoubtedly, the fact that each of the designers was obviously doing his own thing contributed to Green's decision, in establishing the show's ground rules, to bypass designer awards. And when the last model had left the runway, no one in the audience felt the need for additional accolades.

"Fashion is a great smorgasbord," says Green, "and all are invited to the table; nobody should be on a diet." After a look at our random sampling of Collection clothes, which begins on page 139, we're sure you'll agree.





"Well, Mr. Ecology, where's the nearest propane filling station?"

Soufflé

(continued from page 122)

Roll each of the sole fillets up neatly and fasten with a toothpick. Poach them gently in water to which you have added the lemon juice. When they are done-7 or 8 minutes-remove them carefully and let them drain on absorbent paper. When the fillets have drained, place them in a buttered and floured 2-quart soufflé dish. Remove the toothpicks. In the top of a double boiler, melt the butter, stir in the flour. Cook for a couple of minutes. Pour in the chicken broth, add a dash of salt and pepper and the parmesan cheese. Stir constantly until mixture is rich and smooth. Remove from heat and then add beaten egg yolks. Again, stir until smooth. Then set aside to cool for at least 15 minutes. Beat the egg whites, sprinkling the cream of tartar over them as you go, into stiff creamy peaks. Spoon 1/3 of the beaten whites over the cooled cheese mixture. Stir in vigorously. Then dribble this sauce over the rest of the whites. Lift and fold carefully until all is blended lightly. Slide this over the sole fillets. Bake in a preheated 350° oven for 25 minutes, but test before removing from oven.

## PLAIN SOUFFLÉ WITH CAVIAR SAUCE

This is a soufflé to have some happy midnight when you are celebrating something fine. A bottle of champagne is really all you need add-except, of course, a soufflé-loving companion.

3 tablespoons butter

3 tablespoons flour

11/2 cups milk

4 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese

Cayenne pepper

6 egg yolks, beaten

4-oz. jar best black caviar

3 tablespoons sour cream

6 egg whites

1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler. Stir in the flour and cook for a few minutes. Add the milk and the parmesan cheese and, stirring constantly, cook until all is smooth. Remove from the heat, add a dash of cayenne and the beaten egg yolks. Stir until this becomes a creamy sauce, then set aside to cool to room temperature. Mix the caviar with the sour cream and refrigerate. Beat the egg whites, sprinkling the cream of tartar over them, until they form moist peaks. Spoon 1/8 of the beaten whites over the basic sauce and mix well. Dribble this over the remaining whites and lift and fold gently to combine throughout. Slide this mixture into a buttered and floured 2-quart soufflé dish and bake in a preheated oven (350°). The dish should be done in 25 minutes, but test ahead of time to make certain. When serving the

soufflé, dribble some of the caviar-andsour-cream sauce over each portion.

# Dessert Souffles

# VANILLA SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour

I cup hot milk

1/2 cup sugar

1 1-in. piece of vanilla bean or 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

5 egg yolks

6 egg whites

1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler. Mix in the flour. Cook a minute; add the hot milk, the sugar and, if you have it, a 1-in. piece of vanilla bean. Íf no vanilla bean, a teaspoon of vanilla extract will do, but add it after the mixture is cooked. Stir this constantly until it is thick and smooth. Remove from the fire and discard the vanilla bean. (Now add the vanilla extract, if that's what you're using.) Beat the egg yolks and add to the sauce. Allow the mixture to cool, 15 minutes at least. Beat the egg whites until they are stiff and creamy. Sprinkle the cream of tartar over them as you beat. When the egg whites are stiff, add a large spoonful to the vanilla mixture and fold thoroughly until the mixture has a slightly foamy texture. Now, dribble mixture over the remaining egg whites and fold carefully, until all is mixed thoroughly. Slide this into a buttered and sugared 2-quart soufflé dish and place in a preheated 350° oven. This should be done in about 25 minutes, but test it. Crushed raspberries, sugared, with a little kirsch make a good sauce for this. Or you might try either of the following sauces:

1/2 cup orange marmalade

1/2 cup apricot jam

1/4 cup orange juice

2 teaspoons lemon juice

In the top of a double boiler, place the orange marmalade and the apricot jam. Cook until they liquefy. Then scrape them into a blender and add the orange juice and the lemon juice. Blend until all is smooth. You can use this sauce either hot or cold.

1/2 cup sugar

3 tablespoons very strong black coffee

3 tablespoons Grand Marnier

In a small, heavy iron skillet, melt the sugar and stir until it is a rich brown. Remove from the heat and stir in the very strong black coffee and the Grand Marnier. Return to the heat for a moment and stir until all is blended. This sauce can be used hot, cold or lukewarm.

# GRAND MARNIER SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons flour 1 cup heavy cream



"Say when."

6 tablespoons sugar

5 egg yolks

5 tablespoons Grand Marnier

6 egg whites

1/6 teaspoon cream of tartar

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler and add the flour. Mix well and cook for a moment. Then pour in the heavy cream, stir constantly until this thickens and then add the sugar. When the sugar has dissolved, remove from the heat and allow to cool. When the mixture is cool, beat the yolks and stir them into it along with the Grand Marnier. Sprinkle the cream of tartar over the egg whites while you beat them into stiff moist peaks. Take 1/3 of the beaten whites and mix vigorously into the Grand Marnier sauce. Then dribble this sauce over the remaining egg whites and fold thoroughly and carefully. Slide the soufflé mixture into a buttered and sugared 2-quart soufflé dish and place in a preheated 350° oven for about 20 minutes. Test to make certain the soufflé is done before removing from the oven.

### COFFEE SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour 1/2 cup hot milk 1/2 cup strong black coffee 1/2 cup sugar

4 egg yolks 5 egg whites

1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler and mix in the flour. Cook a minute. Add the hot milk and the strong black coffee. Add the sugar and cook and stir constantly until the mixture is well combined. Take this off the fire. Beat the yolks, and when the mixture is slightly cool, add them to it. Beat the egg whites until stiff, sprinkling the cream of tartar over them as you beat. When the mixture is really cool, add a large spoonful of the whites and combine thoroughly with it, then add this to the remaining egg whites and fold gently. Pour this into a buttered and sugared 2-quart soufflé dish and place in a preheated 350° oven. This should take about 25 minutes, but test it. The best sauce for this coffee soufflé is simply whipped cream, thoroughly chilled, with a little brandy added.

So take heart. As you can see, there is nothing mysterious about the soufflé scene. Just remember that knowledge is the prime ingredient, and press on.

# WORLD 42 FREAKS O (continued from page 136)

(Tina, alone of the girls in the house, wears a bra). Al tells Jimmy to sit down: "The teeny-boppers you let in don't have enough yet to put bras around." It is clear that, though everyone votes, Al is the real judge at trials.

Yet Al is also the next one convicted—of losing the house football on a mountainside picnic (they climb a nearby mountain whenever they have some particularly good stuff to smoke or drop—"We get off on the trees"). Jimmy prosecutes again. Al had earlier sworn out an affidavit against Jimmy for leaving the football in the rain—there are old conflicts nagging at the brothers. Currents of serious criticism run beneath all the banter of trial. Jimmy finds Al too officious.

Dwayne rises to bring Dusty to trial. "He shows a bourgeois possessiveness about Dani."

"Oh, she can fuckin' fuck anyone she wants," Dusty answers.

"But if she does, you might kill her or one of us," Dwayne says.

"It's not an issue, she can't ball anyone now anyway, not till she fuckin' gets over the clap. But this is the time to get it all out front."

Mickie objects: "I thought who is balling who was not a matter for trial."

"Right," Dwayne answers. "But this is not about balling—only about Dusty trying to *prevent* people from balling freely with whoever they want; and that is a violation of the house code."

Dusty: "Why not wait till Dani is back to see if she wants to ball others?"

Dwayne: "No chick has ever been here without balling more than one."

"Sure they have. Remember Silvy?"

"But she didn't like it here; that's why she left."

"Balling should be nobody's business but those involved."

"Remember, this is a trial—one should speak, henceforth, of the ballor and the ballee."

Mickie comes back, "If balling is nobody's business, why does everybody try to make the most noise possible? I sometimes think we're going to shake the goddamn house down. Everyone wants cheerleaders at the bedside, to see he is getting his."

thorn pay

"I'd smile, too, if everything my company owned was tax-exempt!"

"That's right," Tina spouts. "That he is getting his. The whole balling ethic here is male piggism."

"You seem to enjoy it," Jimmy leers.

"But I want to be more than a piece of *meat* for you to get off on—you remember I left you when you took that attitude."

"But you came back."

"Just when I got too cold in the other bed."

Several kinds of hostility are out now, and naked—and sex dragged it all out, here as in any uptight suburb.

Al intervenes, "This is a trial, not a gross-off."

Dusty is acquitted. "Sometimes," he says, "this place reminds me of a fuckin' fraternity house."

Mickie, who graduated from an Ivy League school, lifts a maudlin tenor, "We're poor little lambs who have gone astray. . . ."

To lighten things, Al gets out some of his favorite bad poems and reads them melodramatically, Dwayne doing silent-movie chords and shakes on his guitar. The first poem is *The Highwayman*. "She blew off her tits," Jimmy says afterward. "No wonder he split." Then *The Face on the Barroom Floor*.

Dwayne, who has recorded several songs on an obscure label, airs his new compositions, all lovelorn with passionate boot-stompings and gittar-lashings. Mickie comes in at the end with "Gentlemen songsters off on a spree. . . ."

Al, turned serious again, reads from Evtushenko (how not people die, but worlds die in them) and his own notebooks (how his shadow glides at his side, the revolutionary in him, stalking him with accusation for worlds not brought to birth). Tina is nuzzling the house cat, a furry collection of crossed wires (there is LSD in its saucer on good nights). Jimmy flickers a dim flashlight on the ceiling. "Hell, who can get off on that," he finally sighs, and goes for wood to make a fire.

Mickie softly rubs Tina awhile as she rubs the cat, and then they head for the stairs together. "What's up for tomorrow?" Al asks.

Jimmy: "Rifle practice."

Dwayne: "Up the mountain."

Tina: "There's no grass."

Dwayne: "There's some mescaline."

Jimmy: "There's only one thing I care about. Tomorrow the hash!"

Mickie brays his way upstairs, hugging Tina: "Doomed from here to eternity. . . ."

I ask Al what will happen tomorrow. "Tomorrow?" he says with theatrical pretentiousness—his only way, now, of preserving all the soured hopes: "Tomorrow the revolution!" And goes upstairs to write in his notebooks.

# ONE GOOD TURN (continued from page 138)

Devlan carefully controlled his temper. Anger was a luxury one could ill afford in this country. "But if Don Antonio is to get his money, I must have the insur-

ance papers," he explained.

"Usually," the captain agreed. Again, he touched Devlan on the elbow to guide him across the street and into a narrow alley. "However, Don Antonio has had bad luck with his stall recently," he continued. "Four times, it has been destroyed by a passing visitor to our city. Three times were by automobiles. This is the first time it has been hit by a motorcycle. Possibly, you noticed there is a piece of sewer pipe lying in the road. It lies at such an angle that if it is hit, it turns the vehicle into the stall." The captain turned toward Devlan and smiled. "This is why no one ever is in that stall. There is too much chance of becoming injured."

Despite his predicament, Devlan found himself smiling back. "And the idea never has occurred to anyone to

remove it."

Again, the captain shrugged. "Everyone who lives in Puerto Perdido knows that it is there, señor." He took a Delicado cigarette from his pocket, then proffered the pack to Devlan. "The last accident involved a gringo tourist who had driven up from La Paz. He had insurance, but the insurance company told Don Antonio that he should have learned by now that the sewer pipe caused damage to his stall and they would pay him nothing. Now he feels it is better to take something as a security."

"Don Antonio is a true bandido," Devlan said conversationally. "He gives this city a bad reputation. The tourists

will not come anymore."

The police captain shook his head. "There are no tourists here, but very rarely. This is a town for the shrimp and the vegetables that are grown in the hills. There is nothing here for the tourist, except that we have two very fine whorehouses.'

"Nevertheless. Don Antonio is a bandit, a robber. You should put him in the jail rather than me."

The police captain paused and leaned against the wall in the narrow alley, puffing on his aromatic cigarette. He sighed and exhaled. "But you are only a gringo and he is the brother of the alcalde.'

Devlan shook his head. "I am a writer and he is a mere thief with a brother who is a politician."

"Then that makes both of you dangerous." The officer toyed with the flap of his holster. "There is a bus that goes to La Paz," he suggested.

Devlan shook his head. "How much does Don Antonio ask for damages, Captain?"

"Fifteen thousand pesos. About the

same as he can get for the machine, señor.'

"His shop is not worth a quarter of that."

The captain shrugged and looked at his watch. "There is an inn on the plaza, señor. Not the best inn, but is more comfortable than the jail. Because you are a very reasonable and a very agreeable gringo, you may stay there until a solution to this problem presents itself. However, please do not attract attention to yourself in the town, because Don Antonio, a bandit, still is the brother of the alcalde, and he thinks you will send for the money more quickly if you are in a jail."

'How soon do you think this solution will present itself?'

"Tomorrow is a fiesta. Possibly, it will be the day after this."

Devlan smiled and held out his hand. "Vaya con Dios, Captain," he said.

The captain shook his head. "Go with the bus to La Paz," he replied and, turning, he walked away.

Devlan continued down the alley for

no other reason than to avoid following the soft-spoken police captain. It turned out to be the proper direction, for the alley opened onto the plaza of the community. A carnival had been set up in the square in preparation for the fiesta. The Ferris wheel jutted into the sky as high as the steeple of the church. A workman carried a shabbily painted horse toward the merry-go-round and two others pounded on a large stake, the heavy sledges alternately hitting their target in perfect rhythm. Apparently, this preparation was the prime attraction for the evening in Puerto Perdido, for all four sides of the large plaza were rimmed by the young and the old watching the workmen. The posada Devlan sought was but a few yards to the right of the alley and was identified as such by a small blue-neon sign.

The captain was being charitable when he referred to the place as an inn. It consisted of five rooms over a cantina. Devlan signed the register on top of a small ice chest that contained beer and soft drinks, paid his five pesos to the bartender, then climbed the stairs at the rear of the cantina to his quarters. The



"First, let me make this plain. It isn't your hair. . . ."

room smelled strongly of fish and beer and he wondered idly as to the condition of the jail if this room was better than a cell. A 15-watt bulb hung from a frayed cord in the center of the room. The roll curtain over the window was torn and mended with cellophane tape. The mattress on the bed had the thickness of a couple of blankets. Devlan went back down to the bar and ordered a Dos

"I witnessed your unfortunate accident earlier this evening," the bartender said as he uncapped the bottle of beer.

"I understand there have been many unfortunate accidents there."

The bartender chuckled and opened another bottle for himself. "Perhaps you would have noticed Don Antonio's little pipe had you not turned to study the backside of Sarita. It is not good to look backward when one is driving forward, true?"

"True," Devlan agreed. "I would not be surprised, however, if she is a part of the trap. Does she work for Don Antonio?"

"Oh, no, Señor Devlan." The bartender raised the bottle to his mouth, drank a good half of it, then wiped his lips with the back of his hand. "Sarita works at the Casa de las Munecas. She is very much a woman. She comes from Jalisco, which is my home, also."

"You have two very fine establishments in Puerto Perdido," Devlan said. "The captain told me."

"The very best. The other is El Eco, which is across the street. For myself, I prefer the Munecas, but they are both very fine. It is that the rooms are better

at the Munecas."

Devlan grinned and tipped his head toward the stairs. "Better than these?"

The bartender nodded, then finished his beer. "These are only for the fishermen who sometimes get too drunk to get back to their boats."

When Devlan awoke, the sun flooded in the window and the breeze that billowed the curtains carried with it the smells of the waterfront community, of fish and tacos and enchiladas and the oil in which they are cooked. Sarita sat naked at the foot of the bed, legs crossed Indian style, brushing her waist-long, coarse black hair. Her black-tipped breasts swayed with the movement of her arms. Muscles over her rib cage rippled. She was a magnificent animal, perfectly proportioned. Her face did not meet the accepted standards of the beauty contestant. Her nose was squashed and her right canine tooth was gold capped, but Devlan liked her. "One more time," he said, clasping his hands behind his head.

"Una propina?" Her black eyes sparkled.

"I'll give you more than a tip," he 188 replied. "Today is a fiesta for something.

I will take you to the carnival and then to the best restaurant in Puerto Perdido. Then I will bring you back here at six o'clock, kiss your hand and, with a tear in my eye, turn you over to your new lover."

Sarita laughed, threw her brush on the floor and leaped upon him. "You are crazy gringo," she said breathlessly after a while. "I give you last time as a

He shook his head. "We shall go to the carnival.'

"La Señora Valentine will not allow."

"Why not?"

"One girl go out with customer, then soon all girls go out with customer. This is very bad for Señora Valentine."

"How many gtrls in Las Munecas?"

"With me, eleven."

"And Señora Valentine makes twelve. You will all come.'

Rolling off the bed, she stood up and looked at him curiously, her head tipped to one side, "You very crazy gringo," she

"I'm serious," he replied, once again clasping his hands behind his head. "Go tell her.'

Sarita shrugged, slipped into her skirt and blouse and went out of the room. For a moment, Devlan lay quietly on the bed, then, with a laugh, he got up and went into the bathroom. On a small shelf above the basin, he found a razor with an incredibly dull blade with which he managed to scrape off most of his whiskers before he went back into the bedroom and dressed. As he pulled on his boots, he heard the first salvo of firecrackers. It was, indeed, a fiesta. He checked the roll of bills in his pocket. There was almost 5000 pesos and he still had some traveler's checks. Sarita came back into the room. "It is impossible," she said. "First she said no, then she said yes, and then she said no again because of Señora Querida at El Eco."

"Ah, El Eco," Devlan said. "And how many girls are there at El Eco?"

"It is the competition," Sarita explained. "Señora Valentine is afraid we will lose some of our regular customers to Señora Querida. There is good business during lunch and then there is the fiesta, which will bring in the farmers

"How many girls at El Eco?" Devlan repeated.

"Only six."

"Plus Señora Querida makes seven. That is a total of nineteen. Will you ask Señora Valentine to ask Señora Querida to join us with her family?"

Again, Sarita tipped her head, "And you will pay for everyone?"

"Until my money has disappeared."

It took the better part of two hours to convince the two madams that he was serious, and then the time of departure for the outing was set at noon. Some of

the girls had worked late and needed to sleep, but at noon precisely, the two houses were locked and Devlan, who also had napped with Sarita, accompanied by 17 girls of assorted shapes and sizes, two madams, both rotund and heavily corseted, marched the short block to the Puerto Perdido plaza, where they descended en masse on the concessions and various

'The girls could all well afford to come here," Señora Valentine commented as the Ferris wheel lifted her and Devlan and Señora Querida up over the city, "but it is unlikely they would have come alone."

"This is true," Señora Querida agreed. "It is good for them to have a rest, for tonight they shall be so busy."

Devlan nodded and took another bite from his ice cone. "The farmers coming in for the fiesta," he said.

"And the fishermen will return tonight," Señora Valentine added. "Our poor darlings."

The wheel started on another round and Devlan shifted in an attempt to find a more comfortable position between his two rotund companions. He had a feeling that the two madams were keeping him a prisoner, but it did not bother

"Why do you spend so much money on our girls when you could give it to Don Antonio and get back your machine?" Señora Valentine asked after a

Devlan pushed the remainder of his ice cone into his mouth and swallowed it. "Don Antonio is a bandit," he replied, wiping his fingers inside his pants pockets. "There are few people who like bandits, including myself. You ladies have temples of love and there are few people who do not like love, including myself. A man feels good when he does something for people he likes. Only a politician does something for a person he does not like." He laughed. "And, in addition, I do not have enough money to pay Don Antonio all that he seeks."

"He is a politician," Señora Valentine said. "He is the brother of the alcalde."

At a quarter of six, Devlan turned down invitations from both Señora Querida and Señora Valentine, said goodbye to Sarita and started away from the two houses, when he literally bumped into the police captain. "This is a wonderful thing you have done," the captain said. "Never before in the history of Puerto Perdido has a North American made such a magnificent gesture to the girls of our community."

"You are very kind, Captain."

"It must have cost you a fortune, Señor Devlan."

"Not so much as I thought."

"From one end of the town to the other, people have been guessing how much it did cost you."

"About one thousand pesos," Devlan said, "including the dinner."

The police captain shook his head. "Don Antonio called his brother and the alcalde wants to know why I let you spend so much money on the ladies of pleasure when you cannot afford to pay for the damage you incurred at the shop of Don Antonio."

"I am afraid I have not been very discreet."

"Alas, that is true." The police captain nodded. "Now I must take you to the jail." He touched him on the elbow. "However, I am very happy that you had the opportunity to enjoy yourself last night. Sarita is very much of a woman."

The cell was worse than the hotel room over the cantina. It was very small and the bed was nothing more than a series of straps laced between wooden posts. The food, however, was good. It was brought in from the outside, the jailer said, and consisted of gallina con mole with refried beans. With it were two bottles of cold Dos Equis.

About 11, the police captain came to the cell, opened the door and motioned for Devlan to come out. "The front wheel on your machine has been repaired, amigo," he said, "and we have filled your tank with petrol."

"You are very kind, Captain," Devlan replied cautiously.

"Don Antonio has removed his pipe and it has been agreed that he will not put it back. It has made him very angry with you."

Devlan looked at the even-tempered police captain curiously. The officer again motioned for him to pass through the door. "It is the wish of the alcalde that you move yourself to La Paz as quickly as it can be arranged," he said.

With a faint shrug, Devlan stepped out into the anteroom of the jail. The turnkey who had brought him his supper looked up and smiled, then turned away as the prisoner and the police captain stepped outside. The fireworks exploded steadily in the nearby plaza and Devlan could hear the happy cries of the carnival patrons. His motorcycle stood on its pedestal by the curb, guarded by another police officer. "And why has the alcalde become my friend in need, Captain?"

"He is not your friend, Señor Devlan." The police captain tipped his head. "He is even more angry than is Don Antonio." He touched Devlan on the elbow to guide him toward the motorcycle. "But he admires the manner in which you solved your difficulty. I myself think it was magnificent and I am sorry only that you cannot stay in Puerto Perdido, for I would like to have such a clever man as my friend personally."

Devlan paused beside the motorcycle.

"What did I do to solve my difficulty, Captain?"

The police captain stared at him for a moment. "You do not know, señor?" Then, suddenly, he began to laugh and he slapped the broad belt that held his gun holster. "I myself thought that you had planned it this way." Then he slapped Devlan on the back. "I will tell you, amigo," he said presently, when he regained control of himself. "It was the girls at El Eco and Las Munecas, amigo. On fiesta night, the night of our patron saint, they went on strike. Not a fisherman, not a farmer, not a soul can enter their doors until you are released from our jail." Again, he laughed. "There are more angry men in front of the house of the alcalde at this moment than there are children at the carnival."

Devlan suddenly began to laugh with his friend. He straddled his machine and kicked the starter. When the engine caught with a roar, he turned to bid the captain farewell—and saw Sarita. She stood smiling in the middle of the street behind him, the light reflecting on her gold tooth. She waved, then turned and skipped along the pavement like a small child.

Devlan watched the road very carefully until he was well outside Puerto Perdido.

X



# THE PROCREATION MYTH

what our sex lives are all about. The best place to begin is with the notion beloved by the Victorians that

sex is not the same among human beings as it is among the other animals. People are higher beings; their sexual habits are of a quality different from those of pigs and baboons. And the old idea is correct: Human sexuality is different from that of the lower animals-for, unlike virtually all other forms of animal life, man is endlessly preoccupied with sex. The affliction is relentless. From the point of view of any rational pig or baboon, man must seem a creature crazed with sex, a mad animal gripped by a permanent frenzy. There is no escaping it; before anything else, man is a sexual being. Consider: The statistically average human male-assuming there is such a creature-will have sexual intercourse between 1000 and 10,000 times in his life. Extrapolating from Kinsey's figures, we can put the mean somewhere around 5000. He will masturbate in adolescence and afterward some 1000 times. He is able to have an orgasm (though not ejaculation) long before he is first conscious of the experience. He is able to have an erection from the moment of birth and will do so 50,000 to 100,000 times thereafter. In fact, he may be born with an erection and die with one. Beyond this, he kisses, hugs, engages in occasional homosexuality, reads erotic books, goes to erotic movies and fantasizes endlessly about movie actresses, the girl in skintight jeans who just came into the classroom, visionary creatures invented by his own fertile imagination, boy scouts in short pants and even those aforementioned sheep, ducks and

The sexual activity of his female consort is less direct, more subtle, but it is equally unremitting. She will have somewhat less intercourse than he. She will masturbate a good deal less-in some cases, perhaps not more than a few dozen times. She will fantasize about sex much less often. Yet, on the other hand, she will spend a considerable portion of every day appointing and anointing her body to make herself as sexually attractive as possible-scouring her teeth with abrasives, smoothing her skin with powders, scenting the moist places of her body and fussing endlessly over the most minute details of her dress. This female obsession with appearance is unquestionably as sexual as male erection. Even when a woman chooses the lowcalorie salad plate instead of the lasagna, she is being driven by her sexual nature.

It is important to understand that 190 man's preoccupation with sex is not so(continued from page 106)

cially conditioned, not something that has been beaten into us from birth nor squeezed out of us by the constrictions of our puritanical society. Our concern with sex is innate, as much a part of us as the blood and bone with which we were born. In most human societies outside the so-called civilized world, every adult member of the group normally copulates at least once every 24 hours. Our own puny rates of copulation would cause gleeful amazement in cultures such as that of the Aranda of Australia, in which people often have intercourse three to five times nightly, the Thonga of Africa, in which it is not unusual for a man to make love to each of three or four wives in a single night, or the Chagga of Tanganyika, of whom one responsible authority reports that "intercourse ten times in a single night is not unusual"-although perhaps not always with orgasm. (As a matter of fact, Kinsey turned up a number of American men who regularly average 25 sex acts a week.) It is obvious that our own comparatively dismal copulatory record is not the natural human way but the result of centuries of self-imposed punitive attitudes toward sex. In nature, sex for humans is as regular as breakfast and sometimes lunch and dinner, too. Naturally, where the act is frequent, you would guess that less attention is paid to it; but this does not alter the fact that a constant, unremitting concern with sex is as basic a part of human nature as is the normal animal concern with food, air and water.

Now, lions are not always leering at lionesses on the veld, nor are their consorts constantly fussing with their fur. An endless preoccupation with sex is rare outside of the human being. No other mammal evidences it. Man's closest relations in the animal world, the great apes, are singularly unsexual creatures. This may surprise anybody who has spent any time in zoos, but it is true, nonetheless. In zoos, monkeys are prone to antics that make mothers hustle children off to the aviary; but new studies, most of them made within the past decade, clearly indicate that the behavior of captive animals is not normal behavior.

Zoologists such as George Schaller, Jane Goodall and the pioneer C. R. Carpenter, operating on the rather plausible assumption that animals in zoos do not behave the same way they do in their natural habitats, have begun to find ways of studying them in the wild. And they have consistently found that in nature, sex for many species is a far less pressing matter than it appears to be in zoos. Consider the work of Schaller, who

has studied one of man's closest relatives, the mountain gorilla. By dint of patience and perseverance, Schaller was able to watch gorilla groups from very close hand-sometimes perching on a branch directly above them. In 466 hours of observation, he saw only two acts of copulation. By comparison, a similar study made on a group of Americans would reveal considerably more copulatory acts. Gorilla females are receptive to intercourse only three or four days a month and usually not at all in later stages of pregnancy or when nursing their young. Says Schaller, "Since most females are either pregnant or lactating, the . . . males in the group may on occasion spend as much as a year without sexual intercourse."

But the sex lives of human beings differ from those of other mammals in more ways than mere frequency. For example, Homo sapiens is the only known animal averse to copulation with its offspring, and he is one of very few mammals to form permanent mateships. But possibly most important of all is the mammalian process of oestrus.

All female mammals, with one exception, go through phases of sexual activity and passivity known as the oestrous cycle. (Oestrus should not be confused with menstruation, which is quite a different thing and limited to the higher primates only.) The oestrous cycle is of the utmost importance to sexuality, because it is entirely physiological-caused by the flow of various hormones alternating in sequence, which in turn are controlled by the hypothalamus, the brain's vital regulatory center. Oestrus has nothing to do with how an animal was brought up: You can produce the process in the lab with a hypodermic full of hormones.

During oestrus, the female mammal is not only willing but eager to copulate. In some species, she becomes positively nymphomaniacal during oestrus, forcing her attentions on one male after another in a way that would leave most humans gasping for relief. It all sounds rather jolly until you realize that the stretches between oestrus periods can be long, indeed. Perhaps even worse off than the poor gorilla are animals such as deer and bear, whose females come into oestrus only once a year. Even the oftmaligned cottontail rabbit is not interested in copulation six months of the

Few mammalian females will permit copulation when they are not in oestrus. In fact, males do not usually attempt it: Broadly speaking, mammalian males are aroused only by the physical provocation of oestrous females. Indeed, in the guinea pig and in the chinchilla, the vagina is actually covered by a flap of skin



"Now, that piece is an outstanding bedroom bargain, Gilbert."

# The midi that men like.



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during the inactive period, making copulation physically impossible. (Exceptions occur in some primates whose females may present themselves in a copulatory position to show submissiveness in order to placate an angry dominant male or to win his favor for a bit of food.)

The oestrous cycle is a standard feature of mammalian life-so standard that one could almost use it as a definition. Almost, but not quite; because there is one species that does without it. And that species, of course, is man.

This is a fact of the utmost significance-as significant as the fact that we alone of all species make tools, have speech and can form abstract thought.

The creature we have come to call man almost certainly evolved from one of a group of jungle-dwelling apes present on earth during the Miocene era. About 13,000,000 years ago, the Miocene ended and was succeeded, according to Robert Ardrey's popular explanation, by a period of drought called the Pliocene, which lasted until 2,000,000 or so years back. With the coming of the great Pliocene drought, the forest shrank and was replaced by broad, grassy savannas. In increasing numbers, the great apes were deprived of the forest vegetation on which they had fed. Threatened with extinction, one group of beasts reacted by turning ever more to a diet of meat. Thus, there began to develop that unique creature, a carnivorous primate -man.

An ape, lacking claws, fangs and speed of foot, is poorly equipped to hunt. Indeed, even should he make a kill, he has no real means of getting at the meat inside the skin, as anybody who has tried to eat a deer whole will know. It was a question of adapt or die, and adapt he did. He evolved an erect posture that freed his hands for carrying weapons and allowed him to see over the grass, an apposable thumb for using tools and, above all, an ever-enlarging brain. And at the same time, his female began to level out her oestrous cycle. Instead of being driven periodically to intense sexual activity with long quiescent phases in between, she began to develop a pattern of steady but somewhat lowerlevel interest in sex. The male, too, changed, so that instead of being sexually aroused only by an oestrous female, he was able to be excited by a whole range of stimuli associated with women, but especially by the sight of the female genitals.

Now, there is nothing automatic about evolution. No animal has an internal mechanism that it can call on to fix it up with horns or fangs to meet some change in its environment. Evolution occurs only when some animal happens to be born better suited to the environment than its fellows. Its teeth are just a mite longer, its claws a mite sharper, its pelvis a mite more suited to upright walking. It has an edge-and in the vast range of evolutionary time, even a minute edge will win out and spread through a species.

Thus do species acquire new traits. Furthermore, it's obvious that a species can acquire only traits that have some kind of survival value-a more efficient means of feeding, better protection against predators or disease, an improved method for begetting and nurturing offspring. (According to evolutionary theory, it is possible in certain circumstances for a species to acquire traits that have no survival value, but these instances are

It is clear that any trait that appears in the whole range of life is part of nature's plan. This is true of the oestrous cycle found in most mammals and it is equally true of the absence of oestrous periods in the human female. It was not philosophy nor experience that eliminated the oestrous cycle from womankind: It was the great laws of life, And this is rather odd, for the oestrous cycle is an extremely useful device-as, indeed, it must be, since it is so nearly universal among the mammals. Consider for a moment its virtues.

First and most obvious, oestrus allows copulation to occur only when the female is actually able to conceive. It is a kind of rhythm method in reverse, which prevents sex during the safe periods and is obviously a much more efficient reproductive system than the helter-skelter breeding of humans. Second, the oestrous system permits the strongest males to do most of the breeding. When all the females in the tribe are available constantly, the harem is too extensive for the jealous leader to guard successfully; but when the females come into oestrus only one or two at a time, the stronger animals can better dominate the sexual activity-for the general good of the species. Third, the oestrous system limits the amount of time the members of the group spend quarreling over their females, courting and breeding, and thus enables them to devote most of their energies to more important pursuits, such as the search for food and the care of the young.

Oestrus, then, is an effective system. But man does not use it. He has evolved in a different way. In other mammals, each act of copulation has a very high chance of leading to conception. In man, the ratio is reversed: Each act of intercourse has very nearly the minimum chance of ending in reproduction. Indeed, man has put oestrus so far behind him that it is most difficult, even with modern medical techniques, for him to tell with

any real accuracy when the ripe egg is moving through the Fallopian tube and the female will be able to conceive. It is as if nature had deliberately gone out of her way to hinder man from obtaining maximum procreative efficiency. There is no way around it: The human reproductive method is extraordinarily wasteful and inefficient. And unless we are to abandon all we know about evolution, we are driven to admit that it has been designed that way by the laws of life. The plan-God's plan, if you wish-is that men should copulate at will, with no thought of reproduction.

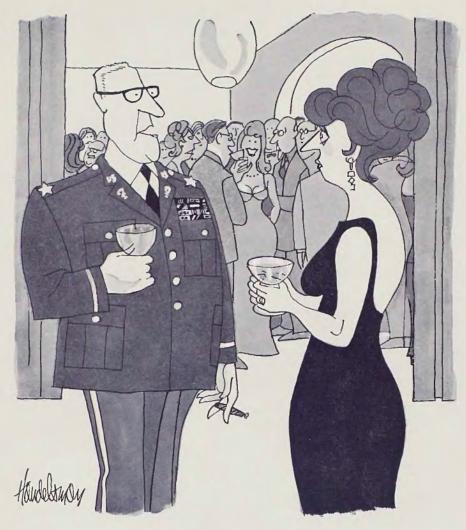
This is not to say, of course, that sex has nothing to do with breeding. Nature is conservative: It likes to make one mechanism serve many functions when it can, like the clock on my desk that also serves as a paperweight. For man's precursors, those dimly seen apes hidden in the shadows of 10,000,000 years, sex was no doubt basically reproductive. But through those millions of years, the element of pleasure increased by infinitesimal degrees, until we can say today that reproduction is only a secondary function of sex. The original mammalian brain was merely a kind of message center driving the animal through more or less automatic responses. The human brain still performs this function, but it also has the added and humanly distinctive capability of abstract thought-similarly, with human sexuality.

After all, the human race could do enough breeding in a month to perpetuate the species. Even in the bad old days, when early man, with his stone axes and small brain, was losing some 75 percent of his offspring before they reached maturity, one birth a year per woman was enough to bring about gradual population increase. Man never did need this surging, endless preoccupation with sex merely to perpetuate the species.

Let me make it clear that I do not mean something mystic-some mysterious drive or life force. When I say that as man evolved he abandoned the oestrous system, I am referring to physical facts having to do with hormone flow and pituitary functions. Man's glands, nerves and brain-the actual cells of his body-have been set, in ways we do not yet understand, by evolutionary processes to give him a constant sex life for a purpose other than reproduction.

What, then, is that purpose? At this stage in the study of the evolution of man's sexual patterns, we can do nothing more than make what are, we hope, shrewd guesses; but the answer, like so many other answers about the human being, almost certainly lies in his life as a carnivorous primate.

It is generally accepted that early 193



"What's happening to our lakes and rivers is one question, Mrs. Carstairs. Another question is why we're throwing away perfectly good toxic irritants."

man lived in groups of 30 to 80 men, women and children, which wandered about over a fairly large area of plain; the women and children gathering roots, nuts, eggs and whatever else edible they came across, while the men hunted anything there was to hunt. We know that early man was eating large animals, such as the woolly mammoth, an elephantlike beast that stood nine and one half feet tall at the shoulder. It would have taken a concerted effort by a large number of men to hunt down and dispatch a beast of this size. It has been estimated that a band of this type would have needed a range of perhaps 25 miles each way, and it follows that given the exigencies of the chase, the group would often have become scattered, with the women and children left hours, and perhaps even days, unprotected from the large cats with whom they shared the land. These cats-early versions of the leopard, among others-found the children of

the two-legged beasts easy pickings. We have, in fact, the skull of a child who some 1,000,000 years ago died with the canine teeth of a leopard in his brain. But for an animal of any size, facing a group of men equipped with hand axes, sharply pointed sticks, perhaps even slings, was a different matter entirely. By perhaps 1,000,000 years ago, man had become the king of beasts, unconquerable by any living thing-as long as he worked, played, hunted, fought and died in groups. For the human being, the group was crucial. Outside it, there was no survival; fragmented, its members were picked off one by one. But drawn together into a rudimentary social system, the group became an all-conquering force, a power so mighty that within a sliver of universal time, it has turned forests into desert and back again and recklessly driven into extinction one species after another. The power of man in groups is awe-inspiring and the glue

that has kept the group together is sex. The pleasure of sex is the basis of society. The key necessity, for the several million years of man's existence, has been to keep the men with the women and children. What, for example, was to stop the hunters, once they had made the kill, from camping there in the wilderness until they were replete? Who among us would look forward to dragging a ton of raw meat back home over 25 miles of rocky plain to a cave full of nattering women and squalling babies?

There must have been a reason for going home, and the one that comes to mind, of course, is sex. It follows that groups in which the women were most often available for sex had a survival edge-an adaptive advantage. That is to say, the longer that the women in the tribe were in oestrus, the bigger the survival factor. (By the opposite token, those men who decided to skip the trip home and have sex with each other did not reproduce, so in an evolutionary sense, homosexuality was a negative trait.) Accordingly, the oestrous cycle lengthened and lengthened at both ends, until it finally met at the middle. And if you want to have a little speculative fun with the theory, you can guess that the explanation for the tendency among many women to be more sexually inspired around menstruation-before and after-is simply that at these points lies the beginning of the now-vanished oestrous period.

And so, finally, we are faced with the inescapable fact that the primary function of sex in human lives is to provide pleasure. What does it all mean? Simply, that any ethical code based on the theory that the primary function of sex is reproduction is built on quicksand. Two thousand years of Judaeo-Christian effort to get human beings to copulate only to procreate has failed precisely because the dogmatists had the facts wrong. You can insist that the world is flat if you likebut you will never discover America if you do. Equally, as long as we continue to base our sexual philosophy on a scientific untruth, we will continue to plague ourselves with bad marriages, illegitimate children, mechanical and inept intercourse and all the other ills our unhappy ethic has brought us. Reason is strong; man is strong. But he cannot fly in the face of nature, because he is part of nature. The evidence points to a defensible, scientifically valid argument that in human beings, the purpose of sex is pleasure; and on that realization we must build our sex code for the next millennium.

# THE VERY RICH (con

(continued from page 144)

up: There were no extras, no tax, no tips. That included girls, too, and he would look into that in due time. As a matter of fact, he did have a wife and was expecting her to join him in a week. So make hay before the rains came. And make it with Désirée, too—she was acting very much like a lady on the make.

Albert Hunsicker, as soon as they were alone in their room, took his wife clumsily in his arms and kissed her. "We should have been given the bridal suite," he said. They were both over 50 and had been married for 27 years; yet, there was a brave and pathetic gallantry in his statement. Their marriage was finally on the rocks, after all those years of bitterness and recrimination-Albert had never ceased to marvel at the fire and viciousness in little Mary. They had had a grand confrontation, right down to the bare nerve and hatred; and there had been a voiding of poisons. They would give it one more chance and both would honestly try to gain back what they had once had. This vacation was where they would do it.

"You're sweet to say that, Al," Mary said; and suddenly, she buried her gray head in his shoulder and he could feel her trembling. "Oh, Al," she whispered, "oh, God, let's get to be in love again!"

"We will, Mary, we will! We'll forget the past, all that's ever happened, We'll start all over."

She searched his face. There were tears in her eyes. "We can do it, can't we, Al, if we really try?" she asked. "We can get it back?"

"Oh, we can," he said.

As for Martin and Laurie Dugan: There is really no need to describe what went on in their room.

That night, right after dinner, a tropical downpour engulfed the resort, with great sizzling bolts of lightning, stupefying thunder, huge dangerous winds and improbable quantities of water. At nine o'clock, the lights went out and candles were produced.

"Candles?" Woodrough cried. "You mean this place hasn't got an auxiliary power plant?"

"It was hit even before the main plant," Montenegro explained. "We have never had such a storm."

Actually, it worked out very well. Dancing to the excellent combo by candlelight, while the elements raged, was uniquely romantic and intimate, and there were no further complaints. Martin and Laurie, of course, were in their own world, and the Hunsickers could not have hoped for anything more auspicious. Pete and Désirée discovered great merit in each other.

It was only the next morning-bright, hot and steaming-that the extent of

the disaster was revealed to them. They were driven from their rooms by the sticky heat and Montenegro joined them at the breakfast table.

"I do not know how to apologize," he said. "It is a calamity. I am up all night. The entire electrical system is knocked out. You will have noticed that the air conditioning is gone."

"You're goddamn right we noticed," Dugan said.

"Also the refrigeration, of course. The food will not keep. Oh, I am so embarrassed."

"Well, send for the parts," Woodrough said.

"The radio is utterly destroyed," Montenegro said, almost cringing. "There is no phone. Anyway, it would be useless. Have you seen the landing strip? A hundred trenches six feet deep."

"Then send a car over," Hunsicker

"Mr. Hunsicker, there is no road. That was how we could keep this place so secret—it was all built by air. An engineering marvel!" Then he collapsed. "But now, no road. Not even somewhere for a road to go to. We are nowhere."

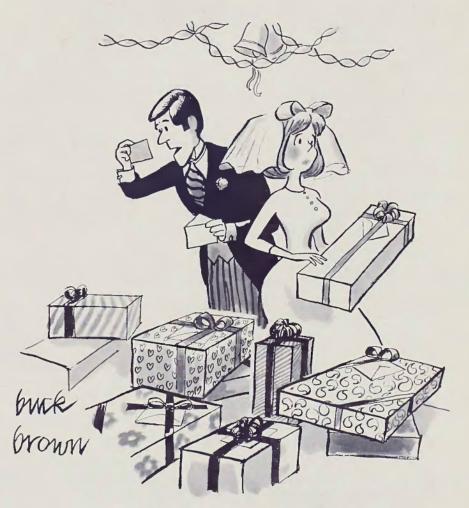
"Where are we, anyway?" Woodrough asked. "Tell us where we are. Maybe I can do something."

"There is nothing you can do," Montenegro said mournfully. "There is nothing anyone can do. We are cut off from the world."

"Boy, oh, boy," Dugan said, slamming down his coffee cup. "This is just what I was hoping to find for my eight hundred and sixty bucks a day on my honeymoon." He leaned over menacingly to Montenegro. "You tell me just how soon you can get us out of here."

"Of course, your money will be refunded," Montenegro said. Then he seemed to take on a little more dignity, even a little authority. "But there is no way for you to get out of here, Mr. Dugan. No way whatsoever."

Later, they were seated under a beach umbrella on the terrace, in 100-degree heat and 96 percent humidity; the air was motionless; all were drenched in sweat. There was mud over everything; the beach had been washed into the lake. Most of the palm trees were down;



"This one reads 'Best wishes from the boys on the vice squad."

the hangar had lost its roof; many windows were broken and debris littered the lawn. Hunsicker was trying to collect his bet from Dugan.

"You say you know this area—well, take a good look. Where in this hemisphere do you find live volcanoes in a jungle? Nicaragua and nowhere else. We're in Central America and you owe me a thousand dollars."

Dugan said doggedly: "I want to hear it from somebody who really knows. Then you'll have your lousy grand."

"But nobody is going to tell you, darling." Laurie suggested sweetly. "It's their gimmick to keep the location secret."

They looked toward the lake; they saw the ruined beach and they saw something else: The surface was white with the corpses of thousands of fish, bellies up.

"My God, all the fish are dying!"

"They must have been electrocuted by the lightning."

"Well, anyone for a swim?" Dugan asked.

Black humor was still possible at this stage.

A couple of days later, it was no longer possible.

When the roof tanks ran out, there was no longer any running water, hot or cold, since it was pumped by electricity. The staff toted pails of lake water to the rooms and they used it to bathe and to flush the toilets. They did not drink it: It tasted of dead fish and sulphur.

The heat and humidity were driving them frantic, ruining their sleep and wearing their nerves raw.

Bread was the first food to go. "We bake our own daily," Montenegro explained at the fourth breakfast. "In electric ovens. And, alas, this will be the last eggs and the last cream or milk." He spoke almost cheerfully and was apparently going light in the head from worry and overwork.

At lunch, he announced the last of the meat, the butter and the vegetables. "Everything is thawed and rotting; it must be thrown out. It is already pretty stinking."

"I have a question," Martin Dugan broke in. "You said you were expecting so many guests this week—well, why aren't the planes coming in or trying to come in?"

"Perhaps the plane has developed engine trouble," Montenegro said vaguely.

"You have only one plane?" Woodrough asked in disbelief.

"They were late on the delivery," Montenegro said. "Maybe now the three others are delivered."

"Then why aren't they trying to come in?" Martin demanded. "There's something goddamn funny here. You can rent planes. Why aren't those other guests being flown down here and finding out they can't land and getting the word back to New York that we're in trouble, so they can send down an amphibian and bail us out? Why isn't anybody trying to get us out of this mess?"

"Yes, it is very strange," Montenegro admitted, as vaguely as before. "I do not understand it myself. If only we had the radio. . . ." And he wandered off.

"That man is ready for the funny farm," Pete declared.

Later that afternoon, determined to get some enjoyment out of this vacation, the Dugans made an effort to avail themselves of the facilities offered: They booked a fishing trip, having been assured that the dead fish were along only the shore, not out where the big ones were.

"Tell me about these big ones," Martin said to the captain as they were pulling out. "Fresh-water fish don't get very big."

"Oh, these are beeg, señor," the captain said. "An' fight! In this lake only in whole worl'. Are call puaxtlotl. Two hunnert, five hunnert poun'. Taste good, too."

"Well, we sure can use some fresh food," Laurie said.

The charter boat got them well out of sight of the hotel and then quit. The captain took up floor boards, cursed and muttered; after an hour, he reported that he could do nothing.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," Martin said. "Is there going to be any one single goddamn thing that is right about this place? Well, get them on the ship-to-shore, tell 'em to send another boat out."

"I can send, they can no hear," the captain announced.

"You mean we're stuck out here?"

Laurie demanded. "Why, it must be a
hundred and ten when we're not
moving."

The captain could only look apologetic.

"We're supposed to be back by dinner," Martin said. "Is there any food aboard, by any chance?"

"No, señor, no food."

And so they sat there through the hot afternoon, prickling with the heat. They could not even fish, since one trolls for the *puaxtlotl*. Martin severely damaged his young marriage by going swimming in his shorts: Laurie could not do the same. At dusk, a swarm of sand flies attacked them; all night, they battled the mosquitoes. Nerves were lacerated; tempers rose and were lost; cruel words were exchanged. By morning, the Dugan marriage had suffered fatal injuries.

During this time, Woodrough, too, attempted to use a facility that was hinted at in the Paradise Plage literature. He approached Montenegro privately and inquired whether that tall

hostess in the cocktail bar, the one with the big tits, would be interested in having a little drink in his room after things closed down.

"But certainly, sir," Montenegro said.
"I can assure you that she will. You could not have made a better choice."

"Have her come up to my room about midnight," Woodrough said. "And have all the usual stuff there—champagne, canapés, tape recorder with the right music, you know. Might as well try to salvage something out of this ungodly disaster."

"You are quite right, sir," Montenegro said. "Of course, there is no ice."

"Well, send up cognac."

"And canapés—perhaps some saltines and peanut butter?"

"Oh, my God."

"And our tape recorders run only on house current, alas."

"Well, damn it, send up the girl, anyway." Woodrough had never even spoken with this girl, but he was certain she had the class that he demanded: tall, graceful, with the sullen, smoldering quality that always inflamed him. Probably half-Spanish, half-Indian.

Midnight came and went, but the girl came not. At 12:45, there was a rap on his door and he let her in. She was not elegantly dressed, as he had had every right to expect, but wore a skirt and blouse

"It ain't my fault I'm late," she said.
"I hadda stay in the bar till that old couple got too drunk to keep on fightin'." It was a voice from darkest Brooklyn—a rude shock.

"Please come in," Woodrough said.
"May I pour you a snifter of this excellent Rémy Martin?"

"You gotta be kiddin'," she said. "I spend all day inhalin' that slop. Well, let's get it over with. That'll be eighty bucks."

Woodrough was outraged. The amount did not bother him—it was the principle: Everything was supposed to be on the house. More important, the girl was simply impossible. He knew how these things should be managed and it wasn't like this.

"As a matter of fact, I've changed my mind," he said. "I shan't be needing you tonight. You can run along."

"Whatsa matter, sport?" she asked. "The price take all the starch outa ya? You ain't jewin' me down, if that's what you're hopin'." She watched him keenly for a few seconds, then opened the door. "Boy, even an expensive joint like this gets its quota of cheap bastards, don't it?" And she was gone. Woodrough drank cognac alone and paced the room a lot.

The Hunsickers, the first guests down to breakfast on the fifth morning, were also the first to learn of the new calamity that had struck during the night. They found an almost hysterical Montenegro trying to set the table.

"The entire staff has quit," he said,



his voice near breaking. "Everybody—I alone am left. There was no presentation of grievances or other formality. They just disappeared into the jungle, all of them, in their uniforms. Maybe they think the uniforms will make them chiefs and queens in their villages."

"I can't believe it," Mary said faintly,
"It took months to train them—you
cannot imagine how filthy and irresponsible these Indians are. Now they have
run away when things got tough. Even
the American hooker in the bar. Even my
assistant, The charter-boat captain has
stolen the boat."

Mary began to cry noisily and Al said to her, "Oh, leave off, will you? Can't you ever rise to an occasion?" And to Montenegro: "The Dugans are on that boat—they didn't come back last night. It must be broken down out there."

"Then there is no way to get them," Montenegro wailed.

"No other boat on the place?" Hunsicker asked.

"Yes, one more that did not sink, but I cannot drive."

"Well, I can drive," said Woodrough, who had come in while this was going on. "Show me the boat."

It was a fast outboard, luckily, and Woodrough rescued the Dugans just in time for lunch. At the table, the newlyweds continued a quarrel they had apparently started on the fishing trip: How had they ever got to Hellhole Plage in the first place?

"It was your idea," Laurie said. "I know it wasn't my idea, because I never heard of the place."

"It was your goddamn father," Martin declared. "Gave us the honeymoon for our wedding present. We were supposed to open the envelope on the way to the airport. 'Course, when I opened it and saw the name, I knew what it was all about. Boy, what a price he was willing to pay to unload you."

"Oh," Mary Hunsicker said, "a wedding present? Not your own eight hundred and sixty bucks a day? No wonder you're reluctant to pay my husband what you owe him."

"How the hell could you have opened the envelope, Mr. Know-It-All?" said his bride. "You were driving."

"I was driving?"

"Well, who else, stupidi"

"Boy, I must've been really drunk," Martin said. "I thought you were driving,"

"Do you remember getting on the plane?" Désirée asked in a peculiarly intense, throbbing voice.

"No, not me," Laurie said. "I had to drug myself to get through the ceremony."

"Me neither," Martin said, "Me neither. Boy, that must've been some wedding reception. Was there a reception?" This gave him a big yak; no one else saw much humor in it and Désirée's expression was grave and abstracted.

After the meager and sweaty lunch, Woodrough took Désirée Brooks aside. "I've seen faces peering in at us from the jungle," he said. "Already they know that this place is in trouble. If I were one of those savages, I'd start figuring how I could get a piece of it, too. Listen: I'm going to try to get through to Montenegro. He's holed up in his room and I think he's gone off his rocker. I'd appreciate it if you'd sort of stand by and be ready to help out,"

Désirée felt a great upwelling of pride and affection. "Oh, Pete," she said. There was that quality of melting and surrender in her manner that commanded Pete to take her in his arms and kiss her. "Oh, Pete," she whispered.

"Oh, baby," he whispered. "Oh, I do want you."

He went to Montenegro's room and found him crouched on his bed with his back in the corner of the room, his knees drawn up to his chin, his hands braced against each wall.

Woodrough sat on a chair and said gently, "Mr. Montenegro, I am your friend. Please believe me. Now, we need certain things that are locked up, so I want you to give me the keys."

Montenegro's eyes went wide with terror and he drew back. Anyone who wanted his keys was clearly an enemy. Apparently, he was in the grip of a full-blown psychosis.

"OK," Woodrough said. "Don't be worried, Mr. Montenegro, I am your friend. Take it easy."

He went back to Désirée. "He's been taught to guard his keys," he reported, "and now he's insane. The guns are locked up somewhere—we'll never get them. We'll have to arm ourselves with whatever we can find—hatchets, knives, hammers." A wondering look came over his face and he said, "I am dumfounded that an elaborate establishment like this could simply disintegrate in a few days into nothing." Then he saw that a change had come over Désirée: She had become serene and somehow clarified.

"It doesn't matter," she said, in a strange tone.

"Have you gone loco, too?" he cried. "Those Indians out there mean business. They'll probably attack tonight."

"They won't kill us." she said calmly. "They can't kill us."

"The hell they can't!"

"Pete, don't you understand? We're already dead."

She saw the look on his face and she said, "No, I'm not crazy. It's true. Think about it. Everything that's happened here—even the manager going conveniently insane. Pete, this is all planned."

"Darling," he murmured, "what are you trying to say?"

"It was the Dugans who gave me the final clue, when they couldn't remember getting on the plane. All of us have a blank space in our lives, just before this trip. Pete, tell me what happened after your heart attack. All the details. From then until now."

"After the heart attack, they kept me on heavy sedation for a month," Pete said, "so, of course, I don't remember that period. But then my first vice-president came out to the house and told me about this vacation they'd cooked up for me and, in fact, he drove me to the airport. I can remember getting on the plane."

"A month on sedation for a 'nothing serious' heart attack?" Désirée asked. "Does that sound likely to you? And then this expensive sick leave—does that make sense? Pete, darling, that was a fatal heart attack." She took him in her arms and said compassionately, "Darling, it's not so bad, once you know it and accept it; I've found that out already. After the Dugans said what they said and I realized that there was a big empty space in my life, too, I accepted it and began to live with it." A laugh that was not quite a laugh—perhaps a sob. "That's good, 'live with it.'"

She looked up now into his face and found what seemed to be a strong, stoical acceptance of her terrible insight. In point of fact, Woodrough was masking the exasperation he felt at the prospect that this luscious piece, so nearly within his grasp, was about to slip away into some nutty obsession. He stared across her shoulder, across the empty and darkening room, out the window and across the lake toward the fuming, hellish volcanoes on the horizon, with their coronas of red. He did not for one instant believe that he was dead. He was alive and he knew it. His immediate problem, however, was to gain this woman's sympathy and confidence.

"I don't feel dead," he said, with feigned uncertainty.

And she replied, "How could we know, until now, how the dead feel?"

"If what you believe is true," he said, feeling foolish, dishonest and ashamed, "then the Hunsickers will have had the same experience."

"Let's look for them," Désirée said gravely. "They'll have had it."

They kissed: then, their arms around each other, they went in search of the Hunsickers. Things were going so well that Woodrough could permit himself the indelicate reflection: If this really is an afterlife, this is a hell of a lot better way to be spending it than in the company of my wife.

They passed into the dining room and saw the Hunsickers and the Dugans seated at a table in the twilight, amid a clutter of tin cans and liquor bottles. The evening inshore breeze carried to

# We've got a lot of ways you can smoke a little:















Muriel makes more different kinds of small cigars than anybody.

That's why we're the big name in small cigars.



"That's what I was telling you about, Professor. Money no longer motivates our generation."

them an overpowering stench of rotting fish but no relief from the heat.

They sat down at the table and discovered at once that all four were drunk.

Where you been, you two?" Martin asked, leering. "Don' answer. Jus' have a drink.'

"Listen," Woodrough said, playing his role, "I'm trying to put together how we ever got into this mess. Tell me, Mary, did you and Al decide on this vacation together?"

"Well, in our family," Mary said, "it's the commodore who decides what he wants to do and then we do it."

Woodrough turned to Al. "You picked out this place?"

"I'll have to take the blame. It sounded great. I forget where I heard about it and the travel agents couldn't help me -they really keep it exclusive. I had to deal direct with the New York office."

"And what did you do the day before the flight?"

"We went boating," Mary said promptly. "Old Commodore Hunsicker here massages his ego by getting into a speedboat and scaring the sailboats in Long Island Sound. They should be scared, too, because the old idiot is dead-drunk the whole time. And I'm dead-drunk, because that's the only way I can put up with him."

"You were along on the boat trip?" Désirée asked.

"I'm always along," Mary answered. "He has to have me along to show off to."

Désirée asked very gently, "And do you remember coming back from that boat trip?"

"Not me," Mary stated.

"But you remember," Woodrough said to Al. Al looked embarrassed and said

"When he gets stoned," his wife said, "he hasn't the vaguest idea where he's been or what he's done. Which is usually something utterly obnoxious."

Pete turned to Désirée. "You're right," he said. "It's the same with them."

"What's the same with us?" Hunsicker demanded.

Woodrough told them, skillfully playacting, citing all the "evidence."

And was met with disbelief and derision, of course.

"It doesn't matter," Désirée said to Pete. "Let them find out in their own time."

The hooting and scoffing continued, and then it ceased and all of them jumped to their feet and ran out to the terrace. They had all heard the noise of a plane motor. A small amphibian was circling and about to land. The Hunsickers and the Dugans skipped about, shouted, waved their arms, hugged each other. The plane taxied through the rim of dead fish to the dock. A man stepped out and came up the lawn toward them.

"Why, that's Johnny Delmonico, the rock singer!" Laurie cried. "I'd know him anywhere!"

And then they looked at each other with terror and despair. It was Désirée who put it calmly into words: "Johnny Delmonico is dead. We all read it in the paper the day we left-we were talking about it on the plane. An automobile accident in Mexico City."

White-faced, Martin Dugan turned to his bride. "It's true," he whispered. "It must have happened on the way to the airport."

Mary Hunsicker began to sob quietly; Al turned away and stared stonily at the mountains. Pete and Désirée put their arms about each other.

Johnny Delmonico came up to them. He did not bother to introduce himself. "Boy, have they been worried about you!" he exclaimed. "Is everybody OK? Just look at that landing strip! Where's the manager?"

No one answered. Finally, Al Hunsicker said, "Make yourself at home, Delmonico. Welcome to the land of the dead."

"No, I can't stay," said Delmonico. "Gotta get right back or it'll be too dark to land. But you all seem to be OK." He looked around. "Boy, is this place a mess! Been dynamitin' the fish, huh? Where's all the staff?" He turned to go. "Don't worry, they'll send a rescue plane in the morning. Sorry, I can't take you now, but my plane won't hold but one person. I'll let 'em know you're all right." He strode back down the slope, got into his plane, revved up and flew off down a valley. The whole visit had lasted less than ten minutes. They watched until he was gone.

"That was to make sure we know," Désirée said. "And to give us false hope, There won't be a plane tomorrow. Johnny Delmonico is flying back to his particular hell."

For long moments, even Pete Woodrough's private conviction was shaken. Then he came back to a firm belief that Delmonico was alive. He knew there had to be a natural, rational answer to this. Exactly what that answer might be, he couldn't begin to guess-maybe the newspapers had been wrong-but he knew in every fiber that he himself was alive. He also knew that if he was ever to possess Désirée, he would have to keep up his game of make-believe.

They all went back inside and, by tacit consent, did not sit down again at the table. They went to their rooms and got their pails and felt their way down to the lake shore two by two and, carefully avoiding the putrefying fish, scooped up buckets of water, foreseeing the needs of the morning.

And Pete and Désirée slept together that night.

Désirée was right: No plane came the

"Things will go from bad to worse,"

For lunch on this sixth day, they went to the pantry. There were canned goods and nothing much else. Beans, carrots, peas, tomatoes, corn, more beans, spaghetti and noodles; fortunately, also goulash, hot dogs, Spam, sardines. They made their selection and hunched around their table, in the ghastly emptiness and silence of the dining room, mopping the sweat from their faces with paper napkins.

That afternoon, Désirée moved in with Pete and they celebrated the event appropriately. Afterward, she said, with real fear in her voice, "Oh, I'm scared, Pete. I'm scared because I'm too happy. Somehow, this will be taken away from usit has to be." For the first time, she cried.

To Pete, the happiness they had found with each other was proof positive they were alive and well and living in anywhere but hell. But he said nothing about this and continued to humor her. And why not? he asked himself: That tactic was paying off handsomely.

During dinner (Spam and canned macaroni), the candles ran out. Each had brought down the only one he had; all burned out within a minute of each other.

Woodrough felt his way to Montenegro's room. It was dark and stifling; there was the stench of feces in the air, so strong that Woodrough chose not to

"Mr. Montenegro," he said through the door, "please tell me where there are some candles." There was no answer. Woodrough spoke again; again no answer. Finally, he entered the room, and then he went back to the others, "Montenegro is dead," he reported.

"How can he be dead?" Martin asked. "You can't die around here."

"If you're part of the staff, you can die," Désirée said. "Just to be a problem

There was nothing to do. They stumbled up to their rooms, sat in the darkness for a while, complaining, weeping, cursing and drinking, and went to bed early.

Before breakfast on the seventh morning, they discovered the new complication of their lives: The savages had struck. The larder was almost empty. They had crept in during the night and had carried off nearly all the food, including all the canned meat and fish. The guests were now virtually without protein.

"You see?" Désirée said to Pete. "Their function is not to kill us but 201 to make us miserable."

"But this is serious," Pete said. "They'll come back and we're hopelessly outnumbered. We'll have to take all the remaining food to our rooms."

They did so.

At lunch that day (vegetable stew), the Hunsickers and the Dugans drunk, they discussed their predicament. "Every day, something else will go wrong," Désirée said. "First the electric lights went, then the air conditioning, then the running water, then the fresh food, then the service, then Montenegro. Very soon, the canned food will run out, then the liquor and you can no longer blunt the edge of it. Then the insect repellent, the toilet paper, the soap. Night after night, the Indians will pick this place clean and we can do nothing to stop it. Our clothes will rot and the bed linen. Always, at the last minute, when things have become unbearable, rescue of some sort will come." She repeated the word, with a bitter chuckle: "Rescue!"

Martin Dugan burst suddenly into high laughter and it was half a minute before he could say what was on his mind. "That bet. Central America. Hunsicker, we aren't in Central America. You owe me a thousand bucks. Come on, pay up, you cheap welsher."

Al had been drinking more than eating and saying nothing. Now he raised his eyes and one saw in them the despair and the rot. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a check. "This is a cashier's check for twenty thousand." He endorsed it and tossed it across the table. "There's your lousy thousand," he said thickly, "and another nineteen thousand. It's all yours. You got your money, OK? And now, what va gonna do with it, you silly bastard?" And he, too, burst into laughter, dirty and prolonged. It was Woodrough's worst moment: watching this idiocy take place while he said nothing.

Always the most enterprising, that afternoon Woodrough sought a solution to the problem of illumination. He found neither candles, flashlights nor lanterns; but he did find a drum of kerosene and made up lamps of wicks floating in a pan, which he distributed to each couple, to the dining room and to the kitchen. He noticed a progressive demoralization. The men had not shaved; the rooms

were in complete disorder; all except Désirée were drunk.

No one went down to the dining room for dinner that night. Two by two, they crouched over their feeble, foulsmelling lamps and ate from their cans and drank their bourbon or gin.

On the eighth morning, they learned that the Indians had, of course, raided them again. No one had thought to save the liquor supply: Now it appeared to be gone, every last bottle that was not upstairs.

"They'll get themselves into a drunken frenzy," Mary wailed. "They'll murder us all."

'Can't you get it through your stupid head," her husband snarled, "that we can't be murdered?"

"There's something I don't understand," Laurie said. "What would happen if I stabbed myself in the heart?"

They were in the kitchen; Martin held out to her a large knife. "Try it,"

"Boy, are you funny," she said with contempt.

"You'd 'live' on," Désirée told her, "in hideous pain."

At dinnertime, it became apparent that the Hunsickers regarded the food that they had carried upstairs as their personal property and refused to share it. Harsh words were exchanged and very nearly blows.

Once again by themselves, the Hunsickers took up their private quarrel. "I backed you up on the food there," Mary said, "because I don't like those others any more than you do. But actually, of course, you are completely in the wrong, as usual."

And Al: "By God, I'm daunted, I'm truly daunted, when I think of an eternity of what I've already had to endure for twenty-seven years."

Only Pete and Désirée were at peace. They lay in each other's arms, happy and unmindful of the heat.

"Darling, do you think we will get older?" she asked.

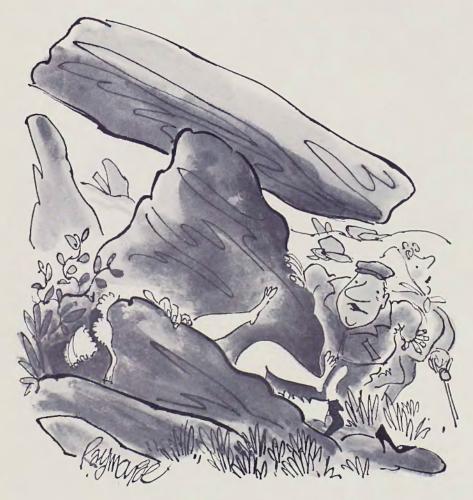
"I don't see how that could be possible," he answered.

"Anything is possible," she answered somberly. "We could get just enough older for you to stop loving me and then stop.'

"Baby, I'll never stop loving you, no matter what happens," Pete whispered. "Never."

And the evening and the morning were the eighth day of eternity.

On the ninth day, early, the big old PBY23A squashed down on the lake and taxied up to the dock and about 20 people climbed out. All of the dead souls were still asleep, but they woke up when they heard the engines and rushed out to their balconies, Thus, Mrs. Peter Woodrough's first sight of her husband



"I think we must have passed the kissing stone some way back, Muriel!"

was in pajama bottoms and in the company of a woman whose nightdress you could see right through.

The other arrivals were a repair crew and an American in charge, who introduced himself as Harris to the guests who assembled, hastily clad, in the lobby.

"Thank God, you're all right," he said. "You can't imagine how concerned we've been—you're in all the papers. It's blown our cover completely—now the whole world knows we're down here in Nicaragua."

"It's part of the false hopes!" Désirée cried. But, seeing Mrs. Woodrough bearing down on her husband, and the look on his face, she knew that they were back in the real world after all.

The doctor who had come along, sent to find Montenegro, found his corpse and reported to Harris. "About three days dead, I'd estimate," he said, looking at the guests with indignation; and Woodrough, at least, felt shame enough to blush.

"How terrible for you," Harris said. "There's no way we can apologize for what you've been through. That storm you had—that was Hurricane Clea, my friends—that was a real dilly. For four days, there was nothing in the air, but nothing, on the whole Atlantic Seaboard."

"You didn't wonder about the lack of radio contact?" Hunsicker demanded.

"Of course we wondered," Harris said. "We were frantic. We saw the maps of the hurricane; we knew you'd been hit. But for the first four days, we couldn't do a thing. Of course, we don't own an amphibian and it's not so easy to rent one, let me tell you—it took this long. Thank goodness we found out Delmonico was in Tegucigalpa and could talk him into flying in here to reassure you."

None of the six wanted to look at another. Mary spoke up. "We'd read that he was dead."

"That's how we could get him," said Harris. "That was a publicity stunt that backfired. Get his name in the papers. But the newsboys found out right away that it was a phony and he got a very bad press, indeed. Well, his agent thought maybe this rescue operation would help patch things up. So he flew in. It's been a hideous week for you, I know, but we'll get you out of here just as soon as you have your stuff together."

Al Hunsicker intercepted Martin Dugan just as he reached his room. "About that bet," he said, red in the face. "It seems we're in Central America, after all. But I'm willing to call the whole thing off. So, if you'll just——"

"Oh, no-no-no-no," Martin broke in. "I wouldn't think of it. I lost fair and square and I'm gonna pay. You just wait here a second."

He went into his room and came out after a short while. "Here's my check for



"The Government pays me not to do any plowing, and I'm not going to do any plowing! Hear?"

two grand, the thousand you paid me and mine for the lost bet." He put it into Hunsicker's limp hand, "I'll just keep that cashier's check," he said, "that you were so generous as to endorse over to me, in front of witnesses."

He stepped back inside his room. "You silly bastard," he said, and closed the door.

Désirée was about to enter Pete's room to collect her belongings when she heard the jay-voiced Mrs. Woodrough on the other side of the door, giving her husband hell. Reference was made to a naked whore, whom Désirée recognized as herself. She was about to retreat from the door when it was flung open and Pete crupted into the corridor, his wife screaming after him, "Come back here, Peter Woodrough!"

To Désirée, he quickly said, "I know where there's a bottle of Jack Daniel's stowed away in the cocktail lounge. Come on—I think we both need it."

They walked toward the lobby, desolated by the latest turn of events. "Oh, Pete," she said, "what I was convinced of half an hour ago would be preferable to what we've got now."

He nodded grimly but said nothing.

Even before they reached the lobby, their noses told them a ghastly experience awaited them there. The lobby, where a few minutes before there had been such a bustle, was completely empty. No Harris, no doctor, no rescue crew. Only Montenegro's body on a stretcher, urgently calling for burial.

Pete and Désirée looked at each other with horrid surmise. Of one accord, they ran to the window. There was no seaplane at the dock. There were no crates of supplies on the lawn, There were no people.

"But it couldn't," Pete wailed, "it couldn't have taken off without our hearing it!"

Désirée burst out laughing; it was a sound in which triumph and despair were compounded. "Of course it couldn't," she cried, "if it were real! Oh. marvelous! It's just like you said on the plane, Pete—this outfit does its thing with good style! This is another one of those superb touches!"

Pete's face went slack. She had been right all along. "It was just to torture us," he said in a whisper. "They've left us exactly the way we were."

"Not quite," said Désirée.

For behind them, they could hear an approaching torment: the strident, petulant, vulgar voice of the late Mrs. Peter Woodrough, deathlong addition to their group.

Pete spoke hollowly: "The latest superb touch."

"The latest," said Désirée, "but far from the last."



# EXHIBITION GAME (continued from page 110)

picture—was. The steady pounding of rain on our helmets mingled with the sound track until it sounded like every movie was shot in the middle of a roaring surf. Everyone ate apples and threw the cores at the screen.

"You mean the one where Van Johnson was this lieutenant?"

"That's the one, Elkins."

"Yeah. What about it? He looked pretty chicken-shit to me." Elkins had hated all officers ever since he had failed to make flight training. He considered himself basically a first lieutenant, but fate had screwed him and made him a truck driver in a radar company.

"You remember the scene when the company was pinned down and Mickey Rooney, with all that Hollywood mud on his tin hat, was crying? And then Van Johnson crawled out of the foxhole to save Eddie Bracken, who was Mickey Rooney's best friend? Do you remember what Mickey said through his tears when Van dragged Eddie, mortally wounded, back into the foxhole?"

Zinsmeister paused dramatically, waiting for the answer.

"Nah. I musta missed that. I guess that came when I went out in the bushes to take a leak."

Gasser laughed raucously.

"Leave it to you to take a leak at the wrong time," said Zinsmeister. "That's the story of your life, isn't it, Elkins?"

"Screw you." It was all Elkins could say, because he knew Zinsmeister was right. It was the story of his life.

"Edwards, do you remember what Mickey Rooney said?" Edwards' total lack of humor made him Zinsmeister's perfect straight man. He never let him down.

"Why, yes, I believe he said, 'I'd follow that man into hell,' "

A pregnant silence fell over us.

"That, Elkins, is morale."

Elkins looked at Zinsmeister in disbelief. "What a *crock* of shit," he said. "What a load of bananas."

"What, Elkins, you mean you wouldn't follow Lieutenant Cherry into hell?"

Elkins squatted down on the wooden duckboards and rocked in phlegmy laughter at the obscene image of himself following Lieutenant Cherry through the gates of hell, into the roaring furnace, over a pontoon bridge spanning the River Styx, in which floated the writhing figures of the damned, probably from our archenemy M Company.

"You find it hard to believe that you would follow our Lieutenant into hell?" Zinsmeister spoke quietly. "It is my opinion that you already have." Sometimes the truth is so true that there's nothing more to say.

"MOVE YER ASS, GASSER, WE

AIN'T GOT ALL DAY." It was the next morning, and Kowalski was in his sharply creased fatigues, a sure sign that he meant business. Gasser was the last man into Company K's battered troop carrier. Sitting in two rows facing each other in the stifling gloom, we roared and banged off in the direction of B sector. Our troop carrier, due to its condition and also because of the way Elkins kicked it around, produced as much concentrated sound as a P-51 just before lift-off. Before us on the floor, a pile of rakes, shovels and sickles bounced and rattled. We were officially off duty. The bitching when we drew a work detail on such an occasion was usually continuous and bitter, but today all was sweetness and light. We were returning to the games of our childhood, the simple pleasures, the ecstasies we knew before any of us had ever felt the weight of an M-1.

"WHAT'D YOU SAY?" I yelled at the top of my lungs at Gasser, who was crouched directly across from me. His face had been working soundlessly for some time and I finally got the drift that he was yelling something at me. Nobody ever tried to carry on any kind of conversation in the back end of a troop carrier, at least not with Elkins at the wheel.

"YOU LOOK LIKE A NATURAL-BORN BIRD CASER!" he screamed back.

I thought about this for a second or two. "WHAT'S A BIRD CASER?" I hollered, as the dust swirled in over the tail gate.

"WHAT'D YOU SAY?" he shouted back through the uproar.

"WHAT'S A BIRD CASER?" I was getting hoarse.

Gasser dug an elbow into Edwards' ribs and yelled something into his ear. They both laughed, which for some reason made me mad.

"WHAT'S SO GODDAMN FUN-NY?" I hollered.

"I SAID THIRD BASEMAN, YOU JERK." Gasser kicked my knee with his GI shoe and spat out over the tail gate.

We roared on and on. At last, with a shudder of worn brake linings, the load of tools slid along the truck bed and slammed against shins and ankles as the carrier bounced to a stop. Simultaneously, Kowalski's hated whistle shrieked out.

"Let's have a column a twos here. Dress it up. I don't want no horsin' around now. AT EASE, goddamn it!"

We quieted down until the only thing making a sound was the oil-pan drip in the troop carrier and the faint cries from two chicken hawks that wheeled in the sky high above us. B sector was a silent wasteland, inhabited only by tarantulas, scorpions, a few rattlesnakes and an occasional alligator. It was miles from our radar site and was the only comparatively flat land in our area of operations, if what we did could be called operations.

"This here manual is how to build a U.S. Army four-three-two slash B.D. GI ball diamond. And we are gonna go by the book. Y' understand?"

We did. There was a book for everything. Half an hour later, we had already created the faint outlines of a baseball diamond on the scrubby sand of B sector. One gang of guys hacked away with shovels and pickaxes, smoothing out the rough coral sand. Another team toted rocks and debris for dumping in the undergrowth where foul territory would be. Gasser, Zinsmeister and I were in the outfield swinging sickles, chopping away at the razor-sharp palmettos. A happy buzz of playful obscenity filled the air and floated out over the invisible grandstands.

"Christ, it's hot." Gasser spat on his hands, the sweat dripping off his dog tags.

I grunted, trying to pull my sickle out of a tenacious root. A malevolent bluegreen thing covered with claws and stingers scuttled across the sand. I leaped back. Gasser dropped his sickle and lunged sideways, giving himself a nasty slash on a palmetto leaf.

"Well, as I live and breathe, a genuine scorpion." Zinsmeister fanned his face with his fatigue hat and bent over, peering down at the little beggar. "By George, he's a nice specimen."

Gasser hissed from behind the palmetto: "Kill the bastard!"

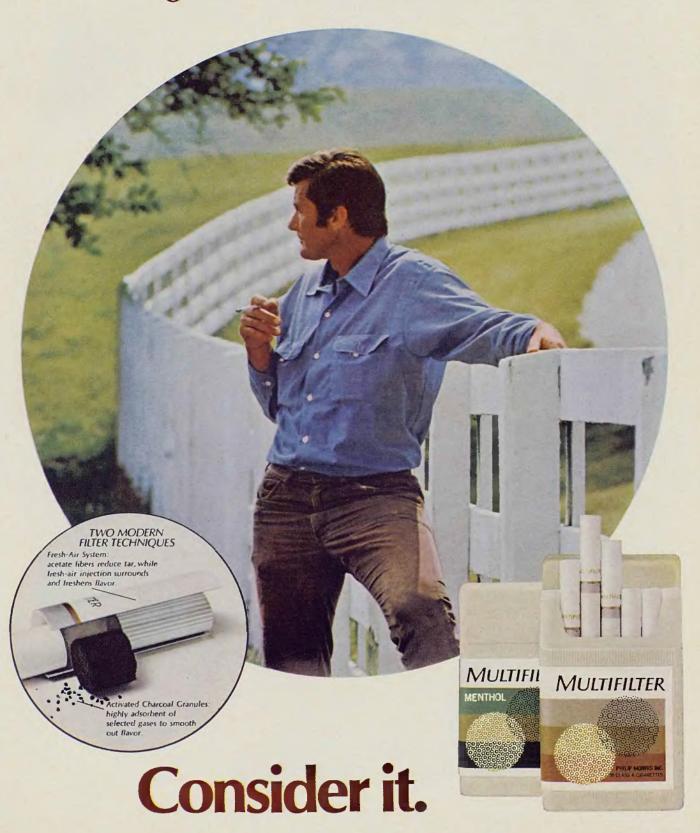
"Gasser, please. He might hear you." Zinsmeister continued to examine the scorpion closely. I could see its stinger curled upward, ready for action. It looked like a tiny green lobster.

"The Arachnida are an interesting class," Zinsmeister intoned in his lecture voice.

"It looks like a scorpion to me!" said Gasser from behind the palmetto. He was taking no chances; he held his sickle at the ready. Zinsmeister prodded the terrified little creature with his GI shoe and instantly it scuttled off into the undergrowth. I thought: This is going to be a hell of an outfield, especially for ground balls!

As we rode back to the company area late that afternoon—sandy, hungry, happy, covered with mosquito bites—I dozed off from time to time. The tropical sun was just dropping to the edge of the horizon when we climbed out of the troop carrier in front of the dayroom. A couple of guys from the third section who had just come off duty in the maintenance tent began pumping us about the ball diamond as we turned in

# A low-tar cigarette with a tobaccoman's kind of flavor.





"Fortunately, it's not only my nose."

our tools and went back to our tents to

get ready for chow.

"What the hell are you doing, Gasser?" said Elkins as he smeared sulfa salve over his permanent heat rash. Gasser was rapidly lifting up the end of his footlocker and lowering it to the floor, using his right hand.

". . . Twenty-six . . . twenty-seven . . . twenty-eight . . . twenty-nine . . . ,"

he grunted.

Elkins rolled his eyes in the direction of the tent roof, muttered an obscene prayer and crossed himself, leaving big slippery dabs of the smelly sulfa salve at each point of the cross.

". . . Thirty-six . . . thirty-seven . . . thirty-eight . . . ," Gasser was breathing hard. The end of the footlocker wasn't going up and down as fast as it had been. His eyes were squeezed shut with concentration.

Zinsmeister sat quietly on the bunk and just watched, one sock half on, the other foot bare. The pious Elkins, who had finished beseeching God for mercy, moved away from Gasser as though whatever kind of fit he was having might be contagious.

". . . Fifty-three . . . fifty-four . . . fifty-five . . . fifty-six . . . ," Gasser's face was crimson with exertion as he toiled on and on.

Goldberg stuck his head in the tent door, or rather his pipe entered the tent. A cloud of purplish sickly sweet tobacco smoke preceded him.

". . . Sixty-one . . . sixty-two . . . sixty-three . . . ," Gasser began coughing violently, a reaction often encountered in the vicinity of Goldberg's pipe. But he didn't stop: ". . . Seventy . . . seventyone . . . seventy-two. . . .

Another fit of coughing and he fell heavily across his footlocker. "God . . . damn it!" he wheezed. "Goldberg . . . you bastard . . . if you hadn't blown that stink in here . . . I coulda made a hunnert."

Elkins crossed himself again and said to no one in particular: "This heat is gonna get us all. First it's Gasser, and then . . . who knows?"

Gasser, who was reviving, sat up on his footlocker, rubbing his right arm and flexing his fingers to get the circulation going. "Elkins, you sorry son of a bitch, can't you see I'm gettin' the old soupbone in condition? This is my money arm. Wait till you see my slider, which you probably won't be able to see anyway. Not if it's workin' right."

"Ah, spring training." Zinsmeister pulled on his other sock. "Not a bad idea, Gasser. We're counting on you to help us murder M Company.'

M Company, an even more socially deprived outfit than ours, was buried in the underbrush a few miles away. There was little love lost between our two companies, mainly because they had a commander who believed in handing out as many stripes as he could. Lieutenant Cherry, on the other hand, awarded stripes as though he paid for them himself. There was even a rumor to the effect that no one in M Company held a rank below staff sergeant, and that all of our nonexistent stripes had been given

"You mean we're gonna let them fuck-ups play on our ball diamond?" This from Edwards, who was lying prone on his bank, polishing his dog tags. He had a theory that heat rash was caused by dog-tag poisoning.

"Only to humiliate them," said Zinsmeister, as he left the tent on his way to

the lattine.

So it went all through chow. For the first time in a long while, we had something to talk about other than the usual bitching. Even guys who hated sports in real life were sucked in. The next day, another section of Company K rode off in the truck to pick up the work we had started. Our section was back on regular duty: trying to keep the radar functioning, at least during our trick. Private Dye, sometimes known as "The Ninety-Seven-Pound Weakling," sat hunched over an azimuth-scope screen in the darkened operations room. He was wearing sunglasses.

Zinsmeister, the section chief, tapped him on the shoulder. "Dye, how can you read a PPI scope wearing black glasses? Will you tell me that, please?"

Dye looked up from his work. "I gotta protect my eyes. After all, we got a ball game comin' up." He went back to peering closely at the screen.

"Oh, yes, of course, Dye. Excuse me, I forgot.'

During this exchange, I was taking voltage readings and writing them down on a clipboard form. I had been doing this every half hour for as long as I could remember. Long ago, most of our meters had lost whatever accuracy they had once had. Some read high, some low; others didn't read anything at all. But it didn't matter as long as the radar kept working. We wrote down the voltages we knew were right and hoped for

During that fateful week, the ball diamond and the glorious ball games to come grew steadily in our minds. We had lived in a state of droning boredom for so long that any break in the routine was a major event. Since our radar surveillance, such as it was, went on 24 hours a day, one section of the company was always squatting in front of the scopes or tuning antennas while the other two sections alternated between sleeping and feverishly chopping away at the tropical undergrowth at the ball

A corporal from the supply room started calling it the Polo Grounds, and the name stuck. Soon nobody called it anything else. And gradually three ball clubs took shape—naturally, the Giants, the Dodgers and the inevitable Yankees. Gasser, Dye, Edwards, Goldberg, Zinsmeister and I volunteered for the Giants. Friday afternoon, we were hauled out to the Polo Grounds to put the finishing touches on the field.

"One thing about the Army," said Gasser as we trotted away from the troop carrier in the direction of the diamond. "When they finally decide to do something, they really do it."

"Yeah. Look at that," I wheezed in the heat.

One of the peculiarities of life in the Service is its total unpredictability. A quartermaster truck had delivered a set of portable knockdown grandstands, as well as a folding chicken-wire backstop, along with all the other necessities of a baseball diamond. This astounded everyone, and resulted in another round of speculation about obscure departments in the Pentagon.

"Can you imagine some joker of a bird colonel with the title of Folding Grandstand and Pitching-Rubber Procurement Officer?" asked Goldberg of no one in particular, "I'll bet the bastard has two majors, nine lieutenants and three companies of yardbirds under him, all running around testing home plates and visiting plants where they make catchers' mitts." He was probably not far wrong.

Our two wooden o.d.-colored plankand-trestle grandstands stood baking in the sun. The field was practically done. We had brought out in the truck a couple of buckets of whitewash for base lines and, for a couple of hours, we carefully dribbled out the whitewash on the crumbly soil, which the company had laboriously smoothed out during the week. The pitching rubber had been laid the day before; the bases were in place. Now all that remained was the ceremonial installation of home plate. It was a real home plate, too, made of hard snowy rubber. Lovingly, we laid it in

Even Sergeant Kowalski was visibly moved. Standing on the lowest plank of the third-base grandstand, he said quietly, "This is one helluva ball diamond. When them guys from M Company get a look at this, they'll shit." He was right. Nestled in the trackless wilderness, attended only by coral snakes, scorpions, alligators and raccoons, Company K had carved out a gem of a ball park. Its beauty and perfection would grow in the imagination of everyone in the company over the dismal years ahead.

I stood behind home plate and looked out over the Polo Grounds, taking part in spectacular plays to come, watching stirring rallies, hearing the crack of hard-hit line drives. High above in the 207 cloudless sky, a huge buzzard wheeled slowly on motionless wings. It was an omen. The stage was set. Company K was about to enter legend. Tomorrow was opening day.

"Aw right, you guys, police up the area and field-strip them butts."

For the next 15 minutes, we picked up bits of debris until the Polo Grounds was as spotless as any major-league ball park on the eve of the world series. We rattled back through the undergrowth to the company area with that elated feeling we all know a few times in our lives and never forget. As I took the voltage readings that night, I noticed that even the grid-drive meters registered higher than usual.

Saturday-morning breakfast, usually listless, was more like somebody's birthday party. The K. P.s hummed, the French toast crackled and Gasser hit Zinsmeister on'the back.

"You intellectual son of a bitch. You better catch a good game. I ain't gonna start the season zero and one."

"The catcher is the brains of the club, Gasser. Don't forget that. You throw what I call and don't try thinking. You're not good at it."

Big fat Goldberg squatted at his end

of the mess table, puffing away on his meerschaum. He was our kindly manager. The Giants, from B section, were playing the Dodgers—C section—that afternoon. The Yankees, A section, were going to take on the winner Sunday, and then the whole series would begin again the following weekend. The company clerk had been working on charts that outlined the whole season for our three-team league. It would carry us joyously well into next year, when we might allow M Company to face the winner.

Life in Company K had miraculously turned golden. Even Lieutenant Cherry smiled occasionally and Kowalski hadn't once bellowed "GET THE LEAD OUT OF YER ASS!" since construction on the Polo Grounds had begun. It was a new era.

Shortly before noon, the Giants and the Dodgers piled out of the troop carriers—followed by the Yankees, who were on hand to jeer the winner. As the home club, we took the field first, peppering a brand-new Q. M.-issue ball around the infield. The three outfielders trotted out into the shimmering distance. I kicked up the dirt around third base with my GI shoes, getting set for

play to begin. Zinsmeister squatted behind the plate, taking Gasser's practice pitches. Across the diamond, Elkins talked it up at first. Edwards, our wiry shortstop, plucked at pebbles and spat in his glove. Sergeant Clobberman, our supply sergeant, wearing face mask and chest protector, loomed behind Zinsmeister. After a suitable dramatic pause, he bellowed "PLAY BALL!" and the first act of our drama began.

The lead-off hitter, a short, squat private, stepped into the box.

"Lay it in here, Gas. This dogface don't even know what a bat is for. Come on, baby, lay it in here." Zinsmeister began a running fire of chatter.

The Yankees, scattered around the grandstands, hooted and sucked at cans of warm beer. Gasser glanced around the infield, then peered through the heat waves at Zinsmeister, who flashed a sign. For hours the night before, they had wrangled in the tent over their secret signals. Gasser went into his big revolving motion and the first pitch slapped into Zinsmeister's mitt, high and outside. Clobberman, who had obviously watched many a major-league umpire, snapped out his finger in the ball-one sign.

I pawed at the dirt at third base, pounding my glove. Faint cries drifted in from the outfield as our ball hawks shouted encouragement. On the second pitch, the private hit a slow roller down the first-base side. Elkins charged in, scooped it up and tagged him on the run. A ragged cheer went up from the Yankees in the stands. The private spat in the dirt and trotted back to the bench, muttering and trailing sweat.

As naturally as night turns to day, we stopped being soldiers and became ball-players—an eminently civilian state of mind. The next hitter was Widgy Birdsong. Widgy was short for Widgeon; his father was a fanatical duck hunter. A tall, thin, sad-looking corporal wearing glasses, he swung wildly at Gasser's first pitch and ticked a high pop-up between the pitcher's mound and third.

I yelled, "It's mine, Gas!" and waved him off. High in the blazing sky, the ball arched and came down, dropping clean and true. I grabbed it solidly with my gloved hand and whipped the ball over to Edwards, who relayed it to Elkins and back around the infield, just like the real Giants always did after a putout. The last man rolled weakly to Gasser, and we were at bat.

Edwards, our lead-off man, struck out, darkening the air with rich obscenities. Batting second, I tapped the plate and waited for the first pitch. Hurling for the Dodgers was Boob Swenson, who worked at the motor pool, a heavy-set Swede with a shaved head. He threw a low, mean, rising ball with a nasty hop on it. He had played semipro ball before the Signal Corps happened to him and



"The one thing I regret, Spike, is that we never had children."

he was back in his element. I swung at the second pitch, topping a bouncing ball to short, and was out by ten feet. Elkins fanned with wild gusto. He played baseball as he did everything else in life.

And so went opening day at the Polo Grounds. Locked in mortal combat, the Giants and the Dodgers played tight ball for five innings. In the top of the sixth, the Dodgers scored a run on a couple of scratch hits and a dropped fly ball in left field. But we were still ahead by a run. In the third, Gasser, batting left-handed, had caught one of Boob's slanters on the fat part of his bat and pulled a shot down the first-base line for a triple. He scored on a roller to first, and the next hitter, Dye, astounded everyone by swatting a long fly over the left fielder's head and into the palmettos for a home run.

It happened midway through the sixth inning, spontaneously, without so much as a word of discussion. Throughout the game, we had worn our usual GI shorts, shoes and dog tags. But by the sixth, the heat of both the game and the sun had reached such blast-furnace intensity that someone in the outfield kicked off his soaked shorts and, within five minutes, both the Dodgers and the Giants were stark, bare-ass, jaybird naked in the sweltering sun. For the past three innings, my loins had been chafing under the weight of my soggy shorts anyway and, after all, what did it matter? We were light-years away from civilization and, somehow, shucking our Government Issue olive-drab shorts was the final act in returning to the free, uncluttered lives of our lost youth.

I crouched at third, slapping my glove. Gasser swung into his windup, everything swinging gracefully along with him. Zinsmeister, squatting pendulously behind the plate, chattered on in a pool of sweat, as naked as a bowling ball. Somehow the game picked up from that moment. The Yankees in the stands shouted and tossed pennies onto the infield after each sparkling play.

Widgy Birdsong charged around second in the top of the seventh and came barreling toward me, arms flapping. trying to stretch a double into a triple. Edwards snagged the relay from the right fielder in the webbing of his glove and shot the throw low and hard toward me at third. I caught it on the short hop, just as the runner slid past me in the sand. I laid the tag on him hard, on the only place I could get him. Clobberman yelled "OUT!" Widgy leaped up, clutching a vital spot, and shrieked at me in a high voice, "Oh, you stop that! That was a naughty thing to do!"

He minced off toward the Dodger bench. The Yankees were in an uproar and a few handkerchiefs were waved, One guy stood up and blew kisses toward Widgy. Company K's morale had



never been higher. And Widgy Birdsong had a new nickname.

The next man up looped a Texas leaguer into short right for a cheap single, and the Dodgers bench began clamoring to get a rally going. There was one man out and the score was 2 to 1. I crept in from third, my glove held low, expecting a bunt. I glanced upward for a split second at the blazing ball of sun, sweat running down my nose. my dog tags clinking wetly. I noticed that the buzzard from yesterday was circling high above. Then it happened.

From my right, off in the tangled jungle undergrowth, I heard a low rumble, the sound of a motor. Gasser laid in his first pitch. The batter swung and

"Atsa pepper, boy. These guys ain't got nothin'." Zinsmeister droned.

The motor hummed closer. A thought crossed the back of my mind: That's the half-track coming back to pick us up. I edged back to third, pounding my glove. I was aware, from the corner of my eye. that a vehicle had stopped just back of third, behind the end of the grand-

At first, it didn't register. Gasser was in the midst of a windmilling windup.

It hit me. My God, it can't be! I looked back at the car. It was. In the front seat of a dark-green staff car, a stone-faced sergeant in full-dress uniform sat at the wheel, ramrod stiff. From the back window, which was rolled down, peered a face-an elfin, alabaster, pertnosed face under a cloud of cascading golden-blonde hair.

I've got sunstroke, I thought. It's a

heat mirage. Company K had not been in the vicinity of a live female human being for over a year and a half. For one wild instant. I tried to cover myself with my glove. Gasser, who hadn't noticed our visitor, was winding up, in eye-filling view of all the world, and Zinsmeister continued to crouch obscenely behind the plate.

I stared speechlessly at the car. The girl stared back, eyes wide at the orgiastic athletic contest in progress before her. The staff-car driver glared grimly in my direction. I turned to face second base—a somewhat unorthodox position for a third baseman—and hollered, "HEY, GASSER!"

Something in my voice caught him in mid-windup. He glanced in my direction, then to the car-and instantly turned a deep beet-red. All over. Still unconscious of disaster, Elkins and Edwards continued to dart back and forth at their positions. The batter, equally unaware of what was happening, waggled his behind and took a couple of practice cuts.

I heard the engine restart. There was a clash of gears and a roar, and the staff car disappeared into the greenery. The whole thing was over in less than a minute. High overhead, the buzzard glided. He had been joined by two friends.

Gasser stepped off the mound and weakly called for time. He shuffled over toward me. "Did you see what I saw?"

"Who the hell was she?" It was all I could think of to say.

Gasser seemed to be half crying and half laughing. In a moment, the news 209 had spread all the way to the outfield. Two schools of thought instantly developed. One crowd refused to believe that there had been an actual girl, that we had seen what we thought we saw only because we had forgotten our salt tablets. The other side, a tiny minority, believed that there really was a girl, but that she was some kind of swamp goddess, since no actual girl was known to be within 500 miles.

Somehow, the ball game ran out of gas after that. Eventually, the Giants nosed out the Dodgers, as they so often did at the real Polo Grounds; but that was merely academic. Even the Dodgers sensed a larger defeat on the horizon.

We piled quietly back into our troop carriers, covered with scratches, slide burns and mosquito bites, sunburned to a deep raspberry shade, and 20 minutes later pulled into the company area. It was ominously silent. No sooner had the brakes stopped squealing when Kowalski, sunglasses flashing, roared out of the orderly room, his whistle screeching fiendishly. He was followed by Lieutenant Cherry, dressed in crisp suntans and wearing his peaked officer's cap with its gleaming golden eagle.

"FALL IN. ON THE DOUBLE. LINE UP IN A COLUMN A TWOS. LET'S GO. GET THE LEAD OUT, I SAID MOVE!" We straggled into formation, dropping balls and bats as we jostled one another.

"ATTEN-HUT!"

I sucked in my gut with a sinking sense of foreboding. Lieutenant Cherry stepped forward and spoke, clipping off his words sharp and hard: "At ease. I am going to read to you a communication received by this company at eleven hundred hours, this date. I quote: 'From Signal Command Headquarters, Air Defense. To Lieutenant L. Cherry, C.O., K Company, Thirteen-Sixty-Second Signal Air Warning Regiment, Signal Corps. Expect visit Miss Barbara O. Smythe, daughter Lieutenant General L. D. Smythe, C. G., Second Corps, for purpose of morale. Show her all courtesy. Signed, Lieutenant Colonel F. E. Brimstone, A. D. C., G. O. C.'

An electric current surged through Company K. Lieutenant Cherry silently set his visored cap lower on his forehead.

"I have just received a telephone call from headquarters. It seems that Miss Smythe was *indeed* shown all courtesy by K Company. According to the colonel who spoke to me, Miss Smythe observed a ball game."

A ribald thought slithered through my mind: You can say that again.

"I understand that this alleged ball

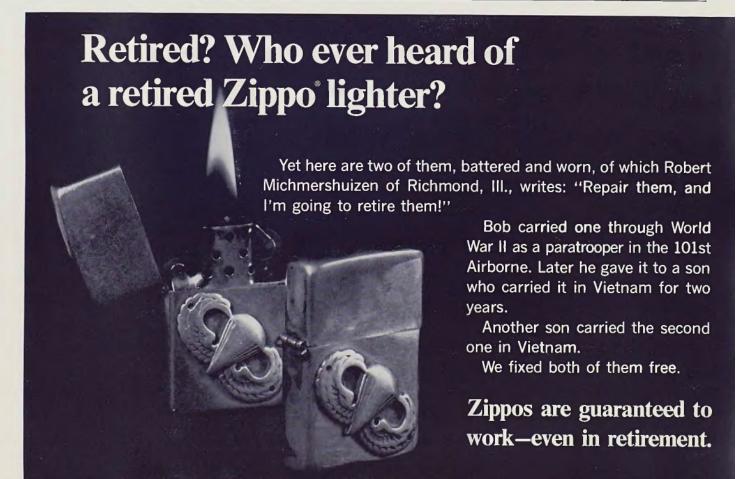
game was a sordid spectacle," said the lieutenant, his voice crackling like ice cubes coming out of a frosty tray. "I have the following orders to transmit to K Company: At oh-eight-hundred tomorrow, K Company will begin dismantling the recently completed athletic field. We will, I repeat, will, replace every blade of saw grass, every palmetto plant, every scorpion to its previous position. Upon completion of this mission, we will return every, I repeat, every, item of Issue athletic equipment to the area quartermaster stores. Henceforth, this is a radar company and not a stag show."

He paused, allowing his eyes to move slowly from one end of the formation to the other. "Are there any questions?"

There were none. Silently, he turned and disappeared into the orderly room. Kowalski took over. "Aw right, you bastards. You blew it. I have often stated that if you played ball with me, I would play ball with you. We will now begin my ball game. Immediately following chow, we will have a company GI party. We will clean every inch of this area. For three hours, I will see nothing but elbows and assholes."

Company K was back in business. Baseball season was over. The long hot winter had begun.

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# THE TRIP (continued from page 164)

from the East to liberate the people? Extraordinary, quite extraordinary. When you get back to Guatemala, you must go on with it."

"I am doing it now. In my room," she said. "You are my inspiration. I've been working every night since I saw you."

"Shall I post this copy to your hotel in Berlin?" he said.

"No, give it to me when we meet there."

"Berlin!" the editor exclaimed. Without thinking, without realizing what he was saying, the editor said: "But I'm not going to Berlin. I'm going back to London at once."

"When?" said the woman's voice. "Could I come and talk to you now?"

"I'm afraid not. I'm leaving in half an hour," said the editor. Only when he put the telephone receiver back did the editor realize that he was sweating and that he had told a lie. He had lost his head. Worse, in Berlin, if she were there, he would have to invent another lie.

It was worse than that. When he got to Berlin, she was not there. It was perverse of him—but he was alarmed. He was ashamed: The shadiness of the saint replaced the pagan on his handsome face; indeed, on the race question,

after his lecture, a man in the audience said he was evasive.

But in Hamburg, at the end of the week, her voice spoke up from the back of the hall: "I would like to ask the great man, who has filled all our hearts this evening, whether he does not think that the worst racists are the oppressors and deceivers of women."

She delivered her blow and sat down, disappearing behind the shoulders of bulky German men.

The editor's clever smiles went; he jerked back his heroic head as if he had been shot; he balanced himself by touching the table with the tips of his fingers. He lowered his head and drank a glass of water, splashing it on his tie. He looked for help.

"My friends," he wanted to say, "that woman is following me. She has followed me all over Scandinavia and Germany. I had to tell a lie to escape from her in Berlin. She is pursuing me. She is writing a poem. She is trying to force me to read it. She murdered her father—I mean, her father murdered her mother. She is mad. Someone must get me out of this."

But he pulled himself together and sank to that point of desperation to which the mere amateurs and hams of public speaking sink.

"A good question," he said. Two irreverent laughs came from the audience, probably from the American or English colony. He had made a fool of himself again. Floundering, he at last fell back on one of those drifting historical generalizations that so often rescued him. He heard his voice sailing into the 18th Century, throwing in Rousseau, gliding on to Tom Paine and *The Rights of Man*.

"Is there a way out of the back of this hall?" he said to the chairman afterward. "Could someone keep an eye on that woman? She is following me."

They got him out by a back door. At his hotel, a poem was slipped un-

der his door.

Suckled on Rousseau
Strong in the divine message of
Nature
Clasp Guatemala in your arms.

"Room 363" was written at the end. She was staying at the same hotel! He rang down to the desk, said he would receive no calls and demanded to be put on the lowest floor, close to the main stairs and near the exit. Safe in his new room, he changed the time of his flight to Munich.

There was a note for him at the desk. "Miss Mendoza left this for you," said

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the clerk, "when she left for Munich this morning."

Attached to the note was a poem. It began:

Ravenous in the long night of the centuries

I waited for my liberator He shall not escape me.

His hand was shaking as he tore up the note and the poem and made for the door. The page boy came running after him with the receipt for his bill, which he had left on the desk.

The editor was a well-known man. Reporters visited him. He was often recognized in hotels. People spoke his name aloud when they saw it on passenger lists. Cartoonists were apt to lengthen his neck when they drew him, for they had caught his habit of stretching it at parties or meetings, hoping to see and be seen.

But not on the flight to Munich. He kept his hat on and lowered his chin. He longed for anonymity. He had a sensation he had not had for years, not, indeed, since the pre-thaw years in Russia: that he was being followed, not simply by one person but by dozens. Who were all those passengers on the plane? Had those two men in raincoats been at his hotel?

He made for the first cab he saw at the airport. At the hotel, he went to the desk.

"Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay Drood," the clerk said. "Yes. Four-fifteen. Your wife has arrived."

"My wife!" In any small group, the actor in him woke up. He turned from the clerk to a stranger standing at the desk beside him and gave a yelp of hilarity. "But I am not married." The stranger drew away. The editor turned to a couple also standing there, "I'm saying I am not married," he said. He turned about to see if he could gather more listeners.

"This is ludicrous," he said. No one was interested and loudly to the clerk he said: "Let me see the register. There is no Mrs. Drood."

The clerk put on an embarrassed but worldly look, to soothe any concern about the respectability of the hotel in the people who were waiting. But there, on the card, in her writing, were the words: Mr. and Mrs. M. Drood—London.

The editor turned dramatically to the group,

"A forgery!" he cried. He laughed, inviting all to join the comedy. "A woman traveling under my name."

The clerk and the strangers turned away. In travel, one can rely on there being one mad Englishman everywhere.

The editor's face darkened when he saw he had exhausted human interest.

"Four-fifteen. Baggage," called the clerk. A young porter came up quick as a lizard and picked up the editor's bags.

"Wait. Wait," said the editor. Before a young man so smoothly uniformed, he had the sudden sensation of standing there with most of his clothes off. When you arrived at the Day of Judgment, there would be some worldly youth, humming a tune you didn't know the name of, carrying not only your sins but your virtues indifferently in a couple of bags and gleaming with concealed knowledge.

"I have to telephone," the editor said.
"Over there," said the young man as

he put the bags down. The editor did not walk to the telephone but to the main door of the hotel. He considered the freedom of the street. The sensible thing to do was to leave the hotel at once, but he knew that the woman would be at his lecture that night. He would have to settle the matter once and for all now. So he turned back to the telephone cabin. It stood there empty, like a trap. He walked past it. He hated the glazed, whorish, hypocritically impersonal look of telephone cabins. They were always unpleasantly warmed by random emotions left behind in them. He turned back: the thing was still empty. "Surely," he wanted to address the people coming and going in the foyer, "someone wants to telephone?" It was wounding that not one person there was interested in his case. It was as if he had written an article that no one had read. Even the porter had gone. His two bags rested against the desk. He and they had ceased to be news.

He began to walk up and down quickly, but this stirred no one. He stopped in every observable position, not quite ignored now, because his handsome hair always made people turn.

The editor silently addressed them. "You've entirely missed the point of my position. Everyone knows, who has read what I have written, that I am opposed on principle to the whole idea of marriage. That is what makes this woman's behavior so ridiculous. To think of getting married in a world that is in one of the most ghastly phases of its history is puerile."

He gave a short sarcastic laugh. The audience was indifferent.

The editor went into the telephone cabin and, leaving the door open for all to hear, he rang her room.

"Macaulay Drood," he said brusquely. "It is important that I should see you at once, privately, in your room."

He heard her breathing. The way the human race thought it was enough if they breathed. Ask an important question and what happens? Breath. Then he heard the small voice: It made a splashing, confusing sound.

"Oh," it said. And more breath, "Yes."

The two words were the top of a wave that is about to topple and come thumping over onto the sand and then draws back with a long, insidious hiss.

"Please," she added. And the word was the long, thirsty hiss.

The editor was surprised that his brusque manner was so wistfully treated. "Good heavens," he thought, "she is in that room." And because she was invisible, and because of the distance of the wire between them, he felt she was pouring down it, headfirst, mouth open, swamping him. When he put the telephone down, he scratched his ear; a piece of her seemed to be coiled there.



The editor's ear had heard passion. And passion at its dramatic climax.

He had often heard of passion. He had often been told of it. He had often read about it. He had seen it in opera. He had friends—who usually came to him for advice—who were entangled in it. He had never felt it and he did not feel it now; but when he walked from the telephone cabin to the lift, he saw his role had changed. The woman was not a mere nuisance—she was something like Tosca. The pagan became doggish, the saint furtive as he entered the lift.

"Ah," the editor burst out aloud to the liftman, "les femmes." The German did not understand French.

The editor got out of the lift and, passing one watchful white door after another, came to 415. He knocked twice: When there was no answer, he opened the door.

He seemed to blunder into an invisible wall of spice and scent and stepped back, thinking he had made a mistake. A long-legged rag doll with big blue eyes looked at him from the bed, a half-unpacked suitcase was on the floor with curious clothes hanging out of it. A woman's shoes were tipped out on the sofa.

And then, standing by a small desk, where she had been writing, stood Miss Mendoza. Or, rather, the bottle-green dress, the boxlike figure were Miss Mendoza's; the head was not. Her hair was no longer black; it was golden. The idol's head had been chopped off and was replaced by a woman's. There was no expression on the face until the shock on the editor's face sent shock to hers, then a searching look of horror seized her, and then of being caught in an outrage. She lowered her head, suddenly cowed and frightened. She quickly grabbed a stocking she had left on the bed and held it behind her back.

"You are angry with me," she said, holding her head down like an obstinate child.

"You are in my room. You have no right to be here. I am very angry with you. What do you mean by registering in my name—apart from anything else, it is illegal. You know that, don't you? I must ask you to go or I shall have to take steps. . . ."

Her head was still lowered. Perhaps he ought not to have said the last sentence. The blonde hair made her look pathetic.

"Why did you do this?"

"Because you would not see me," she said. "You have been cruel to me."

"But don't you realize, Miss Mendoza, what you are doing? I hardly know you. You have followed me all over Europe; you have badgered me. You take my room. You pretend to be my wife. . . ."

"Do you hate me?" she muttered. Damn, thought the editor, I ought to

have changed my hotel at once.

"I know nothing about you," he said.
"Don't you want to know about me?

What I am like? I know everything about you," she said, raising her head.

The editor was confused by the rebuke. His fit of acting passed. He looked at his watch.

"A reporter is coming to see me in half an hour," he said.

"I shall not be in the way," she said. "I will go out."

"You will go out!" said the editor. Then he understood where he was going wrong. He had—perhaps being abroad, addressing meetings, speaking to audiences with only one mass face had done this—forgotten how he dealt with difficult people.

He pushed the shoes to one end of the sofa to find himself a place. One shoe fell to the floor, but after all, it was his room, he had a right to sit in it.

"Miss Mendoza, you are ill," he said. She looked down quickly at the carpet. "I am not," she said.

"You are ill and, I think, very unhappy." He put on his wise voice.

"No," she said in a low voice. "Happy.

You are talking to me."

"You are a very intelligent woman," he said. "And you will understand what I am going to say. Gifted people like yourself are very vulnerable. You live in the imagination and that exposes one. I know that."

"Yes," she said. "You see all the injustices of the world. You bleed from them."

"I? Yes," said the editor with his

saint's smile. But he recovered from the flattery. "I am saying something else. Your imagination is part of your gift as a poet, but in real life, it has deluded you."

"It hasn't done that. I see you as you are."

"Please sit down," said the editor. He could not bear her standing over him. "Close the window, there is too much noise."

She obeyed. The editor was alarmed to see the zipper of her dress was half undone and he could see the top of some garment with ominous lace on it. He could not bear untidy women. He saw his case was urgent. He made a greater effort to be kind.

"It was very nice of you to come to my lectures. I hope you found them interesting. I think they went down all right—good questions. One never knows, of course. One arrives in a strange place and one sees a hall full of people one doesn't know—and you won't believe me, perhaps, because I've done it scores of times—but one likes to see a face that one recognizes. One feels lost, at first. . . ."

She looked hopefully.

This was untrue. The editor never felt lost. Once on his feet, he had the sensation that he was talking to the human race. He suffered with it. It was the general human suffering that had ravaged his face.

"But, you know," he said sternly, "our



"We'll see if those people let you stay at the commune when they find out you never clean your room or help with the dishes."

feelings deceive us. Especially at certain times of life, I was worried about you, I saw that something was wrong. These things happen very suddenly, God knows why. You see someone whom you admire, perhaps-it seems to happen to women more than men-and you project some forgotten love on him. You think you love him, but it is really some forgotten image. In your case, I would say, probably some image of your father, whom you have hated all these years for what he did when you were a child. And so, as people say, one becomes obsessed or infatuated. I don't like the word. What we mean is that one is not in love with a real man or woman but a vision sent out by oneself. One can think of many examples. . . ."

The editor was sweating. He wished he hadn't asked her to close the window. He knew his mind was drifting toward historic instances. He wondered if he would tell her the story of Jane Carlyle, the wife of the historian, who had gone to hear the famous Father Matthew speak at a temperance meeting and how, hysterical and exalted, she had rushed to the platform to kiss his boots. Or there were other instances. For the moment, he couldn't remember them. He decided on Mrs. Carlyle. It was a mistake.

"Who is Mrs. Carlyle?" said Miss Mendoza suspiciously. "I would never kiss any man's feet."

"Boots," said the editor. "It was on a public platform."

"Or boots," Miss Mendoza burst out. "Why are you torturing me? You are saying I am mad,"

The editor was surprised by the turn of the conversation. It had seemed to be going well.

"Of course you're not mad," he said. "A madwoman could not have written that great poem. I am just saying that I value your feelings, but you must understand I, unfortunately, do not love you. But you are ill. You have exhausted yourself."

Miss Mendoza's yellow eyes became brilliant as she listened to him.

"So," she said grandly, "I am a mere nuisance."

She got up from her chair and he saw she was trembling.

"If that is so, why don't you leave this room at once?" she said.

"But," said the editor with a laugh, "if I may mention it, it is mine."

"I signed the register," said Miss Men-

"Well," said the editor, smiling, "that is not the point, is it?"

The boredom, the sense of the sheer 214 waste of time (when one thought of the

massacres, the bombings, the imprisonments in the world) in personal questions, overcame him. It amazed him how many times, at some awful crisis-the Cuban, for example—how many people left their husbands, wives or lovers, in a general post: the extraordinary, irresponsible persistence of outbreaks of love. A kind of guerrilla war in another context. Here he was in the midst of it. What could he do? He looked around the room for help. The noise of traffic outside in the street, the dim sight of people moving in office windows opposite, an advertisement for beer were no help. Humanity had deserted him. The nearest thing to the human-now it took his eye-was the doll on the bed, an absurd marionette from the cabaret, the raffle or the nursery. It had a mop of red hair, silly red cheeks and popping blue eyes with long cotton lashes. It wore a short skirt and had long inane legs in checked stockings. How childish women were. Of course (it now occurred to him), Miss Mendoza was as childish as her voice. The editor said playfully: "I see you have a little friend. Very pretty. Does she come from Guatemala?" And frivolously, because he disliked the thing, he took a step or two toward it. Miss Mendoza pushed past him at once and grabbed it.

"Don't touch it," she said with tiny fierceness.

She picked up the doll and, hugging it with fear, she looked for somewhere to put it out of his reach. She went to the door, then changed her mind and rushed to the window with it. She opened the window and, as the curtains blew in, she looked as if a desperate idea had occurred to her-to throw herself and it out of the window. She turned to fight him off. He was too bewildered to move and when she saw that he stood still, her frightened face changed. Suddenly, she threw the doll on the floor and, half falling onto a chair near it, her shoulders rounded, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed, shaking her head from side to side. Tears crawled through her fingers down the backs of her hands. Then she took her hands away and, soft and shapeless, she rushed to the editor and clawed at his jacket.

"Go away," she cried, "Forgive me. Forgive. I'm sorry." She began to laugh and cry at once. "As you saidill. Oh, please forgive. I don't understand why I did this. For a week, I haven't eaten anything. I must have been out of my mind to do this to you. Why? I can't think. You've been so kind. You could have been cruel. You were right. You had the courage to tell me the truth. I feel so ashamed, so ashamed. What can I do?"

She was holding onto his jacket. Her

tears were on his hands. She was pleading. She looked up.

"I've been such a fool."

"Come and sit here," said the editor, trying to move her to the sofa. "You are not a fool. You have done nothing. There is nothing to be ashamed of."

"I can't bear it."

"Come and sit here," he said, putting his arm on her shoulder. "I was very proud when I read your poem. Look, he said, "you are a very gifted and attractive woman."

He was surprised that such a heavy woman was not like iron to the touch but light and soft. He could feel her skin, hot through her dress. Her breath was hot. Agony was hot. Grief was hot. Above all, her clothes were hot: It was perhaps because of the heat of her clothes that for the first time in years, he had the sensation of holding a human being. He had never felt this when, on a few occasions, he had held a woman naked in her bed. He did something then that was incredible to himself: He gently kissed the top of her head, on the blonde hair he did not like. It was like kissing a heated mat and it smelled of burning.

At his kiss, she clawed no longer and her tears stopped. She moved away from him in awe.

'Thank you," she said gravely and he found himself being studied, even memorized, as she had done when she had first come to his office. The look of the idol was set on her again. Then she uttered a revelation: "You do not love anyone but yourself." And, worse, she smiled. He had thought, with dread, that she was waiting to be kissed again, but now he couldn't bear what she said. It was a loss,

"We must meet," he said recklessly. "We shall meet at the lecture tonight."

The shadow of her future passed over her face.

"Oh, no," she said. She was free. She was warning him not to hope to exploit her pain.

"This afternoon?" he said, trying to catch her hand, but she drew it away. And then, to his bewilderment, she was dodging round him. She was packing. She began stuffing her few clothes into her suitcase. She went to the bathroom and while she was there, the porter came in with his two bags.

"Wait," said the editor.

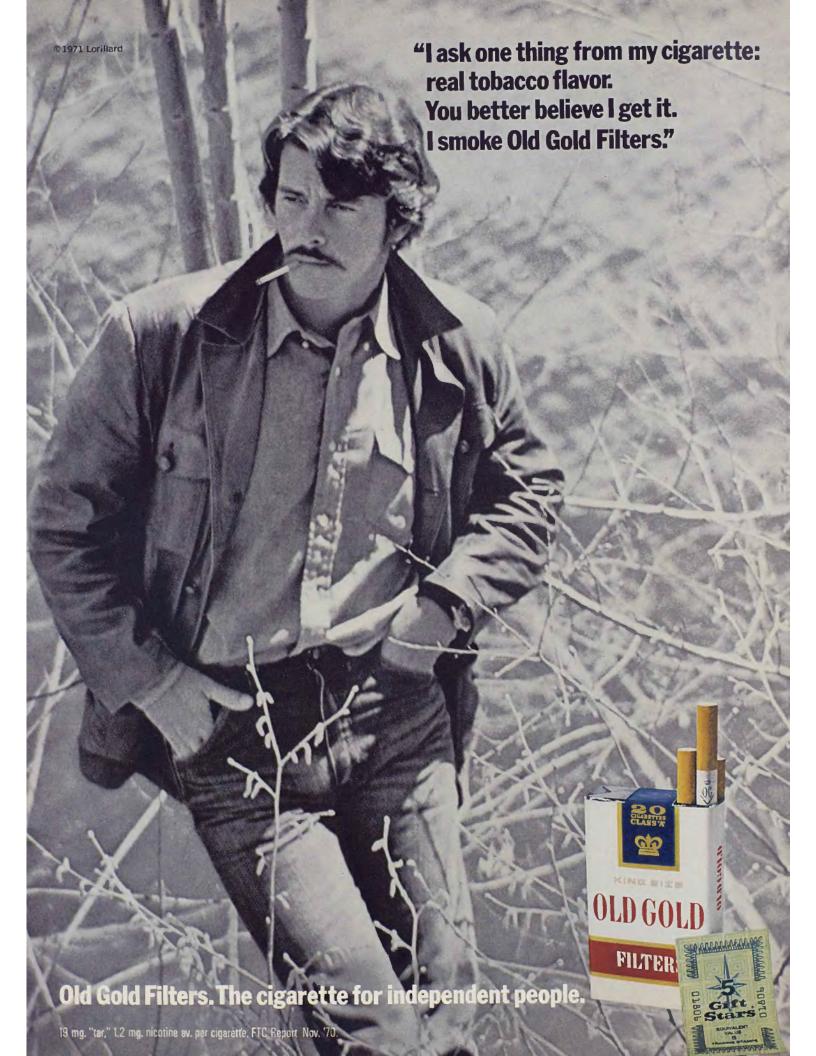
She came out of the bathroom looking very pale and put the remaining things into her suitcase,

"I asked him to wait," the editor said.

The kiss, the golden hair, the heat of her head seemed to be flying round in the editor's head.

"I don't want you to leave like this," the editor said.

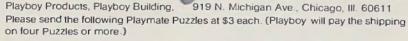
"I heard what you said to the man,"



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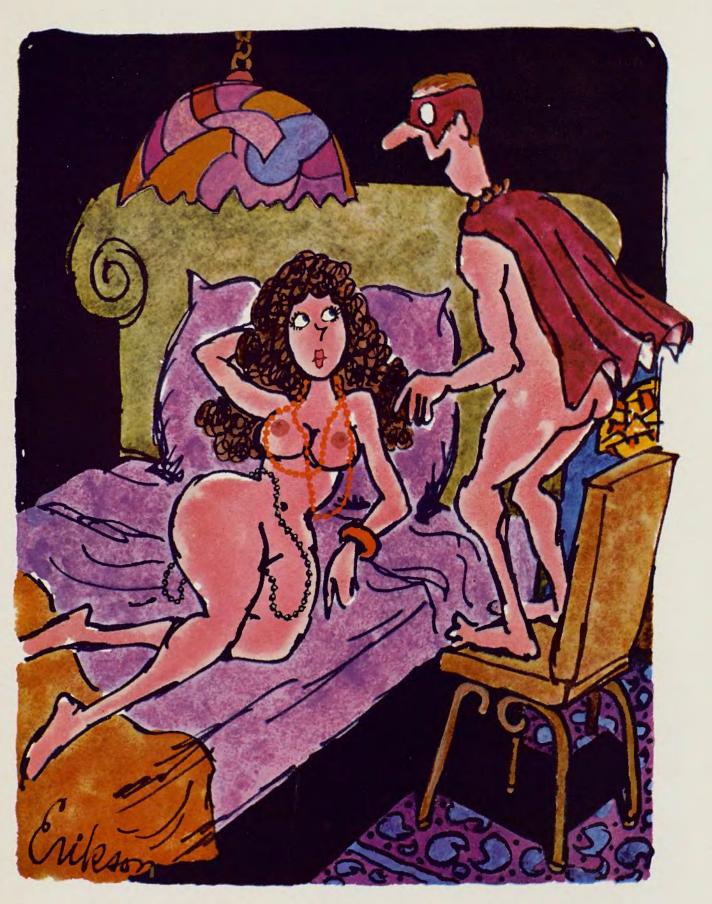
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#### 6 MAZDA RX-2 COUPE





"My generation didn't have television, my dear. We were the comic-book generation."

she said, hurriedly shutting the suitcase. "Goodbye. And thank you. You have saved me from something dreadful."

The editor could not move when he saw her go. He could not believe she had gone. He could feel the stir of her scent in the air and he sat down exhausted but arguing with his conscience. Why had she said that about loving only himself? What else could be have done? He wished there were people there to whom he could explain, whom he could ask. He was feeling loneliness for one of the few times in his life. He went to the window to look down at the people. Then, looking back to the bed, he was astounded by a thought: "I have never had an adventure in my life." And, with that, he left the room and went down to the desk. Was she still in the hotel?

"No," said the desk clerk. "Mrs. Drood went off in a taxi."

"I'm asking for Miss Mendoza."

"No one of that name."

"Extraordinary," lied the editor. "She was to meet me here."

"Perhaps she is at the Hofgarten, it's the same management."

For the next hour, he was on the telephone, trying all the hotels. He got a cab to the station; he tried the airlines and then, in the afternoon, went out to the airport. He knew it was hopeless. "I must be mad," he thought. He looked at every fair-haired woman he could see: The city was full of them, it seemed to him. As the noisy city afternoon moved by, he gave up. He liked to talk about himself, but here was a day he could never describe to anyone. He could not return to his room but sat in the lounge,

trying to read a paper, wrangling with himself and looking up at every woman who passed. He could not eat nor even drink and when he went out to his lecture, he walked all the way to the hall on the chance of seeing her. He had the fancy once or twice, which he laughed at bitterly, that she had just passed and had left two or three of her footprints on the pavement. The maddening thing was that she was exactly the kind of woman he could not bear-squat, ugly; how awful she must look without clothes on. He tried to exorcise her by obscene images. They vanished and some transformed, indefinable vision of her came back. He began to see her tall and dark or young and fair; her eyes changing color, her body voluptuously rounded, athletically slim. As he sat on the lecture platform, listening to the introduction, he made faces that astonished people with a mechanical display of eagerness followed by scorn, as his gaze went systematically from row to row, looking for her. He got up to speak. He knew it would be the best lecture he had ever given. It was. Urging, appealing, agonizing, eloquent: It was an appeal to her to come back.

And then, after a lot of discussion, which he hardly heard, he returned to the hotel. He had now to face the mockery of the room. He let himself in and it did mock. The maid had turned the bed back and on it lay the doll, its legs tidied, its big ridiculous eyes staring at him. They seemed to him to blink. She had forgotten it. She had left her child-hood behind.

A



"I found that rattle, Mr. Morris, and I think you and your lawyer had better get right down here!"

#### **BUNNIES OF NEW YORK**

(continued from page 151)

starting training with TWA; that was in September 1968, and I'm still here." But Barbaree still manages to travel. Last summer, she and Nancy Keosayian (a Carnegie Institute jazz-ballet student in her spare time) took a six-week leave of absence from the Club and drove cross-country to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Traveling companions of longer standing are Ava Faulkner and Ricki Shapiro, who met at a Miami night club when the band struck up Dixie. Georgian Ava and Tennessean Ricki found themselves the only guests standing for the unofficial Southern anthem; they introduced themselves and the subsequent conversation soon deepened into friendship. In 1968, Ava, who had been a Bunny at the Miami Club for nearly a year, persuaded Ricki to move north with her. "We looked like the Beverly Hillbillies, with a car packed to the brim," says Ava. Both girls were hired as Bunnies at the New York Club, where they remain close friends but pursue separate off-duty goals: Ava hopes to become a band vocalist and Ricki is taking night-school courses in order to teach mentally disturbed children.

There seems to be a special esprit de corps among the Bunnies of Playboy's Manhattan outpost-an attitude that many of the girls attribute to the tactful personnel-management skills and genuine warmth of Bunny Mother Jadee Yee, a New Yorker of Chinese-American extraction who is herself a former cottontail. "Jadee's wonderful and the girls are very cooperative," says Bunny Azuca Jackson, who came to New York from Río Piedras, Puerto Rico, to model and attend the City College of New York, where she majored in Spanish and art. "The other Bunnies are fine to work with, especially in comparison with models, who are likely to cut your throat. Here, everybody pitches in to help."

Cottontail camaraderie has in some instances spilled over into business affiliations. Bunnies Lindsay Corey and Patti Hopkins are preparing to trundle out a daisy-covered health-food cart this summer; operating around Central Park near the Club, the wagon will dispense carrot and fruit juices squeezed fresh to order. It has taken the girls several months of digging through red tape and city regulations to get the venture going, but once launched, they hope the pushcart will draw enough customers to enable them to expand into a full-fledged health-food store, Bunnies Carole Navarro and Marcia Donen operate a wholesale-jewelry enterprise; they call it Rings & Things-the things including bracelets, medallions and carrings designed by the girls and cast in various

metals by local craftsmen. So far, most of their customers are other Bunnies, but they, too, hope to branch out.

Like many other cottontails, these fetching entrepreneurs are planning to further their education with tuition paid for wholly or in part by Playboy's program to encourage employee selfadvancement. Carole and Marcia intend to take Spanish classes. Their friend Joi Kissling is already attending the Stenotype Institute, where she's learning to become a court reporter. Door Bunny Germaine Henderson, who is earning a degree in film and theater from Hunter College, is a budding moviemaker now putting the finishing touches on an animated film. Bunny Dorothea Kutler's busy schedule finds her four nights a week at the Club, two at Pratt Institute, where she's studying architecture, and five days in the office of an architect, with whom she works on problems of space utilization. One of Dorothea's most challenging recent design projects: Exodus House, a home for the rehabilitation of drug addicts in East Harlem.

Denise Schweighardt is scheduled to take her bachelor's degree in nursing this year from Fairleigh Dickinson University. Denise became an R. N. in 1969, but opted to go on for the prestige and security of a college degree. The whole program, which she began in 1966 with a

hospital nursing course, was financed by her Bunny earnings, but in the early days Denise had to confine her cottontailing to afternoon or early-evening private parties because of the hospital's strict student-curfew rules. Denise sees possibilities in combining her career interests: "The way Playboy is growing, the organization may soon need a resident nurse at one of the resort complexes," she predicts. "I'll be first in line to apply."

Dana Hunter, the daughter of a Mississippi plantation owner, received a bachelor of arts degree in French with honors from Tulane University before heading north several years ago. "I had theatrical aspirations, but I gladly gave them up." she says. Before becoming a Bunny, Dana worked at the Pentagon as a typist for the Air Force; she joined the New York coterie in 1965, then went to Montreal in 1967 to help open the Club there. This spring, she's registering for graduate school at Hunter, where she'll decide whether to major in sociology. psychology or history. A degree in education from New York University enables Bunny Pixie Engel to moonlight-or daylight—as a substitute teacher in junior high and high schools. Pixie lives in Greenwich Village, where she attends night classes in French at the New School. Her unusual avocation: finding homes for stray cats. By advertising in The Village Voice, Pixie has, by her own estimate, placed close to 40 homeless felines.

A career in teaching is also anticipated by Joyce Goldman, holder of a B. S. in education from Finch College-where one of her classmates was Tricia Nixon. "I definitely plan to go into teaching someday, but first I want to get my master's degree," says Joyce. "I'd like to study more history, too; sometimes I wish I could go back in time and find myself in Victorian England. I'd rather enjoy its pomp and splendor than today's extreme informality, which, personally, I think has gone too far." VIP Room Bunny Meja Yoon, who got her start in Chicago's hutch in 1966, moved to New York to take classes at the Art Students' League, following up on two and a half vears of art studies at the University of Hawaii in her home town of Honolulu. Another Bunny who intends to re-enter school this fall, with Playboy's financial aid, is doe-eyed Tanya Mohammed, whose parents came to this country from Calcutta. Tanya will study education and child psychology-also at Hunter. She's already a member of the Foster Parents Plan and her goal-"if only I could get my hands on a million dollars or so"-is to open a home for deprived children.

The Montclair State College campus in New Jersey is off-duty headquarters for Bunny Waren Smith, who's taking math and English there—and applying



for Playboy scholarship assistance to take journalism courses this summer and prepare for a career in public relations. From 1959 to 1962-while her father was Far Eastern representative for U.S. Plywood-Waren's family lived in Japan, where she learned Japanese and became an accomplished Oriental dancer. Returning to the U.S. with her parents and six brothers and sisters, she taught herself computer programming (with a big assist from an uncle, who was in charge of data processing for a large aerospace firm) and landed a job as a systems engineer for IBM in Westchester, California, at the advanced age of 17. "I became a Bunny on a dare." Waren reports. "I had driven my psychedelic old 1962 Volkswagen bus-we call it Wheels of Fire-into New York from our present family home in Montclair, I was taking Mother to the Plaza Hotel to play duplicate bridge and my 13-year-old brother and 15-year-old sister were along for the ride. My brother

joked when we passed the Playboy Club: 'Why don't you apply for a job?' So I parked the bus, left them sitting there and walked in. I had these visions of some dirty old man saying, 'Hey, girlie, take it off,' but Bunny Mother Jadee reassured me and, when I came back out to rejoin the kids, I'd been signed up as a Bunny." Waren's 20-year-old sister, Erin, also worked as a New York cottontail last year; now attending Southern Oregon College in Ashland, she's due back to reclaim her Bunny ears in June.

Six of Manhattan's cottontails—Jeri Haywood, Tiki Owens, Linda Kish, Vikki Gatling, Kay Daugherty and Mary Avram—are former airline stewardesses who gave up the high-flying life for the higher earning potential of Bunnydom. "To make ends meet as a stewardess, you have to have five girls sharing a one-bedroom apartment," says Jeri. "I earn three times as much as a Bunny than I did flying. Besides, I got tired of

"It is beautiful, Rapunzel, but we don't need it anymore, and it's a fire hazard."

living out of a suitcase." Cooking—"soul food's my thing"—is Jeri's favorite off-duty pastime. Tiki digs it, too; her specialty is home-baked bread. Like sister New York Bunny Gina Byrams, Tiki started out cottontailing at the Baltimore Club, returning there briefly last summer for the gala reopening following the fire that razed the hutch in 1969. Gina, who carried the Baltimore banner to victory in Playboy's first annual Bunny Beauty Contest, recently transferred to the New York Club.

Bunny Kay, who frequently presides at the turntables in the Club's psychedelic Living Room discothèque, decided to give up the stewardess life while she was ahead. "Things just kept happening on my flights." Kay explains. "I worked only for about 18 months, and I went through two emergency landings. You haven't lived until you've tried to talk people into taking out their dentures, as you're supposed to do in emergencies." Like Bunny Judy Juterbock. Kay is a minister's daughter; both girls report paternal approval of their cottontail careers. (Bunny Cheryl Glickman enjoys even more active parental support; her mother, a former Rockette, brought her into the Club at 16 to enroll her for Bunny training. But Cheryl had to wait two years to reach the minimum legal age for cottontails in New York.) Mary Avram had no unusual experiences during her year and a half as a Pan American stewardess, during which she flew to Europe and the Caribbean; but weird things started happening to her when she returned Stateside and rented a house in Maple Glen, Pennsylvania-which, she says, was haunted by seven ghosts from the Civil War period. "Two of them were friendly, and we got quite well acquainted, except that they never spoke," she reports. A fervent believer in psychic phenomena, Mary has studied both witchcraft and magicblack and white. "I'm not saying I'd practice it myself, but I believe that it is practiced, world-wide."

Peripatetic Playboy keyholders from other cities who visit the New York Club can often find a face that's familiar from their home Club. Nancy Phillips started out in Detroit, went on to Atlanta, Los Angeles and San Francisco before settling in New York four years ago. "There's a lot more happening here," she explains. "New York is really the 'in' city." Sandi Meehan donned Bunny ears in Chicago in 1961, when she became one of Playboy's first Training Bunnies; she helped open the St. Louis, Phoenix, Boston and Montreal hutches before coming to New York.

By far the biggest lures of New York—to local girl and out-of-towner alike—seem to be the theater, both on and off Broadway, and the city's abundance of vocal, dancing and drama coaches and

#### It can take care of any kind of thirst you can work up.

Any kind.



schools. Sue Doody ("I always tell people Howdy is my uncle") studies dramatics at the Neighborhood Playhouse School on East 54th Street. Vikki Gatling works nights at the Club, leaving her days free for acting, singing, piano and modeling classes, as well as agency visits and theatrical auditions. Most of the latter end in disappointment, but one recent day Vikki hit the jackpot. On returning home from the Club, she found three messages from her answering service. One was for a modeling assignment and two were requests to read for low-budget films; she got a part in one of them,

Karen Ferber, a 1969 graduate in art from Queens College, is studying acting at the Herbert Berghof Studios. Being a Bunny is her first full-time job; "I just walked in on a whim and applied," she says. Inga Whealton came to New York from Tampa, Florida, to try for a modeling career, in which she's finding increasing success. "If you can make it in New York, you can make it anyplace," she says. "I was really lost here at first, and pretty broke. I had an apartment in which the only furniture was a foamrubber mattress. Then, one night in April 1969, a date took me to the Playboy Club and asked the Room Director if I could get a job as a Bunny. He referred me to Jadee and I've been here ever since." Inga appeared as the girl in the midi on this year's Noel Harrison TV special, Mini, Midi, Maxi. Televiewers may catch Bunny Janice Shilinsky as a car-repairing cottontail in a Ford Maverick commercial, and on a forthcoming Joe Namath special, currently scheduled for September airing, on which she is to read an original poem, Masculinity. At the Club since only last October, Janice has won the title of Miss Connecticut in five different pageants: Miss American Teenager, Miss High School of Connecticut. Miss Star of the World. Miss World-U. S. A. and Miss U. S. A .-Universe.

Petite Beth Fortenberry, a native of Gainesville, Texas, completed three years in drama at Oklahoma University before coming to New York to pursue her theatrical ambitions. "Being a Bunny has paid for all my lessons," Beth reports. "I'm studying acting with Betty Cashman, dancing at the American Ballet Theater and Phil Black's studio, and singing with Betty Crawford. In my spare time, I go to the theater." That spare time is unusually limited at the moment; in the Performing Arts Repertory Theater presentation of Young Tom Edison, she's playing the role of Tom's girlfriend.

A veteran of show business is statuesque redhead Fonda St. Paul, who's been dancing professionally since she was three and singing since she was 13. Fonda danced in Myra Breckinridge and The Owl and the Pussycat and was 220 an extra in The Landlord; she has sung on the Johnny Carson show, appeared in Maybelline cosmetics and Burlington hose commercials, and has a walk-on role in 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming The French Connection. It was the flexible hours that made a Bunny career appealing to Fonda: "I spend my mornings at practice-singing, dancing and acting-my afternoons calling on agencies and going to rehearsals, and my evenings in the VIP Room."

Showbiz ambitions also lured Tammy Hunt to New York. A soft-spoken cottontail of Irish-Indian extraction whose parents live on an out-of-the-way farm in Louisiana, she recalls: "We grew all our own food, shopped from a converted school bus called 'the rolling store,' lived on corn pone, pinto beans and rice most of the time. Sometimes I get a little homesick, but I don't think I could go back to chopping cotton every day, with our only entertainment going to church all day on Sunday and attending revival meetings every couple of weeks." Tammy left home to attend high school in Biloxi, Mississippi, then entered a television-commercial contest and went on tour promoting Pepsi-Cola and Mountain Dew. She ended up in New York, principally because of its fine schools. "I'm trying to get up my nerve now to get a really good singing coach." she says.

Before becoming a New York Bunny last October, Candice Bajada—a comely blend of Maltese, English and Swedish descent-traveled cross-country with two friends in a camper. While in California, she appeared in a short experimen-tal film: "There I was, in a red-velvet dress in the middle of a field, fighting off a bunch of imaginary assailants to the tune of Scarborough Fair. People passing by must have thought I was nuts." The experience, however, whetted Candice's appetite for showbiz-at least the cinematic end of it. "I'm afraid the stage would be too demanding for me," she says. Carolyn Dark got her break via television; she landed roles in five episodes of the Hawaii Five-O series while it was filming on location in Honolulu, where she lived for four years. Carolyn once owned her own boutique, The London Express, in Honolulu; when she sold it, she used the proceeds to buy an old car. After ripping out the back seat and replacing it with a mattress, Carolyn and a Spanish-speaking girlfriend set off on a three-month exploration of the remote areas of Peru. Carolyn is also something of a baseball fan-not surprisingly, since her cousin is Cleveland Indians manager Alvin Dark.

Another celebrity relative is boasted by pint-sized Marla Young, great-greatniece of Isadora Duncan. Marla grew up in Massachusetts, where she won an allstate drama award for her portrayal of a leading role in Sutton Vane's hardy perennial Outward Bound. Then she came to New York as governess for the children of a prominent attorney and his wife-and to study at the Neighborhood Playhouse School. Now enrolled in an acting workshop, Marla hopes to open a school of interpretive dancing for children on Cape Cod this summer. "We have some backers lined up already, so I'm very optimistic," she says. "New York's a great town, but people here don't take time to realize they're alive. It was getting to me and I don't want to become a cold, hard bitch. So I took this chance to be a Bunny last September. It's not just a job to me; I accept it as a challenge to do my best to get every single person I serve to smile." This 97-pound dynamo, who once hitchhiked through Holland, England and France, is currently immersed in redecorating a loft apartment in Lower Manhattan's newly popular So Ho district artists' colony.

As might be expected of any group of 90 girls, New York's Bunnies are devoted to wide-ranging hobbies. Emma Patterson is a spirited equestrienne: "I live way at the end of the Bronx, only five minutes from a stable, so I can ride twice a week, except when it's freezing outside." Cheri Wright and Terre Marotta are among the ski buffs; Pam Powers digs yoga and sky diving; Michele McCarthy, ice skating. Carmel Atwell paints, plays softball and football; Camera Bunny Rita Kustera plays the guitar; Lisa Aromi and Tia Mazza are inveterate junk shoppers. Gail McMahon boasts six or seven trophies and an estimated 50 medals for baton twirling. Since the age of 13, however, modeling has been her major goal and she's now signed up with a prestigious modeling agency. "I'm ambitious," says Gail. "I want to become another Lauren Hutton, or die trying." Gail may well be on the right track; Miss Hutton, one of the nation's hottest models and the female lead in the recent film Little Fauss and Big Halsy, was herself a New York Bunny in 1963.

Whether as actresses, models or career girls, the Bunnies of New York are living the good life. They take in stride such annoyances as power shortages, strikes of everything from cops to taxi drivers and even invasions by militant women's libbers. Dimpled Gina Loren, a budding singer, dancer and doting owner of a champagne-sipping black rabbit named Little One, was on duty in the Playmate Bar the day the liberation ladies stormed the New York Club. "You don't have to work here!" one of the demonstrators admonished Gina, Drawing herself up to her full five feet, three inches, Gina coolly replied: "Yes, but I choose to." The message was clear: Don't feel sorry for the Bunnies, ladies. They're there because they like it.



buck brown

"Why did I have to fall in love with my chauffeur?
I never get where I want to go!"

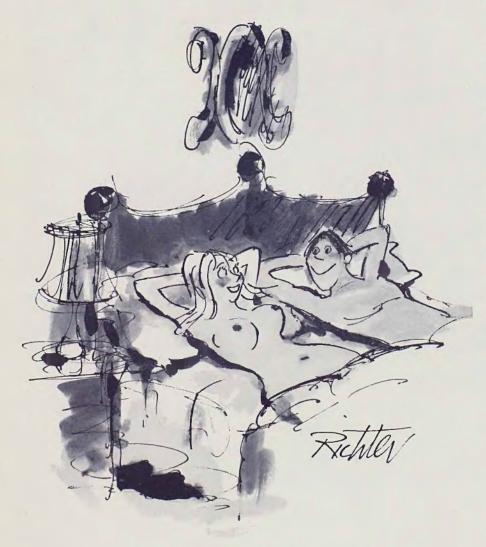
#### SCUBA—DO! (continued from page 112)

the large number of fishermen and swimmers present. Farther north, especially off the Maine coast, scuba divers all but have the ocean to themselves.

Obviously, you don't have to live near a body of salt water to strap on an aqualung and jump for the deep. Freshwater diving is an equally popular pastime and many lakes, rivers and even quarries are ripe for exploration. Flathead Lake in northwestern Montana, Lake Mead, Lake Tahoe and parts of Lake Michigan, for example, all offer excellent conditions for both novices and experienced divers. If you don't belong to a local scuba club, consider joining one; most sporting-goods stores can direct you to the chapter in your area.

It should hardly be necessary to point out that, when buying scuba equipment, quality is imperative. The few dollars saved by purchasing a second-rate piece of gear can eventually prove far more costly than you figured; it's no fun to

find that your air supply has stopped functioning because of poor workmanship when you're 40 feet below the surface. If you're not yet wet behind the ears when it comes to scuba diving-but wish to be-here, basically, is what the sport is all about. Air is compressed and stored in a tank that is strapped onto the diver's back. This compressed air is then fed into a device called a regulator, which reduces the air pressure to a level that's equal to the pressure surrounding the diver. The diver obtains oxygen by inhaling it through a rubber mouthpiece; he exhales carbon dioxide back into the mouthpiece, where it empties out through exhaust ports, forming bubbles that rise to the water's surface. A mask that covers the eyes and nose, a pair of rubber swim fins, a weight belt, a back pack and an inflatable safety vest comprise the rest of his basic equipment. The entire outfit-tank, back pack, regulator, mask, fins, weight belt and safety



"I know why you mistook me for my teenage daughter . . . it's the brand of cereal I eat.'

vest-will cost about \$250. (Plus about two dollars each time an air tank is refilled.) Or you can purchase everything but the air tank (which weighs close to 34 pounds) and then go to a scuba location where you can rent the tank for the duration of your stay. Incidentally, in most states, you'll need to show a diving card stating that you have graduated from an accredited scuba course before a shop will fill your air tank or rent you equipment.

After the \$250 initial outlay for basic equipment has been made, the really serious underwater enthusiast can spend additional thousands on highly sophisticated options that will give him greater speed and maneuverability down below. For the diver seeking supplementary gopower, Farallon Industries offers a handheld, torpedo-shaped accessory called a Diver Propulsion Vehicle (\$395), which will tow the user at about two knots, thus enabling him to cover a wide area in a relatively short period of time. (A tow vehicle similar to the DPV was featured in the James Bond film Thunderball.) Farallon also manufactures the ScaPlane (pictured on page 101), a ninefoot-long battery-powered underwater sled with a built-in air supply that can be drawn upon in case of an emergency. The SeaPlane is exceptionally simple to operate, giving you full aircraftlike maneuverability through a single control stick. Price, F. O. B. the factory in Belmont, California, is \$1995.

The Subliminos Sea-Shell (pictured on page 101) is a unique underwater product. It consists of a Plexiglas half sphere attached by ropes to a wire platform filled with weights. When lowered over the side of a boat, the weighted platform sinks to the sea bottom, pulling the dome under water and trapping air inside; it thus provides an oasis under which divers may surface, remove their masks and mouthpieces and talk-hence its nickname, "underwater phone booth." Oxygen released from the divers' own tanks keeps the bubble filled to capacity. It will soon be available for about \$200.

If treasure hunting is your bag, you may wish to check out a ferromagnetic underwater-detection device called the Discoverer II (\$895). Manufactured by AZA Scientific, it can easily be held in the hand while swimming and will signal the presence of, say, a small anchor at about ten feet, even if covered with sand.

Underwater photography is probably the most popular aquatic pastime, since it doesn't take a great deal of expertise to return to the surface with some fantastic shots. Watertight camera housings, many made of clear Plexiglas, are available for most cameras at prices that begin

around \$20. But if you'd care to invest in a camera that works equally well on land as it does in the sea—and needs no special housing—then give the Nikonos II a try. All you do is load the camera, leap into the water and you're off and shooting, all for about \$200. The camera's watertight case keeps the film perfectly dry, while the oversized controls allow for easy manipulation.

For the semiprofessional or professional underwater photographer, Giddings Underwater Enterprises manufactures Niko-Mar III camera housings for use with two exceptionally sensitive pieces of equipment-the Nikon F and the Nikon Motor Drive 35mm. Prices for the housings alone are \$350 and \$395. respectively. To accompany these units, the same company offers a hand-held, rechargeable 3400 K movie lamp (\$129.50) that will aid in lighting the murkiest of sea bottoms. Or if you'd prefer to try your hand at making underwater movies, Canon offers the Scoopic 16, a 16mm reflex camera with zoom lens, all housed in a Plexiglas casing mounted on a planing board for additional stability in the water. Price for the complete outfit is \$1925.

Gliding through the depths in a world without signs or markers calls for full confidence in the gear that you have with you. The most important piece of equipment you can carry-after your air tank and regulator, of course-is a diver's watch. This precision instrument comes in a variety of models; all have been pressure-tested to various depths and all feature a rotating bezel that makes it simple to compute the length of your dive, the remaining air in your tank and even the approximate distance you've traveled under water. For \$150, you can own the Seamaster 300, by Omega, a good-looking watch that's been pressuretested to 650 feet. The price includes a steel-link band. Unusually severe diving conditions call for an extra-sturdy diving watch-a Doxa Chronograph, for example, which has been pressure-tested to 900 feet and temperature-tested to 76 degrees below zero, Available from U.S. Divers for \$250, the Doxa comes with an additional built-in bonus-a stop watch, If you're still a fledgling diver and don't wish to invest this much in a chronograph, Seiko offers a Japanese underwater calendar watch (also with rotating bezel) that's been pressure-tested to 492 feet. And, best of all, it'll set you back only \$75. At the other end of the price spectrum, you'll find Rolex's 18kt.-gold Date Submariner chronometer (\$1275), an exceptionally fine instrument that's been pressure-tested to 660 feet. Each Submariner comes with a special slip-lock band that enables the owner to



"Some of the love scenes here are pretty explicit."

wear it over a wet-suit cuff as well as on his bare wrist.

Of course, there are dozens of other pieces of equipment that you can carry. Dacor, for example, manufactures a highly sensitive oil-filled depth gauge (\$38.50) that indicates how far you've descended. Scubapro has solved the complicated procedure of determining decompression time on deep or repetitive dives with a device called the Automatic Decompression Computer (\$60). It computes the rate at which a diver should ascend, so he won't suffer the bends. Finally, two inexpensive items that will come in handy down under include: a U.S. Divers water-temperature gauge (\$5.95), which can be attached to your watch band, and a Dacor underwater compass (\$12.95) that features an adjustable wristband and a black luminous dial.

Today, serious underwater technology and the fun-packed sport of scuba diving are both growing at equally rapid rates. And relatively soon—possibly within this decade—you can expect their paths to cross in a most spectacular manner. Currently on the drawing board is a watertight module (called a habitat) that's designed to serve as an underwater hideaway. Within a few years, you should be able to purchase one and have it sunk where you choose, at depths up to 33 feet. Then, say, on Friday after work, you'll tie your boat to a marker buoy and you and a friend will slip on your scuba equipment and descend to your glass-enclosed getaway pad, which will serve as a submerged home base for a few hours-or a weekend-of exploration. (The habitat, of course, will have its own air supply and the interior will be as comfortable as it is contemporary.) Then, later, you'll lock the door of your pied-à-mer, ascend to the surface, and your waiting craft will whisk you back to urbia, relaxed and refreshed.

So scuba diving is more than just a sport, it's an exciting way of life. For pictorial proof, we refer you back to the photos of our Bahamian idyl, which begin on page 98. Bon voyage and scuba-do!

#### POWER PLAY (continued from page 114)

then. (It is difficult to be certain, for there is no central government office for collecting rate data.) But still at issue between the public and the electric moguls is the matter of environmental controls.

Utility officials are not very subtle about their threats. If environmentalists continue to interfere, says New York Consolidated Edison's chairman, Charles Luce, "eventually it will have an effect when you try to switch on the light." And a top official at Boston Edison said, "We can probably meet our demands in New England if no more states pass those anti-pollution laws." The fuel industry plays an equally obvious role in this psychological warfare. From Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, William Steif of the Scripps-Howard newspapers reports that in talking with a dozen of the nation's top oil executives, he learned that "the big oil companies are counting" on the possibility of blackouts caused by energy shortages to "brush aside objections of conservationists" to the construction of the highly controversial Alaskan pipeline.

When conservationists protested the proposal of some oil and gas companies to use Federal atomic devices for blowing up portions of the Rocky Mountains in their quest for 42 billion dollars' worth of new gas, Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and a friend of the industry, warned: "Today's outcries about the environment will be nothing compared with the cries of angry citizens experiencing blackouts which could endanger the health and lives of their families."

The generator that sends electricity out one end is powered at the other by water, nuclear energy, coal, oil or natural gas. No conspiracy could depend on the first two, because water-powered generators supply 16 percent of our electricity, and at present the nuclear generators produce about two percent. The great sources are coal, oil and gas, and of these gas is the most important because it's virtually pollution-free. There is an insatiable demand for it.

And because there is such a demand, the gas producers two years ago "discovered" a shortage. Their objectives were to throw off FPC regulations, increase prices and get their hands on a larger share of the oil and gas of the outer continental shelf. Every trade magazine acknowledged that if gas prices were raised, the "shortage" would evaporate. Business Week flatly stated that the industry was shooting for a 60 percent price increase. Others estimated a 100 percent boost. Charles F. Wheatley, Jr., general manager of the American Public Gas Association (which is run by municipal gas distributors, at the other end of the commercial spectrum from Shell, Gulf and the rest, and is the most consumer-oriented sector of the industry), noted with apparent sarcasm that "the timing of the present asserted gas shortage is quite interesting," because the industry's chief lobbyist for a rate increase "has stated that he did not realize until late in 1968 or 1969 that there was any real gas shortage." Strange. Wheatley's suspicions were heightened by the remembrance that, though 1954 had been a banner year for drilling, "a similar [shortage] claim was made in 1955 when the industry sought passage of legislation to exempt producers from FPC regulation."

Many observers are convinced that the gas companies have plenty of reserves to meet the nation's needs but have simply capped the wells to await higher prices. Dr. Bruce Netschert, an economist with National Economic Research Associates, claims that 500 gas wells in the outer continental shelf off Louisiana have been capped. Michigan Senator Philip Hart, whose Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee has been investigating gas prices, says that Louisiana officials "have found 1100 gas wells shut in, mostly waiting for higher wellhead prices."

Gas prices are supposedly set by the FPC according to supply. But this is pretty much a farce, since the official supply is determined in secret session by the American Gas Association—a group of so-called competitors—who have consistently refused to disclose their records to the FPC. In other words, the FPC simply takes industry's word and is happy to do so. Says John Flynn, special counsel on the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee: "The way gas reserves are predicted through the A. G. A. is a serious antitrust question. It is a possible device for price-fixing."

What are the stakes? Joseph C. Swidler, chairman of the New York Public Service Commission, puts it this way: "There are probably some 1500 trillion cubic feet of gas in our underground resources. Each cent [increase on the price] per 1000 cubic feet thus represents 15 billion dollars for the consuming public." That's 15 billion dollars for a one-cent increase, yet, according to Flynn, "The FPC has been talking in terms of an 8- or 10-cent increase and industry wants 14 or 15 cents more."

Another assault on the consumer's peace of mind and pocketbook came via the marketers of residual fuel oil, which fires the furnaces that turn the generators that produce more than 90 percent of the electricity in the Northeast; oil figures heavily in electricity production in other areas as well, such as Florida. These days, residual oil is selling for twice the price it fetched a year ago. Industry spokesmen insist the oil is scarce for several reasons: Libya cut back on production. The big trans-Arabian pipeline has not been repaired since it was ruptured in Syria last year. There is a severe tanker shortage.

U. S. Congressman Silvio Conte, at hearings before the Subcommittee on Special Small Business Problems, got to mulling over those excuses and began to suspect that somebody was lying. The oil industry had begun complaining about a "shortage" and had started pushing up its prices in April 1970, but, said Conte, "The pipeline didn't break until May 3, 1970, and the Libyan cutback occurred sometime thereafter." Furthermore, the pipeline was shut down for 100 days during 1969, yet there was no claim of a shortage or any increase in prices that year. And finally, "Only about three percent of our [residual] oil is imported from the Middle East. The remaining 97 percent comes from Venezuela, Canada and our own domestic markets." And if Libya was curtailing production, wouldn't this free tankers for the Venezuelan run?

Putting it all together, Conte concluded: "The price had gone up by such a huge amount-in some cases as much as 130 percent on the East Coast-because, I felt, there was a conspiracy among the domestic oil companies, the producers, in making this oil scarce, so that the price could be increased. . . . Let me put it this way. It is either a conspiracy or a gross miscalculation by the oil companies. And I can't believe that the oil companies would miscalculate the situation, because they certainly have the finest backup force of any industry in the world, and they very, very seldom make a miscalculation."

Coincidentally with all that came a startling "scarcity" of coal and a sudden increase in its price. There were, as usual, suspicions of collusion, but nothing was done about it. Senator Hart acknowledged that testimony before his subcommittee raised serious questions as to "whether there has been a deliberate withholding of coal from the market place."

The railroad companies were doing their share by creating a shortage of coal cars. Many cars were allowed to stand idle rather than be used to deliver coal to the power plants. Everything was screwed up: One trainload of coal bound for New England stopped short and returned to the mine; rail officials claimed the rerouting was a computer mistake. And delivery of coal was sometimes delayed because the rail lines have allowed much of their equipment, including roadbeds, to deteriorate.

It was easy to contrive these shortages because ownerships of the different fuel industries are tightly interwoven. Within the past five years, eight of the ten largest coal-mining companies, which produce half the coal in the U.S., have been purchased either by oil companies or by mineral companies or other large "energy" corporations. Since the oil companies control natural-gas production, and since they also control 45 percent or more of the known U S uranium

reserves, which of course gives them dominance over nuclear power, the production of electricity is pretty much a matter of their whim. Clearly, control of supplies and prices is in capable hands.

So critical is this threat of fuel monopoly that it has overshadowed other monopolistic trends. Too little attention has been paid, for example, to the interlocking banking relationships of the various industries that support the electric utilities. A House Banking Committee study shows that the 49 largest banks hold interlocking directorates with 36 of the largest electric companies, 28 gas companies, 15 coal-mining companies, 17 petroleum companies, 58 coal-carrying railroads, one oil-pipeline company and 27 companies supplying electrical transmission and distribution equipment.

The Mellon National Bank & Trust Company, for example, which holds 52 percent of all bank deposits in the Pittsburgh area, has three interlocks with the Consolidation Coal Company; a total of six interlocks with General Electric, Westinghouse and H. K. Porter, all suppliers of electric-transmission, lighting and wiring equipment; a total of five interlocks with the Penn Central, Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, Cleveland & Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroads; four interlocks with the Gulf Oil Corporation; and a total of seven interlocking directorates with the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company, the Duquesne Light Company and the Monongahela Power Company of Ohio. All the biggest banks can show similar ties.

The point to keep in mind is that while a fuel monopoly can afflict our pocketbooks and our blood pressure, the linchpin that holds the over-all power conspiracy together and guarantees maximum profits for all concerned is the private electric-power monopoly. There are 40,000,000 households that use gas, but if the only issue were higher gas prices or a gas shortage, they could switch to other fuels-sometimes at great expense. If the only issue were higher coal prices or a coal shortage, the switch could be made to oil or gas. And if the developing oil-gas-coal monopoly made switching meaningless, the consumers could still fight it out without feeling panic, except that oil-gas-coal is electricity, and there is no switching from that.

Having passed through the panic factory, we come back to the simple, aggravating truth: There is no electricity shortage. In some densely populated areas, yes, there are shortages as the result of industry backwardness. But nationally there is no shortage, and the only problem is how to spread the existing power around,

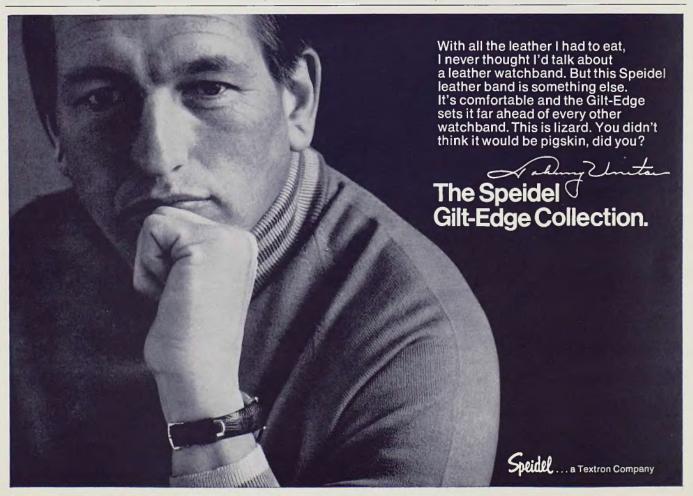
Obviously, this is something the industry does not exactly like to have

publicized. I believe I have read every important article on the power crisis printed during the past two years. Yet I cannot recall ever seeing anyone mention what Federal Power Commission chai man John N. Nassikas admitted in Congressional testimony just before 1970's winter demands set in that "the net dependable capacity of the 48 contiguous states is 326,667 megawatts, with an estimated peak demand of 257,419 megawatts." That leaves a reserve capacity-or surplus-of 27 percent, and "reserves of 15 to 20 percent are generally considered normal to guard against unexpected equipment failures and higher

peak loads than predicted."

It would appear, then, that present concepts of "need" are cockeyed. The idea that New York City "needs" to build more generating facilities in Queens: or that the Los Angeles area "needs" a power plant at Malibu to continue the devastation of the beach already begun in that way at Playa del Rey, El Segundo, Redondo Beach, Alamitos Bay and Huntington Beach; or that the Chicago area "needs" more generating facilities along the Lake Michigan shore-solutions like these, with transmission technology being what it is today, are about as scientifically defensible as rubbing the scalp with parsley to cure baldness.

William E. Warne, a West Coast



water-resources and energy consultant, voices from expertise what the local residents know from common sense: "[In such megalopolises as] Washington to Boston . . . San Diego to Santa Barbara . . . around southern Lake Michigan and elsewhere . . . there are not now, and are not going to be later, places for twice as many power plants by 1980 or seven times as many by 2000"-as the electricity demands would seem to dictate building. "New York City simply cannot accommodate in its environs a multiplication of generating stations."

The best and easiest way to avoid new stations is to establish a national transmission grid. This is the only way to take advantage of the national electricity surplus, tying together all major sources of power production and power consumption. There are already regional grids and even a few important interregional grids, especially in the Far West; but these are not sufficient, as the experiences of the past few years clearly show. The national transmission picture is, as one Senate aide described it, "Like an interstate highway interspersed with gravel roads, detours and a few unbuilt bridges."

The idea of a national grid was first seriously proposed in the Thirties, but the private power lobby has always managed to prevent it from becoming a reality. Senator Muskie rightly blames the FPC for its failure to "face up to the needs for a national power network. We know how to build and regulate broadcast networks, sports networks, merchandising networks, food-distribution networks-but not a power network. And now we end up having hundreds of thousands of kilowatts of power unable to reach New York in an emergency because the necessary transmission lines have not been built." Yet for at least 15 years we have had the long-line transmission techniques to do the job.

If there are only two electric systems interconnected and one system loses 25 percent of its generating capacity because a turbine goes out, chances are that the combined systems will not have enough generating reserves to make up the deficiency. The result: blackouts, or at least brownouts. New York is supposedly backed up by the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Maryland (P-J-M) Interconnection, but at the most crucial point in the summer of 1970 the backup P-J-M was itself riddled with so many problems that one fourth of its generating capacity was out of action. There were boiler explosions, boiler-tube ruptures (seven in all), an explosion in a pulverizer mill, a kinked turbine spindle and more. The situation was a total mess. The manufacturers of electric-power-plant equipment almost seem to be involved in a conspiracy of their own, for when they are not delivering needed equipment 226 months late, what they are delivering

#### CURRENT'S FUTURE a realistic appraisal of

THE POWER LINES you see stretching off at angles to the roads you drive, looping across the countryside, their sagging folds supported by huge steel towers evenly spaced through right of ways cut out of farmland and woods, carry millions of watts of electricity-but not enough, it seems. And demands on the cumbersome system that sends current through these slender conduits will double in ten years. Present technology will be inadequate for two reasons: the finite quantity of resources (coal, water, U-235) and the technological inefficiencies that are built into the production processes-wastefulness that turns up as pollution. The scientific problem is basic enough: Find a means of converting an available energy source into usable electrical power without discharging even more heat or soot into the sorely abused environment.

The sun is one such source of energy, available—given the variables of weather and smog-for conversion. Solar energy is, in fact, already being converted into limited quantities of usable electricity—in the space program especially. Electrical power from solar cells could keep the Russian moon vehicle, Lunokhod I, lumbering across the lunar surface indefinitely, or until the Soviets lose interest. Some ambitious planners have suggested converting 300 square miles of reliably dry and sunny desert into a solar-energy collector. A more grandiose alternative would be to send huge collectors-squares some five miles across-into orbit around the earth, where, free of the vicissitudes of climate, they would concentrate sunlight and send it via microwave to receiving grids on earth, where it would be converted into electricity. Microwaves, however, are rather inefficient conductors; an even more visionary solution might be laser beams. The science is, in both cases, sound, but the engineering techniques have yet to be perfected and would be staggeringly expensive. The size of the machinery that would be required to harness terrestrial energy sources, the winds and the tides, is equally awesome and improbable. And the machinery would desecrate the landscape. Hopefully, there is still time to consider aesthetics.

Magnetohydrodynamics may be a winner. MHD eliminates the ponderous machinery upon which present generating systems depend by sending conductive gases under pressure and at superheated temperatures-4000 to 5000 degreesthrough an electromagnetic field, thereby generating a current (a principle discovered by Michael Faraday in 1831). The greatest advantage of MHD is that it involves one energy transformation rather than the three (fuel to heat, water to steam, steam to rotary motion of conductors in a field) now required. The simplification translates into an efficiency level of 60 to 70 percent, compared with the 30 to 40 of existing plants. There is still the problem of resource availability (something has to heat up those gases), but MHD represents a significant advance, although, at present, there are no operating plants.

One method of eliminating the plunder done to natural resources may be breeder reactors. Unlike the nuclear-power plants now in operation, they do not just burn up fuel but manufacture one fissionable material while consuming another. The scarcity of U-235, which the present nonbreeders use as fuel, makes development of economical reactors mandatory, and work is going ahead smoothly. A few breeder plants will be operational in about ten years. In both types of nuclear plants, nuclear power is used to make the steam that drives old-style turbines; that is, as a substitute for fossil fuels. The only problem this substitution solves is that of air pollution. There is no smoke. But the efficiency of energy conversion is actually lower than in conventional plants (30 percent vs. a still dim 40). The waste is in the form of heat: thermal pollution. If the entire national demand for electricity projected for the year 2000 were met by nuclear plants, approximately one third of the daily fresh-water runoff in the U.S. would be required as a coolant. A nuclear source linked to MHD mechanics would streamline the operation and eliminate a lot of that excess heat, but the most troublesome and dangerous by-product of nuclear fission-radioactive waste-would still be around.

#### the possibilities for power without pollution

There is another nuclear alternative: one that could be the perfect solution to the power problem. It is fusion, a process that charged hydrogen particles undergo in very special high-heat, high-pressure situations-something close to the core of the universe. The sun and the hydrogen bomb are brought to you through the courtesy of fusion. When scientists first set out in pursuit of fusion, they called the effort Project Sherwood, because-one story has it-someone answered the question "Wouldn't it be nice if we could achieve fusion?" with a happy "It sure would." The first experimental reactor was called a perhapsatron. The early, lighthearted efforts began to yield results and the United States, Great Britain and the Soviet Union jointly declassified their research and pooled resources. This unusual and hopeful cooperation bore fruit, and physicists now believe they can make controlled nuclear fusion, the ultimate and perfect energy source, into something you will someday thank for your warm apartment and well-lit city.

A sustained fusion reaction depends on many factors. At the tremendous temperatures involved, materials assume properties that are so elusive that scientists have to refer to a fourth state of matter and call it plasma. A sustained reaction depends on the confinement of this plasma. Gravity does this job for the sun; physicists use electromagnetic bottles. Until recently, plasma could be magnetically contained only for a few split seconds and at a density far below the level required for successful fusion. One researcher, David Bohm, estimated the minimum time necessary, and from then on, the problem became beating Bohm's theoretical time. The Soviets have come close and convinced most skeptics that there are no barriers to creating a sustained fusion reaction.

Once this is accomplished, a powerful and clean (relative to present fission techniques) energy source will be available. The original plan was to use the hightemperature reaction to heat a core that would transmit its energy to conventional generating machinery. Now scientists believe they may be able to take the highspeed charged particles from the reaction and convert them directly into electricity, thus breaking through the limits of machine efficiency and heat tolerance.

Fusion plants, once they become available, can be safely located near or in cities. The heat generated by such plants would be used to warm homes or offices -or even cool them, using essentially the same technique that makes refrigerators work on a gas flame. There would be enough surplus heat after that to distill and purify sea water and sewage. Finally, the in-city fusion plant could operate a fusion torch to solve the nastiest of environmental problems: garbage. The fusion torch, burning at its incredible temperatures, will break refuse down into its original elements for recycling.

Breath-taking as all this is, there are doubters: very crucial doubters who are funding research into controlled fusion with exceeding parsimony. The United States currently spends \$30,000,000 annually on fusion research. That is roughly one percent of the space budget. However, economics may, paradoxically, be the salvation of fusion-generated power. The engineering requirements for fusion plants are tremendous and expensive; fission would be the bookkeeper's choice at this time. But fission plants, because of their danger and adverse effects on the environment, must be located far away from populated areas. Their remote siting increases the cost of transmitting and distributing the electricity they generate. A fusion plant, close to or in the city, could drive this expense way down. This savings may be the decisive factor when the power companies sit to consider the merits of fusion vs. fission.

It's all remote, but there is a long list of breakthroughs that have occurred in this century, of visions made into reality. Another factory sitting in the middle of your town may not sound like an exciting prospect, even if that plant heats your house, purifies your water, runs your record player and disposes of your garbage. But there is something else to consider. If fusion can do all the things its advocates claim it can, there won't be as many of those looming, stressedsteel towers running off monotonously in all directions, holding up power lines. There won't be as much goop in the air, either.

is so shoddily made that it can almost be guaranteed to break down.

However, if you interconnect all the major systems, the combined spinning reserve would take care of any emergency. And if the country were tied together from coast to coast, there would be other great advantages resulting from the time and weather differentials. A summer evening's peak usage in New York puts a strain on Consolidated Edison's creaky equipment; but the West Coast, three hours behind, has not yet reached its peak usage and could bump surplus power to New York. Most power systems in the country are overloaded in summer because of air conditioning; some, such as the Pacific Northwest, have a winter peak and a summer surplus. These various systems could bump their seasonal surpluses around the country to meet demands elsewhere.

Much of a company's equipment can earn money only during peak-use periods, which is why the electric giants are so slow about buying needed equipment. With a national grid, this wasted capital outlay could be avoided.

The national grid would also be a way to achieve almost immediate relief from air pollution. Given a serious atmospheric inversion that traps dangerous levels of a utility's crud in the urban air, the company could simply shut down its generators and import the power it needs from systems in other parts of

Not only is construction of the national grid possible; it could also be built quite swiftly and, as utility-equipment costs go, relatively cheaply. Robert O. Marritz, executive director of the Missouri Basin Systems Group, says that it would probably take no more than 1.6 billion dollars to build a grid with the main direct-current transmission lines running from the Pacific Northwest through the Wyoming-Montana coal fields to Chicago and then to New York. and the southern line running from Los Angeles to Four Corners (Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah), which already has a big generating complex, through the Little Rock area to the TVA and then north to New York. (The stringing of these long lines, incidentally, will of course ultimately reduce the need for additional regional lines.) The grid could be built, Marritz believes, in three years-compared with the minimum of five years needed to build a new power plant that essentially has only local usefulness.

We asked Kenneth Holum, who was assistant Interior Secretary for Water and Power Development for eight years under Kennedy and Johnson, if he agreed. He said he thought Marritz might be optimistic on the time needed to build a transmission system. Holum talks in terms of five or six years, but 227 he conceded "Marritz is an engineer and I'm not."

Marritz is also more optimistic on the impact. With a national grid, he said, there would be no more blackouts or power shortages for decades, if just a moderately reasonable plant-construction program went along with it. Holum balked at predicting "no" blackouts or shortages, but he agreed that their possibility would be "exceedingly remote." On that, most experts would agree. So why hasn't the grid been built? That question cannot be answered fully without illustrating the atmosphere of the answer. On April 8, 1970. in a hearing before a Senate subcommittee, then-Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel said something that would have been unusual for a Democratic Cabinet official but was downright spectacular for a Nixon appointee: "I think we need a national grid system." Hickel went on talking that way, and indicated that he wanted to be encouraged to say more. After the hearing he told reporters, "Some people think it's socialism, but it isn't."

Indeed, some people do think it is socialism. And some who think so were working within shouting distance of Hickel. Rumor has it that as soon as word of Hickel's heresy got back to the Interior Department, his Assistant Secretary for Water and Power Development, James R. Smith (who came to Washington from an executive post with the Northern Natural Gas Company of Omaha), hurriedly called together everyone at the policy level and assured them that Hickel hadn't really meant it—but if he had meant it, he, James R. Smith, friend of private enterprise, intended to resign. Some in the power industry

believe Hickel's remark on the national grid helped bring about his downfall, but this may be a parochial suspicion.

Most private power executives hate and fear the idea of a national grid. When blackouts and brownouts struck the East Coast in the late summer of 1970, emergency supplies were wheeled into the New York area from as far away as the Tennessee Valley Authority. This leaning on the TVA—still a bête noire to the private power men—and the success of long-distance transmission caused deep concern among those who dread the national-grid specter. The PR offices of the major utilities began putting together anti-grid material, just in case.

There are several reasons for this opposition, aside from the fact that leaders of the private power industry simply don't like change. As we have already shown, there are tremendous profits in isolation. Most state regulatory bodies have so many other duties-overseeing road transport, railroads, elevators, phone companies, weighing stationsand have so few trained personnel that they couldn't regulate the power companies even if they wanted to. Texas has pushed isolation to the ultimate, refusing to have any interstate power ties, so that it is not subject to any supervision from the Federal Power Commissionand there is no state agency that regulates electric rates in Texas. As long as the enormously complex utility industry keeps its activities chopped up into fiefdoms, realistic regulation is bound to be impractical.

But there are other major reasons why the grid is opposed. If the nation were tied together in this way, the resources of the West would have to be acknowledged and—given a reasonable degree of public pressure—utilized, which would further explode the "fuel shortage" myth. One of the great, untapped sources of power in the U. S. is subterranean steam. If the steam trapped under the earth's crust—mostly in the West—were put to work turning turbines and generators, we would have an almost endless supply of electricity. Italy, Japan, New Zealand and Russia, among other countries, have been using steam to generate electricity on a massive scale for years.

Since 1960, geothermal energy has actually been turning generators in California and is so efficient a source that oil companies—Union and Standard and others—have been buying into the action all over California and Nevada. Some experts believe that there is enough reachable geothermal energy under California's Imperial Valley alone to meet the electricity needs of 20,000,000 people for decades at least. The important things about it are that it's cheaper than any power except hydroelectric, it does not incur the risks of nuclear installations, and it is nonpolluting.

Also looking West: Of the nation's 130,000,000 kilowatts of undeveloped hydroelectric power, 108,000,000 kilowatts are in that region, according to the Federal Power Commission; this is impressive even as a fraction of the present total generating capacity of the nation (about 300,000,000 kilowatts), and downright overwhelming, when one considers that it is about 13 times the power needed at the peak hour in New York City.

More to the immediate point, the West has immense reserves of fossil fuel. Never mind the shale-oil potential. Production methods for it are still too iffy. But one can speak practically of coal. It's there, it's easy to get at, it's relatively free of the kind of sulphur that pollutes the air. Sixty-four percent of the nation's low-sulphur coal is in the West, and only four percent of it is being mined.

The excitement that Western coal generates in some people can be detected from the claims of Senator Metcalf that "Montana coal has something like 100 times the energy source that the East Texas oil fields have. We can provide energy for America, all the energy, out of the coal fields of Montana for the next hundred years. We have that potentiality. In North Dakota and Wyoming it's the same. We could build up a mine-mouth power complex out there and set up transmission lines, and we could literally light America from Maine to Los Angeles."

Virtually all of the Western coal would have to be strip-mined, however,



"Am I supposed to smile, or what?"

and there is nothing in the Western air that reforms corporations. There is no reason to expect Humble Oil, for example, to operate with more environmental decency when strip-mining its vast coal holdings in the West than its corporate brothers have shown in strip-mining the Eastern fields.

But even if conservation guarantees could be worked out, there is no assurance that full utilization of the Western sources of geothermal energy, hydroelectric power and coal would come about easily, because the Eastern establishment

might not want to cooperate.

What has New York got to do with the development and transmission of power in the West? The answer to that touches one of the primary hang-ups in trying to establish the national grid, The big corporate guns of New York, who have helped create a situation of chronic crisis from which to draw maximum profit, dominate the national picture. Senator Aiken last year urged Congressional investigators to look into New England, where private utilitieswhich charge the highest rates in the nation-recently spent half a million dollars in a lobbying campaign to kill a public power project. "The interlocking directorships and the deals between various executives might provide some exciting antitrust material," he said. "It might also be well to take a very special look at the financing structure in control of this New England combine. It might be shown that scarcely a kilowatt can move in New England without the approval of a Wall Street investment firm.'

Somewhat the same thing might be said about the West. A recent study of ten of the big private utilities in the West, selected at random from stock-ownership reports filed with the FPC, showed that a majority of the ten largest stockholders of each company were headquartered either in New York or Boston.

If we, as a nation of consumers, should ever manage to construct a national grid, we would have, in a sense, achieved industrial fission. Like nuclear fission, the achievement could become a force for either good or evil. It will be a most potent force for good if the highvoltage transmission lines that tie the nation together are owned and controlled by the Government and, like highways, available to any private or public utility company that wishes to use them. On the other hand, if the Government does not retain control over the national grid, it could become the most oppressive weapon ever offered a monopoly industry-in this case a monopoly interest that is becoming increasingly concentrated.

There were 1060 private utility corporations in 1945. Today there are 267. Serving as the best balance we have to the private companies are the 2010

public and 921 rural electric co-op systems. But if the national grid's transmission lines fell into the hands of the private utilities, they would doubtless bring the public systems under their domination even more than they have today. As it is, many of the public systems that must buy power from the privates are getting short shrift.

A memorandum uncovered accidentally in the summer of 1970 at a hearing before the Securities and Exchange Commission told of a two-day meeting in January 1968 at which 100 executives representing 66 private power companies got together in a Clayton, Missouri, motel to exchange advice and experiences on how to kill municipal and co-op electric systems. A leading role was taken by executives of the Edison Electric Institute, the private utilities' trade association. The good soldiers of capitalism discussed such tactics as refusing to sell power at wholesale prices to municipal power companies; lending money to communities with municipal plants, and then putting the squeeze on them; and refusing to let public utility companies come into pooling and joint power-supply arrangements.

This cutthroat attitude on the part of private utilities is not at all unusual. Arthur Jones, president of the Basin Electric Power Gooperative in Bismarck, North Dakota, one of the more aggressive populist outfits of the Midwest, says that if consumer-owned and public systems don't get to participate actively in the planning and ownership of the huge regional and interregional grids which are coming, "the people's basic electric-power supply eventually will be dominated by those few utilities that can manage to finance very large facilities.

"Domination of an electric grid by a few utilities and the domination of essential-fuel supplies by a few oil companies [will mean] price-fixing at the expense of the consumer and political control by large corporations."

He could have made that much stronger and still have been accurate. Price-fixing is achievable without the grid. With a private grid, what can't they fix? The monopoly of the telephone by A. T. & T. has been with us for years. The monopoly of the energy industry by a dozen major oil companies has been apparent, if less visible, for several years. If the national grid, which is surely inevitable, gets into the hands of the major electric companies, then the monopolistic control of all industrial essentials will have gone too far to reverse. On the other hand, if the people, through their Government, own and control the grid, industry may at least be stalemated in its bid for a strangle hold on both the sources and transmitters of electric power.



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#### STUFF OF POETRY (continued from page 148)

finally, battle. About what it was like to be stationed at some dusty Southwest air base, learning, with hundreds of strangers, how to fly treacherous military airplanes. And what that did to men-the way it forced them to become close to one another; to become buddies, but at the same time forced them to become hard, because there were so many who couldn't learn and washed out or were killed. Dickey says now, "The Army is the only place you'll hear somebody say 'I've got to go take care of my buddy.' You don't see that kind of affection between men anywhere else." He wants to write a novel about the experience of learning to fly.

When Dickey returned from the War with his new passion for literature, he wanted the school that could serve this part of him best and settled on Vanderbilt, whose English department has one of the oldest and sturdiest reputations of any Southern school's. He couldn't play football. A conference rule made transfers ineligible, so he tried track for his athletic release, running hurdles, a sport that he is clearly not built for but managed to master through characteristic perseverance. He was graduated magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa and earned a master's in one year. Then he went to Rice University (at that time Rice Institute) in Houston to teach English. One year later, he was back in uniform for Korea.

This time, there was not much combat and less of the camaraderie that he had found in his first hitch. He had married Maxine Syerson and had an infant child, Christopher. After training young pilots for a time, he was again released from active duty and he returned to Rice. The school didn't really want him back. Like most veterans, he wasn't especially awed by the academic world, and in the eves of his superiors on the faculty, Dickey was brash, irreverent, insubordinate and drank too much. Two strained, uncomfortable years later, when he received a grant to write, he left.

The grant came from the Sewanee Review, where Dickey's first published poem. The Shark at the Window, had appeared in 1951. They paid him \$27 for it. Now, in 1954, they were giving him \$3500 so he could go off and write. He took his family to Cap d'Antibes and worked, and when the money ran out, he returned to the States and teaching, this time at the University of Florida.

One year later, impatient with the poverty of teaching and unwilling to undertake the long, dusty, scholarly route to a Ph.D. and the relative affluence of academic security-principally because the effort would divert his attention from 230 the writing he was doing more and more of-he went to New York to find a job in order "to make some money for my family." For the next six years, he wrote advertising copy, first in Manhattan, then in his native Atlanta. He was good at writing and handling important accounts and began to make a lot of money. He laughs now about having written Coca-Cola jingles for spots starring Eddie Fisher. In 1960, when he was in his fifth year of advertising and making \$50,000 a year, he published his first book of poems. Like most volumes of poetry, it didn't sell. But it marked a critical point in Dickey's life. He was 37; the demands of his position as creative director in a large Atlanta agency left him little time to write; and he had another son, Kevin, so the needs of his family were larger than ever. But he had published a volume of poems and had been publishing poems for ten years; he was writing advertising simply to make

His options were clear: settle into the comfortable pattern of upper-middleclass living or leave it and write poetry -risking the security of his family, for which he had gone into advertising in the first place. He talked it over with his wife, thought about it and, finally, quit his job. On the first morning of unemployment, he got up early and drove out to an archery range. It's one of his favorite diversions and he has, typically, made himself expert enough at it to win a number of trophies on the range and kill several deer in the woods. He remembers thinking as he walked the course that morning, alone, since all the other range members were at work, that he had done exactly the right thing. That there really had never been any possibility of his staying with advertising.

But it took some time for things to fall into place, for recognition, fame and money, things that never come to many poets, to start coming in. At one point he went on relief, and for the first few years traveled, giving readings wherever he was invited, sometimes for as little as \$75 and a Greyhound bus ticket. He spent a year in Europe on a \$5000 Guggenheim grant, then returned to the U.S. and took a succession of jobs as poet-in-residence at Reed College (1963-1964), San Fernando Valley State College (1964-1966) and the University of Wisconsin (1966). In 1966, he won the National Book Award, and the days of bus trips for \$75 readings were over. Now he charges \$3500, a figure he decided upon when he heard that it was what Al Capp demanded for his college appearances. "The poets of this country are going to get at least as much as the damn cartoonists, and I tell them to hold out for it like I do, because the colleges have got the damn dough. I'm not going to see the poets of my generation picked up cheap."

In 1966, he succeeded Stephen Spender as poetry consultant to the Library of Congress and stayed until 1968, when he took his present job as poet-in-residence at the University of South Carolina at Columbia. In 1970, at the age of 47, he had his year; a year that most poets only dream of.

That spring, Deliverance, his first novel, was published. It is the story of four middle-aged, middle-class men who are persuaded by the strongest and most daring of them to take a canoe trip down a wild, white-water Georgia river. Along the way, they encounter murder, sodomy, ambush and near drowning. It is, in Dickey's words, "a story about how decent men kill, about what a man will do when he has to do it to survive." The idea occurred to him in Europe and he spent seven years working with the book. The reviews were almost unanimously enthusiastic and the book stayed on the best-seller list, behind much slighter entries such as Love Story, for nearly the rest of the year.

Warner Bros. bought the movie rights and paid Dickey to do the screenplay. He wrote it in the late summer, after work was finished on his two other books published in 1970: One was Self-Interviews, an idea suggested to him in conversation with Norman Mailer. The other, a volume of poems, The Eyebeaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead and Mercy, which appeared a month before Deliverance.

But it was Deliverance that made 1970 Dickey's year. The poetry had brought a measure of fame, status in the literary community and certainly an impressive amount of money. The simple, clear images and the sustained narrative sense that characterize his work made him into something of a "people's poet"-in the literary, not political, sense. Where other poets became more abstruse and flamboyant, he stayed with his effort to reach "deep clarity." But, in this age, a poet, no matter how well received or vigorously celebrated, can never achieve the broad fame or influence of a novelist.

However, the quieter success of his poetry over the years made Dickey into a unique first novelist. The money it means—at least \$500,000—hasn't changed anything. He and Maxine still live in the house that is their 32nd of the 22year marriage. The house would surprise those who have the talk-show image of Dickey. Situated on a man-made lake in the Columbia. South Carolina, suburbs, it is neither antebellum nor rural, but an attractive single-story building with perhaps a quarter acre of lawn, dotted by abrupt azaleas and slender pines. Bookshelves dominate the interior, which was done in restrained modern by an Atlanta decorator. On one wall of the living



"And so, when we heard of a white jungle queen. . . ."

room, there is a portrait, a small water color by an Allegheny Airlines stewardess who fell some 5000 feet to her death when a door on her plane mysteriously flew open in mid-flight. The incident, reported in a small, straightforward column in The New York Times, inspired Falling, one of Dickey's longest, most imaginative and perhaps best poems. He moved the event over to the Midwest and had the girl fall several thousand feet, soaring through the night and its great luminous white clouds, taking her clothes off piece by piece so that she might live in some lyrical freedom through the fall that would kill her when it ended in a Kansas cornfield. After the poem appeared in The New Yorker, the painting arrived at Dickey's house. It was from a man who had been waiting for the girl at the end of that flight. The man wanted the poet to have it and the poem she had written in French beside it.

Just off the living room there is an office where Dickey replaced his old upright typewriter with a new electric because he thought the additional speed might help him through the accumulation of routine correspondence and paperwork. It is a tight room packed with guitars, bows, trophies, a record player and boxes of manuscripts and books. "I must do something about the chaos in my office," he says to himself in the journal he records into a dictaphone for his secretary, a student at the university, to clean-type onto onionskin and put carefully into a loose-leaf binder.

He likes the house and would rather spend his time there than anyplace else. When he travels, a lot of the house goes along. He has a six- and a 12-string guitar with him when he's waiting in hotel rooms to appear on talk shows or perform some other ritual for his publisher's publicity department. When a visitor appears, Dickey will ask if he likes country music. If the answer is yes, or better, an informed yes, he'll open one of the two cases and play-very intense, very methodical and quite good. But he would rather be at home, where he can listen to the records of Mike Russo, a young sign painter from Portland, Oregon, who plays a fine Leadbelly 12-string; Dickey wants him for the sound track of Deliverance. Then he will very patiently imitate each lick, practicing until he has it down well enough to do it with confidence the next time there are people around. At home, if the day is nice and he feels like it, he crowds his large frame into his dirty blue XK-E, his head nearly touching the roof and his shoulders cramped almost as if he were back in the tiny bubble of a fighter aircraft, and drives out of town about 15 miles to a fieldarchery range set in the slash-pine-and-232 palmetto country around Columbia.

After he parks the car, he puts on a camouflage bush hat with the brim pinned up on the sides, cowboy-style, then carefully snaps on the polishedleather wrist and finger guards, loops his belt through a small conical quiver that holds six or seven pencil-thick aluminum arrows, stabilized by four bright-orange feathers, picks up the varnished-fiberglass bow and walks to the first of 14 targets. The range is designed to give hunters a sense of the adjustments they must make for distance, each lane carved through varying distances of the pines and scrub oaks to a paper target stapled against a stack of hay bales. Dickey toes the tin-can top that marks the shooter's spot and carefully seats his arrow. Then he takes a long, audible breath, pushes the bow out, holding it with the thumb and first two fingers of his large, heavily knuckled left hand and draws the resinous string back with three fingers of his right hand until the curled thumb rests along his cheekbone. He holds the 45 pounds of tension for a few seconds, the muscles along his arm taut and straining, while he adjusts his aim. Then he releases and the arrow leaps to a trajectory that is as undeviating as a taut wire and pierces the target and hay bales with an almost silent impact, sometimes going all the way through.

As soon as the arrow is in flight, Dickey exhales with either a satisfied sort of grunt or an "Oh goddamn it. Jim!" He knows where it is going, Out of a possible 280, he usually scores above 200. He makes truly fine scores some days, but his style is not that of an expert archer. He doesn't make one sweeping motion and release at the end of it, seemingly without aiming, the way many of the best archers do. He relies on his strength to hold the bow at maximum tension, while he deliberately lines up his shot. It is not an instinctive or rhythmic process and, by the last five targets, he is sweating with the exertion, but still just as methodical. Along the way, he stops to watch a huge black-and-yellow butterfly dart and hover through the dusty, pine-scented air or gaze at the oversized pine cones cluttered beneath one grove of trees. He even detours slightly to a spot where he once saw a big rattlesnake, hoping for another look.

On his way home from the range, Dickcy sometimes stops for a beer at a little bait shop. It is the kind of store that you see along two-lane highways just outside of towns throughout the South. There are tin signs advertising night crawlers, crickets and minnows hung on the walls and two gas pumps out front, the paint fading and chipped from their rounded surfaces until, to tourists who are trying to get through to Florida, they look like antiques. Inside, there is all manner of fishing equipment: long, gnarled cane poles leaning in a corner,

Styrofoam ice chests and metal minnow buckets stacked against a wall, and unlikely imitations of minnows, insects and frogs spread inside glass display cases. The low, plywood ceiling is covered with cellophane-wrapped plastic worms, some so long and brightly colored they look like exotic Asian snakes. There must be 5000 differently designed and colored worms hung from this ceiling and, between sips of his beer, Dickey walks under them with his head tilted back marveling at the sight. He likes to bring out-of-town friends along to look at this curiosity.

After the archery, he works with weights, chin-up bars and tension devices to keep his body in the kind of shape men 20 years younger can admire, although he is a few pounds above his old playing weight and worries about it. After that, some guitar playing and sometimes even a four-mile run around the lake; then he showers, has a drink and lunches with his wife. On pleasant days, they eat on the patio overlooking the lake. In the afternoons, he drives off to the college for his classes or works in the cluttered office dictating letters, reading poetry-often in Italian, French, Spanish or German-or writing. He may nap before supper. At night, there are often parties in Columbia with neighbors, associates at the University or people who simply think he might make an interesting guest. He still finds himself occasionally cornered at these events by indignant women who want to know why he wrote such a "dirty book." He answers, "I wanted to tell the truth." Usually, he is a delightful guest, who talks with the professors, lawyers, architects and businessmen about the possibility of trouble on the campus or about the university basketball coach Frank McGuire's great team (almost all New York Catholics) or with the wives about how lovely they look and how their children are doing at school. A lot of his life in Columbia seems held over from the patterns of his advertising days in Atlanta: active, suburban and focused on his family. Looking at that life, its quiet order, one wonders. He clearly likes it, since he has the money and adaptability to do whatever else would seem better. But reading the poetry and some of the exhilarating passages in Deliverance, you can easily imagine that, as he sits in his comfortable house, looking out at Lake Katherine ringed by other comfortable houses with their trim lawns and straight pines and crisscrossed by an occasional speedboat towing water skiers, he must long for something else, something less comfortable, something that is even a little dangerous. He must get that feeling particularly in the evenings, when he's having a drink after working and he can hear, coming from Fort Jackson across the lake, the sound of basic trainees

# wo things by which a man is juogeo...

# One is his scotch.

Those Scots! They do get carried away when talking about their scotch. But they do have a point.

/ Admit it...we all wear our scotch

like a badge.

And Pipers never forgets that! Pipers is finer; Pipers tastes better. So you can ask for it proudly, enjoy it proudly, serve it proudly. The Scots wouldn't have it any other way. Bless them.

It's made proudly.

Drink it that way.



counting cadence as they return from another sweaty day on a rifle or grenade range, an exhausting day that has moved them one more closer to war. That sound must haunt him even more than he has written:

But every night I sleep assured
That the drums are going
To reach me at dawn like light
Where I live, and my heart, my
blood, and my family will assemble
Four barely livable counts. Dismissed,
Personnel. The sun is clear
Of Basic Training. This time, this
Is my war and where in God's
Name did it start? In peace, two,
three, four:
In peace peace peace

One two

In sleep.

His subdued and carefully ordered life is at odds with his reputation. To many, he is a sort of Hemingway who writes poetry, a big, hard-living man, more at home in the woods than anyplace else, who looks at both life and the woods as challenges, contests where strength and will are all. And there is something to it. He remembers the discipline of his football coaches as something essential to his later life. He has a clear idea of failure and says the word with a sort of loathing. There is a strong sense of Nietzsche in Deliverance, a belief in the strength and power that come to men who cultivate the animal and violent parts of themselves

The primitive aspect of his poetry, his Hemingway image, the "men alone" construction of Deliverance and the sodomy scene in the novel have all given ammunition to those who label Dickey a latent homosexual. Refuting that charge, when it is based on subtleties in your writing, is almost as hard as proving evolution to a fundamentalist preacher, so Dickey doesn't bother. When one reviewer focused on the theme in his review of Deliverance, Dickey's only response was an exasperated, "I knew one of 'em would do it. I sure did." He finds the current obsession with homosexuality distasteful and socially crippling. "I think it's important for men to admire other men. I enjoy the company of men. Some of the finest times of my life have been spent in the company of men. But if you throw your arm around another man's shoulder as a gesture of affection, you're spotted as a queer. It's stupid."

Critic Benjamin DeMott was more generous in his review of Deliverance, taking Dickey to task not for some presumed psychological displacement but for the size of his appetites. In a long piece in the Saturday Review called "The 'More Life' School and James Dickey." DeMott worked over both the novel and the poetry and concluded that the scope of Dickey's vision was impossibly vast and intense and that it therefore failed artistically. (From Dickey's own journal, there is this: "What I wish for man is a much greater elasticity, a much greater accessibility to experience and fewer preconceptions.") Dickey sneers at DeMott's review. "What the hell's wrong with more

life? Does old Benjy want less life?"

Some of the writers Dickey admires most wanted too much life. Agee, Wolfe and Hart Crane consumed themselves, but their ruined lives yielded great art and Dickey seems to drive himself as hard as they did. Every now and then, a rumor will circulate around New York that he is in bad health. Like Agee, Wolfe and Crane, he can drink. He knows it and seems a little curious about it:

"I have always felt that I could drink with most men, but I could not stay with Hart Crane's alcoholic consumption for half an hour, much less the days on end he kept it up. That kind of thing is beyond my temperament. I can drink probably more than most people, and probably do, but I am not really a very good madman. I guess I will last longer that way. Or I hope so, at any rate."

Beyond the fact that Dickey has lived longer than these writers and is healthy, there is a sense of order and control in his life that they did not have. He seems more exuberant than obsessed. When he is home, his life is quiet and, in a way, routine; away, he goes to parties and spends afternoons drinking and talking with friends. He picks up his reputation then

At some point, the image of Dickey as a hell-raiser and ex-athlete greedy for life becomes political, and it is disturbing to him. Some critics and intellectuals have called him a reactionary, an ultraright-winger, even though Dickey encouraged Eugene McCarthy in his Presidential effort and the men became friends. But his friendships are certainly no key to his politics, if, indeed, he has any. Both William F. Buckley, Jr., and Willie Morris are his close friends. Morris is originally from Mississippi but has left that state and its politics way behind, an odyssey he describes movingly in North Toward Home; under his regime, Harper's has gone fashionably left, yet Dickey thinks that it is one of the finest magazines around and contributes to it frequently. While he has never written for National Review, the conservative journal edited and published by Buckley, the Dickeys and Buckleys are warm friends and reciprocate house visits. After the publication of Deliverance, a New York editor commented that there are two things in the world that you simply don't do: "Debate publicly with William F. Buckley or go fast-water canoeing with James Dickey." Both of them follow this sage advice. But Dickey does a great imitation of Buckley. He has a fine mimetic flair and uses it on characters as diverse as George Wallace, Marlon Brando and Georgia sheriffs. His crowd stopper is, of all things, a razorback hog. He can draw his big shoulders into a tight droop. thrust his broad forehead out and begin bobbing and snorting until he actually



"You know, I could kick myself when I think of all the years I spent fighting Medicare."



does resemble an old razorback. His sheriff is even more convincing: The narrowed eyes, pinched mouth, clipped and menacing speech and Dickey's own bulk are all perfect. To some people, it seems too good to be pure imitation.

When he is with people, he would rather do his mimicry or talk from his encyclopedic knowledge of literature than get into politics. When the conversation does turn to national events or personalities, he becomes silent and restless, begins looking around the room as if he were considering escape. In fact, his primary response to the whole subject is boredom. The unimaginative and brutally tiresome language of politics must be too much for a poet to bear. He probably supported McCarthy because he thought it would be nice to have a poet instead of a rancher in the White House. Whatever his politics, he does not sign petitions or actively campaign or do any of the other things the committed literati do. When he capitalizes on his success, it is not for the sake of crusading.

He loves to be recognized for his genius and, when he is, he gives a good show. When he reads, his patrician Southern accent builds and flows through the narrative and hovers carefully over the gems of revelation; he reads his poems the way old Southern preachers read the Gospel, always with reverence, sometimes with renewed awe-the message lives-and always with an eve to the unenlightened, since no routine delivery will move their spirits, and to let them go away unchanged is to fail in the eyes of either God or muse. The spirit of evangelism moves him in the classroom as well and he is remembered by his students as one of the most provocative teachers they have ever encountered, Atlanta has heard one of his great readings-three years ago at an arts festivaland some of his great teaching, in a seminar at Georgia Tech.

I was with Dickey when he recently returned to Atlanta for a cocktail party held in his honor at the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center, sponsored by Contempora, a literary magazine published in the city. The party was on a Monday, but Dickey wanted to get down to Atlanta early to do some shopping with his son for his 12th birthday and to see friends and family, including his seriously ill father. After the party, there would be time to do some canoeing with his friends Lewis King and Al Braselton, identified in the dedication of Deliverance as "companions." He decided to leave Columbia around noon Saturday. That morning, we had breakfast on the patio. Table conversation with Dickey ranges unpredictably over any number of subjects, some as close as his preference in directors for the movie of Deliverance -at this point, the Irishman, John Boor-236 man-others as remote as this morning's

topic: pre-Socratic philosophy. He says in his journal:

The pre-Socratic philosophers have always fascinated me enormously. What must it have been like to be a thinker in those days, when men really did have the illusion that the whole composition could be reduced to one or two elements: when men really did think that they could find the answer: the answer, the only

We talked and the conversation grew more animated, Dickey was making sweeping gestures with his knife and fork, then he abruptly left the table and returned with Bertrand Russell's History of Western Philosophy. When he sat back down, he leafed quickly through the book until he found the passage on William James's pragmatism he wanted and read it aloud, savoring Russell's sarcasm: "But this is only a form of the subjectivist madness that is characteristic of modern philosophy." He looked up grinning and said, "Subjectivist madness, that's really awfully good, you know." He punctuates a lot of his declarations with "you know," but it is a conscious question with him; he expects you to answer it; he wants to make sure you appreciate things as much as he does, He is a great sharer.

After breakfast, he worked for a couple of hours, then packed his bags and loaded them in his wife's station wagon. She drove; Dickey, his mother-in-law, Kevin and I were passengers.

He travels impatiently. First, he crosses and recrosses his legs, then he tries to sleep, sometimes he talks and eventually he and Kevin sing jingles from his advertising days. This trip was mercifully brief and he was cheerful when he checked in-with a collection of luggage that included two guitars, a hunting bow with broadhead arrows attached in a bow quiver, half a dozen suitcases and a shopping bag of liquor-at the new, garishly elegant Regency Hyatt House, which is built around a courtyard, with blue elevators looking like the bubbles of Portuguese men-of-war rising up 23 floors above the lobby. He talked with the bellhop about the guitar, found out he was working his way through college and gave him a big tip, then settled into the room. Later in the evening, the editor of Contempora, Paula Putney, an attractive, eager woman, her husband and another couple, friends of theirs, arrived at the hotel for drinks and dinner. Before dinner, Dickey played the guitar, basking for 30 minutes or so in the appreciation of his guests.

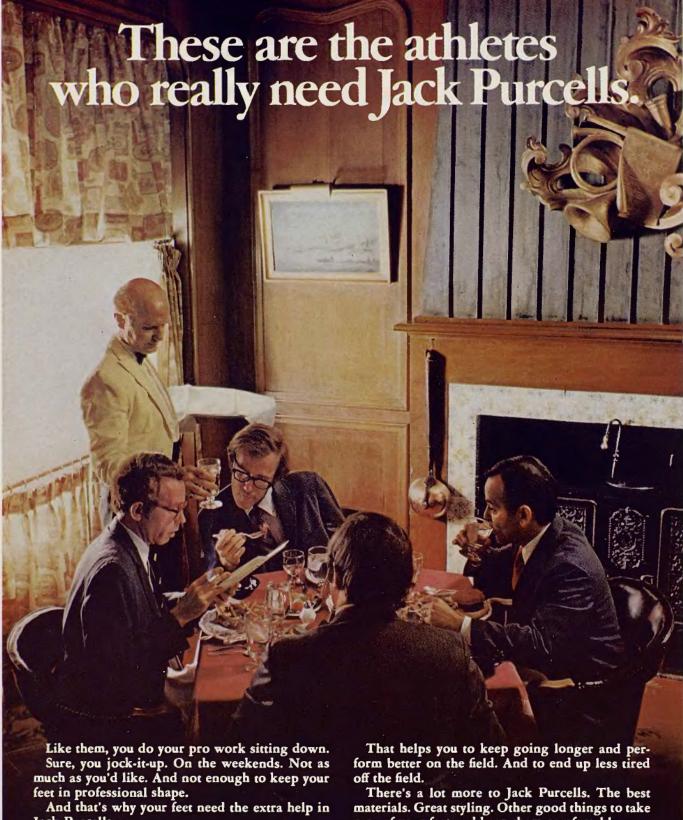
The next afternoon, Lewis King came by the hotel. He and Dickey talked for an hour or so about the canoe trip King had set up for Tuesday. King is the model for half of the Lewis Medleck

character in Deliverance, the man of incredible strength and drive who convinces the others to take the canoe trip. King has the spirit and the "striking blue eyes" of the fictional character, but not the physique-that is Dickey's. King is lithe, wiry, with the body of a fine tennis player. In fact, he had just returned from a tournament in Puerto Rico, where he had made the semifinals. As he and Dickey talked, drinking Scotch from hotel-bathroom glasses, it sounded like dialog from the book and Dickey would interrupt, smiling, from time to time to say, "I seem to have read it all somewhere before," sliding his tongue almost erotically over each word.

That night, there was a family dinner at his brother's house. Tom Dickey and a friend arrived late. They had been down around the Florida line looking for Civil War projectiles. He is expert in the field of Civil War ordnance; he has written a book on the subject and accumulated a museum of relics from that conflict that includes about three tons of unexploded shells piled in his basement. Tom's car had broken down somewhere around Jacksonville, so they rode the bus back to Atlanta and walked into the dinner party about an hour late. He carried a pillow case that held a "Yankee hundred-pounder" that he showed to the assembled guests before he retired with the friend to his workshop to compare notes, leaving the shell on the living-room floor. Everybody except Tom's wife, Patsy, a beautiful, slender gray-haired woman, who paints, writes and complains unconvincingly about her eccentric husband, thought it was all very funny.

Tom almost made the 1948 Olympic team as a middle-distance runner, losing out in the finals. He still has the body of a dash man and you get the feeling that, except for his hobby-which has had him sneaking around national monuments with mine detectors late at night. once taking fire from a zealous park guard-he has never really cared about much else in life the way he cared about running track. He is one of those genial, ambitionless men who never get ulcers or find themselves overweight, think life is enormously amusing and can tell great, funny stories, usually making themselves the fool. The brothers enjoy each other, telling the stories, jokes and lies, and remembering old moments of athletic glory or complaining about wives or talking casually about the strange paths the lives of two ordinary Southern brothers have taken-writing and keeping the archives of artillery.

The dinner went well, except for one bad moment, when Dickey agreed to give a short interview to a young girl who had somehow found out where he was and phoned. Maxine was furious, but the crisis passed when the girl arrived, asking not for an interview but for Dickey



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"Dear Larry: As I stand here, letting my eyes ravish the opulent contours of my secretary, whose full bosom thrusts out against her tight dress, I am answering your letter of March sixth. . . ."

to read her poems. He begged off politely, observing after the girl left, "I'm not a literary agent." He runs into this sort of thing frequently, just as any famous writer does. He tries to answer all the mail—except letters asking him "how to break into the poetry market"—and to give all the interviews he can. It can be vastly inconvenient, but he tolerates it. "I don't want to be a shrinking violet."

With a National Book Award in poetry, the possibility of another and a Pulitzer for the novel, and the other awards he has accumulated, he doesn't need-in any psychological sense-the attention of young girls who write bad poetry or of professors or even of the people in Atlanta who were giving the cocktail party in his honor. He had just come off a long promotional tour for the novel, the surest device for killing a writer's love of attention, and could be forgiven if he turned even his friends down. But he wanted to make the trip, so after spending the next day with his son, he and his wife drove to the Arts Center at six o'clock for the party. Dickey's friends Braselton and King were there, along with a number of influential Atlantans, including Mayor Sam Massell. There were two bars and a large table of hors d'oeuvres; it was a quiet, gracious party, nobody appearing particularly concerned with Dickey, which seemed to suit him as he moved easily around the big room, introducing himself to people or talking with old friends. About an hour into the party, Paula Putney began moving everybody toward one corner, where Massell stood with the plaque he was giving Dickey. When things quieted, the mayor talked-a brisk little speech full of one-liners, beginning with something like, "I'm not used to speaking before large crowds." It was one of those slick political speeches that has everybody laughing and liking the speaker for his manifest qualities of wit and humility. A tough act to follow.

Dickey stood awkwardly, grinning and looking at the floor, while the guests clapped, then he raised his head and began speaking in a soft, hesitant voice: "On these occasions, it's always in order to thank your wife, friends, family and everyone else for making it all possible. That's all very nice." Then an almost sinister pause, and I thought that he might be ready to say something ugly. But he went on: "So I'd like to accept this in the name of the Atlanta writers and artists because I come from among them." That got a bigger hand than any of the mayor's one-liners.

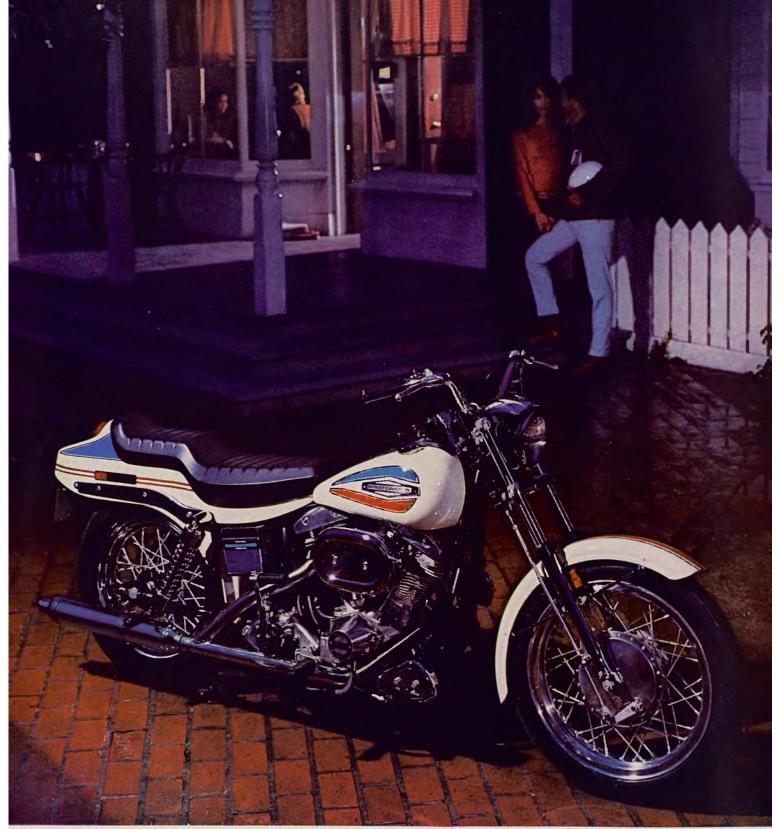
At dawn the next morning, Al Braselton picked us up at the hotel. We drove through the empty streets to King's house, where we put his two canoes-a battered 13-foot Grumman and a newer 17-foot Aluma Craft-on the two car tops. On the way out of town, we stopped for breakfast at a small café, picking up a couple of six-packs of beer at the nextdoor grocery; this trip was more for pleasure than danger. We made one more stop on the two-hour drive north, this time for spare paddles, since they are easily lost or broken in fast water. As we approached the launching site for the trip, we got onto narrow, two-lane roads, cut through the exposed red clay of the Georgia hills. Roads like this used to cause a tremendous erosion problem, and engineers and farmers tried for years to find a satisfactory way to heal the barren gashes bulldozers left behind for

the rains to gulley and wear down. The "solution" they found, perhaps 20 years ago, was kudzu, a waxy green ivy-like plant from Japan that will grow in almost any kind of soil, and it was planted along roadsides all over the South, But kudzu has its drawbacks, the most serious being that it grows almost malignantlyup telephone poles, around fences, across roads, even over buildings. People say that it will someday literally "cover the South." It is also fine cover for snakes, a real problem for farmers whose livestock wander into its tangles. One of Dickey's early poems is about kudzu and the grotesque meetings that occur when farmers turn pigs loose in verdant mattings of the vine. The pigs are too tough and fat to be hurt by the serpents' bites and, as they feed on the plant, there is squealing, snorting and thrashing mixed with the frantic writhing of the snakes as they are stomped to death. It is a savage, primitive sight that Dickey renders perfectly. When he is driving with a guest or stranger and sees the vine growing on the roadside, Dickey will quietly tell him, "It's worth your life to walk in there. So many snakes."

We turned off the kudzu-bordered road, down a rough dirt trail that ended on a quiet bend in the river, took the canoe off Braselton's car, put it in King's station wagon and crowded in with it, going back up the main road to a spot five or six miles upstream. We launched the canoes near an old, one-room store that had rusty tin soft-drink signs and peeling cardboard snuff advertisements covering its outside walls. An old, short, toothless woman gave us permission to park the car there, saying, "Lots of fellas leaves their cars here, you go right on." It was Dickey's first time on the water in ten years.

He had been away from Atlanta and the friends he did that sort of thing with for all those years, though King had invited him down for some trips during that time. The travel couldn't have been a problem to a man who moves around as much as Dickey does. But he was working on Deliverance then. As the book began to evolve, his respect for the river must have grown, until it became something real and genuinely treacherous in the way most of the rivers he and his friends handled were not (although they have had some bad times). Just as Faulkner must have been a recluse as much out of a reluctance-as well as out of his renowned misanthropy-to see the real world he had taken and transformed through his imagination into a mythical county, a county he really lived in and didn't want tarnished or upset by any damn reality, Dickey must have been obsessed with his own imaginary river for most of those ten years:

But the sound was changing, getting deeper and more massively frantic



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and authoritative. It was the old sound, but it was also new, it was a fuller one even than the reverberations off the walls, with their overtones and undertones; it was like a ground-bass that was made of all the sounds of the river we'd heard since we'd been on it. God, God, I thought, I know what it is. If it's a falls we're gone.

The previous Sunday, when Lew King came by the hotel, he told Dickey that he had found the perfect spot for filming *Deliverance*. Every detail was there. In fact, he was a little suspicious that Dickey might have been there once; it

was just too good.

We unloaded the canoes and carried them awkwardly down the steep, crumbling clay bank to the river, quiet, almost placid here; its unrippled surface covered by a thin, dusty coat of yellow pollen. Long crooked branches hung out over the banks, shielding the water from the August sun that would soon drench the red Georgia hills in a stolid, gripping wave of heat. King and Braselton took the smaller canoe and the lead, paddling effortlessly down to the first wide bend. Dickey and I followed. He was in the rear, in control of our course. We had his bow, with edged hunting arrows attached, a couple of extra paddles, flotation cushions and a six-pack of beer in the canoe. For the first quarter of a mile or so, the river moved tranquilly, the quiet black water broken only by an occasional boulder or jagged branch weaving irregularly above its own reflection. Dickey yelled to King, "Is this all there is to it? I thought you had some good water for us!" King assured Dickey, "It gets better up ahead." We paddled and sipped beer.

As we came around a wide, shady bend, there was a noise like a long breeze that held and grew until we had to shout above it. Coming out of the bend, the river straightened and was broken by an island. To the right, there was a 40-vard swath of white water piling over and spilling around gray rocks, thundering until every other sound was overwhelmed. Along the left, a thin channel ran through more white water, a ragged, deep-green slot, where the current boiled and surged against rocks or bank, then found its way back into the swift cut. King and Braselton lined up to try it. They shot downstream, close to the shore and were almost to the comparative quiet of a pool below when they lost it. The bow caught a rock on the right border of the channel and the stern swung quickly around; when the canoe was almost perfectly broadside to the current, it went over. Dickey and I were following too closely, and as we went past the overturned canoe, we also veered around broadside and went over. There were four of us, two canoes full of water

—weighing almost half a ton each and moving as fast as the current—plus eight paddles, four cushions, two six-packs of beer, Dickey's bow and arrows, and assorted sunglasses, hats and notebooks tossing around in the water. King seized the bow and one of the six-packs. The rest of us recovered paddles and cushions and whatever else we could grab. We stood chest-deep in the cool, rushing water, trying to steady the canoes and ourselves against the fast current that pushed the water around us and drove the heavy, half-sunken craft away from our grip.

We got the canoes into shallow water, dumped out the water, reloaded and walked them to a quieter spot to start over. King was worried about the hunting arrows Dickey carried in his quiver. "Jim, you better get rid of those damn broadheads, they could hurt somebody." They were covered by a plastic guard and Dickey said they were OK, so we went on.

As we pushed off, Dickey shouted, "Look at that!" We all turned. Dickey was waving his paddle toward the section of water we had just come through: the island with the fast water on both its sides; the slate gray that broke the white, frothy surface; the woods, maple, gum, oak and an occasional looming, almost blue, pine. Dickey hollered, "Just look at that. Goddamn it, I wrote the right book."

The water is low in August and at the next two rapids, we had to get out and drag the canoes across the shallow gravel bottom of the river. Then we came to a wide arc, shallow rapids that ran from the left bank almost all the way across the river. There was no right bank, only a huge boulder that rose 20 feet out of the water. It was deep enough for the canoes, but the passage ran at almost a perfect right angle to the river's course until it reached the rock. Then it turned out abruptly, so that the course we had to steer was shaped almost like a boomerang. King and Braselton made it to the rock, but couldn't pivot fast enough and went over. They were waiting just below the angle for us. Dickey and I didn't do any better. King went after our lost gear and, when he handed the bow back, the hunting arrows were gone. Two target arrows were still in the bow quiver and King just said, "No, I didn't throw those broadheads away."

We had good water for the next mile or so: rapids that were deep enough to shoot or deep channels so close to the bank that we had to push springy branches away from our faces. As we ran downstream, Dickey steadying the canoe while I stood to pick a course, the sun dried our clothes and burned our skin. King and Braselton had worked ahead and were out of sight when we came back into deep, almost still water. We paddled slowly, watching the banks and enjoying

the rest. The woods grew all the way to the bank—dense, shady and obscure. Quiet except for the occasional singing of an invisible bird. Dickey recited some of the descriptive passages from *Deliverance* and repeated something he had said before, when talking about the book: "Out here, you really are on your own. You could break your leg or be bitten by a snake and it would be hours before you could get help. You'd have to do what you could for yourself."

We came around a bend and saw Braselton holding his canoe up against the bank, while King swam out in the middle of the river. As I leaned forward for balance, Dickey stripped to join him. They swam for 15 minutes or so, diving and treading water while they talked, two naked men, cooling off in a deep spot on the Chattahoochee River in the middle of a hot summer day. As we began downstream again, King promised that the best water was just ahead.

King and Braselton called this familiar section of the river Maladroit Point. For almost half a mile, it was fast and shallow. Through the middle, broken ridges of rock rose high enough to make the water impassable, but there was a channel that ran up against the bank, turned out into the river, then back again, made another journey to the bank, then shot back out to a steep, narrow-throated falls. King and Braselton did everything right, keeping the canoe lined up with the current, moving slightly faster than the river in order to maintain steerage. They accelerated in the trough along the bank, slipped out toward the river's center, heeled quickly around as the channel changed direction again and finally turned one last time and with a rush went through the spray of the slender, boulder-lined four-foot drop into the quiet water below. It was the first time in four trips that they had made it through there. We followed and after hanging up on one of the shallow gravel beds, stayed with the flow, kept the right speed and balance and aimed directly at the narrow drop. We went through quickly, but as the bow went over, the water in the bottom of the canoe sloshed forward; it was enough weight to drive the bow under and we slowly submerged. From then on, the trip was pleasantly uneventful.

For the last half mile or so, the water was still and, as we idled downstream, dipping our paddles into the pale-green water, Dickey would shout from time to time: "When I get back to that ho-tel, I'm going to drink about five hundred double mahtinis!" Then he'd laugh. Early in the afternoon, soaked and dried several times, shins and elbows rubbed and skinned against flat river rocks, shoulders aching from carrying and paddling the canoes, we reached the bridge above the spot where we had left Braselton's car. After picking up the other car, loading



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the gear and shopping at the old woman's store, we sat in the sun and ate an improvised "seafood dinner": sardines, crackers, salted peanuts and Pepsi Cola from cans, then drove back to Lew King's house.

Joan King had a dinner party planned for that night and didn't want her thirsty male guests fooling around in the liquor cabinet before they cleaned up and changed. Dickey moaned and pleaded with enough charm to make her relent. As we stood around the kitchen mixing drinks, he left for a minute and returned with an open anthology of his poems. He read from it in a careful, low voice:

And there is another stone, that boiled with white,

Where Braselton and I clung and fought

With our own canoe

That flung us in the rapids we had ridden

So that it might turn and take on A ton of mountain water

And swing and bear down through the flying cloud

Of foam upon our violent rock And pin us there.

With our backs to the wall of that boulder,

We yelled and kept it off us as we could,

Broke both paddles,

Then wedged it with the paddle stumps up over

The rock till the hull split, and it leapt and fell

Into the afterfall.

In life preservers we whirled ourselves away

And floated aimlessly down into calm water

Turning like objects.

Taking the drinks into the living room, we settled into chairs and sofas,

sitting comfortably for the first time since dawn. Weariness helped the Scotch along as the friends talked, running that and other rivers again, rebuilding each event, polishing them to sustain the excitement or expand the humor until they were perfect. They talked about poets and Al Braselton recited some Dylan Thomas-imitating that poet's reading style almost perfectly. Dickey said that he had read some of Thomas' stuff when he first started traveling to the colleges, almost ten years before, but that he had given it up because "you can't beat that act." Then they talked about the filming of Deliverance, about the right actor for each part, about the location. Then back to that day's trip. And others.

Dickey was clearly at his best with men he liked and admired, having shared something with them that made the drinking and reminiscing not merely justified but necessary. He never changed from the nylon flight suit he wears for canoeing-"dries out fast." When the guests began arriving-all old friendshe retold the story of the day's trip, teasing the women by adding details from Deliverance. He played the guitar with Roger Williams, former Atlanta bureau chief for Time, who had taken a leave to free-lance and was currently working on a book about Julian Bond. They worked against each other on Wildwood Flower-both play the guitar competitively-but it was understood and friendly. Braselton played a 12-string and did a verse or two from Talkin' Liberal Blues, a satire he wrote. After dinner, Dickey, tired and still in the flight suit, went back to the hotel. He was leaving the next day. We said goodbye outside his door.

Jim Dickey would be an extraordinary man even if he still wrote advertising. He is a former fighter pilot who hunts deer with a bow, challenges fast water in a canoe, lifts weights as vigorously as a 20-year-old, drives a sports car and reads and speaks five languages. He is entertaining; he can take the most significant accomplishment and reduce it to something routine. "I've done my obligation to those prose boys," he'll say of Deliverance. He can play the mountain man or the reluctant intellectual who doesn't want to have one goddamn thing to do with all this highbrow stuff, and at the same time, review books for the Sewanee Review. All that can be noted, retold and dramatized on book jackets. But the part of the man that doesn't lend itself to cryptic anecdotage, to easy comparisons with Hemingway or to facile psychological interpretation is the most important. And that all happens when he goes into his office and sits down, alone with the English language.

#### **RISEN SUN**

(continued from page 168)

fools of themselves or of someone else. Even the custom of bowing, so odd to Western eyes, is fraught with signals. People adjust their angle of incline according to the rank of the other person: higher if bowing to a subordinate, lower for superiors, youth deferring to age, women to men. For most Japanese, the correct observance of protocol is a matter of course. But it does give rise to a sense of shame and obligation, to the fear that one may lose respect or cause its loss in another—and it explains why foreigners often find it difficult to get a candid no to a straight question.

We in the West are inclined to pride ourselves on the cultivation and application of logic and orderly thought processes in a given situation. Ideally, we use our language to convey direct ideas through explicit words, and we become uneasy when confronted with ambiguities. The Japanese use their language to create a mood, and they have several vocabularies that they employ according to the rank of the person they address. Husbands to wives, company presidents to vice-presidents, teachers to students, all use key words that denote social position in conversation. The emperor has a special set of pronouns that he uses on formal occasions in reference to himself and he speaks a court language so archaic that when he read the Imperial announcement of Japan's defeat at the end of the War, his speech had to be translated for the benefit of the many subjects who couldn't understand him. To quote a Japanese scholar: "After living in the West, one develops a rational mind. This is useless if one must live in Japan."

By our standards, the Japanese may seem a strange people, but we could learn much from their unique and practical approaches to the intricacies of existence, the all-important nuances of Japanese life. The foreigner who takes the trouble to examine and understand these soon discovers that for every seeming quirk of custom or tradition in Japan, he could find something equally bizarre in the habits of his own people.

The islands that comprise this singular country cover a narrow arc of the globe off the East Asian mainland. Superimposed over a map of the North American continent (with whose east coast it shares roughly the same latitude and climate), Japan would reach approximately from Montreal to a point below Atlanta. Including minor islands, the total land area is around 142,000 square miles, but much of this is uninhabitable mountain range, and nearly all of the population of some 103,000,000

lives along the narrow coastal plains that comprise about 20 percent of its territory. In terms of the ratio of inhabitants to area, it is as though almost half the population of the United States lived in less than one fifth of the state of Montana. Tokyo and the other principal cities, Osaka, Yokohama, Kyoto and Kobe, are on the main island of Honshu; the other three biggest islands are Hokkaido in the north, Kyushu in the south, and Shikoku, sandwiched between Kyushu and the lower flank of Honshu.

The tourist in Japan is served by a comprehensive network of railroads, highways and domestic airlines, as well as by such functional novelties as highspeed hydrofoils. In Tokyo, a monorail runs between Haneda International Airport and the downtown terminal, and superbly efficient subway and overhead commuter systems (all marked with English station signs) reach every main district of the city. Super-expresses complete the 320-mile rail journey between Osaka and Tokyo in just over three hours. Passengers can shop for gifts in a small store on the train, read the magazines provided and use the train's telephone to call cities along the route. The doors between cars slide open at the touch of a foot on a rubber mat and, when the conductor makes his ticket rounds, he bows and begs to be pardoned for the intrusion. Girls in starched white aprons pass along the aisles dispensing hot towels and cold drinks. Americans, wearily resigned to the surly and uncertain pattern of railroad service at home, are stunned by the experience.

But Japan offers the unexpected almost everywhere one turns: Construction crews work furiously around the clock in eight-hour shifts and then pass out in a coma of fatigue when the whistle blows; office workers limber up during breaks by running around the moat of the Imperial Palace or joining in group calisthenics on the office roof; factory hands sing company anthems before beginning the day's production. In the Shikoku town of Takamatsu, visitors with a day to spare (the preparation takes about that long) can enjoy a meal that commemorates a battle and recreates the positions of the belligerents. Known as Once Upon a Time Genji and Heike Stew, after the old Japanese stories, it is a feast of pigeon, crab, fish, bamboo, bean curd, ginkgo nuts, radishes and lotus shoots, complete with edible palace, castle, warriors and armor, with lobster ships sailing across fish-paste seas. On the remote island of Tsushima, bare-breasted women dive for shellfish, while at the warm spas of Kyushu, bathers are buried to their necks in steaming sand or gently stewed



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in bubbling hot springs surrounded by palms and tropical trees.

To the Japanese, none of whom lives more than 100 miles from the sea, the beauty of their coast and countryside is nothing less than sacred. On morning commuter trains to Tokyo from the southwest, sober-faced civil servants and business executives sit engrossed in their newspapers, rarely speaking to anybody and apparently oblivious of the scenery that rushes past the windows. But on clear days, when the train passes a wellknown vantage point for Mount Fuji, they stop reading as if on signal and rush to the windows on the left to "see how Fuji looks today." They spend the next five minutes or so in lyrical discussion of the view before returning to their Asahi or Yomiuri Shimbun. These same men can often be found on weekends, sitting in a rowboat on Lake Yamanaka and admiring two Fujiyamas -the real one and its reflection. Or they might take the family to nearby Miyanoshita, a mountainous retreat on the edge of a deep, fir-clad gorge, down which the rain and mist drift in delicate shrouds, clinging to the high ground like fine gauze. In the spring, the falling petals of cherry blossoms are caught by the wind, showering the valley with a snowstorm of pink and white.

Japan is Hokkaido in the north, a sparsely populated land of spectacular ruggedness; Nagasaki and Hiroshima, signposts on the road to Armageddon: the old imperial capital of Kyoto, with its 2000 shrines and temples, castles and palaces; and Mount Aso, the world's largest active volcano. It's the birthplace of the samurai warrior and the kamikaze pilot, the home of Madame Butterfly, the world's fastest trains, largest city, tallest hotel. Religion, history, culturepast, present and future-fact and legend are woven through the fabric of the country, with no clear boundaries to divide one from the other. Its great cities have been razed by man and nature-shuddered to death by earthquakes, smashed to rubble by incendiary and atomic bombs-only to reappear almost before the dust can clear, rebuilt to face once again whatever the fates hold in store. Japan is optimism and pessimism, too much pride and not enough, innovator-imitator, conformist-radical, teacher-pupil, sensualistascetic, contradiction upon contradiction. It is an indefinable, unpredictable country, conquered only once in war but never crushed.

At approximately the geographical center is Tokyo. The capital lies at the northern end of the Japanese megalopolis, a chain of connected cities that extends about 370 miles south to Kobe and contains almost 51,000,000 people, about half the country's population. Some 16,000,000 work in the capital every day 244 and an estimated 12,500,000 live there,

making it the world's largest metropolis. Tokyo is the city of the rising gorge, a gaudy, dizzy sprawl that makes Manhattan seem like Walden Pond. It is a city on the rampage to Buddha knows where, a tangled mass of superhighways, steel towers, skyscrapers, cramped suburbs and stupefying traffic jams. Seeing it for the first time, many visitors are plunged into depression, disillusioned beyond their wildest nightmares by the enormity of this urban anarchy. Except for a handful of central thoroughfares, none of the streets is named; buildings are numbered according to their order of construction, not to designate their location. If several houses are built simultaneously on the same lot, they are numbered identically, and some streets have half a dozen or more buildings with the same numerical address.

Cars, trucks, buses and motorbikes choke every main street and, when the lights change, pedestrians flee across in terror, pursued by the worst drivers on earth and, at some main intersections, harried by police in observation booths who scold errant citizens over publicaddress systems. The gravest threat posed to life and limb is the infamous Tokyo cabdriver, a vestigial descendant of the samurai warrior, whose traditional code of chivalry included a standing instruction to decapitate on the spot "any commoner who behaves in a manner other than expected." There are too many people and machines in Tokyoand, consequently, too much of their smothering by-products: smog, smell and din. Voices shriek from speakers attached to light poles, exhorting passers-by to wash their hair with this or clean their dentures with that. It's too hot in the summer, too cold in the winter. Tokyo should long since have succumbed to one or the other of its many afflictions. but it hasn't. It has thrived in its roaring bedlam, grown steadily larger, more confusing and more exciting. Few cities anywhere can match its infinity of seductive pleasures.

Amid the neon and concrete, the eye is suddenly bewitched by a small detail, an unexpected glimpse of the other Japan-an arrangement of rock, water and bamboo in the lobby of a bank; a pagoda with its gabled roof glinting above the trees of a park; a garden that has been nurtured for centuries; a solemn temple with its chanting priests; or the secretive Imperial Palace, hidden behind a moat and forbidding walls. One sees a crowd of high school girls in brilliantly colored kimonos, or a closed rickshaw being pulled through a dark street in Akasaka, carrying a geisha to an assignation with her patron at a teahouse. In the martial-arts halls, visitors watch in awed silence as teams of young men. some in bloodstained tunics, stand in rigid karate posture while their instructor walks the lines, stopping now and

then to deliver a sudden kick to some unfortunate whose foot is planted at the wrong angle. Or they can see displays of judo or of kendo, a style of two-handed fencing with stout poles. And to gain an even greater understanding of the reverence the Japanese have for their country's chivalric past, they need travel no further than the Sengakuji Temple, which houses the graves of the renowned 47 ronin (masterless samurai) who committed mass harakiri some 270 years ago after avenging the death of their dishonored lord and master. Hundreds of families pay homage and burn incense at the graves, sighing over the relics in the small museum. "You must realize," one acquaintance explained, "suicide is a way of life in Japan.'

Such manifestations of the culturekimonos, pagodas and temples-are concrete; the foreigner sees these because he looks for them. But others, just as characteristically Japanese, are not so easy to note. Perhaps most foreign-at least to Americans-is the system of womb-totomb corporate paternalism. Being hired by a company in Japan is like joining a family; members owe the company loyalty and hard work and, in return, receive lifelong security. Although salaries are low by American standards, raises come regularly and outstanding work may be rewarded with clandestine gifts and bonuses. Three to six months' pay per bonus is not unusual. Extra benefits ordinarily include expense accounts (even for fairly low-level employees), medical insurance, low-cost company housing. company hospitals, recreational facilities, inexpensive meals in the company cafeteria, subsidies for transportation to and from work, and family-vacation tours and excursions to resort areas, often company owned.

Many other cultural expressions of the Japanese character may be even less comprehensible to the first-time visitor, because they are ritual, and it is these that sometimes lead the Japanese to assume that foreigners know so little about the everyday niceties. A visitor, for example, should remove his topcoat before entering a Japanese house (and put it back on again when he is outside, not before). And it is not enough to remove one's shoes inside; one should also place them neatly side by side, toes pointing toward the exit; and a polite visitor would never turn his back to his host while removing them. He wears house slippers provided inside the door, but discards them before walking on the tatami matting, taking care to avoid the tatami's fabric edging. If his host asks him to sit with his back to the tokonoma (a wall recess that usually contains a scroll), the guest knows he is being given the place of honor. Other positions around the room denote the status of each occupant, that nearest the door being the lowest. A Japanese can walk



"It's not what you think. He happens to be a very sexy violinist."

# PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO A JAPANESE HOLIDAY

# TOKYO

### HOTELS

Best of the many luxury Western-style hotels are, alphabetically, Hilton, Imperial, New Otani, Okura and Palacs, all self-contained minicities with dozens of bars, restaurants, stores, rooftop lounges, etc. Hilton, New Otani and Okura—all convenient to central Akasaka district—have swimming pools, gardens; Imperial is downtown; Palace overlooks Imperial Household Gardens. Style, comfort, amenities give New Otani the edge over rivals. Also in first-class category is Akasaka Tokyu, new and modern; rooms smallish, but Akasaka site is a strong plus. Opening next month is Keio Plaza in Shinjuku; color TV in all rooms, many bars, stores, restaurants, night clubs, pool. All top hotels air conditioned; tipping is expected only for baggage porters and exceptional services.

# DINING

Restaurants, most listed under main specialty dish served, are located by district; exact addresses can usually be obtained at your hotel or by calling Tourist Information Center at 502-1461. Your hotel can also provide a map with directions in Japanese for your cabdriver. For those unaccustomed to sitting on cushions on the floor, many restaurants have sunken kotatsu wells for diners' legs; others offer tables and chairs. Better inquire first. Tokyo's most exclusive Japanese restaurants don't ordinarily admit strangers—even natives—unless they are introduced by known customers, but no such establishment is listed here.

CHANKO-NABE (rich stews of meat and fish, traditional favorite of sumo wrestlers): Chanko, Akasaka.

FUGU (seasonal, delicately flavored blowfish): Fukugen, Tsukiji; city's finest fugu, reservation needed.

ODEN (plebeian-but-pungent mixture of pastry and vegetables served in large bowls): Otako, Ginza.

OKARIBAYAKI (barbecued beef, game): Fujino, Shimbashi. SUKIYAKI (chicken or beef with vegetables, cooked in soy sauce): Yugiri, Ginza-Higashi, best beef, attentive service, air conditioned; Rangetsu, Ginza, Western rooms downstairs, Japanese up; Happo-En, Shiroganedai, and Jisaku, Akashicho, same management, quality beef and chicken sukiyaki, modest prices.

SUSHI (seaweed-wrapped cake of rice and fish): Kiraku, near Tsukiji Fish Market, freshest seafood, atmospheric surroundings; Ozasa, Ginza, tiny premises, attracts connoisseurs, crowded after seven P. M.

TEMPURA (shrimp, fish and vegetables deep-fried in batter): Inagiku, Nihonbashi Kayaba-cho, formal, head man was chef to an Imperial Japanese army general; Ten-ichi, Ginza and Akasaka Tokyu Hotel, less costiy than Inagiku, tempura almost as savory.

TEPPANYAKI (tenderest beef and other delicacies grilled on hot counter slab): Benlhana, Ginza, home base of U. S. branches, finest Kobe beef and juicy oysters; Seryna, Roppongi, steaks cooked on heated rocks, a dozen different crab dishes; Ryu, Roppongi, Kobe beef, open late for local swingers; Akasaka Misono, Akasaka, king-sized Kobe entrees, pleasant garden; Chaco, Shimbashi, small room, large steaks.

YAKITORI (skewered beef and chicken, char-broiled): Torlgin, Ginza, small and scruffy but a favorite with visiting celebrities; Torlcho, Ginza, mouth-watering chicken; Isehiro, Kyobashi, established yakitori leader, stark decor. CHINESE: Szechwan, Shimbashi, peppery North China offerings; Sun Ya, Shimbashi, Cantonese style; Sanno Hanten, Nagata-cho, Shanghai specialties; Akasaka Liu

Yuan, Akasaka Tokyu Hotel, unspectacular but convenient for late-nighters, 24-hour bar.

KOREAN: Taisho En, Ginza, tangy barbecued beef.

For other Oriental and Japanese delicacies, stroll through Yuraku Food Center, near Ginza, where snack counters and restaurants serve sushi, tempura, curries, steaks, seafood; popular lunch stop for local office girls.

INDIAN: Nair's, Ginza, spicy curries, moderate prices.

CONTINENTAL: Moustache, Roppongi, French, temperamental, can be excellent; Maxim's, Ginza, legitimate Asian offspring of Parisian aristocrat.

GERMAN: Lohmeyer's, Ginza, rustic Teutonic fare.

ITALIAN: Antonio's, Zaimokucho, Italian owner prepares customers' favorites.

KOSHER: Anne Dinken's, Akasaka, Tokyo version of Stage Deli, presided over by authentic motherly yenta.

# NIGHT LIFE

Like some Tokyo restaurants, a number of clubs and bars will not admit strangers; but again, no such establishment is mentioned here. Listed by district.

AKASAKA: Byblos, one of better discos, best-looking girls in town dance on clear-plastic floor, while other patrons sit in basement bar gazing upward and enjoying the view; Mugen, same building, frenetic go-go dancers; Judd's, musical groups, intimate, popular with foreignembassy staffers; Manos, disco and restaurant—both fertile breeding grounds for liaisons; Copacabana, foreign talent in floorshow, hostesses on request; Mikado, mammoth night club-bar, more than 1000 hostesses (all equipped with remote-control "beepers," by which front desk can summon girl when top patron enters), garish decor; Danny's Bar, small boite run by ex-Florida cop.

ASAKUSA: Asakusa New Toruko, massage parlor, bath, sensual entertainment; Kokusal, all-girl musical revues.

GINZA: Albion, in Nichigeki Theater, truly inscrutable bistro under supervision of midget in white tux, with go-go waitresses standing by tables and twitching to big beat; also in Theater, Nichigeki Music Hall for good old-fashioned strip show; Kabukiza, popular Japanese kabuki plays, all-male performers; Queen Bee, veteran of the big and brassy clubs, many English-speaking hostesses; Rat Mort, smart bar, ladies for hire.

ROPPONGI: Last 20 Cents, highly popular bar-disco, perfect to take or find date, Chinese food at bar, shoes off; Mama Ginbasha's Night & Day, supper club, congenial hostesses, reputable martinis and steaks.

SHIBUYA: Hi Dick, attractive Western girls, pianist.

SHIMBASHI: New Yorker, girls fraternize.

SHINJUKU: Bonus, nudie shows nightly, many hostesses, few speak English; New Grand Toruko, another restful spot for friendly fingers and fiendish massage.

TORANOMON: Papagayo, they're naked and they dance; Mexican food and hostesses.

# SIGHT-SEEING

LOCAL SIGHTS: Meiji Jingu Gaien, stately park surrounds Shinto shrine deifying Emperor Meiji; Sengakuji Temple, burial place of 47 ronin who committed mass seppuku (honorable suicide); Kokugikan Hall, sumo wrestling, seasonal; Beer Gardens, on roofs of several large stores, live music, food and schooners; Yomiuriland, big amusement park, ingenious underwater theater.

EVENTS: Sanno Matsuri, parade of shrine palanquins, mid-

June; Shiman-Rokusen-Nichl, pilgrimage to Asakusa Kannon Temple, early June.

EXCURSIONS: Hakone, lake resort, vista dominated by Mount Fuji, with golf, riding, aquatics, hot springs; Atami, literally "hot sea," one of Japan's most famous seaside spas; Lake Kawaguchi, most scenic of five beautiful lakes at northern foot of Mount Fuji; Nikko, dramatic scenery, nearby Lake Chuzenji and cascading Kegon Falls, elaborate festivals, mid-May, end of July; Shimoda, or Black Ship Festival, re-enactment of first U.S. presence in Japan, mid-May; Japan Alps, many mountain resorts, best skiing from mid-December to late March at Shiga Heights, Akakura, Sekiyama, Iwappara-Yuzawa area; Karuizawa, sylvan summer retreat popular with climbers and golfers.

# SHOPPING

Visitors get tax cuts on many items; these vary according to product, range from 10 to 40 percent off—less on credit-card purchases.

CAMERAS: Everywhere; check hotel arcades, shop around. ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT: Radios, tape decks and recorders, stereos, television, every imaginable home appliance; ten blocks of discount stores in Akihabara district; Yamagiwa, seven-story emporium, has English-speaking staff, sells equipment wired for U.S. voltage.

SAMURAI SWORDS: Japan Sword, International Arcade, Ginza, martial and table cutlery from country's finest maker. ANTIQUES and CURIOS: Moderate prices, numerous shops on Yoyogi Street; Oriental Bazaar, expert export packing service, best in town for shopper in hurry.

PEARLS: Mikimoto, Ginza; Okubo, Asahi Shoten and K. Uyeda, all in Imperial Hotel.

DEPARTMENT STORES: Finest brands at Mitsukoshi and Takashimaya (latter has New York branch).

# KYOTO

# HOTELS

Deluxe Western digs at International and Miyako; resort flavor at Mount Hiel Hotel outside central city; Japanese inns (ryokans) are Tawaraya and Hiragiya, near downtown; Onoya and Shokaro, on river front.

# DINING

Kawamichiya, broths and poultry casseroles; Minokichi, fish fare; Nanzen, great steaks; Morita-Ya, small house, fine sukiyaki; Ikkyu-An, traditional Buddhist vegetarian food; Kani-Doraku, crabs cooked to order.

## **NIGHT LIFE**

New Cobalt, exotic, erotic floorshows, ebullient hostesses; Den-En, four competing bars under same roof; Suisha, also known as Negligee Salon for the working costume of hostesses; 123 Bar, organ player serenades couples.

# SIGHT-SEEING

LOCAL SIGHTS: Nijo Castle, residence of first Tokugawa

shogun; Nishi Hongan-ji Temple, one of best remaining examples of Buddhist architecture; Sanjusangendo, famous for wooden image of Thousand-Armed Kannon Goddess; Kinkaku-ji Temple, or Golden Pavilion, doubly impressive with pond reflection; Katsura Imperial Villa, epitome of Japanese harmony in gardens and buildings.

EVENTS: Takigi-Noh, outdoor performances of classic Noh dramas, early June; Gion Matsuri, floats decorated with treasured art works, mid-June; Jidai Matsuri, spectacular Festival of the Ages, late October.

EXCURSIONS: Mount Hiei, affords sweeping view of Kyoto and Lake Biwa, 2973-foot summit reachable by cable car or toll road; Lake Biwa, excursion boat from Otsu cruises lake and visits pavilions; Hozu River, rapids trip through steep gorges from Kameoka to Arashiyama, nearly two hours; Nara, horoscope ritual at Todai-ji Temple.

# **OSAKA**

# **HOTELS**

Numerous Western-style; best include Royal, Grand, Plaza.

### DINING

Hariju, sukiyaki and beef entrees; Yotaro, choice tempura; Maiko, traditional Japanese menu; Peking, excellent Chinese; Ron, popular steakhouse; Oyster Bar, Royal Hotel, good things from shells; Alaska, international selections; Rosen Keller, German dishes, imported Fräuleins.

# NIGHT LIFE

Arrow, U.S. vocalists, charming hostesses, very good French food, funky music and strippers; Kingsland, live rock, late closer; Astro-Mechanical, celestial discothèque.

# SIGHT-SEEING

LOCAL SIGHTS: Osaka Castle, impressive gate, huge stone foundations; Sumiyoshi Taisha, picturesque shrine.

EVENTS: International Festival of Music and Drama, finishes early May; Summer Festival during July.

EXCURSIONS: Shirahama, hot-spring sea resort; Inland Sea cruise, scenery rivals Greek Aegean, ships stop at such islands as Miyajima with its soaring mountains, huge "floating" torii (sacred gateway) standing offshore.

# OTHER EXCURSIONS

Beppu: 3000 hot springs in mountainous region of Kyushu; spa once reserved for sole use of Imperial household.

Mount Aso: Japan's largest active volcano, close to Beppu; monkeys roam freely in nearby parks.

Nagoya: This essentially industrial city provides a good base of operations for expeditions to Gifu City, fishing with cormorants from May through September; Suzuka Circuit, Grand Prix racing, seasonal; Seto, mountain town, fine ceramics; hydrofoil trips to Mikimoto Pearl Farm, Ise-Shima National Park with the Grand Shrines of Ise.

into such a room and know at a glance how he should behave toward every other member of the assembly. Everyone in Japan has-and knows-his place. In the ritualistic world of the sumo wrestler, for example, boundaries of rank and status are clearly drawn. The lowest position is that of the fundoshikatsugi, "man who carries his superior's underwear." There is a form for everything, even in public restaurants, but these procedures vary according to the type of food served and, for the sake of foreign company, are sometimes dispensed with.

In Japan, food is sustenance to the spirit as well as to the body. Food is even legend, as illustrated by the fable of the beggar who could afford nothing but rice. Everyday, he would stand outside a fish restaurant, eating his rice and taking deep breaths between each mouthful to savor the rich aromas from the kitchen. After a week or so, the owner came out and demanded five yen for the privilege. The beggar produced the money and held it out in his hand. but before the greedy restaurateur could take it, he pocketed the coins. "You asked me to pay you," the beggar told him, "for the smell of your fish. I have done so-with the sight of my money."

Westerners who have assumed that Japanese food is all fish and rice are delighted not only by the variety and subtlety of the cuisine but also by the skill with which it is prepared and served. Watching a veteran sushi counterman is to see a craftsman at work as he swiftly slices the fresh raw fish, kneads the rice into a small, seaweedwrapped cake and presents the morsel as though it were the last of its kind. Dipped in a tart sauce of soy and green horseradish, sushi is a taste that brings tears to the eyes of aficionados who have been denied it for too long. Among the hundreds of other culinary temptations are tempura (shrimp, fish and vegetables deep-fried in batter), yakitori (skewered beef and chicken, charbroiled), okaribayaki (barbecued beef and game), mizutaki (a type of chicken stew) and sukiyaki. Some restaurants specialize in only one style, others combine all of them or add variations and inventions of their own. Plainer, commoner fare runs to noodles mixed with meat, fish or vegetables, or oden, a pungent, inexpensive hot dish of vegetables and pastry concoctions.

Among the dishes unique to Japan is chanko-nabe, a highly nutritious stew of fish or chicken that forms the sumo wrestler's diet. Perhaps the most appropriate of all, at least in sociological terms, is fugu, an ugly species of blowfish whose ovaries and liver must be delicately excised because they contain the fatal poison tetraodontoxin, for which there is no known antidote. It is normally served only in restaurants licensed spe-248 cially by the government, but a number of fugu fanciers expire every year from eating blowfish that has been carelessly prepared. None of the leading fugu establishments in the capital has registered a casualty in recent years, but it's said that in rural districts, where the fish is cooked by less skillful hands, many a diner suddenly pitches across the table and breathes his last-all of which adds to the mystique of this tender and delicate fish.

If fugu or other Japanese dishes don't appeal, Tokyo has dozens of Western restaurants serving French, Italian, American and other international cuisines, as well as some of the best Chinese restaurants in the world-and at least one authentic kosher deli. Steak in Japan is superb, and Kobe beef-which comes from steers fed on beer and wheat and massaged by hand-is unrivaled anywhere. Some restaurants cook it on heated boulders, while the diners sit at the counter and nibble Tokyo's excellent oysters and roast crab, washed down with hot sake or cold beer.

Food is Tokyo's first pleasure, but pleasure itself is the city's main preoccupation. After dark, the capital is a forest of spangled lights. In cavernous night clubs, thousands of hostesses wait attendance on free-spending Japanese businessmen; Turkish baths are packed with customers whose bodies have been steamed, cleaned, oiled, kneaded and trodden into shape by young girls. Restaurants, bars, discothèques, theaters and concert halls are filled to capacity, and bargain hunters prowl through shopping arcades, street markets and department stores. Tokyo has what all large cities have, but it has more of it-not only zoos, museums, art galleries, ultramodern hotels and cabarets but also festivals, fish markets, teahouses, sake bars, sex shops, secluded inns and John Wayne movies with Japanese sound tracks.

There are all-girl revues, such as those offered by the Kokusai, Nichigeki and Takarazuka troupes, which put on grandiose spectaculars worthy of Busby Berkeley in his heyday. Sets explode, buildings collapse in flames, and huge waterfalls arch over chorus lines of 300. Midgets in geisha drag perform outrageous stripteases, orchestras revolve on stages, and scenes change with such frantic speed that it's a miracle one number avoids colliding with the next. These shows and the bawdy, delighted reactions of the audience are wildly exuberant affairs that set to rest any notion of the Japanese as a race of undemonstrative stoics. Even in the kabuki theater, one of Japan's traditional forms of drama, theatergoers leap to their feet with cries of admiration whenever one of the cast strikes a particularly expressive pose.

Japan's capital is a collection of villages, towns and subcities, the more colorful of which are often overlooked by visitors who know the city only in terms of Akasaka, the Ginza or Roppongi, the most popular tourist districts. But only a short distance from these well-trodden paths is Shinjuku, where one can shop in comfort in huge department stores such as Isetan or explore the maze of lantern-bedecked side streets lined with coffeehouses, cellar theaters, jazz clubs, baths, restaurants, bars and a clientele composed largely of students. Shinjuku is about the closest Tokyo comes to the East Village or the old Hashbury, but without the predominant drug culture. Drugs are still mainly a foreign novelty in Japan and the young people who spend their idle hours in the corridors of Shinjuku Station, sniffing glue and paint thinners, rarely get their hands on anything more potent-and perhaps less harmful. Strict anti-drug laws have the support of most Japanese; when some of the Tokyo company of Hair were arrested on narcotics charges a year ago, local discothèques stopped playing Aquarius

as a gesture of disapproval.

Adjacent to Shinjuku is another Japanese amusement center, Ikebukuro, which overflows with scores of restaurants, clubs, sake bars, mah-jongg halls and more than a hundred small hotels. At the other end of the city is Asakusa, where countryfolk and Tokyoites flock on monumental weekend binges to empty their pockets in honky-tonks, bluemovie houses, hostess bars, Turkish baths, clip joints and strip shows, solicited by barkers outside nearly every door or beckoned by pretty girls in kimonos or Western dress. To appreciate the earthier attractions that abound in Tokyo's outlying areas, a stranger should take a guide, not because it's dangerous on the streets-the threat of violence is minimal everywhere in Japan-but to help with language and geographic difficulties. It is in these districts, beyond the Ginza lights, that visitors discover cleanliness isn't necessarily next to godliness,

"Ecstasy," sighs the naked American, as a soft, soapy female hand slips between his thighs, "is a Japanese bath."

The girl in the shorts and bra giggles.

"What estasy?" she asks.

"It's like happiness, only bigger."

"Ah, bigga, Unnerstan, Bigga not same small."

"Right."

"You like oil or powda? Massage? Lie on face, I walk your back?"

"Right."

"Everything?"

"Right."

"You want turn ovah? Ooh, you bigga now. You estasy, no? I think you like too much bath in Japan."

Of course he like too much bath in Japan: lying there nude on a rubber air mattress, while a 19-year-old nymph with a body like last night's fantasy slides a slippery knee between his legs and

# DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 86.8 PROOF - @ SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

# CHARLES DE ROSE

HOME: Ft. Lee, New Jersey

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Financial planning consultant to theater personalities, major corporations, and key executives.

HOBBIES: Horticulture, sky-diving, motorcycling, sports-car rallying.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Meaning of Meaning" LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Co-Founder and Treasurer of the Dance Theater of Harlem.

QUOTE: "The Dance Theater was an opportunity to bring Wall Street and the ghetto together. They're worlds apart, but money and talent can go a long way when there's mutual respect. Respect made the whole thing work. I only wish there was more of it to go around."

PROFILE: A direct, committed, self-made man. Uses his financial, social, and theater involvements to further the cause of human rights and the arts.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

works havoc with her finger tips. This is his second bath since breakfast. By tomorrow morning, he should be several pounds lighter and very dean, indeed. Everybody like too much bath in Japan,

In Tokyo, the sensual ritual of cleanliness can be enjoyed in hundreds and possibly thousands of bathhouses. Some are public, a few communal (for men only), but most are private, which means that each customer gets his own room and masseuse. These latter are the Toruko or Turkish baths, behind whose gleaming walls many a newly arrived gaijin has received the shock of his life in the care of tender young ladies. In the Utamaro bath, midway between downtown Tokyo and Haneda airport, customers are led by the hand along an indoor cobbled path into a room resembling a garden. All the usual bathing and massaging amenities are provided, with the addition of a rubber air mattress, on which the customer reclines while being rinsed and lathered. Connoisseurs of the bath regard this barely endurable pleasure as one of the more enlightened ablutionary innovations.

In the ordinary Toruko, the client asks for a specific girl if he's been there before, or he will be assigned one upon arrival. She will wear a brief robe over a pair of tiny shorts and a halter top. The robe is discarded in the private room and the rest may follow, depending on house policy, which varies according to the prevailing legal mood. Once inside the bathroom, the girl removes the customer's clothes and leads him to a steam box, in which he sits for as long as he wishes, while she busies herself preparing the bath. In some Torukos, the customer is soaped and rinsed on the massage table; in others, he sits on a small wooden stool, where he can have a shampoo and a shave if he wants. After the last rinse, he climbs into the scalding cauldron of the tub and, when he's had enough of that, he lies down on the massage table, where he may be sprayed with tale or rubbed with fragrant oil from toes to temples, front and back, over every inch of his body. For most men, the oil massage is the point of no return, an excruciatingly erotic experience when performed by a skillful masseuse.

Somewhere along the way, the customer should have established his desires. If you wish the girl to take you in hand, as it were, you ask for a "Special" (pronounced Spesharu), which means that she does for you what you could do for yourself. This is about as far as most Tokyo masseuses will go. A "Double" (pronounced Daburu) costs approximately \$10, or about twice as much as a Special, and means that the customer may also indulge in some light petting. The third and rarest category is "Honban" (pronounced Hoh-ban), which is 250 the word used by Japanese movie directors when they shout "Action!," and action is what you get if you say "Honban" at the right moment to the right girl. It costs \$15 and up, but most Tokyo Toruko girls refuse to indulge -on the premises. A Toruko masseuse who isn't married or isn't too worried about family ties may consent to meet a customer somewhere else. But in most cases, this contact with Japanese girls (except for hostesses and other professionals-or those few who regard foreigners as exotic sex instructors) is about all the average male tourist can expect.

The chances of a visitor meeting a well-bred young lady during the typical short visit to Tokyo are probably the same as anywhere, but anyone who achieves much more than a few brief, platonic meetings in public is doing extraordinarily well for himself. Japanese girls stav home until marriage, even in Tokyo, and at home the father generally makes the rules and the daughter abides by them. More often than not, this means a midnight curfew. The notion of bringing home a gaijin, except to attend the most formal party, is not regarded with favor.

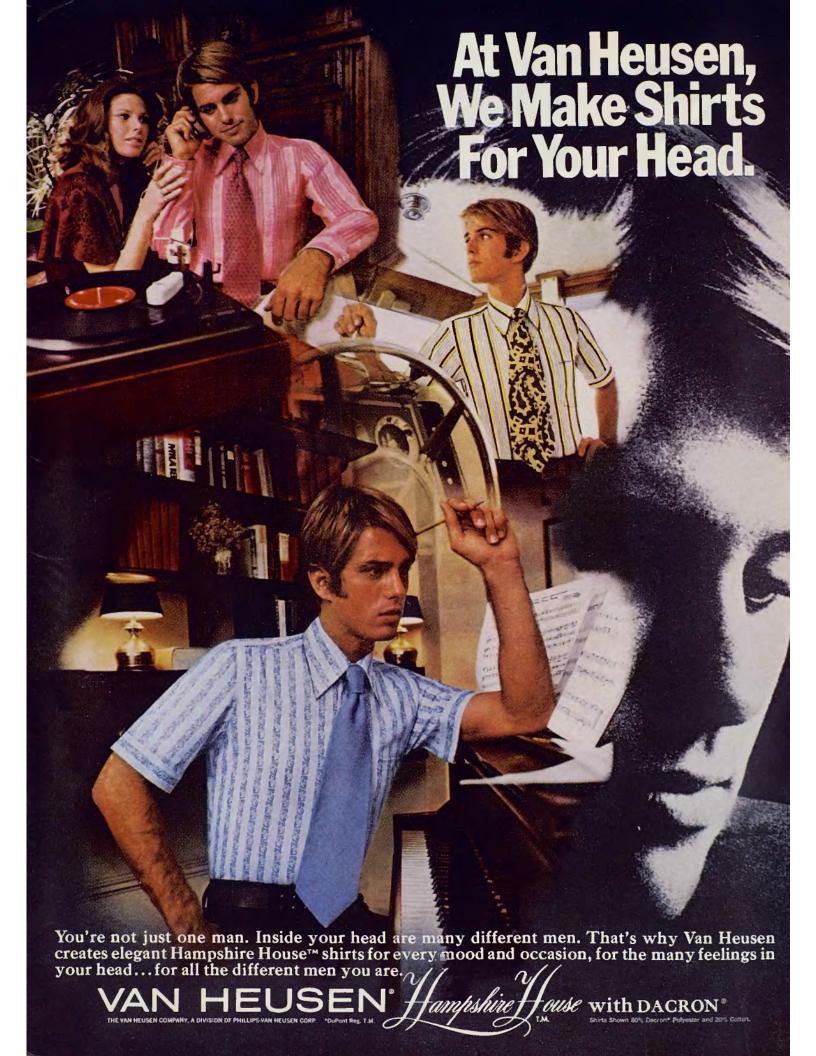
This raises a major obstacle for the visitor who's lucky enough to make the acquaintance of a girl and has nowhere to go to pursue the friendship. Some of Tokyo's deluxe Western hotels are fussy about guests of opposite sexes and different names sharing the same room and, in a few of them, night desks are manned on every floor to prevent just that. Anyone considering the use of his room as a temporary romantic roost should look over the hotel before checking in, to make sure it has no night desks and that a restaurant, bar or other public facility is located on the roof, so that the elevators may be freely used without fear of intervention by the management.

Japan may not have invented the euphemism that is now known as the hostess, but it did invent one of the earliest examples, the geisha. The word means "accomplished person," and the true geisha is not a prostitute, even though she may establish a liaison with a wealthy patron. Primarily, she is a firstclass entertainer, skilled in Japanese ceremonial arts, a young woman who serves a long apprenticeship before starting her career. The cost of a top-notch geisha party is steep (anywhere from around \$40 and up, per person) and even if it weren't, its purpose and amusements-which consist mainly of singing, dancing and a number of childlike party games-would appear tiresome and meaningless to the visitor. Even young Japanese men these days find them excessively boring affairs, but not the middle-aged businessmen to whom the geisha is still a figure of respect and affection. One usually needs a formal introduction through a Japanese patron to attend a party in a first-class teahouse, and many geishas are reluctant to entertain Westerners at all because of possible misunderstandings about the girls' function.

Far more popular in present-day Japan are the bar and night-club hostesses, who are paid by the management to drink, talk and/or dance with customers. Though many hostesses will accompany a client home at the drop of a 10,000yen note (about \$28), and others will join him after closing time, some are forbidden to associate with customers off the premises. In the bigger Tokyo night clubs, such as the Mikado, hostesses wear small radio receivers in their bras that are tuned to a central-control frequency, so that the front desk can summon the girl if a big-spending regular arrives and wants her to sit at his table. When this happens, the hostess abandons her current prospect, who has a choice of outbidding the new arrival, waiting for another girl or getting the hell out and finding a place where the staff hasn't been wired for sound.

Excessive rates are charged for both drinks and the small trays of nauseating snacks and nuts that pass as hors d'oeuvres in Tokyo clubs. The customer can always refuse the nuts when they're placed on the table, but most strangers don't like to for fear of seeming cheap. Do it, Japanese customers seem to live on almost unlimited bank rolls, thanks to the liberal expense accounts that compensate for low salaries, but for most foreigners, the entertainment isn't worth the price. A hundred dollars for three drinks, a saucer of peanuts and half an hour's garbled conversation with a girl whose brassiere periodically emits a shrill chirruping is not the ideal way to spend a night on the town. Younger visitors enjoy themselves more (and meet a greater variety of nonprofessional females) in the discothèques around Akasaka and Roppongi, but it's wise to be on the alert for one of Tokyo's latest sexual hazards-Caucasian males who have had partial sex-change operations and who often bear an amazing resemblance to the real thing. In some cases, surgery has worked such miracles that a number of these changelings work as strippers in Japanese night clubs. Many a midnight rambler has escorted one home only to discover at the moment of truth that the top half didn't match the bottom.

Tokyo is not only Japan's entertainment capital but also the home of its political, cultural and social establishments. It feeds the arteries through which flow the new ideas, fads and fashions that change life styles in the rest of the country. In many respects, most



other Japanese cities are merely smaller versions of the capital, at least physically: heavily industrialized on the outer edges, chaotic and crowded in the center. Only one has escaped serious damage in modern times, and this is Kyoto, or Nihon no Furusato, the spiritual heart of Japan, which for that reason was spared Allied bombing in the War by Executive order from Washington, Kyoto is not without its share of factories and urban squalor, but in the older part of town, where the streets retain the classical Chinese grid pattern on which the city was originally laid out, the bemused foreigner who has searched in vain for the "real" Japan is at last rewarded. Here he can stroll through narrow streets of wooden houses, admiring the symmetry of stone and tile in the geisha quarter of Gion or finding his own meaning in the Zen garden of Ryoanji Temple. During the day, he can visit some of the city's thousands of shrines and temples, palaces and museums, marvel at the tranquil moss garden of Kokodera, the five-storied pagoda of Toji or the massive fortifications of Nijo Castle.

Kyoto is the embodiment of the nation's historic and religious heritage, the repository of about a fourth of Japan's cultural treasures, and the home of scholars and craftsmen whose work is of such importance to the state that these gentlemen are officially designated Cultural Intangible Properties. Some of their creations are on display in small stores in market arcades or in workshop showrooms across the River Kamo in the Nishíjin weaving district. Here a silk obi or waist sash that may be worn no more than two or three times a year can cost upwards of \$15,000. Leading off Shinkyogoku Street are hundreds of inviting lanes and narrow alleys with tiny restaurants, coffeeshops, baths, snack counters and theaters showing the latest flesh epic from Europe. The air is rent by the screech of steam whistles from the carts of chestnut and corn vendors, by hammers working red-hot metal on anvils and by the clatter of a dozen workshop factories. From almost every open window drifts the appetizing bouquet of food being cooked for the next meal. Souvenir hunters can have their names embroidered in Japanese characters on huge banners or engraved on small seals; in the bazaars west of Shinkyogoku, they can shop in hundreds of small stores for Kyoto cloth, kimonos or the newer products of Japanese technology.

Kyoto is a city of festivals, some modest and obscure, others riotous and flamboyant. The biggest of the year is Gion Matsuri, held in the middle of June and lasting over a week. Huge floats are towed through the streets, orchestras of gongs, flutes and drums kick up an unearthly discord and thousands of Jap-252 anese pour into the city from all over

the country to celebrate in the bars and night clubs of local centers. Many older homes and artisans' workshops are opened to the public, the only time of the year when visitors can wander through them at their leisure.

Because of Kyoto's antiquity and uniquely Japanese charm, it makes little sense to stay in a Western-style hotel while in the city. Instead, the visitor should reserve a room in a ryokan, or Japanese inn, such as the Tawaraya, which has been operated by the same family for more than 200 years. Once inside, it's difficult to remember that such distractions as traffic and crowded streets ever existed. Everything on the outside seems clumsy and inhuman in contrast to the interior of this fragile cocoon, with its sliding walls of paper and floors of tatami. One may occasionally hear the whispered laughter of a couple returning to their room from the bath or the shuffle of slippered feet along a passageway, but one rarely catches a glimpse of other guests. There are no public rooms, no bars or cocktail lounges. Meals are brought to one's room by maids, one to do the cooking, the other to help serve and clear away. Removing their slippers at the edge of the tatami (no footwear is needed on this comfortable two-inchthick matting), they kneel by the table throughout the meal, attending to the guest's needs almost before he is aware of them. Tea is brought to the room whenever a resident re-enters the inn, his arrival having been mysteriously signaled by unseen sentries who notify the kitchen. A hot tub of water awaits him in the bathroom every night before he goes to bed and when he wakes in the morning; socks and shorts left lying around the room are washed during his absence. Even by comparison with the most luxurious hotels in the West, the service in the best ryokans is far superior in every detail. Some maids even present their guests with a modest gift when they leave, not because they want or expect something in return-tipping is not a custom in Japan-but because in the few days the guest has stayed in her care, the maid has somehow come to regard this former stranger as a member of some large and personal family.

It takes years of training as well as great fortitude to become a ryokan maid and, since it is a lowly paid occupation in comparison with industrial jobs, very few modern girls are willing to make it a career. Most of the maids in Japanese inns are middle-aged or nearly so, and it would be a mistake to assume they are provided for the entertainment of male guests. A single man staying at an inn should take his companion with him, for it is unlikely he will find one inside, Fortunately, Kyoto provides numerous opportunities for the foot-loose male, especially in the hostess bars and night

clubs of Pontocho, the most colorful district in the city at night, or in the nearby area between Sanjo and Shijo Streets.

Compared to Tokyo, however, Kyoto's night life is a pallid attraction, and once a visitor has exhausted the local circuit, he should move on to Japan's second city, Osaka, Here superb restaurants. modern hotels and a vast underground shopping complex (as well as one of Japan's best-equipped shopping centers at Osaka Airport) all compete for the tourist's attention. Physically, however, the city can be even more appalling than Tokyo. Swamped in a greasy smog on some days, buried in traffic and athrob with the clangor of new construction, Osaka is still recovering from the ambitious building projects undertaken before Expo was held just outside the city last year. It is a metropolis renowned for the astounding productivity of its factories and an inborn restlessness and opportunism that has made Osaka industrialists the envy of their Tokyo rivals. The city accounts for a quarter of Japan's industrial production and nearly half the nation's exports. A number of factories can be visited by the public, a typical stroke of shrewdness on the part of managements that have turned local eyesores into tourist attractions.

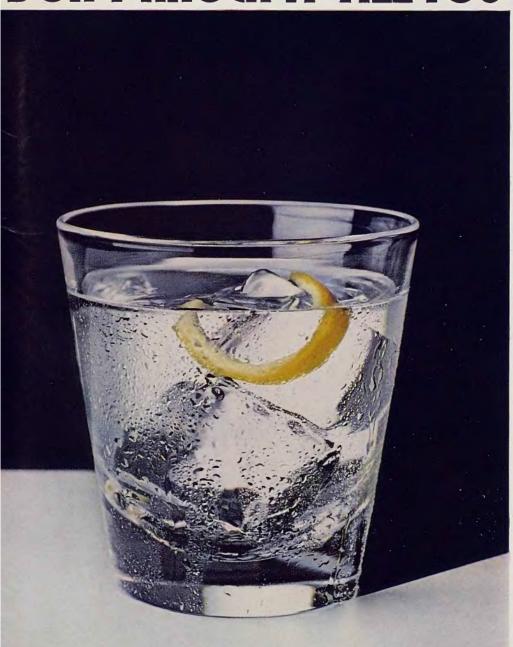
Apart from technological sight-seeing, the most notable Osaka attractions are Osaka Castle, the Bunraku puppet theater, the July festival of Tenjin Matsuri (the most colorful river procession in Japan) and the inevitable sight-seeing tower, from which spectators can peer hopefully into dense factory smoke and automobile exhaust fumes. Several square miles of flashing neon encompass the amusement districts of Dotonbori, Sennichi-mae, Shinsekai and Umeda. Night clubs are big and lavish, with floorshows to match; there are discothèques, kabuki theater and pop concerts; and behind many a neon façade is a girl taking every-thing off. "Osaka may not smell good," as a Japanese guide said to a recent

visitor, "but she swing, man."

Some travelers might prefer to pay their farewell to Japan from a more fitting departure point than Osaka's new and modern international airport. But it is no less Japanese, in its way, than the Imperial Palace in Tokyo or the Shinto shrines of Kyoto. Technology and imported amusements may have changed the face of the country, but they have not touched its heart. The new Japan is the old Japan, and modern patterns of life are soon absorbed and reshaped by the ancient. In Japan, it is the West that becomes Easternized rather than the other way around. It is a remarkable transformation to see, and it can be appreciated only by taking a firsthand look at the country whose name means origin of the sun.

# THIS IS ONE OF THOSE FANCY RUM DRINKS WITHOUT THE COCONUT SHELL, STRIPED STRAWS, FRUIT JUICES, ORANGE SLIKES, PLASTIC MONKEYS AND FLOWERS.

IT'S RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



It may sound like the last thing you'd ever want to try. But that's only how it sounds. It's not how it tastes.

Of all straight alcoholic beverages, White Puerto Rican Rum is probably the easiest and smoothest to drink.

When you take away all the fruit juices and decorations, you discover why the fancy rum drinks taste good. Rum tastes good.

At least, Puerto Rican Rum does. Our rum is light and clear and dry with no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try pouring straight gin, straight vodka and White Puerto Rican Rum

over ice.

Then taste each one.

The smoothness of the rum is

bound to surprise you.

If you never drink your drinks on the rocks, even our rum may not make a rum-on-the-rocks drinker out of you.

But it certainly will get rid of any false impressions you have about the taste of Puerto Rican Rum.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

# THE ANIMAL FAIR (continued from page 146)

everything was pitch black, and when he glanced behind him, the lights of the carnival were gone.

For an instant, the sky turned silver and he could see the rain pour down; then the thunder came again, giving him the message. This wasn't just a summer shower, it was a real storm. Another minute and he was going to be soaking wet. By the time he got up to the state highway, he could drown, and even if he made it there, chances for a lift looked bad. Nobody traveled in this weather. Maybe he could find some kind of shelter, he thought.

Dave zipped up his jacket, pulled the collar around his neck. It didn't help and neither did walking up the road, but he might as well get going. The wind was at his back and that helped a little, but moving against the rain was like walking through a wall of water.

Another flicker of lightning, another rumble of thunder. And then the flickering and the rumbling merged and held steady; suddenly, the light grew brighter and a sound rose over the hiss of wind and rain

Dave glanced back over his shoulder and saw the source-the headlights and engine of a truck coming along the road from behind him. As it moved closer, Dave realized it wasn't a truck; it was a camper, one of those two-decker jobs with a driver's cab up front.

Right now, he didn't give a damn

what it was, as long as it stopped and picked him up. Before the camper came alongside him, Dave stepped out, waving his arms.

The camper slowed, halted. The shadow in the cab leaned over from behind the wheel and a hand pushed the window vent open on the passenger side. "Want a lift, buddy? Get in."

The door swung open and Dave climbed up into the cab. He slid onto the seat and pulled the door shut behind him. The camper started to move

"Shut the window," the driver said. "Rain's blowing in."

Dave closed it, then wished he hadn't. The air inside the cab was heavy with odors-not just perspiration but something else. Dave recognized the smell even before the driver produced the bottle from his jacket pocket.

"Want a slug? Fresh corn likker. Tastes like hell, but it's better 'n nothing."

"No, thanks."

"Suit yourself." The bottle tilted and gurgled. Lightning flared across the roadway ahead, glinting against the glass of the windshield, the glass of the upturned bottle. In its momentary glare, Dave caught a glimpse of the driver's face and the flash of lightning brought a flash of recognition. The driver was Captain Ryder.

Thunder growled, prowling the sky,

and the heavy camper turned onto the slick, rain-swept surface of the state highway.

"What's the matter, you deaf or something? I asked you where you're head-

Dave came to with a start. "Oklahoma City," he said.

"You hit the jackpot. That's where I'm going."

Some jackpot. Dave had been thinking about the old guy, remembering the gorilla in the pit. He hated this bastard's guts and the idea of riding with him all the way to Oklahoma City made his stomach churn again. On the other hand, walking along in a storm in the middle of the prairie was no great stomach soother, so what the hell?

The camper lurched and Ryder fought the wheel. "Boy-sure is a cutter! Get these things often around here?"

"I wouldn't know," Dave said. "This is my first time through. I'm meeting a friend in Oklahoma City. We figure on driving out to Hollywood together.'

"Hollywood?" The hoarse voice deepened. "That goddamn place!"

"But don't you come from there?" Ryder glanced up quickly and light-

ning flickered across his sudden frown. Seeing him this close. Dave realized he wasn't so old; something besides time had shaped that scowl, etched the bitter lines around eyes and mouth.

"Who told you that?" Ryder said.

"I was at the carnival tonight. I saw your show."

Ryder grunted and his eyes tracked the road ahead through the twin pendulums of the windshield wipers. "Pretty lousy, huh?"

Dave began to nod, then caught himself. No sense starting anything. "That gorilla of yours looked like it might be sick."

"Bobo? He's all right. Just the weather. We open up North, he'll be fine." Ryder nodded in the direction of the camper bulking behind him. "Haven't heard a peep out of him since we started."

"He's traveling with you?"

"Whaddya think, I ship him airmail?" A hand rose from the wheel, gesturing. "This camper's built special. I got the upstairs, he's down below. I keep the back open so's he gets some air, but no problem-I got it all barred. Take a look through that window behind you."

Dave turned and peered through the wire-meshed window at the rear of the cab. He could see the lighted interior of the camper's upper level, neatly and normally outfitted for occupancy. Shifting his gaze, he stared into the darkness below. Lashed securely to the side walls were the tent, the platform boards, the banners and the rigging: the floor space between them was covered with straw,



"'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.'"

heaped into a sort of nest. Crouched against the barred opening at the far end was the black bulk of the gorilla, back turned as it faced the road to the rear, intent on the roaring rain. The camper went into a skid for a moment and the beast twitched, jerking its head around so that Dave caught a glimpse of its glazed eyes. It seemed to whimper softly, but because of the thunder, Dave couldn't be sure.

"Snug as a bug." Ryder said. "And so are we." He had the bottle out again, deftly uncorking it with one hand. "Sure you don't want a belt?"

"I'll pass," Dave said.

The bottle raised, then paused. "Hey, wait a minute." Ryder was scowling at him again. "You're not on something else, are you, buddy?"

"Drugs?" Dave shook his head. "Not me."

"Good thing you're not." The bottle tilted, lowered again as Ryder corked it. "I hate that crap. Drugs. Drugs and hippies. Hollywood's full of both. You take my advice, you keep away from there. No place for a kid, not anymore." He belched loudly, started to put the bottle back into his jacket pocket, then uncorked it again.

Dave saw that the captain was on his way to getting loaded. Best thing to do would be to keep him talking, take his mind off the bottle before he knocked the camper off the road.

"No kidding, were you really a Hollywood stunt man?" Dave said.

"Sure, one of the best. But that was back in the old days, before the place went to hell. Worked for all the majors—trick riding, fancy falls, doubling fight scenes, the works. You ask anybody who knows, they'll tell you old Cap Ryder was right up there with Yakima Canutt, maybe even better." The voice rasped on, harsh and proud. "Seven-fifty a day, that's what I drew. Seven hundred and fifty, every day I worked. And I worked a lot."

"I didn't know they paid that kind of dough," Dave said.

"You got to remember one thing. I wasn't just taking falls in the long shots. When they hired Cap Ryder, they knew they were getting some fancy talent. Not many stunt men can handle animals. You ever see any of those old jungle pictures on television—Tarzan movies, stuff like that? Well, in over half of 'em, I'm the guy handling the cats. Lions, leopards, tigers, you name it."

"Sounds exciting."

"Sure, if you like hospitals. In one shot, I wrestled a black panther, like to rip my arm clean off. Seven-fifty sounds like a lot of loot, but you should have seen what I laid out in medical bills. Not to mention what I paid for costumes and extras. Like the lionskins and the apesuit—"

"I don't get it." Dave frowned. "Costumes?"

"Sometimes they need an action shot close up and the star's face has to be in it. Well, of course they can't use a real animal, so if it was a fight scene with a lion or whatever, that's where I came in handy—I doubled for the animal. Would you believe it, three grand I laid out for a lousy monkey suit alone! But it paid off. You should have seen the big pad I had overlooking Laurel Canyon. Four bedrooms, three-car garage, tennis court, swimming pool, sauna, everything you can think of. Melissa loved it——"

"Melissa?"

Ryder shook his head, "What'm I talking about? You don't want to hear any of that crud about the good old days. All water over the dam."

The mention of water evidently reminded him of thirst, because he reached for the bottle again. And this time, when he tilted it, it gurgled its last. Ryder cranked the window down and flung the bottle out into the rain.

"All gone," he muttered. "Finished. No more bottle. No more house. No more Melissa."

"Who was she?" Dave said.

"You really want to know?" Ryder jerked his thumb toward the windshield. Dave followed the gesture, puzzled, until he raised his glance to the roof of the cab. There, fastened directly above the rearview mirror, was a small picture frame. Staring out of it was the face of a girl; blonde hair, nice features and the kind of smile you see in the pages of high school annuals.

'My niece," Ryder told him. "Sixteen. But I took her when she was only five. right after my sister died. Took her and raised her for eleven years. Raised her right, too. Let me tell you, that girl never lacked for anything. Whatever she wanted, whatever she needed, she got. The trips we took together-the good times we had-hell. I guess it sounds silly, but you'd be surprised what a kick you can get out of seeing a kid have fun. And smart? President of the junior class at Brixley-that's the name of the private school I put her in, best in town, half the stars sent their own daughters there. And that's what she was to me, just like my own flesh-and-blood daughter. So go figure it. How it happened I'll never know." Ryder blinked at the road ahead, forcing his eyes into focus.

"How what happened?" Dave asked.

"The hippies. The goddamn sons-abitching hippies."

Dave noticed Ryder's eyes were suddenly alert amid the network of ugly wrinkles.

"Don't ask me where she met the bastards," Ryder continued. "I thought I was guarding her from all that, but those lousy freaks are all over the place. She must've run into them through one





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of her friends at school-Christ knows, you see plenty of weirdos even in Bel Air. But you got to remember, she was just sixteen and how could she guess what she was getting into? I suppose at that age, an older guy with a beard and a Fender guitar and a souped-up cycle looks pretty exciting.

"Anyhow, they got to her one night when I was away on location. Maybe she invited them over to the house, maybe they just showed up and she asked them in. Four of 'em, all stoned out of their skulls. Dude, that was the oldest one's name. He was like the leader and it was his idea from the start. Everybody knew that she never smoked grass or fooled around with drugs, so I guess he got the idea of pulling a fast one. Must have asked her to serve something to drink, and then he probably slipped the stuff into her glass. Enough to finish off a bull elephant, the coroner said."

"You mean it killed her?"

"Not right away. I wish to Christ it had." Ryder turned, his face working, and Dave had to strain to hear his voice through the rush of rain.

"According to the coroner, she must have lived for at least an hour. Long enough for them to take turns-Dude and the three others. Long enough after that for them to get the idea.

"They were in my den and I had the place all fixed up like a kind of trophy room-animal skins all over the wall, native drums, voodoo masks, stuff I'd picked up on my trips. And here were these four freaks, spaced out, and the kid, blowing her mind. One of the bastards took down a drum and started beating on it. Another got hold of a mask and started hopping around like a witch doctor. And Dude-it was Dude, all right, I know it for sure-he and the other creep pulled the lionskin off the wall and draped it over Melissa. Because this was a trip and they were playing Africa. Great White Hunter. Me Tarzan, you Jane.

"By this time, Melissa couldn't even stand up anymore. Dude got her down on her hands and knees and she just wobbled there. And then-that dirty rotten son of a bitch-he pulled down the drapery cords and tied the lionskin over her head and shoulders. And he took a spear down from the wall, one of the Masai spears, and he was going to jab her in the ribs with it.

"That's what I saw when I went in. Dude, the big stud, standing over Melissa with that spear.

"He didn't stand long. One look at me and the fun was over. I think he threw the spear before he ran, but I can't remember. I can't remember anything about the next couple of minutes. They said I broke one freak's collarbone and the creep in the mask had a concus-256 sion from where his head hit the wall. The third one was almost dead by the time the squad arrived and pried my fingers loose from his neck. As it was, they were too late to save him.

"And they were too late for Melissa. She just lay there under that dirty lionskin-that's the part I do remember, the part I wish I could forget-"

'You killed a kid?" Dave said.

Ryder shook his head, "I killed an animal. That's what I told them at the trial. When an animal goes vicious, you got a right. The judge said one to five, but I was out in a little over two years." He glanced at Dave. "Ever been inside?"

"No. How is it-rough?"

"You can say that again, Rough as a cob." Ryder's stomach rumbled. "I went in pretty feisty, so they put me down in solitary for a while and that didn't help. You sit there in the dark and you start thinking. Here am I, used to traveling all over the world, penned up in a little cage like an animal. And one of those animals who killed Melissa is running free. One was dead, of course, and the two others I tangled with had maybe learned their lesson. But the big one, the one who started it all, he was loose. Cops never did catch up with him and they weren't about to waste any more time trying, now that the trial was over.

"I thought a lot about Dude. That was the big one's name, or did I tell you?" Ryder's head swayed with the movement of the cab and, in the dim light, he seemed well on his way to being smashed. But his driving was still steady and Dave could keep him awake if he could keep him talking.

"So, what happened?" Dave asked.

"Mostly, I thought about what I was going to do to Dude once I got out. Finding him would be tricky, but I knew I could do it-hell, I spent years in Africa, tracking animals, And I intended to hunt this one down."

"Then it's true about you being an explorer?" Dave asked.

'Animal trapper," Ryder said, "Kenya, Uganda, Nigeria-this was before Hollywood-and I saw it all. Things these young punks today never dreamed. of. Why, they were dancing and drumming and drugging over there before the first hippie crawled out from under his rock, and let me tell you, they know how to do this stuff for real.

"Like, when this Dude tied the lionskin on Melissa, he was just freaked out, playing games. He should have seen what some of those witch doctors can

"First, they steal themselves a girl, sometimes a young boy, but let's say a girl because of Melissa. And they shut her up in a cave—a cave with a low ceiling, so she can't stand up, has to go on all fours. They put her on drugs right away, heavy doses, enough to keep

her out for a long time. And when she wakes up, her hands and feet have been operated on, so they can be fitted with claws. Lion claws. And they've sewed her into a lionskin. Not just put it over her-it's sewed on completely and it can't be removed.

"You just think about what it's like. She's inside this lionskin, shut away in a cave, doped up, doesn't know where she is or what's going on. And they keep her that way. Feed her nothing but raw meat. She's all alone in the dark, smelling that damn lion smell, nobody talking to her and nobody for her to talk to. Then pretty soon they come in and break some bones in her throat, her larynx, and all she can do is whine and growl. Whine and growl and move around on all fours.

"You know what happens, boy? You know what happens to someone like that? They go crazy. And after a while, they get to believing they really are a lion. The next step is for the witch doctor to take them out and train them to kill, but that's another story."

Dave glanced up quickly. "You're putting me on."

'It's all there in the government reports. Maybe the jets go into Nairobi airport now, but back in the bush, things haven't changed. Like I say, some of these people know more about drugs than any hippie ever will. Especially a stupid animal like Dude."

"What happened after you got out?" Dave said. "Did you ever catch up with

Ryder shook his head.

"But I thought you said you had it all planned."

"Fella gets a lot of weird ideas in solitary. In a way, it's pretty much like being shut up in one of those caves. Come to think of it, that's what first reminded me-"

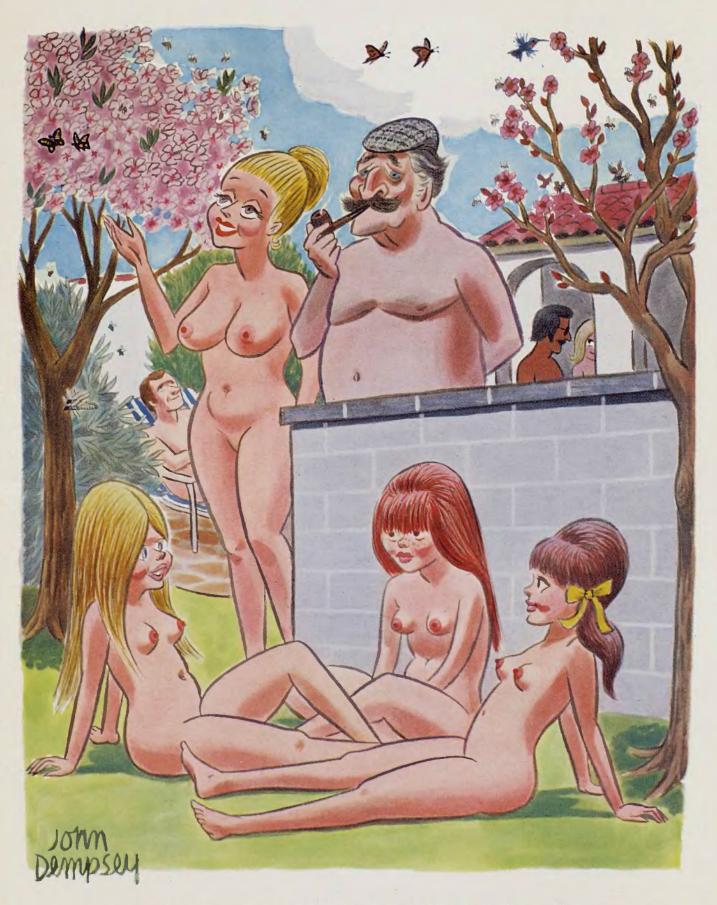
"Of what?"

"Nothing." Ryder gestured hastily. "Forget it. That's what I did. When I got out, I figured that was the best way. Forgive and forget."

"You didn't even try to find Dude?"

Ryder frowned. "I told you. I had other things to think about. Like being washed up in the business, losing the house, the furniture, everything. Also, I had a drinking problem. But you don't want to hear about that. Anyway, I ended up with the carny and there's nothing more to tell."

Lightning streaked across the sky and thunder rolled in its wake. Dave turned his head, glancing back through the wire-meshed window. The gorilla was still hunched at the far end, peering through the bars into the night beyond. Dave stared at him for a long moment, not really wanting to stop, because then he knew he'd have to ask the question.



"Don't you just love spring, with all its budding and blossoming?"

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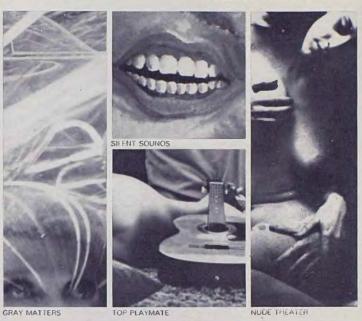
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Serve in Old Fashioned glass. Decorate with orange slice.





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