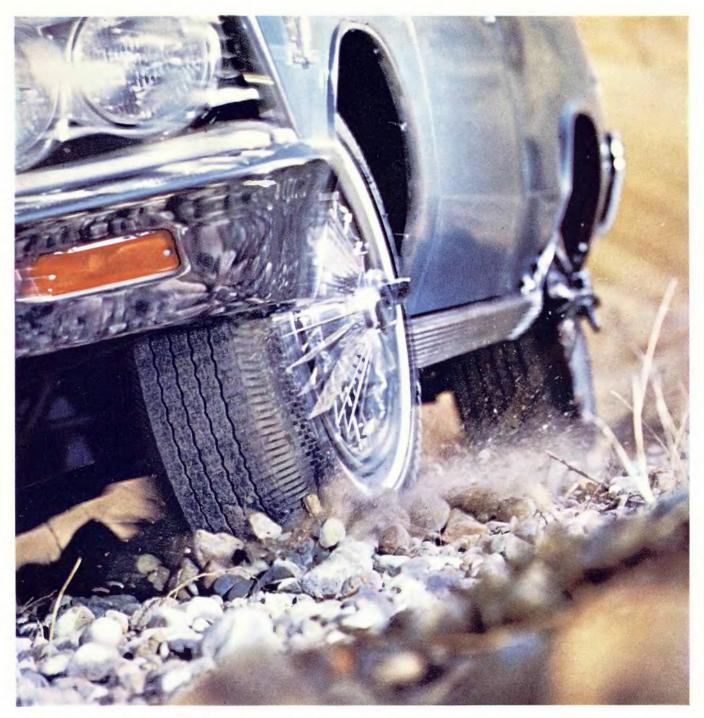
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1966 . 75 CENTS

### PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR





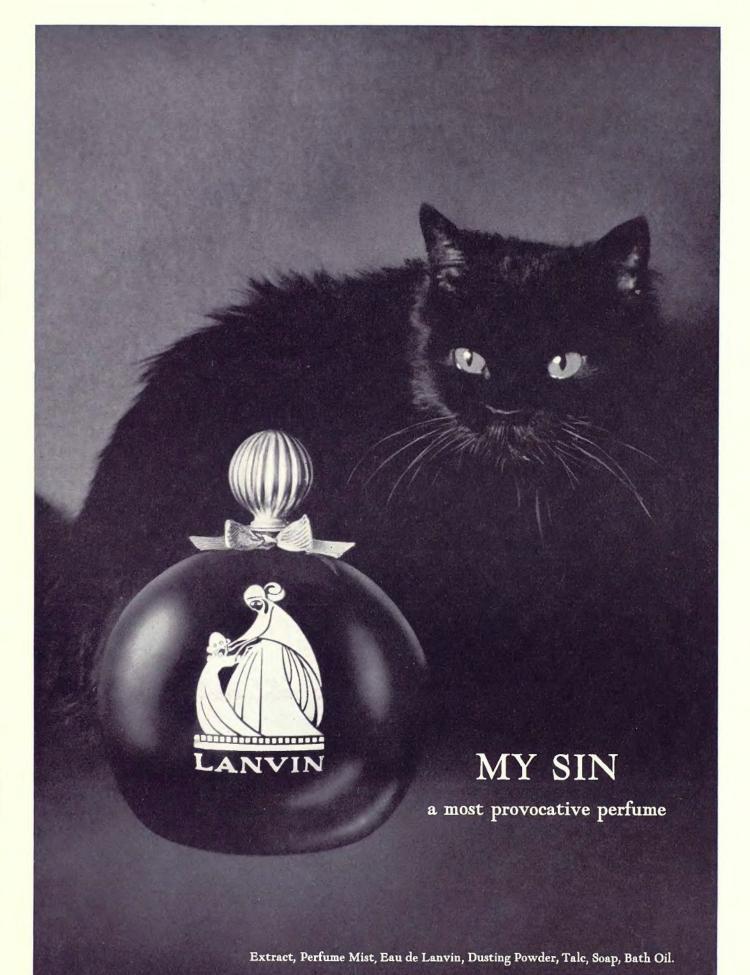
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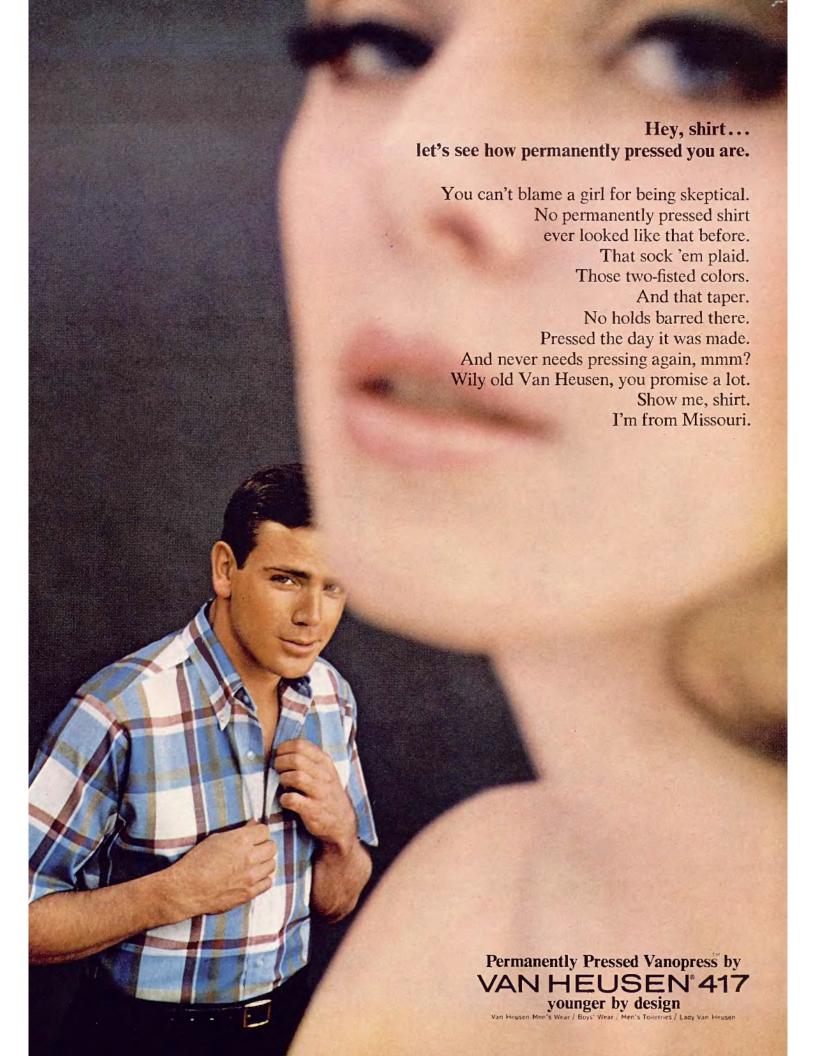
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MANNIX

TAJIRI

DEIGHTON

PLAYBILL ALLISON PARKS, PLAYBOY'S contribution to our national physical-fitness program, is a professional swimming instructress and amateur aviatrix from Glendale, California, who served fetchingly as last October's Playmate. She returns to our cover (her cover debut: the reclining charmer who welcomed you to last December's holiday issue) as our seventh Playmate of the Year, succeeding Jo Collins, who recently returned from South Vietnam after flying halfway around the world to boost the morale of the officers and men of Company B, 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry and the 173rd Airborne Brigade. Her mission: to personally deliver, at the behest of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, a lifetime PLAYBOY subscription to men of the company and brigade. You'll find the details of her overseas adventures in an eight-page spread within. In our gatefold, we present Dolly Read, our first Playmate from London's Marylebone, where Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson once stalked archeriminals Professor Moriarty and Colonel Sebastian Moran. Dolly, who will soon be helloing keyholders in our new London Playboy Club, is one of six English lasses trained in Chicago for British Bunnydom. The others-Doreen Allen, Kathleen Bascombe, Joan Findlay, Catherine MacDonald and Maggie Adam-are also fetchingly on hand as Dolly's supporting cast. Dolly is an outstanding example of the beauty

is a well-filled-out 37-24-37. The gatefold photo of Dolly was shot by Pompeo Posar and supervised, as is all our photography, by Vincent T. Tajiri, Picture Editor turned author in this issue. Tajiri's Snap Decisions, compiled with a pantomimic assist from comedian Woody Allen, is a wide-angle look at the newest and best of shutterbug gear. Fellow staffer Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario inspects the too-often-underrated domestic grape and the accouterments needed for its proper storage and service in The Case for American Wines. Our resident vinophile also initiates us into the techniques of that delightful social rite, the wine-tasting party. For authoritative advice on the wearwithal to affairs of a more casual nature, we suggest the bold new turn in lightweight blazers innovated by Fashion Director Robert L. Green in Boss Tweed.

that abounds in the Tight Little Isle, and is also typically

British in her frankness. Asked, in the preliminary question-

naire customarily sent to prospective Playmates, to describe her particular peeve, she replied with prompt and commendable

candor: "Filling out forms like this one." Dolly's own form

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Presidential advisor, Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Andrew Jackson, chronicler of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal, and the author of the bestselling A Thousand Days, is the subject of our Playboy Interview, conducted by Alvin Toffler, PLAYBOY contributor, former Fortune associate editor and author of The Culture Consumers,

The rising tide of sentiment against capital punishment in the U.S. indicates that, now more than ever, this moral issue is one of national import. The legislatures of New York, Iowa, Vermont and West Virginia abolished the death penalty in 1965, and the people of Oregon voted against it a year earlier it has also been outlawed in the United Kingdom). One of its most outspoken and articulate foes is the Honorable Michael

V. DiSalle, former governor of Ohio, who jeopardized his public career rather than abandon his fight against execution. He is the distinguished author of Capital Punishment: The Barbaric Anachronism in PLAYBOY this month, and of The Power of Life or Death, recently published by Random House.

Most elusive of today's usually nonelusive writers of suspense is Len Deighton, a 37-year-old Englishman and the author of this issue's Why Does My Art Go Boom?, a personal report on the current, omnipresent spy craze. Deighton's books. The Billion Dollar Brain, Funeral in Berlin, The Ipcress File and others, have been read by more than 3,000,000 aficionados in languages ranging from Finnish to Siamese (including Turkish, Malayan, Japanese and Czech): yet, behind this literary limelight, the man himself remains incommunicado, in an obscure but impeccable hideaway in Portugal or an off-track auberge in Provence, returning to London now and then for a chat with his tailor in Bond Street, a cup of tea at Claridge's and a fleeting visit to his publisher in Fleet Street. (If we may be permitted to boast, we should like to note that within the last six months PLAYBOY has had the unique distinction of publishing original works by the world's three leading spymasters-Deighton, John Le Carré and the late Ian Fleming.)

A far more accessible fellow than Deighton, Dan Mannix, shown above with a slithery friend, not only claims to be a legitimate master of Hindu legerdemain, but also earns a substantial living writing about his fellow practitioners of this studied art. Mannix has long been hooked on Oriental magic. At the age of 20 he joined a traveling carnival as resident sword swallower, fire-eater and general all-around conjurer, once set himself afire, adding an unintentional pièce de résistance to his act. In How to Be a Faquir, he explains, among other things, how to walk upon a pit of live coals, sleep on a bed of nails, and bury oneself alive-advice, we believe, that in these troubled times perhaps may be of some practical use.

A third adventurer is Geoffrey Bocca, biographer of Queen Elizabeth, Winston Churchill and the Duchess of Windsor. captive of and escapee from the Nazis in World War Two. professional wanderer, semiprofessional soccer player, seaman aboard a torpedoed tug and onetime sweater salesman at Gimbel's department store. He is the author of this month's Brava Costas!, a mouth-watering look at the swinging delights available along the Mediterranean shores of Spain.

In fiction we present a wide variety of rewarding reading. There's The Roach Powder in the Maple Walnut, wherein PLAYBOY regular Bernard Wolfe presents a second episode in the escapades of Simon, the sex-raddled ghostwriter (the first: How Simon Got His Bureau, February 1966), The Eastern Sprints is the tale of a boat race that had to be won and of a girl worth the winning, told by a writer new to PLAYBOY, 22-year-old Tom Mayer, a Harvard dropout, author of a book of short stories and, at present, "the finest goddamn first-base coach in Central Mexico," where he is also writing a novel. Another author debuting in PLAYBOY is Frank Dobinson, whose The Master Copy is his first published fiction. When not pounding his typewriter, Dobinson is a research chemist living in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Finally Pietro di Donato is with us again with a roll in The Hayloft. So read on. Peruse the joys within-and gather ye rosebuds while ye May.

### LAYBO







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Collins



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112, 113; STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE, P. 110, 111;
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POSAR, P., 110, 112, 113 (3), 117 (2); RICHARD
SAUNDERS, P. 3, 75; ALEXAS URBA, P. 3, 104,
112, P. 103 ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL SALISBURY.

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1966, VOL. 13, NO. 5.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY MMH PUBLISHING CO.,
INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL.
60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO,
ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MALING OFFICES.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

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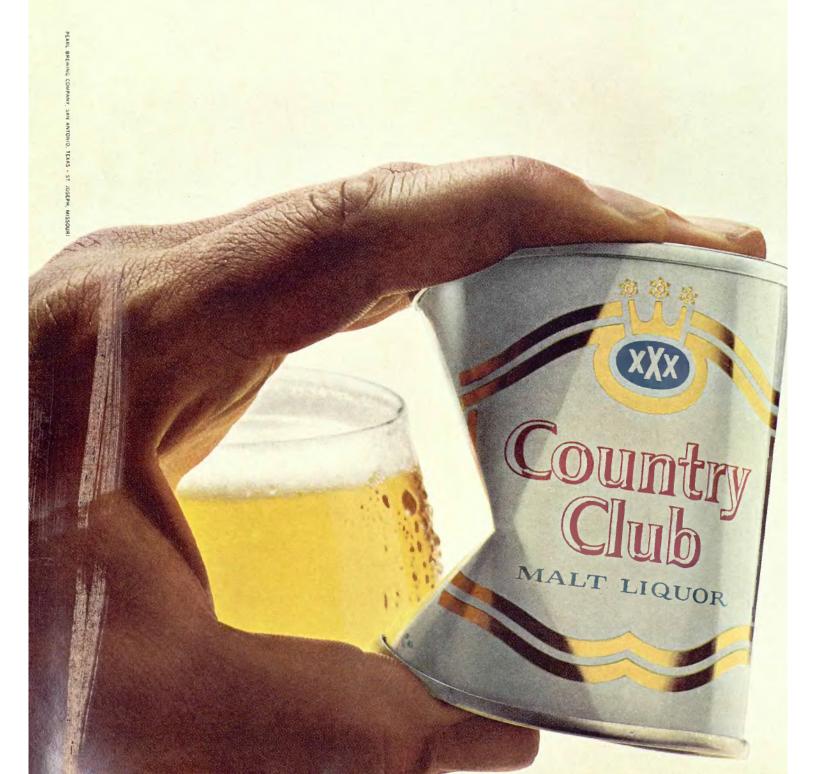
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# Some guys are just slobs. DOLL





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### DEAR PLAYBOY

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### THE REAL FELLINI

Before I read your February interview with Federico Fellini, I had violently mixed feelings about him, both as a story-teller and as a director. Although I felt Nights of Cabiria was a true cinematic masterpiece—touching, funny, highly original—I found the others brilliant but confusing, and therefore frustrating to me.

But now that I have read your interview, I want to see these pictures again, with different eyes. You have given me the key to Fellini. Your questions are so apt and his answers so full of warmth, enthusiasm and the honest searching of a true artist that I feel that up to now I have misjudged him. Thanks for giving me and perhaps others like me a chance to feel his true stature. He is rare.

Joshua Logan New York, New York

We're pleased to learn that a stage and screen writer, director and producer of the stature of Joshua Logan ("Mister Roberts," "South Pacific," "Picnic" and "Bus Stop" among many others) gained so much insight from our Fellini interview.

I have read with interest the interview with Fellini. My compliments to you for your perfect portrayal of his personality. I would like to add on the basis of my own personal experience that Fellini has a magical way of transmitting his passion to people—like myself, for example—and of taking them straight from life and at no young age, and making actors out of them. Furthermore, seeing him at work on the set, he reminds me of Michelangelo who, when absorbed in creating his masterpieces, was lost to the reality of the outside world.

Guido Alberti Rome, Italy

I don't know how you do it, but again you have come up with an excellent interview. Federico Fellini is every bit as interesting a person as I assumed he was from his films. He is a man who seems to know himself well. I was glad to find the symbolism in several scenes of his movies clarified, as there were many possible explanations. Although I don't agree with all of his views on marriage and sex, his

opinions are indeed interesting and enlightening. I am, now, very much looking forward to seeing *Juliet of the Spirits*.

Robert Lippold Woodstock, Illinois

### RE RIO

Compliments on February's *The Girls* of *Rio*—a splendid pictorial. A special thanks goes to whichever of your fine photographers, Pompeo Posar or Eugene Anthony, combined taste and an artistic setting in capturing the alluring form of Molly Peters.

Howard Guralnick New York, New York The thanks go to Pompeo.

The three of us have been admirers of your magazine for many years. But the February issue of Playboy was unusually rewarding. We must comment on the pictorial essay *The Girls of Rio*, and especially Ann Smyrner. We were delighted with the new and refreshing approach to the artistic use of the human body. We feel this is a significant aesthetic picture underlining Playboy's philosophy on the freedoms of sex and the press.

Herk Baker Ron McCarley Jerry Gibson East Tennessee State University Johnson City, Tennessee

Congratulations on your decision to forgo the fig leaf for Miss Smyrner. A magazine devoted in part to portraying the female form should not restrain itself from capturing on occasion the complete beauty of a woman.

G. Bennett Berkeley, California

As a carioca studying (?) here at Florida State, I offer my congratulations on your fascinating article on Rio. You have skillfully captured both the beauty we cariocas are so proud of and the funloving atmosphere that we advocate so much. My warmest thanks for making me so understandably homesick.

Michael P. Fox Florida State University Tallahassee, Florida

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1966, VOL. 13, NO. 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC... PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611 SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S.. ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, 320 FOR THREE YEARS, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$4.60 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS! SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING! HOWARD W LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE. ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 405 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022, MM 8-3030; JOSEPH FALL. ADVERTISING MANAGER; SHERMAN KEATS. CHICAGO MANAGER, 155 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611, MI 2-1000. DETROIT, JOSEPH GUENTHER, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250: LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-8790; SAN FRANCISCO. ROBERT E STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUITER STREET, YU 2-7994; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GA. JO305, 233-6729.





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### LOVE LETTERS

When I read the footnote at the bottom of page 103 of the February PLAYBOY (A Little Lexicon of Love by Ray Russell), I seemed to hear a series of short conversations running through my mind.

They all start with the same question

by the young man: F??k?

The eager young lady replies: F!!k.

The cheap chippie answers:  $F\phi\phi k$ .

The old pro: F\$\$k.

A literary agent's secretary: F%6%h. The girl with reservations: F()h.

And, finally, that girl of our dreams, the nymphomaniac: F&&k.

Randall Garrett New York, New York

Many thanks for Ray Russell's uproariously funny F!!!note.

Carl Scott Zimmerman Bellevue, Nebraska

A Little Lexicon of Love is both entertaining and informative; however, "17th Century England's Swiving" was originally swyve, which was derived from swyvel or swivel, meaning to screw around. The omission of swiving's history by Mr. Russell is more serious than it might seem—primarily because the screw is a form of the simplest tool known to man.

W. E. Williams Brooklyn, New York

Perhaps Ray Russell, his literary love of alliteration revealed by both his name and the title of his work, would like to add the house of horizontal hospitality to his long list of loving ladies' lively lodgings.

F. W. Danby Kingston, Ontario

### GRAPES OF WRATH

The January articles by Mortimer Adler and Clifton Fadiman were interesting and enlightening, but both of the articles, I believe, erred in their exclusion of John Steinbeck as a possible candidate for authorship in *The Great Books of 2066*. Surely Mr. Steinbeck has the necessary credentials. Among some of his notable citations are the Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize. I think I speak for a great number of Steinbeck enthusiasts in suggesting that Dr. Adler and Mr. Fadiman reconsider their hasty predictions.

Peter B. Copps Lincoln, Illinois

### HIP HOORAYS

I have just finished reading February's Jazz '66 and the results of the Playboy Jazz Poll. Congratulations on another fine job. I was particularly pleased with the advancement of the Ramsey Lewis Trio. As a college student, I can attest to



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a ground swell of collegiate enthusiasm for this fine jazz trio. Ramsey Lewis, El Dee Young and Red Holt have been pouring out "the sweetest sounds" for several years. It's good to see that they have finally achieved the national recognition they deserve.

Donald R. Robinson Ball State University Muncie, Indiana

Congratulations are in order for another fine Jazz Poll coverage. The commentary by Nat Hentoff was simply superb.

William J. McEneaney East Providence, Rhode Island

The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame was an excellent idea. While I find it hard to see how Dave Brubeck could score over people like Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie, I loudly applaud the victories of Louis Armstrong and Frank Sinatra.

Ed Oldani Michigan State University East Lansing, Michigan

### WOLFE MAN

February's How Simon Got His Bureau has got to be the best short story ever to appear in your magazine. If there are Oscars for stories, Bernard Wolfe has my ardent support. Let's have much more of his work!

D. C. T. Yale University New Haven, Connecticut

### WINDSOR WELCOME

You've come up with your all-time greatest Playmate in Miss February, Melinda Windsor. She gets my vote for Playmate of the Year. In fact, she gets my vote for Playmate of All Time.

Harley Faulkner Hollywood, California

Truism passed on from Matt Weinstock's column in the Los Angeles Times of January 19:

PLAYBOY magazine's Playmate of the Month is Melinda Windsor, 21, 38-23-36, a psychology major at UCLA, described redundantly as "opulently endowed." Can't help wondering if the Bruin football team got an advance look at Melinda's profile and then went out and knocked off Michigan State in the Rose Bowl. Something inspired them.

> S. L. Gifford Los Angeles, California

### NEGRITUDE AND CADILLACS

Mr. Farmer's article, Mood Ebony, in your February issue was an interesting rehash of what we've been hearing all along, and he does a magnificent job of ignoring the cause of negative attitudes of many Americans that will continue to negate any progress toward true integration. His article, and the entire civil rights movement begins with the premise that Negroes have been held down, intimidated, segregated and persecuted; and indeed they have. However, all reaction begins at this level. Never do we hear of an investigation of why, in the hearts of the majority of whites, there is prejudice and distrust.

He quotes Dick Gregory as saying, "If a black man wants to skip 5000 lunches to buy a Cadillac, why shouldn't he?" If this is the case, then, hell yes, he should! But here in the Los Angeles area, the people are pretty sick and tired of supporting welfare programs because too many have also skipped giving their wives and children 5000 meals, skipped

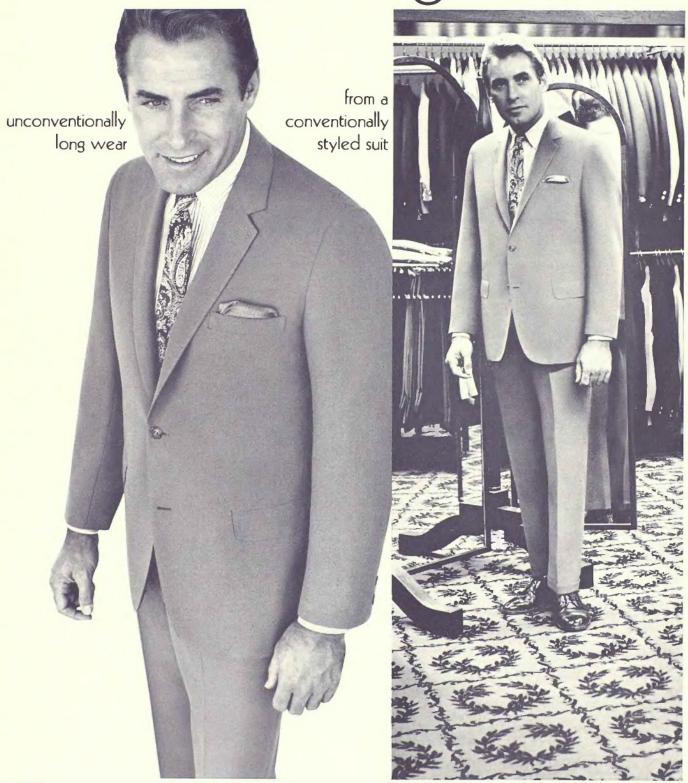
their rent and skipped out.

Throughout the article are indications of how action groups, new legislation and political influence are needed. Nowhere is there recognition that the crime rate among Negroes is fantastic. The people do know this, and it is but another reason for the major problem--the terrible image of the Negro in America. True or false, most whites think of the colored as contributing little to our country, and of a Negro family consisting of the father off someplace driving his Cadillac while welfare supports his family. People don't have much sympathy for those who constantly blame others for their problems while demanding special privileges for themselves. Equality is one thing, but the demands of Negroes now are for rights above and beyond those of non-Negroes. No one can honestly deny the plight of the Negro. But neither can the Negro deny his own shortcomings. Rights of citizenship are inherited, but acceptance and respect must be earned.

### George Ousley Pasadena, California

We suspect that you would have to search long and far to find a family, black or white, on welfare that also owns a Cadillac. The bleak fact is that in most states and cities the amount of money allotted by welfare is far from enough to allow its recipients a life of minimal dignity. The further fact is that the great majority of those receiving public funds are women and children. As for the overall theme of your letter, you seem remarkably unaware that racism and white apathy have maintained pervasive job discrimination against Negroes, inferior educational facilities for Negroes and deteriorating ghetto housing. To talk about crime rates (which are, in any case. more complicated than you recognize. because, for one thing, those in the ghetto are often arrested for reasons that would not bring someone in the white middle class an arrest record) is to again ignore the fundamental reason why a

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disproportionate percentage of Negroes are poor and without hope. That reason is that a disproportionate percentage of Negroes have not yet been given anything approaching an equal opportunity. And that is why men like James Farmer are still in the vanguard of the battle for social change that will benefit all Americans.

I very much enjoyed both of Mr. Farmer's articles, particularly the second, in your February issue. How nice it has been to say, "I was tolerant today; I'm good!" Perhaps now I can say, "I was tolerant today; so what!"

J. Lamar Houston, Texas

### SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

As a painter very much in the spirit of Ed Strautmanis' work, I am appalled by the overemphasis of your commercial display of TV sets, radios, etc., which cover up his handsome paintings in February's Sights and Sounds of '66 feature, Also, you do not have a word of his accomplishments or his biography, which must be impressive. As a well-known and long-time professional painter in the Chicago area, I resent this lack of acknowledgment of his ability.

Mrs. Ben Lazard Highland Park, Illinois

Two demerits for not reading the February "Playbill," Mrs. Lazard. Ed's photo and accomplishments both appeared there. We're sorry you didn't like the gear with the art, but chacun a son gout. Strautmanis thought it was great, as did our audiophile and videophile readers.

### COVER-GIRL KUDOS

I've been acquainted with PLAYBOY for several years, but in that time I have not seen a cover that pleased me as much as February's. Larry Gordon's photo is superb.

Frank Walker Newton, Massachusetts

Re your February cover girl: More Sissy—please. She doesn't only belong on the cover; she belongs in the gatefold.

Joe Millstone Pikesville, Maryland

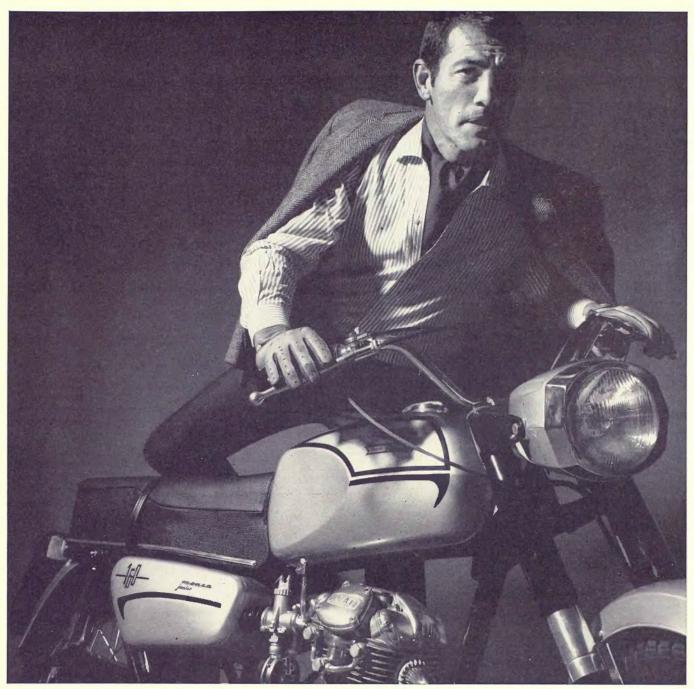
### FOR THE UNMUTED MUSE

Kenneth Tynan's January article, *The Royal Smut-Hound*, was marvelous. Let the so-called prudes stay home and watch Walt Disney pictures. I'll take John Osborne and Tennessee Williams any day.

Martin J. Lone Wabash, Indiana

### LUCKY VIEWER

In your February issue, Part VII of The History of Sex in Cinema states that in the version of the film Lucrezia Borgia seen in this country, the pictured scene (page 141) was "excised, of course." When I was an undergraduate



Is the Ducati for everyone?



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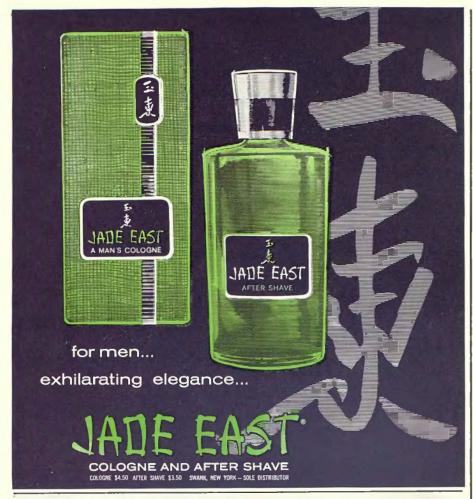
Ducati, you see, is made in Italy where oldworld craftsmanship is still a fine art. The men who make Ducati take pride in their work. They don't hurry. They don't cut corners. They lavish skillful attention on every detail. Like Ducati's exclusive gear-driven overhead cam. Yes, *gear* driven.

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at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. I attended a showing of the "original, unexpurgated version" of this film at the now-defunct Mayfield Art Theater. The collective gasp emitted by the audience when this scene was shown has remained clear in my memory. I guess at least one print of the original made it to the U.S.A. There was, to my knowledge, no action taken against the theater for the showing of this film, though it was only about a year later that the Cleveland Heights police arrested the manager of the Heights Art Theater and stopped the showing of The Lovers, a far more subtle film.

Michael R. Rosenthal, Ph.D. Red Hook, New York

### TRIVIAL ADDITIONS

Horrors! It's not 79, but 77 Wistful Vista (Playboy After Hours, February). And a potential Wolf Man isn't pure at heart, but in heart. And doesn't he say his prayers by night instead of at night? Otherwise, you captured the essence of Trivia well—our compliments. But one more comment: As faithful Columbia alumni ('65), we wish you had connected us with our alma mater—especially since it was at Columbia that we coined this special usage of the word "Trivia" and started the national fad.

Edwin Goodgold Dan Carlinsky New York, New York

Horrors, chaps, it is 79, not 77; turn in your Atwater Kents.

There is no justice. It is bad enough to watch your favorite little in-group pastime become a national fad (*Playboy After Hours*, February 1966) without also having to suffer the humiliation of misplaced credit for its origin. Long before the post-War baby-boom products had spawned "Come Up and Look at My Trivia" at Columbia, the same game, utilizing far more esoteric remembrances, was contrived by the regular customers of Chicago's Old Town Ale House and named, aptly (for we really remembered these things), "Nostalgia."

For those of us to whom it was small potatoes to remember that Lurene Tuttle played Effie to Howard Duff's Sam Spade (License No. 137596), that the fifth Marx Brother was named Gummo, that Andy Russell was the first star of Your Hit Parade and that Henry Aldrich's father was played by House lameson, there was a Nostalgia champ, M. Richard Kirstel. He was an itinerant photographer-bartender who could, when sufficiently juiced, stand atop a bar stool with beer stein upfurled and, in sonorous baritone, recite the entire, repeat, entire introduction to radio's Grand Central Station. M. Richard, wherever you are, Messrs. Goodgold and Carlinsky need you.

And to the so-called "Goodson-Todman of Triviana." I throw this challenge: If you're so smart, kids, answer these without looking anything up:

1. Who was Wonder Woman's sidekick, and what was her favorite phrase?

2. Who was Superman's adversary from the Fourth Dimension?

3. What is June Allyson's real name?

- 4. Who were radio's "Sisters of the Skiller"?
- 5. What ever became of Snooky Lanson?

Nancy Hawke New York, New York

Miss Hawke supplied the following answers: 1. Etta, who said, "Woo Woo!"; 2. Mister Mztsfpklk; 3. Ella Geisman; 1. Eddie East and Ralph Dumke; 5. I don't know, either.

I offer the following examples of Trivia as items unfortunately overlooked in your own sampling:

- 1. What was everyone hunting for in Tim Tyler's Luck?
- 2. What was the druggist's name in The Great Gildersleeve? What was his favorite expression?
- 3. Who was the "nice kid" in the Bowery Boys?
- 4. What was the name of the Indian princess on The Howdy Doody Show?
- 5. What was the commercial jingle of the radio program Straight Arrow?
- 6. Who was the little pirate in Bugs Bunny comics?
- 7. What actor played Fuzzy Jones in old Westerns?
  - 8. Who were the Range Riders?
- 9. What was the name of Sergeant Preston's lead dog?

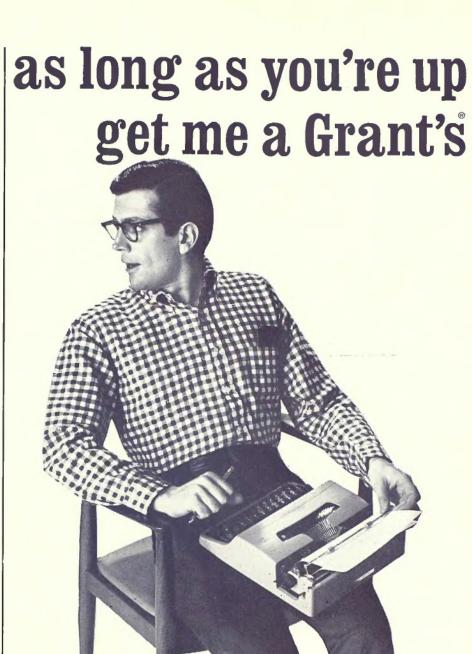
Answers: (1) The elephants' lost burial ground. (2) Peavey: "Well, now I wouldn't say that, Mr. Gildersleeve." (3) Danny. (4) Princess Summerfallwinterspring. (5) "N-A-B-I-S-C-O/Nabisco is the name you know. / For a breakfast you can't beat,/Eat Nabisco Shredded Wheat." (6) Yosemite Sam. (7) Al St. John. (8) Tim McCoy, Johnny Mack Brown, Raymond Hatton. (9) Yukon King.

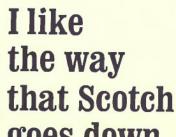
Stephen Whitney Goleta, California

Re Trivia and question 8: "Who played Mr. and Mrs. First Nighter?" Don Ameche and June Meredith were the original First Nighter stars. I know because I was one of the cast long before I created The Great Gildersleeve. Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne succeeded them and when Tremayne came to Hollywood, the team became Barbara Luddy and Olan Soulé. They rode it to its final curtain.

> Harold Peary Manhattan Beach, California







goes down



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Volkswagen	Some thing Else
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828 (29 mi/gal.)	1,600 (15 mi/gal.)
828 (29 mi/gal.) 112 (40,000 mi/set.)	336 (20,000 mu/set)
42 (27 qts fills it)	57 (NEEDS 5 gts.)
O (air-cooled eng.)	#5 (water-cooled)
\$ 2,682	\$2,888 Eng.

So you're at least \$206 ohead if you buy the VW. (We didn't even count the extra \$100 it soves on lower insurance and registration fees in many states.)

If you buy the new VW, you won't have to worry obout why the first owner sold it. (And you won't hove to poy for the expensive oilments that can hit an old Something Else.)

Now then. We don't have a crystal ball, but today's market is an interesting clue to the future.

After 5 years, the used car will probably be a 9-year-old condidate for the junk heap. But the VW will probably just be reaching its prime.

(Check the classified ods and you'll find 5-yeor-old VWs selling for \$600 to \$900, depending on the shape they're in.)

But you can do much better than that: Don't sell your VW ot oll.

(Think of the money you'll sove by driving it for onother 5 years.)  $\label{eq:constraint}$ 

### PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Russian and U.S. space officials will be disappointed to learn that the sun, Mercury, Venus (despite the Russian rocket hit), Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto, their satellites, and all other celestial bodies in the solar system are the exclusive property of two foresighted New Yorkers. Via a public notice published in a recent issue of *The Village Voice*, Hugo Koch and Fredrick J. Pohlman also laid claim to "all galaxies so far known to man in their entirety." Bigheartedly, however, they made no territorial claims on passing meteors.

Affairs of State: Roll Call, a newspaper published on Capitol Hill, relates that a Washington secretary received a notice from the Library of Congress about a book she had borrowed. The notice read: "Madam, please return the book you borrowed immediately. This book is urgently needed by a member of Congress." The book: Sex and the Single Girl.

How to turn a treat into a retreat: In the American Express News, Vacation Village in San Diego's Mission Bay Park was typoed Vatican Village.

Crime Does Not Pay—And How! In San Francisco, not long ago, when two gunmen skulked into a small market and demanded the day's receipts, they were promptly set upon by a huge German shepherd, the proprietor's broom-swinging wife, four husky neighbors and the store's owner, who broke a chair over the head of one of the baudits. The name of the market is The Friendly Grocery Store.

Firemen arrived too late to extinguish a blaze in Lusk. Wyoming, said *The Grand Rapids Press*. The town's fire siren had caught fire.

Our Future Executive of the Year Award goes to the guy in Cortez, Colorado, who, according to Michigan's *Pontiac Press*, filled in the "Salary desired" blank on his job application by writing "Yes."

Attention, midgets: "Lucy Stackley, of the Petite Potato Chip Company," reports the Boone County Farmer's Journal. "announced to the farmer's organization that she is in the market for some small studs."

Antique lovers will be interested in a collector's item offered in the latest King Korn Trading Stamps catalog: "A solid walnut replica of a 17th Century electric clock."

Pin a Rose on J. Edgar Hoover Department: Manuel R. Grange, who was wanted in New York City not long ago in connection with a larceny case, was apprehended after an intensive manhunt —working as a cafeteria dishwasher in the identification division of FBI headquarters in Washington.

Signs of the times: A notice on the lobby door leading to the girls' dormitory at Pembroke College warned, NO UNAUTHORIZED MEN VISITORS PERMITTED BEYOND THIS POINT, to which was officially appended, or UNAUTHORIZED CHILDREN. Scrawled across the bottom of the sign was the unofficial tag line, "May Result."

Heart-warming historical footnote from the house-and-garden page of the San Francisco Examiner; Great-Grandmother Barbecued in Special Oven Near FIREPLACE.

The London Evening Standard indicates that visitors to the city are having a deuce of a time distinguishing teenage boys from teenage girls. A helpful rule of thumb, they go on to say, is to remember that "the ones with the longer hair, the gaudier clothes and the higher heels are usually boys."

Gahan Wilson, please note: An ad in the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* offered: "Eight-foot boa constrictor for sale. Loves children. Call 247-1659 after 5 P.M."

This month's title of Poet Laureate, Menu Division, is conferred on the anonymous copywriter responsible for the following description of baked potatoes, which appears on the bill of fare of the Bit 'n' Bridle in Warrensville, Ohio, a restaurant we shall remember to avoid: "Big bulging beauties, grown in the ashes of extinct volcanoes in Northern Idaho-scrubbed and washed, then baked in the whirlwind of tempestuous fire until the shell crackles with brittleness, and within-the farinaceous contents, efflorescing with eager heat to absorb fresh country butter, sour cream, chives, bacon crumbles or chopped onion. What a gust of feeling!"

The Detroit Free Press informs us that an electrical company in Japan has just opened a "Human Control Room" in which frustrated underlings can punch and stab a stuffed effigy of their boss.

The Associated Press reports that a girl at the RETURNS window of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, city library discovered a fried egg that had been used as a bookmark.

Our special Margaret Sanger Badge of Merit goes to the courageous British ladies who, we gather from a tantalizingly brief article in the San Francisco Chronicle, will soon "test a new contraceptive device developed from a centuries-old system used by Arab tribesmen





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to prevent camels from becoming pregnant. The device consists of three small pieces of plastic, a steel ring and a length of nylon fishing line."

Social Progress Department: Reporting proudly on battles won in the Administration's War on Poverty, of which he is the President's commanding general, R. Sargent Shriver was quoted in *The Stars and Stripes* as saying that "there are fewer children hanging around street corners, more women have jobs, and more vacant cots are operating as recreation centers."

### RECORDINGS

Now that Tony Bennett has found a niche for himself in Hollywood via a role in The Oscar (see page 30), it is meet and proper that his current LP is The Movie Song Album (Columbia). It includes Maybe September from The Oscar, and much musical flicker fare arranged and conducted by the composers: Johnny Mandel's Emily and The Shadow of Your Smile (from The Sandpiper). Quincy Jones' The Pawnbroker and David Rose's Never Too Late. Top jazz instrumentalists Zoot Sims and Tommy Flanagan chime in on occasion and Luiz Bonfá's bossa-nova guitar backs up his own compositions, The Gentle Rain and Samba de Orfeu. Tony's choices are, in the main, first-rank, and the Bennett baritone was never in finer fettle.

Lucky Is Back! (Then, So Is Love) (Rivoli) refers to the redoubtable Mr. Thompson's return to these shores after a long expatriate stint. Lucky has brought his tenor and a soprano sax back with him: the latter is put to excellent use on this LP (Willow Weep for Me is absolutely first-chair). The Thompson tenor tones are still as dulcet as ever, and Lucky's sidemen for this outing are superlative, with pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Willie Ruff and drummer Walter Perkius each lending Lucky a very firm helping hand.

The Many Shades of Georgia Brown (Capitol) displays several more facets of the young lady who has previously shown she knows her way around everything from folk songs to the most esoteric of Kurt Weill cantatas. Herein she handles a pair of Ellington offerings, a quartet of Harold Arlen melodies (including three from St. Louis Woman) and sundry Tin-Pan Alley tone poems—all, we might add, done up Brown.

Omnipresent is the word for Gary McFarland. Three current Impulse! albums boast major contributions by the composer-arranger-vibist. *Tijuana Jazz with* 

Gary McFarland & Co. / Clark Terry picks up jazzwise where Herb Alpert's pop-mariachi crew leaves off. The Mexican bounce is still there, but copious quantities of hip sounds have been added, supplied for the most part by McFarland, who switches to marimba for a more authentic South-of-the-Border bag, by Terry's sonorous Flügelhorn, Joe Newman's biting trumpet, Bob Brookmeyer's burry trombone and Toots Thielemans' evocative harmonica. Similar in feeling is Latin Shadows / Shirley Scott, with Gary arranging and conducting the charts for a small group and a large string orchestra behind the organist, and pitching in himself on vibes. A rhythm section, augmented by Willie Rodriguez' Latin percussion, adds a properly pulsating beat as Miss Scott handles the Hammond with taste and inventiveness. Gypsy '66 / Gabor Szabo with Gary McFarland & Co. has the exciting Hungarian jazz guitarist getting an able assist from fine new flutist Sadao Watanabe, a stalwart rhythm section and, of course, McFarland. There's a powerful strain of the Magyar in Szabo's playing. which imparts a highly original flavor to a performance. Among the tunes on hand are a couple of Beatle ballads-Yesterday and If I Fell-and Burt Bacharach's The Last One to Be Loved and Walk On By, a foursome that has rarely had it so good. On another label, The In Sound / Gary McFarland (Verve) finds him in the same musical frame of mind as in the eminently successful Soft Samba. Gary brews up a batch of standards, rock-'n'-rollers, Latin lilts and soul ditties, adding onomatopoeic vocalizing to his mallet work; he is helped immeasurably by Bob Brookmeyer, Kenny Burrell and several other good jazz friends. As on Soft Samba, the sound flows gently but pervasively.

The adamantly uncompromising American composer Charles Ives has finally been given his due in a stunning performance of his Fourth Symphony (Columbia) by the Leopold Stokowski-led American Symphony Orchestra and a chorus made up of members of the Schola Cantorum of New York. The contrasting passages of turbulence and tranquility, the arresting interpolation of American musical folklore, the adventurous plumbing of new harmonic depths-all of these have been richly gifted with the genius of Stokowski (who's aided in his monumental conducting tasks by associate conductors David Katz and José Serebrier). It took 50 years for the Ives work to premiere. After listening to this performance, one can only ask: What were they waiting for?

Brazil continues to pour forth both men and music in ear-catching profusion. The Voice and Guitar of Dorival Caymmi (Capitol) features one of Rio's most prolific and popular composers in a concert



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of his own tunes. All in Portuguese, they nevertheless convey the charm that has made the bossa nova an American institution. A Brazilian more familiar to these shores displays his wares on Luiz Bonfá & Maria Toledo / Braziliana (Philips). There are 14 Bonfá ballads on hand, a large number of them with lyrics supplied by vocalist Toledo, his wife. Bonfá's guitar is supplemented by a pair of carioca percussionists and occasionally by a string orchestra. It is thoroughly delightful, Concerto de Copacabana / Laurindo Almeida (Capitol) has the guitarist playing the works of Radamés Gnattali, billed as Brazil's greatest living composer. The Concerto, for guitar and orchestra (which, for the recording session, is the Orquestra Brasileira de Camara under the composer's baton), is redolent with Rio rhythms. Gnattali's Concertino for guitar and piano, a lyrical composition. has Almeida assisted by pianist Ray Turner.

A big baritone that's custom-built for the blues is the property of Casey Anderson, and it's used to advantage on Blues is a Woman Gone (Atco). Casey, backed by his own guitar and a rhythm section, stacks one indigo offering atop the other, pile-driving through ten of his own tunes and a pair of classics, How Long Blues and Trouble in Mind.

Art Hodes & Truck Porhom / Plain Old Blues (Emarcy) is time standing still. The Hodes piano, bolstered by Parham's bass and untrammeled by 30 years of jazz innovations, is a superbly appropriate instrument with which to convey the basic blues message. There are a spate of Hodes originals in among such full-flavored chestnuts as Basin Street Blues, Pinetop's Blues, Royal Garden Blues and a Jelly Roll Morton gem, Buddy Bolden's Blues.

A smart smattering of small-group jazz LPs-tight and exciting-has recently passed this listening post. Soul Finger / Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers (Limelight) finds the Messengers staffed by top-drawer trumpeters Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard, longtime reed man Lucky Thompson on tenor and soprano sax. Gary Bartz on alto, bassist Victor Sproles and pianist John Hicks: all are pushed persistently by drummer Blakey through a session that ranges from the funky title effort to a Flora the Red Menace show tune, A Quiet Thing, with Hubbard, Morgan and Thompson confecting a large bag of stimulating jazz ideas. Dear John C. / Elvin Jones (Impulse!) is a vinyl tribute to the Trane by the estimable drummer and his cohorts, the most clarion of whom is altosax man Charlie Mariano, an underrated artist who writes his musical signature large and clear on such items as Smoke Rings and Everything Happens to Me. The piano chores are shared by Hank

Jones and Roland Hanna; Richard Davis is on bass. A brace of protean bone men lead their troops through some richly rewarding recording maneuvers on Jimmy Cleveland / Rhythm Crazy (Emarcy) and Shades of Grey / Al Grey (Tangerine). The former features charts by Benny Golson (heard on tenor) and Gigi Gryce, and the instrumental endeavors of trumpeter Art Farmer and reed artist Jerome Richardson on baritone and flute, who tackle the classic Crazy Rhythm and a half-dozen jazz originals with a highly communicative zest. The Grev etching is anything but gray in spirit. In addition to Al's luminescent trombone work, a host of highlights are supplied by "Sweets" Edison's still-full horn of plenty and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis' tenacious tenor sax. Roger Spotts' spotless orchestrations for an amalgam of oldies and fresh musical thoughts touch off the sparks that ignite Grev's ten-man team. Connonball Adderley / Live! (Capitol) has the nonpareil alto man's sextet taped at the West Coast jazzery. Shelly's Manne-Hole, in a vinyl stint that allows little brother Nat a lot of room to stretch out on cornet. Filling in between the brothers Adderley's solos with offerings of their own are tenor man-flutist Charles Lloyd and pianist Joe Zawinul. Besides the brief sign-off theme there are only four tunes tackled, giving everyone ample opportunity to speak his piece.

Chiles & Petiford Live of Billy's (Atlantic) features the vocalizing (usually in duo) of pianist Walter Chiles and bassist Clarence Petiford in an ebullicately upbeat LP. The two, aided by drummer Al Harewood, do some tuneful welkinringing at Jilly's (one of Sinatra's favorite Gotham late spots), making happy noises through the likes of an Around the World in 80 Days and Bill Bailey medley and the old kiddie chorale School Days. There are quieter balladic moments on tap, but the high points occur when the boys are in fun-and-gamesville.

Chalk up another winner for Jack, the Top-40 killer. Jack Jones for the "In" Crowd (Kapp) has all the proper ingredients for success: change of pace (from the country-and-westernish opener, What the World Needs Now Is Love, to the Beatle ballad Yesterday, to the soul-cooking The "In" Crowd), an honest approach to a lyric, and charts from the talented pen of Don Costa, who conducted the session. Good show!

And now it's Richard Rodgers' turn to get the Brubeck treatment. Dave Brubeck Quartet / My Favorite Things (Columbia) reprises eight show tunes written by the musical theater's elder statesman. In among the more familiar strains are a couple of less popular odes, Why Can't

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### Antonio y Cleopatra tastes so good it never lasts long enough

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P and The Circus on Parade, the latter taken at a surprising march tempo in the introduction. Included, too, are a pair of Rodgers' most beautiful melodic lines, My Romance and Little Girl Blue. It all proves that even sans its Hart and Hammerstein lyrics, the Rodgers repertoire is superb.

My Way / Mara Lynn Brown (Decca) is a very nice way, indeed. The young vocalist, making her recording debut, shows a good deal of poise and a highly individualized approach to a song. The orchestra backing Miss Brown is under the direction of Johnny Frigo (who penned a pair of the ballads Mara Lynn has at her command), and conductor and chirper show a rapport which we have a sneaking suspicion is due to the fact that they are man and wife. Among the interesting items on hand: My Foolish Heart, the seldom-heard Sweethearts on Parade and the jazz classic 'Round Midnight. Glad to have you aboard, Mrs. Frigo.

### **DINING-DRINKING**

It's a ten-minute drive from downtown Dallas to Danny Russo's Dominique restaurant (7713 Inwood Road), and Texas Continental-cuisine fanciers have been steadily beating a path to its doors. Steaks, the groaning-board bulwark of the Southwest, are merely afterthoughts on a menu that might grace the finest table anywhere. Following his service in the Marines in World War Two, Russo spent many years learning kitchen and dining-room management under the watchful eye of uncle Mario Vaccaro, who had established a restaurant of high repute in Dallas. In 1962, Russo decided to express his own culinary predilections and opened Dominique (his non-Anglicized first name). The local gentry was quick to discover the excellent fare in a menu that offered dishes reminiscent of Rome, Paris, New York and San Francisco. Travelers, too, learned of the new establishment. Within a year, the 100 place settings were taxed to accommodate patrons. A year later, the capacity was doubled. Dominique's elegant decor is of Rome, but there is the warmth of the Southwest, too, in the genial greeting of the rotund Russo or his maître de. Russo reaches out all over the world for dishes that make dining at Dominique a pleasant adventure. From northern France is flown tender turbot, from Pakistan come the giant shrimp for his Scampi Dominique. His Tortellini Burro is a rare treat in this land of steaks, and many more similar specialties of the house give the wide-ranging menu an enticing air. A culinary high point at Dominique is the five-course Festin de Roi (Feast of the King), which offers a choice of Canard au Pêches or Tournedos



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What Scandinavian men have

Chambertin for the entree and includes champagne, coffee served in a regal Roman gold cup, and a liqueur, for a modest \$7.50. If one *must* have an à la carte steak, and can't find what he wants among the variety of *tournedos* offered, there is always the charcoal grill. But it seems a pity to resort to such basic fare in one of Texas' best Continental oases. Dominique is open from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. seven days a week.

According to the romantic tale on the back of the menu for New York's to Crêpe (48 West 55th Street), the pancake was invented by a poor French peasant, discovered by a rich princess and made into a national dish by a king. You'd better believe it, because unlike its American cousin, the flapjack, the paperthin French crepe has a distinctively regal quality, despite the plebeian ingredients from which it's made. At La Crêpe, which serves it (but little else) in more than 100 variations, it is not only a food-it is an Art Form. Brain child of a delightful and enterprising lady who is the Countess Maya, the restaurant boasts a decor that does the province of Brittany proud in style and taste-not merely in the Gallic charm of the waitresses clad in native costume, but in the service and the kitchen. All are superior. The crepes are cooked in an open kitchen from a classic recipe by a third-generation crepe chef. The menu, in both French and English, is numbered 1 to 110. Number 1 (40¢) is a plain crepe. Number 110, at \$2.50, is a buckwheat crepe stuffed with almond paste and whipped cream. In between are crepes abounding in such appropriate and various stuffs as snail butter, eggs, sausages, cheeses, fruits, vegetables, meats and sweets. The first 50 crepes on the menu are of plain flour, the next 50 of buckwheat with the same choice of stuffings, the last 10 are buckwheat with dessert stuffings. In addition, there is soup du jour, an excellent herb salad, some cheeses and a limited but acceptable wine cellar. Open every day except Sunday from 11:30 A.M. to 1 A.M., La Crêpe is bonne for luncheon or an after-theater supper, perhaps a little light for dinner.

### MOVIES

Is Harper the last, lonely flowering of the private-eye genre, or could it be the harbinger of a renaissance in a form Hollywood has neglected for over a decade? It's hard to say, but it is easy to recommend this long, smart-mouthed, tough-guy tale. Based on a novel by Ross MacDonald, whom many consider the only logical heir to the late Raymond Chandler, the film is bound to remind you of such Hollywood classics as Murder My Sweet and The Big Sleep. The setting is Los Angeles, the plot serpen-



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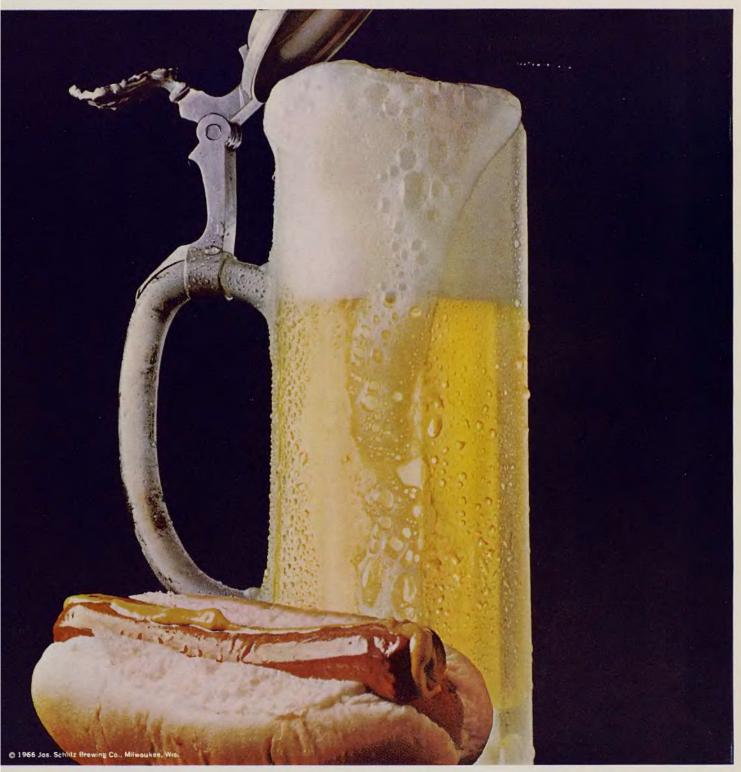
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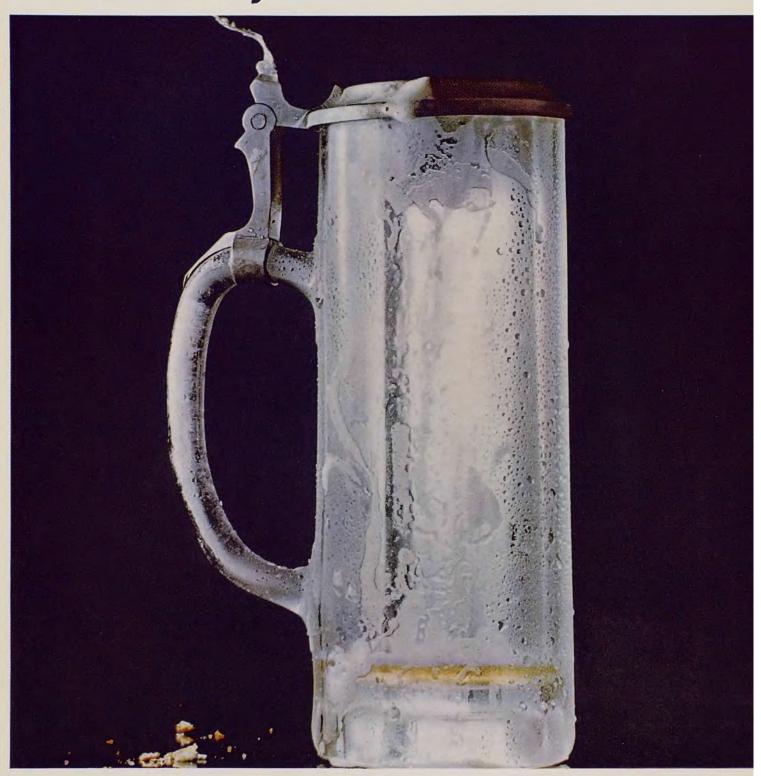
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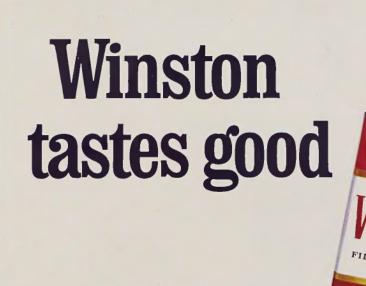
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tine, the characters drawn from society both high and low. Paul Newman, in the title role, is just as hard as you please, spinning off wisecracks, administering and absorbing beatings and registering weary disgust at the corruption that surrounds him as he tries to find a kidnaped millionaire. Along his beat he encounters a couple of fine actors apparently enjoying a slumming—Julie Harris as a junkie jazz pianist and Arthur Hill as a lawyer too true to be good. Newman also turns up a connoisseur's collection of personalities speaking strangely and carrying their customary big shticksbitchy Lauren Bacall, nasty Robert Webber, frowzy Shelley Winters, vapid Pamela Tiffin, pretty Janet Leigh and prettier Robert Wagner. All their limitations are virtues in the hands of director Jack Smight who, contrary to current fad, insists that everybody play it straight, thus allowing the audience to figure out for itself that all this is good, dirty fun. There are no weapons in Harper weirder than a police .38, no gimmicks odder than a nut religious temple. The hero's sports car is rusty, he makes love only to his wife, and when Webber settles down to torture some information out of Miss Harris, he uses nothing fancier than a lighted cigarette applied to the soles of her feet. But there is much old-fashioned entertainment here, despite the lack of gadgetry.

Joseph E. Levine is evidently a man with a dream-to produce the worst movie ever made in America. If you thought he succeeded in The Carpetbaggers or Harlow, you are hereby urged to reserve judgment until you have seen The Oscar, which is to his previous symphonics of vulgarity as Beethoven's Ninth is to his First. Moronically written, and directed at a slightly lower level, it is acted with truly amazing incompetence by a huge cast, most of whom are hasbeens, most of the rest are never-will-bes. Its primitive plot tells the simple American story of a simple American boy, played by simple American Stephen Boyd, who rises from spieling for a stagparty stripper to movie stardom and an Academy Award nomination. He begins life as an ordinarily opportunistic heel and ends up a psychopath. Not much character development. But to make up for this lack we see, in painful detail, how he hurts people as he drives to succeed-his two best girls (Elke Sommer and Jill St. John), his best friend (played surprisingly well by Tony Bennett in his first crack at a straight dramatic film role), his best agent, his best studio boss, his best private detective, even his best manservant. This film has the moral vision of a "juice" collector, a style that would have been rejected at Monogram Pictures, and a desperate desire to tease, titillate and provoke smirks at every turn that is nothing short of astounding in its nakedness. Even devotees of good bad movies may find *The Oscar* too rich a prize.

The major flaw in the adaptation of The Group by screenwriter Sidney Buchman and director Sidney Lumet is that they have been too faithful to Mary McCarthy's novel. They have not succeeded in converting it from a loose assortment of skillful anecdotes into a cohesive and forceful drama. Like Miss McCarthy, they tend to wander into unproductive byways, striving for a breadth to match the depth of their best moments. But it must be quickly noted that their movie retains the novel's virtuesthe quick, witty insights into the confusions of the newly emancipated female, the honesty of its exploration of the relationship between men and women, Three of the group's encounters with the opposite sex-the marriage of ambitious Kay to a failure-prone playwright, the one-night stand of proper Bostonian Dottie with a bohemian painter, and the affair between the wallflower Polly and a hung-up publishing-house editor-are particularly effective. If the linkages between these high points seem feeble, if some members of the group are lost in the shuffle and if the 1930s atmosphere that Miss McCarthy caught so deftly is perfunctorily handled here, the damage is not lethal. Lumet has kept his penchant for cinematic high jinks under control and Buchman's script is always literate and intelligent. Among the girls, Joan Hackett as the badly used Bostonian is outstanding in a performance of carefully controlled poignancy, while Shirley Knight as Polly and Joanna Pettet as the driven Kay are almost equally strong. The only offensive work is by Jessica Walter as Libby, masking frigidity with a big mouth: She tries to dominate the film through sheer stridency and succeeds only in making an idiot of herself. Among the men in the girls' lives, Hal Holbrook deserves special mention for his funny and touching work as Polly's editor, a decent clunk befuddled by adherence to the two great ideologies of the time-communism and Freudianism. All in all, The Group turns out to be a surprisingly entertaining movie.

Blindfold begins with socialite-psychiatrist-rakehell Rock Hudson out for a morning canter through Central Park (which immediately identifies him as a hero type). However, he is reined in, not by a mugger but by a mug (Jack Warden) who hurriedly identifies himself as a Secret Service official. It seems that one of Rock's former flip-tops, now "a priceless Government brain," has just been recovered from The Other Side. But the brain has been Rinso-ed, and Rock's the only doc who can restore his red-white-and-blue gray matter. To perform his





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mind-bending, Hudson takes nightly jaunts, blindfolded, to and from a remote hideaway where the hapless patient is being kept under the heaviest wraps since Judge Crater. Complicating this routine adventure in modern-day psychiatry are several obstacles. One is the patient's pugnacious sister, Claudia Cardinale, with Hollywood hairdo, waist cincher and wisecrack-the new Jean Arthur by way of Gina Lollobrigida. Another block to Rock's progress is young Guy Stockwell, who tells him that he is being duped by the enemy and is, actually, brainwashing his patient. More familiar with skull-diggery than skulduggery, Rock is in a quandary. Who is the real villain? No contest. The honor falls to director and co-writer Philip Dunne. Instead of keeping his film on a simpleminded but enjoyably straight course, he allows it frequent detours down movie Memory Lane. At every twist and turn, the modern theme falls victim to curious cinema anachronisms-Thin Man wackiness, jarring slapstick, a tasteless japery of Negro dialect, a Mama Mia Italian family-that may have been the whole megillah when Frank Capra was in flower, but now appear at best as shaky camp sights not worth the reconstruction. Still, the film does have two undeniable merits, above and beyond those possessed by Miss Cardinale. It raises and deftly explores the problem of oversecurity and how it stifles communication among our Government's branches, and it provides Hudson with his finest moment when, while hiding from the police, he pretends to be a department-store mannequin. Few actors could rise so convincingly to the challenge.

It is difficult to say whether there is something inherently unfunny about gigoloism as a subject for screen comedy or whether it merely awaits a genuinely talented film maker to create a suitable vehicle for dealing with it. In any case, French director Philippe de Broca, who has a positive genius for making feeble farces, has failed to generate more than a few self-conscious giggles in Male Companion. The conceit of the character who will go to incredible lengths to support himself without actually working is apparently so dear to the Gallic funny bone that M. de Broca feels he need only mention it to get laughs. He and his leading man, Jean-Pierre Cassel, hardly bother to develop it at all. M. de Broca's own desire to succeed without really trying begins to show in a Roman episode in which Cassel lives first off the wife of a pizza peddler, then as a substitute son to a grieving father. The whole thing collapses when he goes back to Paris in a rich man's retinue; fantasy, satire and a pie fight are messily mixed to no comic point. When, at the end, we are informed that the whole film has been nothing but a bad dream on the part of M. Cassel, we are inclined to disagree. It is more a pointless dream. A very dull *Male Companion*.

There is nothing very flinty about Our Man Flint. As James Coburn underplays him, he is a gentleman instead of a human weapon in the 007 manner. Considerate, almost big-brotherly with ladies (four of whom harmoniously share his flower-shaped bed), something of a mystic (he has the useful ability to go into trances that are literally heart-stopping), his superiority complex is both earned and unannoying. He is, of course, as well versed in the arts of detection and self-defense as any other member of the new mob of supersuave supersleuths; but he is a free lance, which means he has a higher regard for individual liberty, a lower regard for bureaucracies and ideologies. He also has to invent his own weaponry and communications gear instead of depending on Government issue. In short, he is the compleat hero, yet an interesting fellow to have a drink with. His first-and hopefully not his last-adventure requires him to destroy singlehandedly an organization known as Galaxy, a group of scientists who are blackmailing the world by threatening to change its climate (no paltry H-bomb heist for them). Their big mistake is leaving a hint of bouillabaisse on a poisoned dart aimed at Flint, whose incredibly sensitive palate enables him to trace them to their restaurant port in Marseilles. A few karate chops here, an assignation there, a cracked safe and a short hop in a sealed coffin lead him to Galaxy's secret island headquarters, defended by, among other things, an un-American eagle. There he manages to save his girls from being converted into "pleasure units" and then to blow the whole joint up while the President stands by stuttering into a microphone. Despite Daniel Mann's occasionally lackadaisical direction and a script that could use a more liberal salting of gags, the film's relaxed, uninsistent light-mindedness is a relief these spoofy, hyperactive days.

The good thing about the Swedish attitude toward sex is its frankness. The bad thing about it is its solemnity. Both are on display in Loving Couples, which has been directed in the allusive, elusive Continental art-film style by sometime actress Mai Zetterling, who also collaborated with David Hughes on the screenplay. It recounts, in flashbacks, the events leading up to the accouchements of three young women, all of whom have taken curious routes to motherhood. The first, played by Gia Petre, is a Lesbian led back to the straight, if not narrow, path by an older man who once was a lover of her aunt. The second, Gunnel Lindbloom, is a serving girl, full of class and sexual resentment, who hates her husband and goes to his bed only in an-



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ger (her child, symbolically enough, is stillborn). The third, Harriet Andersson, is a featherbrain. Her child's father is an aristocratic soldier who bribes a homosexual artist to stand in for him at the altar. Just how the three girls were flawed by childhood taints and traumas is honestly and crisply set forth, as is the sin de siècle aristocratic milieu. The acting is strong, the photography broody in the manner made famous by Ingmar Bergman. But somehow Loving Couples never fully ensnares the viewer: There is something mechanical in the rhythm of its psychological revelations. And they turn out to be just a little too textbookish to stir us. One has been here before in the company of other Swedish directors, soberly, wisely, earnestly considering the tragicomedy of the mating dance as it is practiced in the colder climes.

Dear John is every bit as serious about sex as Loving Couples. Indeed, it may be the frankest, nudest, most realistic film record of the physical aspects of lovemaking to come to these shores. But it is also simple, wise, witty and touching in a way that Miss Zetterling's more elaborate film never is. It is the straightforward tale of a short weekend in which two attractive people, a ship's captain and a café waitress, find each other, lose each other, find each other, lose each other and then halt what might become an endless and neurotic process by deciding to marry. Both have been ill-used by former loves (the woman has a small daughter to prove it), each is wary yet desperately needful of the other, and both are very truthful about their motives, their actions and their thoughts. Jarl Kulle as the captain gives a wonderful performance, daring to make comic capital of that strange blend of vulnerability and vanity that is the male on the make. Christina Schollin as the girl is one of those solidly built yet never unfeminine Swedish beauties who seem to have no equivalent anywhere else in the world. Her acting has a down-to-earthy excitement that challenges description. Director-writer Lars Magnus Lindgren has an eye for the manners, customs and byplays of a short-term courtship aspiring to be something more. He also has compassion, sympathy, lyricism and, above all, honesty. His film is sometimes as explicit as a stag movie, but he has found a way to realize the beauty of bluntness that will disarm those who come to disapprove and quiet those who come to snigger.

### THEATER

Gwen Verdon is a miracle of mobility. She soars like Fonteyn, struts like Astaire and swaggers like a Chaplinesque sailor, and all in about the space of a number



# Playboy Club News



VOL. II. NO. 70

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Playboy Clubs International, Inc., has acquired 500 acres in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for a year-round Midwest playground. The lavish golf and ski resort is now set for an early 1967 debut. (Beginning May 1st, keys are \$25 in all Wisconsin, including towns within 75 miles of Chicago.)

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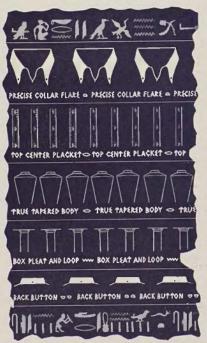
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and a half. She sings a little like Channing, but is more lifelike; a big musical-comedy star, but with a peculiar nearness and touchability about her. Her new musical, Sweet Charity, is based on Nights of Cabiria, Federico Fellini's bittersweet film of a few years back. But Cabiria into Charity is a misguided metamorphosis. Instead of the Roman tart with a Heart Of Gold, we now have a Manhattan dance-hall hostess with a H.O.G., and she is too little bitter and too much sweet. The rather random book is credited to Neil Simon, but he has done his work absent-mindedly. Mostly the lines read like valentines: "Without love, life has no purpose." What simple Simon needs is a get-well-soon card. Cy Coleman's music and Dorothy Fields' lyrics serve as a good backdrop for the dances, and in Sweet Charity, the dances, the dancers and the dancer are the thing. Bob Fosse, Miss Verdon's husband, as choreographer and director, has been lavish with his imagination. And then there's Gwen, delightful whether marching gaily through a long chorus line on a long stage or hidden in a tight little closet in the bedroom of an Italian movie star, while he is consorting with his current love in a nearby bed. Alas, Sweet Charity is no triumph, despite the valiant battle of Verdon. At the Palace, Broadway and 47th Street.

Hostile Witness has all the trappings of the classic courtroom melodrama. The case: an apparently upright lawyer seemingly framed for the murder of his best friend. The courtroom: gray, paneled, challenging, with the witnesses addressing you, the audience, as jury. There are Holmesian exclamations ("Frightf'ly clevah!") and thundering curtain lines ("Where have you seen those eyes?"). The court is chock full of English character actors (the wise, witty judge who, with his incredible dewlaps, wig and flowing robes, looks like a basset hound in drag; the snappish, waspish prosecutor; the duty-bound, dumb investigating officer; the clipped and bumbling British major). It all builds up to the moment when the accused, who is his own defense attorney, announces ominously that the real villain is "perhaps even someone in this courtroom." Surprise! But when the game is up, when the murderer has made his fatal blunder on the witness stand, when the last twist has been slowly unraveled, it is clear (actually, it was clear about four red herrings earlier) that Jack Roffey's play follows the proper form, but lacks the content. Beneath those trappings is an elementary, falsely complicated, hokey plot. And the evening does not really belong to those wonderful supporting players, but to the star, Ray Milland, who stands accused, along with Mr. Roffey: The character is stiff and dull, and so is the



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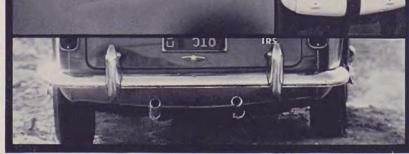
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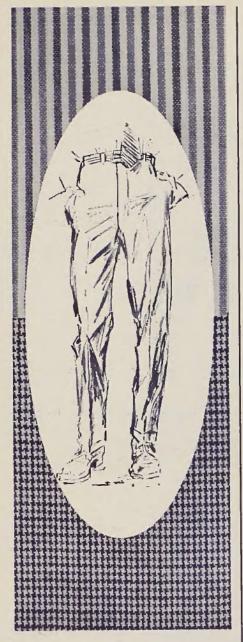
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actor. At the Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

Philadelphia, Here I Come! is a nice, likable, charming, small play that, unfortunately, is subject to comparison with innumerable other dramatic works, such as The Subject Was Roses, Billy Liar and the collected plays of Sean O'Casey. Philadelphia is not as touching as Roses, not as imaginative as Billy, and playwrightshort-story writer Brian Friel has none of the lyricism of his Irish master. Yet the play has considerable merit. Friel's hero is Gareth O'Donnell, an Irish country lad who has decided to leave his native Ballybeg for an adopted Philadelphia. On the eve of his departure, he contemplates his past, his future and his reasons for leaving: the icy detachment of his widower father, the complacency of the townspeople, the self-deception of his drinking mates and, most of all, his own inadequacies. It is the author's theatrical device to have two Gareths on stage at once-the public self, passive and dreamy, and the private self, angry and outspoken. As public Gar, Patrick Bedford gropes and compromises (he loses his girlfriend because he doesn't have the courage to ask her father for her hand). The private Gar, Donal Donnelly, serves as conscience and commentator. Both actors-in fact, all the actorsare fine, especially Donnelly (who played the watchful lodger in the film of The Knack). There are several exquisite scenes, particularly one late in the last act when Gar finally must face the fact that he and his father will never reach each other, that the father has no noticeable present emotion or memory of sentiments past. The nonrelationship is moving, and so is the undercurrent theme: You can't go home again if the home was never a home in the first place; but Friel doesn't bring to it enough fresh insight or originality. His play is warm, winning, wry, wistful and winsome; but at the same time it is wellworn and, to stretch our alliteration to the breaking point, a little weary. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

A young woman so beautiful she looks like Lee Remick lives in a basement apartment in Greenwich Village. She is alone because her husband has suddenly been called out of town. She is also blind, very recently blind, so that she doesn't always know where things are. She is also afraid of fire, so what does she do to ensure her peace of mind? She leaves the door unlocked, silly. Why? If she didn't, there wouldn't be a play called Wait Until Dark. All sorts of strange creatures start creeping through the open door: one ex-con who makes believe he is an old friend of her husband; another who poses as a policeman but keeps running to the window and fiddling loudly with the Venetian blinds

to signal his accomplices; and a third thug who keeps changing his disguises (which makes a lot of difference to a blind lady). Even from the balcony with one's eyes closed, he sounds suspicious. So what does the blind lady do? Call the police? Not on her life. She believes it when the bad guys tell her that her husband is mixed up in heroin smuggling, and she tries to protect him by not calling the police. The villains are after a doll stuffed with heroin, which her husband just happened to bring back from Montreal (because a lady at the airport asked him to). Finally, Lee-yes, it is Lee Remick-finds the doll, but does she give it to them? No, she hides it. What with people looking for the doll in the safe, which is locked, and in the washing machine, which is full, and flipping the blinds, clicking the lights, banging into furniture, this Frederick Knott play almost works up to the level of a Marx Brothers movie. But no such luck. It is a thriller, or meant to be, but there is only one good shriek-and that in the last few minutes, which means that Wait is a long night's wait. At the Ethel Barrymore, 243 West 47th Street.

### ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

What would happen if you crossed Sophia Loren with Barbra Streisand? Well, if you were lucky you'd get a girl with Loren's build and Streisand's vocal equipment, which is a fairly close approximation of what Lainie Kazan has going for her. We audited and admired the bel-cantilevered Miss Kazan at Chicago's Mister Kelly's (just before it was hit by a disastrous fire last February), where, semiclad in a plunging pink gown, she handled with star-style aplomb a lengthy set arranged by pianist Peter Daniels, whose occasionally complex charts gave her a chance to exhibit-among other thingsher vocal wares. And, like other things, they were considerable. The curvilinear Miss Kazan opened with a rocking rendition of Blues in the Night, wherein she displayed a marked ability to change from one key to another with nonclinkerish ease. She then showed a courage above and beyond the call of duty by tackling the Streisand Funny Girl blockbuster Don't Rain on My Parade. Miss Kazan came off to favorable advantage. From there on, Lainie interspersed a batch of standards with such special items as Peel Me a Grape and Ouzo, an ode to the Grecian booze. It was a fastmoving session, but at its end Miss Kazan wasn't even breathing hard. Which was more than could be said for some of the males in the audience.

Joy '66, a revue at the Windy City's Happy Medium starring Oscar Brown, Jr., is Oscar Brown, Jr. There's an in-

strumental group behind the superabundantly talented composer-lyricistperformer (see On the Scene, PLAYBOY, October 1961), and the singing chores are shared in part by pretty young Jean Pace and bossa-nova guitarist Luiz Henrique (some dancing is sprinkled throughout; it is, however, readily forgettable). They're an enthusiastic troupe ranging in talent from adequate to admirable; but Oscar, who's on stage almost all the time, is superb. His scope is apparently limitless; he opens the show with a tender ballad on the wonders of the world as seen through the eyes of a child, with lyrics built around Bobby Timmons' jazz classic Dat Dere, goes on to a raucously bawdy calypso refrain, Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am, to a sly delineation of original sin, Forbidden Fruit, to a plaintively torchy folk song based on a street cry, Rags and Old Iron, to a manic description of how one cat keeps his cool. Songstress Pace is easy on the eyes and ears-her tongue-in-cheek rendering of Fool with Me and I'll Have You Killed was particularly effectiveand Henrique isn't too far off the standards set by João Gilberto; but Oscar could have done the show by himself. Maybe next time.

### BOOKS

Evan S. Connell, Jr., is one of America's most talented, most versatile and least noticed post-War writers. His new novel, The Diary of a Rapist (Simon & Schuster), is one of his better efforts-not quite as good as Mrs. Bridge, but then, that was a masterpiece. The rapist is Earl Summerfield, in his 20s, married to frosty, ambitious Bianca, who wants to make assistant principal and who reads the financial pages in bed, leaving little room or time for Earl in or out of bed. Earl is filled with resentment against Bianca, against his superiors and coworkers at the state employment office and, most especially, against all those girls he sees or reads about every day, flaunting their stuff, teasing and tantalizing him. No wonder, Earl concludes, there are so many rapes and sex murders; no wonder, too, that the diary he keeps (the novel is entirely in diary form) is filled with references to violence -murders, muggings, Russia and the U.S. rattling their nuclear bombs at each other. For Earl, it's a world of menace and also a world of pleasures that are denied him. He becomes a hater, and his hate settles on one beauty contestant he has seen at an amusement park. The girl is respectable, lives with her mother, but Earl imagines her as "the whore of Babylon"-if not, how could she make him think all those dark thoughts? There's a blank entry for July Fourth, and that is when Earl rapes her, in an alley near a





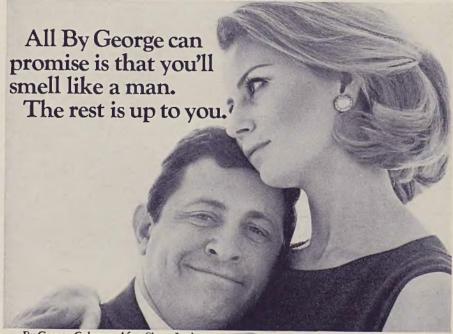
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church. The succeeding diary entries show him becoming a nocturnal creature, wandering around his neighborhood in San Francisco, going into people's houses, violating their privacy as he violated his "whore of Babylon." He grows preoccupied with newspaper accounts of convicted murderers in death row, with the details of the executions themselves. He senses kinship with the murderers-they know something the rest of the world doesn't, and what a joke it all is! Earl Summerfield comes off as a twisted saint of our times, seeking what appears to be real penance at the end. An uneducated man, his words often have the eloquence of hopelessness and agony. "I'm free but it doesn't interest me," he writes. "Maybe I'm free against my will." This book, with its taut writing, compressed structure and the good taste with which it handles its inherently sensational subject matter, should win the neglected Connell his widest audience yet.

The late Brendan Behan was the archetype of the romantic hero-an Irish rebel of sweet disposition and foul tongue. Confessions of an Irish Rebel (Bernard Geis) carries forward his running account of his life-"pushing and shoving and roaring and bawling"-after his release from Borstal prison, where he served a term for activities in the Irish Republican Army. It was a life full of booze and bravado, of Irish ballads and Irish rebellion. This last, it seems, was frequently of the homely, adolescent kind. "Why the hell don't you hang your clothes up?" his host asked him. "I did hang them up," said Behan, "on the floor-where they can't fall off." He was a child of the slums, but his mother was middle class to the core. "The Lord preserve from poets and playwrights," she would say, and send Brendan out to look for a respectable job. His jobs never lasted long-he was forever going off on a bender or on a secret mission for the I.R.A. Between adventures he seemed to yearn for respectability, but was unable to settle himself enough to achieve it. His "confessions" are not, when all is said and done, very interesting-unless, of course, you happen to like Brendan Behan, which, we openly confess, we do.

A minor contribution to the growing body of Behania is Dominic Behan's My Brother Brendon (Simon & Schuster). "Nobody clsc could have written about him as he was," Dominic observes modestly, "because nobody else was a brother, a fellow worker and a boozer with him, all three." But one gets the uneasy feeling that while Dominic idolized his older brother, he never really understood him. He is too wistful, too worshipful, tagging along with Brendan's crowd and hoping for a bit of kindness. Dominic

writes in a thick brogue that makes large sections of his book all but unintelligible. That may be an advantage, because the parts that can be understood are generally flat and tedious. We'll stick with Brendan, thanks.

Before the reader has flipped the third page of Davis Grubb's latest novel, Shadow of My Brother (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), he has witnessed the following: the slaying of a Negro boy by three hot defenders of Southern custom and womanhood; the horror of Amy Wilson (who happened to be spooning in the vicinity with her boyfriend, George Purdy) when she sees that one of the murderers is her very own daddy; and George Purdy ". . . bending out of the car window being sick on the running board and ashamed, ashamed, ashamed and my being ashamed is deep and dark and not because Amy might see me being sick. Ashamed, ashamed of something deep and dark that has struck and thrummed like a drum in my groin . . . Running board? The time of the novel is approximately the present. Vietnam is mentioned once. It's all kind of hazyand not too important-because prose and people fare considerably worse than time and place in the author's faulty Faulknerian hands. Loy Wilson, Amy's daddy, extrudes evil like raw meat from a grinder. Grubb tracks backward to discover the beginning of Loy's unlovely ways and, as you might expect, he uncovers the spoor of all sorts of guilts and incipient incests. Loy suspects that he has a half-brother with the wrong kind of blood in his veins, and this, it is hinted, is partially the reason for his Ahab-size hatred of all Negroes. But there's really no explaining Loy. At least Grubb doesn't explain him in anything resembling human terms. Nor does he explain anyone else in this novel. The good are celestially good and the bad are brimstone bad, and all, good and bad, talk and carry on in a way that is not to be believed. Grubb has chosen a serious theme-there's none more serious in the land. It deserves better than this ad hoke treatment.

The Last Hero by John Pearson (David McKay) is the story of Donald Campbell's attempt, in 1964, to break the land-speed record, yet it is more than that. It is the story of a man possessed, an Ahab whose car, Bluebird, is, like Moby Dick, the monstrous "king of the children of pride." Donald Campbell is possessed by more than pride and conceit, the classic elements of self-destruction. He is also the son of the legendary Sir Malcolm Campbell, "the most successful record-breaker of all time." So author Pearson sets out to strip the masks

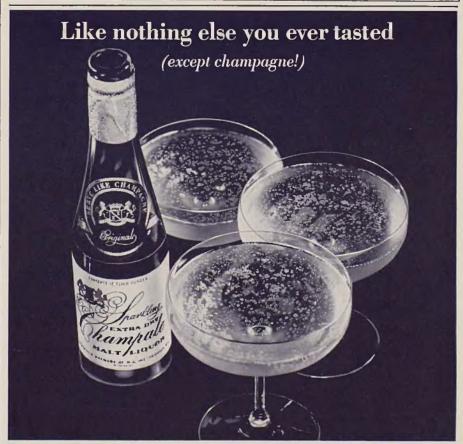




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from Donald Campbell, to seek "some inner truth of his character." He succeeds so well that the job itself, the job of risking a life for a record, is muted throughout. Campbell climbs into the cockpit of Bluebird, tries the treacherous salt flats of Lake Eyre in South Australia, fails, tries again, fails again, tries again and fails, and so on, until the adventure seems to end in failure. Only it doesn't. Almost as an afterthought, the author tells of Campbell's return to Lake Eyre where, finally, he breaks the world's record. That is the one major flaw in the book; there are, after all, drama and nobility and other epic qualities to triumph as well as despair. Pearson writes well ("record-breaking is like revolution; success is its only excuse and failure diminishes everything in contact with it"), and he knows Campbell, knows that he is brave but that it is more than bravery, that he will not give in because of his "inability ever to accept the fact that he was commonplace like the rest of us." The book ends rather with a whimper as Donald Campbell, the curiously unfulfilled victor, tells how, between his record runs, he saw his father's image in the windscreen, smiling and saying, "Well, boy. Now you know how I felt that time at Bonneville in 1935 when a front tire burst at 200. But don't worry. It'll be all right, boy." One wonders if it will really ever be all right for Donald Campbell.

Pour in a magnum of bottled-in-Bond action, add a Beckettful of absurd dialog, stir with a Rabelaisian leer to the consistency of a Deighton nutcake, broil over a hot typewriter and-stand back. Out pops Sandra Rifkin's Jewels (New American Library), by Roy Doliner, a literary feast topped with a good brandy sauce. To Doliner, the gallows naturalism of espionage novels is rank soap opera, their ends-sanctify-means philosophy a flag-waving hoax. Obviously finding himself laughing in the wrong places while reading, he has gone to the satire bag and come up with a zany tale in which you can't tell the cloak-and-suiters from the cloak-and-daggers. Doliner's odd agents are more interested in oldfashioned sex than in modern state secrets and pursue their passions with cyclonic gusts of lust. There simply isn't much time left for espionage; but that's all right, because Doliner never intended to give the subject more than a brave wave anyway. The plot? Oh, yes, it's there, nestled somewhere among Sandra Rifkin's baubles. Involved in it are Castro agents, CIA agents, double agents and triple agents; but since they're all three sheets to the wind half the time and between two sheets the rest of the time, they hardly interfere with Doliner's primary purpose, which is to



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In the fictional world of J. P. Donleavy there is little that doesn't meet the I. His singular heroes demand the greatest good for the greatest number-the greatest number being number one. But the Ginger Man (Donleavy's only character) is growing old. He retains his arrogance but has lost his verve; he still despises naysayers but has nothing left to affirm: his defiant rage has begun to sound like a petulant whine. In his latest disguise, The Saddest Summer of Samuel S (Delacorte), Donleavy's middle-aging hero turns up in Vienna, where he has been undergoing psychoanalysis for five years. Abigail, a kind of Enovid-coated Candy, a coed prowling Europe in search of the Great Transforming Lay, slips hopefully into Samuel's bed, no strings attached. But Sam says he wants strings; he wants a wife and kids (his own image suggests puppets), so he turns over and goes to sleep instead, thinking of himself as a "hero of lonely principles." But the reader will suspect that what he calls heroism is only inertia, that his principles consist of protecting his comfortable image of himself as a sensitive soul sat on by the gross fat world. Samuel admits he's a monster of selfishness, but even the confession becomes an assertion of moral superiority: "Who else but me has the honesty to admit it?" Maybe the Ginger Man should have died young, going down in flames. For his misanthropy is unearned: Life no longer tortures his soul, it doesn't even bruise his spirit; it merely shortchanges him.

To that small number of people (may Zeus reward them) who take note of the by-lines in magazines, the name Dan Wakefield will at once evoke satisfying memories of solid reports from Spain and from Israel, from America's South and New York's slums, from the world of politics and the world of pot. Ten years' worth of his efforts are now available in Between the Lines (New American Library), along with some of the most honest observations on the free-lance life ever to be made public by a member of that normally impersonal trade. Wakefield even tells us how much money he makes —the figure has never gone over \$8000 a year. Wakefield counters those who criticize him for leaving the grayish pages of serious weeklies to write for slick magazines with-Horrors!-pictures of girls in them, by explaining simply that he contributes to publications that permit him to write what he wants to write in the way he wants to write it. Giving the background of The Prodigal Powers of Pot, that celebrated account of the marijuana syndrome which first appeared in these pages and is reprinted

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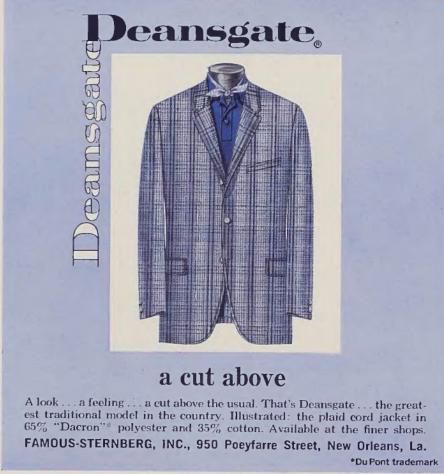
in the book, Wakefield writes: "PLAYBOY exercised no editorial influence on me to bring out or subdue any point or aspect of the story. They wanted a full and honest account of the subject, and I gave it to them to the best of my ability." Our thanks, then, to the intrepid Wakefield for his kind comments, for his contributions past and to come, and for this most refreshing collection of his first decade of work.

Writers who catch on late in their careers often rummage through their desks for neglected manuscripts, blow off the dust and present them to a newly interested audience. Not so with Vladimir Nabokov. His creative outburst of the 1930s was like a celestial explosion in the remote universe, whose shimmering light only reached our eyes-and these pages-decades later. Among his many previously unavailable works are two plays, one of which, The Waltz Invention (Phaedra), written in 1938, is now published for the first time in English. This is not one of Nabokov's major efforts. In limiting himself to dialog, he stills the quivering reflections on the surface of his prose, denies himself its evocative shadows and glimmers. More important, the play lacks the sudden fissure in the heart, the paralyzing glimpse of loss (Humbert Humbert's realization that he has stolen Lolita's childhood), which light his novels with compassion. On the surface, the play is a black-comedy paraphrase of Lord Acton: Power corrupts, and farcical power corrupts farcically. Salvator Waltz, possessor of a machine that can blow up entire cities, blackmails mankind into making him "King of the world with desires unlimited." Professing that the greatest of these desires is to save the world, he smothers it instead in his blindly groping embrace. When he forces his 3/4 vision on a 4/4 universe, his utopia becomes a madhouse. But politics are only the surface of the play: Nabokov imprisons his characters in a hall of mirrors, mirrors facing mirrors, where only the insane can find their way. Yet by delicately angling the mirrors, Nabokov himself seems to glimpse-if only in reflection, if only for a moment-fragments of lost bliss. For Nabokov is primarily a writer of ecstatic nostalgia, snatching at wisps of memory, pinning them, mounting them in a frieze of time, and by the tenderness of his gaze, encircling them with the nimbus of the highest art.

Marcia Busby was married at 14, but when her husband entered the bedroom on their wedding night she left town in chaste haste. At 16 she was a penitentiary inmate. At 18 she was a successful bootlegger. And at 28 she was a madam in wide-open San Francisco. There is no

reason to expect that Marcia's unusual activities would prepare her to write a graceful autobiography, and they haven't. Instead, we have an alley-cat saga in The Lody of the House (Putnam), by Sally Stanford—a name adopted in 1931 while she was feeling sloppily sentimental (a band was playing I Wonder What's Become of Sally? and a headline announced that Stanford had beaten California). As the operator of a chain of deluxe brothels, Sally felt an obligation to provide impeccable wares for her clients and thrived for almost 20 years as a consequence. During this period, as she recounts in a heavy downpour of anecdotes, she became a student of the male animal. (Her valedictory message: "Romance without finance is a nuisance!") Some men, she found, aren't worth sending upstairs. They slug the girls, make unattractive requests, stop their checks the morning after, pass out, and otherwise gum up an enterprise in which time means money. Usually careful to refer only to the departed, Sally reports that Errol Flynn was a gentleman, while Humphrey Bogart had "no class." Not that Flynn and Bogart were customers-they just liked to loll in the atmosphere for which Sally's home for pliant girls was celebrated. Since she always considered it a sin to offer bribes, Sally had to conduct running battles with policemen, some of whom tried to nail her to the courthouse wall over the years. They failed, but when San Francisco suffered a severe morality quake in 1949, she closed up shop, and re-emerged as the proprietor of the Valhalla Restaurant, which she operates to this day in suburban Sausalito, just over the Golden Gate. She has churned the civic waters there by running twice for the city council, losing twice and pledging to try again. Her major campaign plank calls for the establishment of a public restroom in the center of town. Maybe Sally can't write, but her whole career demonstrates that she's all heart.

William Golding's The Hot Gutes (Harcourt, Brace & World) is a collection of personal essays in which the fierce creator of Lord of the Flies turns gentle philosopher. The book is part reminiscence, part rumination. Golding plays with history, rewrites it to suit his fancy and assigns himself a role in it. In the title essay he takes us to the craggy hills of Greece and tries to reconstruct the Spartan martyrdom against Xerxes' hordes at Thermopylae. He scrambles up a hill and, looking down upon the ancient battleground, evokes the scene: "The column of dust diminished. The King of Kings gave an order. The huge army shrugged itself upright and began the march forward into the Hot Gates, where the last of the Spartans were still fighting with nails and feet and teeth."







# OLD HICKORY

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In Golding's world, logic must yield to imagination, science to fantasy. He claims that Copernicus' discovery that the earth revolved around the sun was essentially an act of faith-that is, of imagination. "I am an ancient Egyptian," he proclaims in another essay, "with all their unreason, spiritual pragmatism and capacity for ambiguous belief." We get some notion of what it means to be an ancient Egyptian living in the 20th Century in his essay "Body and Soul." He describes his trip by jet from New York to Los Angeles. He is fascinated by the speed of the jet, which whisks his body to the West Coast while leaving his slow-to-adjust soul behind. "Body here, can see it sitting in the seat. Soul still leaving Atlantic coast." Golding plays happily with this idea until his seatmate interrupts. His seatmate "is physicist, naturally," all facts and logic. "Tells me about jets sucking air in at one end and blowing result of combustion out at other. Encourage him, from a pure sense of joie de vivre. Rash, this, very." Good book, this, very.

In his first novel, The Messenger, Charles Wright focused on the rootless present of a young Negro in New York. The book was tart yet wistful, hip but not in the least self-righteous. Now, in his second novel, The Wig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Wright continues his theme of urban alienation, as experienced by a Negro, but has changed his style. Set in "an America of Tomorrow," The Wig is a comic fantasy. Its nonhero, Lester Jefferson, is a Harlem Candide, convinced that he can still find a place in the Great Society with the right key, which is a straightened head of hair, thanks to Silky Smooth Hair Relaxer. But the key keeps breaking in a variety of locks. He fails in an assault on poprecord heights as a soul singer; he fails in love as the prostitute finds out he is an indigenous and broke black American. The best job he can get is crawling through the streets of New York in the humiliating costume of a chicken as an ad for the King of Southern Fried Kitchen. Acting as a mordant Greek chorus to this dead-end odyssey is a gallery of distorted urban survivors, notably Little Jimmie Wishbone, once an Uncle Tom screen star and now on occasional leave from the psychiatric ward at Kings County Hospital. The book ends as Mr. Fishback, an expert in phony credit cards, turns into Fate and strips the new Candide of his wig and presumably his spirit. The prose is swift; the mood, bitter; the theme, pain in a world of absurdity. Charles Wright has succeeded in creating a comédie noire-in both senses of that term.





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### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Though my sexual experiences are limited, I have often wished that occasionally my girlfriend's and my roles in the sex act could be reversed—she being the seducer and I the seduced. Can you think of a tactful way to suggest such a change?—E. P., Eugene, Oregon.

Not really, since most girls prefer to feel that the male is the aggressor in matters amatory. Your best chance of ever being the seduced rather than the seducer is to seek out a female with corresponding inclinations. But you should be forewarned that a woman who enjoys playing the dominant role in sexual relations will, in all probability, wish to dominate the relationship in other ways as well.

At a dinner party I gave, I served a bottle of Côte de Nuits burgundy to my guests. One of them—a real smart-ass—kept insisting that serving a wine at room temperature did not necessarily mean the temperature maintained in a steam-heated apartment building. I said that room temperature is room temperature and that chilling—even slightly—a bottle of excellent burgundy would be a serious breach of wine etiquette. We got into quite a little argument. Who was right?—P. D., New York, New York,

Your friend. In wine terminology, "room temperature" refers to that maintained in a Normandy castle with no central heating—usually 65 to 72 degrees—rather than a Manhattan tower. Under no circumstances should any wine be served at over 72 degrees.

s it possible to straighten a warped record?—S. L., Duluth, Minnesota.

Depends on how bad the warp is. Slightly warped records can be reflattened by stacking fairly heavy objects, such as telephone books, on them and letting them sit overnight in their liners, on a perfectly flat surface. All you can do with a severely warped record is retire it.

have been dating a young lady for the past three months, but as of this writing she has shown no signs of warming up. I dress conservatively, drive a 1966 Chevy II Nova SS, and always wine and dine her at the best places—usually starting off the evening with a good Scotch, then a great meal and, finally, a little dancing. However, promptly at 11 P. M. she always develops a headache and asks to be taken home. All I've gotten for my efforts are a good-sized dent in my bank balance, chilly feet from so many companionless nights and a gasoline bill

bigger than the national debt. What can I do to improve this situation?—P. C., Cherry Point, North Carolina.

Obviously, your initials don't stand for Prince Charming—at least this girl doesn't think so. We'd say that three months of steady dating with a regular 11 P.M. sign-off indicates she isn't very interested in having the relationship develop beyond its present platonic level. The "headache" routine is an easy way to avoid denting your ego, as dating her has been denting your bank balance. Since you prefer this to be a make-orbreak affair, we think you'd be wise to break it off.

ve always lighted a girl's cigarette first, regardless of whether I was using a match or a lighter. Recently, however, a date informed me that when using a match I should light my own cigarette first so that I, rather than she, would get the taste of any sulphur fumes. I have never heard of this practice. Am I poorly informed?—J. R., Rangely, Colorado.

No, she is. Always light a lady's cigarette first, regardless of the type of flame. When using a match, the smell of sulphur will disappear if you let it burn for a second or two before offering it.

Are there any measures that can be taken to remove the shine from trouser seats?—J. P. M., Cleveland, Ohio.

Careful cleaning will reduce the shine, but only slightly and temporarily. Nor is there any known way to prevent the shine that results from normal wear—especially with serge, mohair and flat worsteds—unless you can manage to avoid sitting down in them. The best way to eliminate the problem of shiny trousers is, we think, to give them to the Salvation Army.

am a 24-year-old divorcee with a 5-year-old son whom I am supporting while I work my way through college. Having no immediate plans for remarriage, I plan to enter secondary teaching after I have completed the requirements for a master's degree in English. My dilemma is a common one for women in my position, for while I don't advocate promiscuity, I see no reason why an adult female cannot enjoy an intimate relationship with a man of her own choosing. My parents, however, insist that such a relationship will bring dishonor upon me and, more important, cause hardships and emotional disturbances to my child. Should I stick to my beliefs and continue to date as I have in the past, or is there a chance that the

# lt can't talk.

# But women get the message.



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presence of a male friend might psychologically harm my child?—Mrs. J. L. S.,

San Diego, California.

Stick to your beliefs. The imagined hardships your parents think your child will face are nothing compared with the real ones you'll face if you let them force you into a life of abstinence. As long as you conduct your affairs sensibly and discreetly, there is no reason your child should be negatively affected by them. To the contrary, the presence of a considerate male who also displays sincere interest in and affection for the child is likely to have a beneficial rather than a harmful effect.

My girl and I have some friends who like to give what they call sit-down dinners—ones with place cards that show people where they're supposed to sit. I say this is a lot of nonsense that went out with garters and spats and that I have a perfect right to sit anyplace I want. She says that this type of party is perfectly acceptable and that I would be committing a breach of etiquette if I didn't comply. Who's right?—B. B., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

She is. If formal sit-down dinners bother you so much, then decline the invitation. But if you go, the host and hostess have the right to expect you to accept the protocol at such an affair.

s there a correct time of day to serve brandy?—K. G., Syracuse, New York.

No. But taking our cue from the old German proverb "Brandy is lead in the morning, silver at noon and gold in the night," we prefer ours well after five, usually after dinner.

hat do you do when you've been married for three years to the loveliest coed on campus and she tells you that she would like to take a separate pad for a few months and date other fellows? She claims that she had an overprotective mother who never allowed her to go out with boys before coming to college, and she feels that many of our minor marital difficulties could be solved if she went out with other men and learned through experience how men and women differ generally in their approach to life. Somehow, I can't quite bring myself to be this liberal. What do 1 tell her?-T. W., Richmond, Virginia.

Tell her that dating other guys may solve some of your minor marital difficulties, but it is almost certain to create major ones. It is, we think, a fine way to destroy the marriage—not repair it.

received an engraved calling card from a friend of mine with P. P. C. scrawled on the bottom of it. What does this mean? I've called this friend at home a couple of times, but apparently

he's moved away and now I'm afraid I'll never know.—D. W., New York, New York.

That's what he was trying to tell you—that he's moved away. P. P. C. stands for the French pour prendre congé, which means "to take one's leave." It's a form used in the diplomatic service to indicate that the sender is either moving or will be out of town for an extended period of time. Your very formal friend will most likely send you another card when he is settled at his new address.

My fiancée and I recently went shopping for an engagement ring. We finally settled on one that had a beautiful setting but a rather small diamond, at a price that fitted perfectly into our agreedupon premarital budget. The next day a few girls at the office made some sarcastic remarks, such as, "Lovely setting, where's the stone?" and "Does the diamond come with the last payment?" My fiancée took it lightheartedly, but when she told me about it, I was sore as hell. Is it standard operating procedure for girls to kid one another this way, or are those broads aching for a king-sized putdown?-R. S., Dallas, Texas.

Some girls will always make with the meows when one of their own turns up sporting a bauble they can only dream about. If your girl were wearing the Hope Diamond, these same emeraldeyed sweethearts would say, "Let's see if it will cut glass." We like your fiance's lighthearted attitude.

While listening to a sports-car race on the radio, I heard repeated references to something called a centrifugal rain shield. I had a mental image of a wind-rotated piece of plexiglass mounted in front of the face. Am I correct?—T. G., Greenville, South Carolina.

You have an accurate imagination. Centrifugal rain shields are pretty much as you describe them—wind-rotated disks of plexiglass, eight or nine inches in diameter, mounted on the driver's crash helmet in front of his face. The rain shields are relatively new to the field of sports-car racing, having been developed in the last year or so in Europe, where it is common to continue races during fairly heavy rain.

I'm considering buying a hookah, or Turkish water pipe. I have heard that besides water, it is possible to fill the pipe with things like brandies and liqueurs. If this is so, what are good bets?—D. W., Greenwood, Indiana.

Although the hookah is designed for water, it can, indeed, be filled with any beverage at all. Many devotees of the hookah do use a spot of brandy mixed with the water to impart a rich flavor to their smoke. Any kind will do, but we

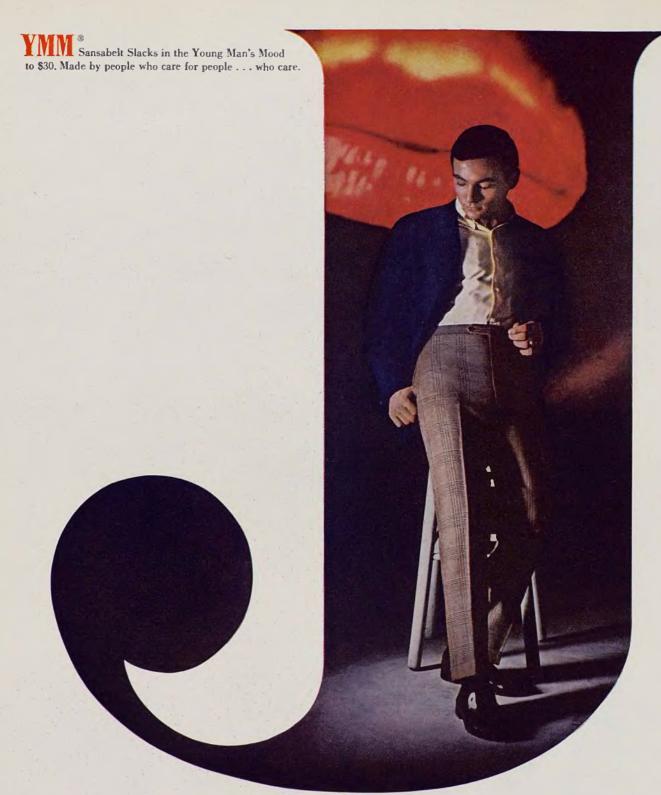
suggest you don't waste your V.S.O.P. or good cognac; stick, instead, to an inexpensive variety, which will do the job nicely.

My age is 22, my faith Jewish and I've been dating a Protestant girl for four years. We plan to be married within the year, and she will convert to Judaism as soon as the ring's on her finger. Her family is delighted by the coming event. but my parents have vowed they never will accept her-even if she does convert. Furthermore, they've threatened to disown me. What baffles me is, my folks are not from the Old Country. They are third-generation Americans, and one would think they'd learned to be tolerant and respectful of the beliefs of others. Valuing their love, and not wishing to cause a rupture in my relations with them, I have begun to wonder whether my marrying this girl is the right thing. What do you say?-T. L. F., Atlanta,

As you probably know, many immigrant Jews used to "sit shibah" (a week's mourning for the dead) when an offspring married outside the faith. Assimilative patterns in this country have altered the restrictive attitude of many Jews toward intermarriage in recent years, however. Unfortunately, your parents' views are more a product of the Old World than the New. Faced with this kind of dilemma, you must decide which means more to you: your intended wife or your family. Since we think an individual should choose a mate for himself (or herself) rather than for his family, our advice would be to go ahead and marry the girl-having made quite certain, of course, that you really do love her and aren't actually contemplating marriage because your parents disapprove (in a subconscious attempt to exert your independence). If your parents are reasonable people, there is an excellent chance that, given time, they will come around and eventually accept your wife as a member of the family. But if you do proceed with your wedding plans, you should do so with the full knowledge that it may mean a complete, permanent break with your parents, and never allow yourself to blame your wife for this family discord later. Considering all this, if you truly love the girl, we think you'd be foolish to give her up.

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, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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### PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THERE'S GOOD LIVING and new luxury amid the ice fields and tundras of Alaska -an off-trail escape from the summer heat of the city. Places such as Williwaw Lodge on secluded Lake Wasilla near Anchorage, the Cripple Creek resort just outside Fairbanks, Tongass Lodge in Juneau and rustic Camp Denali in the wilderness area of Mt. McKinley National Park all offer a welcome chance to cool it along the outer edges of the nation's frontier. You can try your hand at midnight swimming parties under a bright sun, athletic glacier scrambles, or camera-stalking everything from giant king crab to Kodiak bear.

No longer a raw frontier, the 49th state can be quickly reached by plane from Seattle or Chicago. But even more fun than flying there is taking a cruise by ship up the ice-dotted Inland Passage. It's a four-day voyage from Vancouver north to Haines. Once there, don't fail to fly to Paradise Cove, where the icebergs break off Rainbow Glacier on the mountainside high above. Overnighting at the Hotel Halsingland in Port Chilkoot to sample its famed smorgasbord, you can continue overland across ice-capped ranges and high tundra meadows, past glaciers and then on through the lush Matanuska Valley farmland until you get to Anchorage.

For dedicated anglers, there's a comfortable excursion to Brooks River Camp in the famed Katmai National Monument on the Alaska Peninsula, where the salmon and trout never stop running. From this Brooks River fishing spot, you can go to the wilderness area in buses rolling to the brink of the spectacular Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.

A growing demand for escape by the hungry-for-something-different has increased availability of luxury accommodations throughout the northern wilderness of Alaska and Ganada. Typical of these posh polar resorts is Branson's Cameron Bay Lodge on Great Bear Lake in the Canadian Arctic. This luxury lodge is base camp for going after the fightingest trout of them all—the rare arctic charr, which here run up to 27 pounds. The resort's tab of \$1000 a week covers everything from bar bills to Indian guides, including the flight in by chartered plane from Edmonton.

If your wanderlust lures you still farther afield to try the iced delights of Europe, make a stop at Jyväskylä, Finland, on the northern tip of Lake Päijänne in forested hill country easily reached by car or train from Helsinki or by hydrofoil from Lahti along scenic waterways. One of its main charms is that the modern Institute of Pedagogics there attracts some 2000 students—most of them coeds—for summer courses each year. There's an excellent classical music festival the first two weeks of July—and fine fishing, swimming and boating.

Idyllic Ebeltoft, on the east coast of Jutland, is a Danish delight not on the standard tourist itinerary. Half-timbered buildings on winding cobbled streets make this a picture-book base for excursions to prehistoric dolmens and ancient castles. The Hvide Hus Hotel on the outskirts of town is not only modern but widely known for its excellent cuisine.

In Norway, Geiranger is one of the most scenic fjord villages. Located at the head of narrow Geiranger Fjord, its setting is dramatized by great waterfalls cascading from the steep mountains on either side. From nearby Djupvasshytta you can go in for some tricky but exciting glacier skiing and then get back to sea level for water skiing on the fjord below, all in the same day.

Note to golf fanatics: You can play more hours of the day in Scandinavia, with an assist from the midnight sun, than anywhere else in the world. There are 115 courses dotted around the four countries. One of the plushest is at the Swedish coastal resort of Båstad.

Summertime skiing is now officially under way in South America. The biggest and certainly the swingingest of the Latin-American ski centers is the 10,000foot-high Chilean resort of Portillo. Life here revolves around the elegant sevenstory Hotel Portillo, with accommodations up to \$60-a-day suites. Daytime temperatures often run into the 70s in brilliant sun, so not everybody will want to spend all his time on the resort's 18 ski slopes served by five chair lifts. The hotel's broad terraces fronting on threemile-long Inca Lake are popular for sunbathing after a dip in the hotel's heated swimming pool or a turn on the ice-skating rink. Latin meal hours being what they are, plan on afternoon tea at five, cocktails at seven and dinner not before 9:30 or 10-followed by dancing until two or three in the morning in one of the hotel's several smart boites.

Other resorts in the spectacular Chilean lakes region, notably Temuco close by the slopes of Llaima Volcano and Osorno on the lesser slopes of Antillanca, offer skiing almost year round. One of the hard-to-beat thrills at Llaima is the giant slalom run from the rim of the volcano, a full eight miles down to the base.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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### THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### SWINGIN' SEMINARIANS

The following announcement, signed by student Garrie Stevens, appeared in a recent issue of *Flux*, the student newspaper at Boston University School of Theology. As one who has been trying to encourage a more sympathetic attitude toward Playboy, I was heartened when I saw this announcement:

Copies of *The Playboy Philoso*phy have been placed in the library.

I will promise not to write Luther off as a constipated souse if you will promise not to write Hefner off as a greedy exploiter. We cannot judge the truth of a man's statements either by his toilet training or by the size of his income. To do so is to limit seriously our search for truth.

The Playboy Philosophy crystallizes the moral code of a large segment of our population, not just of the "whee!" people, but of the thinking; you will be a minister to the problems of sexual morality in our age of moral upheaval. You have a right to know what they're thinking; you will be a minister to many of them.

The Rev. David A. Yegerlehner Boston, Massachusetts

### ALMA MATER APPLAUSE

When the first PLAYBOY editorial appeared, I assumed that it would be superficial and little more than a cover for the printing of photographs of nude women. I have come to respect, however, Mr. Hefner's seriousness of purpose as well as his scholarship. I now applaud his editorials.

Lloyd G. Humphreys, Head Department of Psychology University of Illinois Urbana, Illinois

Having received his B.S. in psychology (class of '49) from the U. of 1., Hefner is especially pleased to receive this accolade from the esteemed department head.

### U.S. SEX LAWS

My compliments to Hugh Hefner on his survey of contemporary sex laws.

In my opinion, Mr. Hefner's series of articles will have a significant and beneficial effect. His editorials are responsible, well written and soundly researched; and while I do not agree with all of his conclusions, I cannot help but think that publication of this fine series in a periodical of the quality and wide readership of PLAYBOY will shed some much-needed light on the law's murkiest recesses.

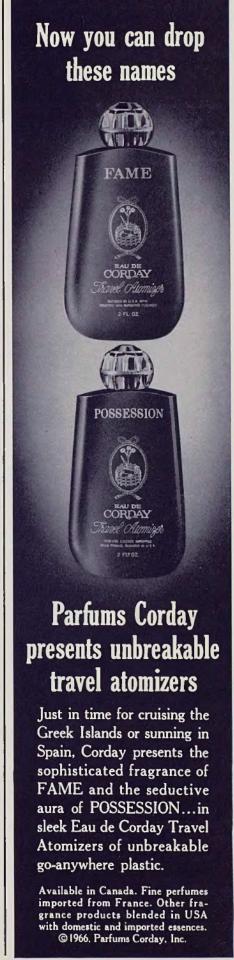
Although I suppose the classification of sex laws in the November *Philosophy* was arranged as a matter of literary convenience, I find it an unfortunate one. For example, indecent exposure and assaultive sexual acts such as rape have no essential relationship to each other, either medically, legally or in the context of society's need for protection; and under the classification "Juvenile Sex Offenses," Hefner includes statutory rape and incest, neither of which necessarily involves a juvenile (and when they do, the juvenile is generally the victim rather than the alleged offender).

You might want to consider adding to your series a consideration of sex psychopath statutes (which can operate most oppressively, as in Dittrich vs. Brown County, Supreme Court of Minnesota, 1943, 9 NW2d 510, in which a man was committed on the testimony of his wife that he made excessive sexual demands on her and engaged in masturbation, although he had never been convicted of, or even charged with, a sex offense, and although his wife was at the time of her testimony suing him for divorce; and because the looseness of wording of state statutes offers excellent possibilities for extortion); miscegenation laws (which often provide horrendous penalties in cases of interracial marriage or cohabitation); and the whole area of censorship of allegedly "obscene" and "prurient" literature (ACLU recently reported a comment in the Houston Chronicle, attributed to a local Birch Society member who had objected to a life of Plato in a schoolbook: "I haven't read Plato in a long time, but he talks about free love and communal living and such. . . . I can't help but believe that this is one reason we have so many sex maniacs walking around.").

> Richard C. Allen, Director Institute of Law, Psychiatry and Criminology George Washington University

Washington, D. C.

The outline in the November installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" was not intended as a sociological or



statutory classification of sex offenses; it was a list of the subjects to be covered in forthcoming installments with the order dictated, as you surmise, primarily for literary convenience. Exhibitionism and rape will be covered in conjunction with each other precisely because they are psychological opposites—rather than closely related forms of behavior, as many persons assume. Statutory rape, incest and juvenile delinquency will be discussed together, because they are all primarily related to sex offenses involving minors.

In this issue, Hefner considers historical and contemporary approaches to the problem of prostitution; in subsequent installments of "Philosophy," he will offer conclusions on society's legislative attempts to suppress both heterosexual and homosexual sodomy.

I believe that sex practices between consenting adults cannot be effectively regulated by law, so I am in general agreement with Mr. Hefner's conclusions in recent installments of The Playboy Philosophy.

I am very much interested in sex legislation, since I happen to be chairman of a state bar committee to revise the penal laws of Texas. We shall, in general, take the Model Penal Code and the fairly recent Illinois Code as starting points for the discussions that we will have leading up to the final code that we will propose to the Texas legislature.

I must say that I am not in agreement with what is being said by some sociologists and psychologists about promiscuous sexual activity's not being a matter of social concern. The family is a very important unit in our society, and it is in the family that children grow up and develop habits of living. I consider it immoral to do that which undermines an important social institution, and I believe that large-scale sexual intercourse out of wedlock would tend to undermine the family unit and could be a very serious problem. Although I don't believe that this can be regulated by society, there may be some point to the notion that the mere condemnation of such acts by the law, even though largely unenforced, has a psychological effect on the practices of people.

Page Keeton, Dean The University of Texas School of Law Austin, Texas

We are pleased to learn that you will be in a position to help formulate a more enlightened set of sex laws for Texas, and we hope that your new penal-law provisions will reflect not only the recommendations of the Model Penal Code of the A. L. I. and the revised Illinois Penal Code, but the recent drast of the Association Internationale de Droit Pénal at its Hague meeting (1964). This conference, of some 600 professionals in the field of criminal law, adopted resolutions concerning fornication, birth control, abortion and homosexuality almost identical with the recommendations of "The Playboy Philosophy." We would be happy to send you copies of both the Hague document and the "Philosophy" upon request.

We agree that sexual promiscuity is generally destructive to marriage and the family, and that this should be a matter of serious social concern. But we are equally convinced that attempts to suppress private sexual behavior by governmental edict are worse than ineffectivethey have a significantly harmful influence on society, just as national Prohibition did. Those laws that are universally flouted by the otherwise law-abiding members of society create a disrespect and disregard for all forms of law and order. In addition, the occasional, necessarily capricious application of such statutes is unjust, frequently creating more hurt and havoc than the allegedly antisocial acts they are designed to discourage. We believe, and would be happy to discuss this with you further, that the sanctions of personal morality are far more effective than unenforced and unenforceable laws.

### WHERE'S THE ACTION?

The *Philosophy* in your December issue alone justified the 12-shilling expenditure, but one thing seems to be missing in your crusade—action.

PLAYBOY has no monopoly on new ideas in the areas of rational thinking and individual freedom. (Even the House of Lords has begun processing a bill to legalize "some" abortions. That alone indicates the antiquity of the idea.) But what PLAYBOY does have, inter alia, is a vast audience, funds and an unparalleled opportunity to be instrumental in achieving great reforms and overcoming ancient, superstitious traditions that have haunted men, women and children through the ages, even up to the most democratic, progressive and affluent civilization the world has ever known—the United States, of course.

A few organizations (such as the NAACP and ACLU) and individuals with courage (such as Madalyn Murray) find the power and intellect of the Supreme Court an invaluable protector of liberty and democracy, provided the litigants can afford the hard cash. But a lot of people get the impression that your Editor-Publisher-reformer embodies the epitome of hypocrisy by lying around his mansion, when he could be financing a legal staff and some First Amendment litigation. His opportunity to be a great reformer lies in action more than words, but where's the action? Others, with insufficient funds, bear the burden. Hefner

only writes about what a lot of people already think. He's probably not reaching the Bible Belt very much, either.

An abortion case, a fornication case, a sodomy case, an adultery case may well fall on receptive ears in the Supreme Court, but few can afford it. It's my guess that PLAYBOY could soften up the public, the legal profession and the court on those issues if Hefner dropped his hypocrisy and set up a legal staff.

The NAACP took Brown vs. Board of Education to the Court, and a brave doctor fought his unenlightened state for almost 20 years before Griswold vs. Conn. was decided, but those only cracked the door. (I mentioned Brown because people talked about segregation for such a long time before any "action" took place. The analogy to Hefner's approach is most compelling.)

Rational thinking in the interest of individual happiness appears to be a credo of PLAYBOY, but does this credo contain the proviso that such thinking must not disturb PLAYBOY's bank account?

> R. Lucas, Esq. Faculty of Law Glasgow University Glasgow, Scotland

The Playboy Foundation was founded a few months ago for precisely the purpose advocated in your letter: to turn words into action, by working for the social and legal reforms advocated in "The Playboy Philosophy." The majority of the money for the Foundation will come from Playboy, and from Hugh Hefner, personally, but readers wishing to participate may do so by sending a check or money order to: The Playboy Foundation, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

### PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

Here is my first contribution to the Playboy Foundation. Thanks for an opportunity to do something tangible to help.

David L. Kelley San Diego, California

Please accept the enclosed nominal contribution to the Playboy Foundation until the time when my budget will permit a larger one.

"Those wishing to contribute to . . . future projects inspired by the basic precepts of *The Playboy Philosophy* . . ." is the phrase that especially appealed to me. *Lead on*, PLAYBOY!

Adam Foster Schiller Park, Illinois

Please accept the enclosed check as my first contribution to the Playboy Foundation. I wish I could send more, but I am sure that my contribution will be put to good use. The task you are setting



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out to accomplish is by no means a small one, but it is extremely essential that it be undertaken.

As long as ignorant people are in a position to impose their views on others, our task will be incomplete.

I note with great pleasure the release from prison of Donn Caldwell. The fact that he was incarcerated in the first place is ample cause for indignation and is an act that cannot be justified.

> Walter D. Himmelein University of Pennsylvania Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It is truly exhilarating to hear of the Playboy Foundation. Nothing would more move my soul than to read in some future news article: "Doe, who claims that he is being tried for a ridiculous crime, has appealed to, and is receiving aid from, the Playboy Foundation."

John Parker Portland, Oregon

Enclosed is a small check as a contribution to the Playboy Foundation. More, and more substantial, contributions will be made in the future.

A check is also being sent to Madalyn Murray's attorneys. Thank you for supporting her for the sake of us all.

> Robert G. Hoffmann Miami, Florida

I am enclosing a check that was originally sent to me in one of the letters of encouragement from your readers, after the publication of my prison correspondence in *The Playboy Forum* ("A 'Sex Offender' Speaks," June 1965). I would like the money to go to the Playboy Foundation. I just wish I could make it more

In the past few days, I've been reading the mail that was written to me while still an inmate at West Virginia State Penitentiary last summer, because most of it was withheld until after the court ordered my release in November. There are well over 200 letters—all dated May or June—from every part of the United States, as well as from London, England; Nice, France; Aerdenhout, Holland; Istanbul, Turkey; Hanau, Germany; Zurich, Switzerland; and several cities in Canada. And every one is sympathetic; there isn't a harsh or unfriendly word in any of them.

I just wish that there was some way that I could convey how much your support, and the support of your readers, has meant to me, and to my parents, in my darkest hour. I will be grateful to PLAYBOY for the rest of my life. That's why giving something to the Playboy Foundation right away is important to me. I want to feel directly involved in whatever worthwhile cause, or challenge,

or work, the Foundation takes on next.

Donn Caldwell

Moundsville, West Virginia

The complete story of the Donn Caldwell case—his arrest, trial, conviction, imprisonment, and eventual release—will be told for the first time in a forth-coming installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

### A MOTHER'S THANKS

Please accept a mother's thanks for all that you have done for my son Donn. You were the first to print his side of the case, at a time when nearly everyone was against him, and I will be eternally grateful for the part you played in helping to set him free. God bless you.

Mrs. Victor D. Caldwell Moundsville, West Virginia

### SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

I have been requested to write an article about *The Playboy Philosophy* for the local diocesan newspaper. During my research, I have encountered an important point on which I feel impelled to comment.

The last paragraph of the 24th installment of The Playboy Philosophy implies that the constitutional doctrine of separation of church and state declares that the church is to have no political voice or weight in the nation's life whatsoever. Surely this is not true! It is my understanding that this constitutional doctrine has to do with what the Government can do in terms of initiating religious practices or beliefs. If the church (or churches), organized as voluntary associations of individuals, can so manipulate the levers of political power to achieve legislation to serve their interests, they are doing nothing more than exercising their constitutional rights. It would appear to me to be obvious that all special-interest groups engage in legislative lobbying to promote their own interests. If it is wrong for the church to do this, then it is wrong for the A. F. of L.-C. I. O., Ford Motor Co., or any other special-interest group. If any of us disagree with what the Catholic Welfare Committee was able to accomplish in New York (I think I disagree with them), then it is our responsibility to organize politically and to enter into the fray of the political struggle for power.

> The Rev. Arthur L. Sargent Episcopal Chaplain to North Texas State University and Texas Woman's University Denton, Texas

What Hefner wrote, as the concluding paragraph of the December "Philosophy"—"Such is the status of enlightened sex legislation, and the separation of church and state, in the U.S. today."—was a reference to the codification of religious morality in our secular sex laws, which

is a violation of the Constitution.

The constitutional doctrine of separation of church and state was an important innovation of American democracy -distinguishing it from European tradition and the evils that have historically accrued when clerical and secular powers were joined. It was a matter of such importance that our founding fathers made this the very first right in the Bill of Rights. For as James Madison wrote, "Who does not see that the same authority which can establish Christianity, in exclusion of all other religions, may establish with the same ease any particular sect of Christians, in exclusion of all other sects?"

You are correct in your observation that the U.S. Constitution's church-state doctrine prohibits the Government from "initiating religious practices or beliefs" -or from intervening in the free exercise thereof. This doesn't mean that the church is to have no political voice or influence in the secular affairs of society. But it does mean that while other "special-interest groups engage in legislative lobbying to promote their own interests," the First Amendment prohibits the passage of any law specifically intended to serve the interests of religion; and the church that attempts to promote its particular beliefs or practices through legislation is guilty of flouting the Constitution and its protection of our religious freedom.

### UNENFORCEABLE LAWS

Hurray for Hugh Hefner! I finally got around to reading the November and December installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, and I heartily approve them.

There are many ramifications to the sex problem, and there is no single, simple and easy solution. Solutions must be worked out by society, the Church and individuals. It is at least possible that the solution will be a continuously evolving one and never become fixed. As I see it, government has very little place in the matter. The presence on the statute books of such laws as those cited by Hefner that were recently carried over in New York constitute part of the hypocrisy of American society and of many Christians. They serve as ipso facto proof of American "virtue," leaving the individual free to act as he jolly well pleases, always being able to point with pride to the stern fabric of his nation as attested by the statutes.

Another facet of this matter goes far beyond the sex problem, though it certainly applies there, too. I refer to the very human trait of laziness. When coupled with a related trait—a failure to exercise one's imagination—this takes shape as an attitude that any ill of society can be cured by the passage of suitable legislation. It is much easier to pass

# Muke It.



International Surfing stars make it with Catalina. Mike Doyle, number one in Surfer Magazine's reader poll, right, wears the "Waimea," Australia's Queensland Champion Ken Adler, left, wears "Ole Verde," and Robert August, one of California's best, center, wears "Surf Beach". The best from the originators of authentic Surfer® jackets and trunks. All of 100% Du Pont Nylon.





the buck by passing a law than it is to study a matter exhaustively and then seek a cure by a fundamental approach. This has long been true in the area of racial integration. Although racialequality laws have been on the books of many states for years, they have failed to accomplish racial equality, for the good reason that people's attitudes are not changed by the mere passage of laws. If any large minority in a society does not intend to obey a particular law, then it will find ways of violating it. This makes the law worse than useless, for it gets these people into the habit of disobeying law, and breeds a disrespect for the institution of law itself, a very dangerous trait, indeed.

In the meantime, I think Hugh Hefner is on the right track. I hope that, somehow, he can stimulate enough interest in legislative reform in sexual matters that the people will apply the necessary pressures to their legislators to accomplish it.

The Rev. Moss Armistead St. Barnabas' Episcopal Church Florissant, Missouri

While we appreciate your approval of Hefner's editorial position on government interference in matters of private morality, we don't agree that civil rights legislation is even remotely related. In the attempted suppression of consensual sex activity, the citizen's constitutional rights are violated by an unwarranted invasion of privacy, without any harm having been done to the other members of our secular society; in civil rights legislation, the citizen's constitutional rights are protected against violation-either by his fellow citizens, or by the state.

What makes our irrational sex laws unenforceable isn't just a matter of how many individuals approve, or disapprove, of them; more important is the fact that they are concerned with consensual behavior, so a "crime" is committed without the existence of a victim, and there is customarily no complainant to bring the activity to the attention of the authorities. This is not true in the case of civil rights legislation.

While "people's attitudes are not changed by the mere passage of laws," the recent passage of civil rights legislation wasn't intended to alter "attitudes"; it was enacted to assure equal economic, educational, social and political opportunity-without which, the Negro could never hope to overcome the burden of racial prejudice.

### ENTRAPMENT IN NEW ORLEANS

In a recent issue you stated that "it is a fundamental principle of U.S. law that no conviction can be secured on the basis of an arrest resulting from a situation to which police officials deliberately entice an otherwise innocent citizen into breaking the law."

If this is so, then perhaps some of your attention can and should be given to a sick and vicious situation that exists in New Orleans.

Every day of the week undercover policemen spend long hours (and the taxpayers' money) enticing men and women to have sexual relations with them. They approach these persons in bars and clubs, buy them drinks, invite them to hotel rooms they have rented and, in the case of the women, offer them money to commit a sexual act.

These people are then hauled into the criminal courts and charged with "attempted crime against nature" or "offering to commit prostitution."

The tragedy, of course, is that the socalled "crime" is never committed. (Well, almost never-but then the policeman's word is always accepted by the judge.)

Yet these people, who have been enticed and finagled into situations by policemen, are subjected to public ridicule, loss of their jobs, family embarrassment, exorbitant legal fees, fines and, in many cases, prison sentences.

Needless to say, the unleashing of this squad of "crime-busters" against the public has had the inevitable side effects -persecution, blackmail and police corruption in the form of pay-offs.

Is the "fundamental principle of U.S. law" to which you referred being violated?

(Name withheld by request) New Orleans, Louisiana

The law-enforcement practices you describe in New Orleans are common in many major cities across the country. Entrapment by a police officer is illegal, and can serve as the defense in a criminal prosecution. However, the line between entrapment, where the crime is actually provoked by the officer, and the situation where the officer simply makes himself available for the offense, which the defendant then offers to commit, is a fine

The problem is further complicated by the fact that, in most of these cases, there are no substantiating witnesses to the circumstances surrounding the alleged solicitation; the court is faced with the frequently conflicting testimony of the arresting officer and the defendant, and must reach a decision on the basis of whom it chooses to believe. The court rarely favors the defendant in such a situation, although there are numerous cases on record where evidence has subsequently come to light proving the testimony of the arresting officer was false. The use of entrapment and other illegal police procedures will be discussed in detail in the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," relating to prostitution; and, in a later installment, relating to "crimes against nature."

### **EASY ABORTION**

Obviously Miss Janelle Lindsey, who wrote the letter titled "The Pain of Abortion," in the December Forum, took her friends to the wrong doctor. I have been unfortunate enough to have undergone three abortions in the last two years, but the conditions were quite different from those described by Miss Lindsey. There was until recently, as many of us know, a doctor in Pennsylvania who, following the death of his 19year-old daughter at the hands of an abortion butcher, decided to set up a clinic solely for performing abortions. He performed at least six operations a day, every day, and there was often a six-to-eight-week waiting period for appointments.

I was terribly nervous the first time I went to Pennsylvania. I arrived in the afternoon and was shown to a room that was luxurious, clean and comfortable. The assistant brought me what I wanted to eat and I stayed in the clinic all night, in case there might be pain from the injection given me to cause dilation. In the morning, I was taken to the operating room, given an anesthetic, and afterward taken back to my room to recover. I had no pain, and I didn't see the knife, clamp or scalpel. I felt a bit ill from the antibiotic shots, but otherwise I felt great. I left an hour later with about seven packets of pills for any irregularity I might have, All this cost only \$100, although I was prepared to pay \$1000. This was, I'm sure, less than those unfortunate girls paid in Mexico.

Darrell Thomas London, England

### SOCIOLOGICAL CRITIQUE

I was reading the Playboy Advisor section of your January issue when I came upon the following quotation from sociologist Ira Reiss:

There is much scientific evidence which indicates the female sex drive (that which is inborn) is not by nature significantly less than the male's sex drive. It seems clear that, if so trained, women would have as much desire for sexual intercourse as men do, and that whatever innate differences exist are quite capable of modification. Even with the present unequal training, there are many women highly desirous of sexual activity.

I can only say that I was appalled. This appears to be the final reduction to absurdity of the proposition that men and women are really just the same, that only the "package" is different. I would like to know what scientific evidence Mr. Reiss writes of. I am not even sure, at their present level of development, that sociology and psychology can be considered sciences.

We in America are now in the slow

and painful process of altering or discarding the medieval public sexual standards that have confused and saddened the lives of so many people for so many years. Are we going to free ourselves of these old myths only to encumber ourselves with new ones?

In my opinion, men and women are not at all alike in their sexuality. The differences are not just in the "package," but are inherent in the natures of the sexes. According to Professor Everett Millard, in his fine book The Hygiene of Marriage, the male sex drive is extremely strong, direct and specific. It is seldom entirely dormant, it can be aroused by very slight and extremely varied stimuli, and its object is to come close to the desired person, to examine her visually, to touch and fondle her and ultimately to have intercourse with her. The female sex drive, by contrast, is not nearly so direct or specific as the male, particularly in young women and adolescents. The female sex drive in these age groups manifests itself as a diffuse, romantic yearning, not particularly concerned with the act of intercourse, and not nearly as easily aroused by minor stimuli as is the male.

My own observation, reinforced by the opinions of a number of psychologists, is that most young girls and women who indulge in premarital intercourse do so out of curiosity, or desire to please their partners, or as an act of defiance of their parents, and not necessarily because they are overwhelmed by sexual desire. The male, on the other hand, is not generally out to discover anything, or to defy anyone; he simply has a terrible need and drive toward sexual satisfaction. Certainly, the innate behavior of human beings can be considerably modified by cultural training, but by PLAYBOY's own thesis (with which I agree entirely), the antisexual attitudes of American society have not succeeded in altering radically the private sexual behavior of men, but have only succeeded in making them feel guilty about it.

Edward E. Fellin Evanston, Illinois

### SOCIOLOGIST'S REBUTTAL

Thank you for the opportunity of replying to Mr. Fellin's letter. He seems basically to take issue with the thesis that women and men have sex drives (inborn) that are similar enough in strength that both sexes can be raised to equally desire sexual relations.

The evidence for this thesis comes first from studies of other societies. We know, for example, that the Trobriand Island females start having intercourse between the ages of 6 and 8 and the males between the ages of 10 and 12. The female shows a sexual interest that rivals that of the male. Now, since there is no reason to suspect that the Trobriand female is physiologically different from other

females, we may conclude that such equality of sex interest could be developed among females in general, and, therefore, whatever innate differences there are do not seem unalterable.

In our own society, Kinsey found approximately one third of his female sample equal in sexual interests to the males. Again, there is no indication that this one third is physiologically different from the other females, so we may again assume that the possibility is present of training females to equal males in sexual interest. If innate sex drives were radically different, such equality would not be so often achieved. Although Kinsey did make an exhaustive search for physiological differences between males and females, he found little in the way of important disparities that would explain their differential interest in sexual matters. The cultural trends of the 20th Century in America have led to greater female sex interest and activity, and surely few would argue that this is caused by any physiological changes in the American female.

Mr. Fellin raises the question of why females have been more inhibited by our cultural training than males. This is quite easily answered. The reason is that our cultural training is based on a double standard and aims at inhibiting females more than males. Our Western culture was shaped largely by males and reflects this fact in the same way the Southern culture reflects the dominance of whites. In fact, it is rather amazing that there is as much similarity in sex interests between the sexes as there is, in view of our historical double standard.

Mr. Fellin's quote from Professor Millard is a reasonably accurate description of the sex roles in some major segments of our society today. It is hardly a statement about innate sexual differences. Mr. Fellin would rest more easily if he would realize that I am not saying that there are no male-female sexual differences. Rather, I am merely saying that the differences in innate sex drive seem rather small, for we often find women who equal men in our own doublestandard society, and we find them even more frequently in some other socicties. I would freely admit that there are other differences in the sexual roles of males and females in our own society as well as most others. In short, I am talking here of but one aspect of the total sociosexual role of males and females.

Finally, I think it is curious that Mr. Fellin doubts the scientific status of the social sciences, and then proceeds to quote psychologists and refer to social-scientific findings to support his view. If we cannot be scientific about these matters, then we will be reduced to regarding sex purely as a matter of personal taste and as something that cannot be objectively and empirically studied. I doubt if Mr. Fellin would accept this,

for he seems convinced that his view is more than just an expression of private taste, but rather he thinks it is in line with some sort of factual reality about human sexual behavior and attitudes. Science is basically the use of experimentation and observation to develop theories that will explain the phenomena studied. We, in social science, have been doing just that, and much of the "enlightenment" on sexual matters results from the social-scientific study of human sexual behavior. Granted that ours is a young science and not nearly as precise a science as physics, but we must remember that 17th Century physics was not as exact a science as 20th Century physics. One does not condemn a child because he is not an adult. It is better to investigate whether the child has within him the makings of an adult.

> Ira L. Reiss Professor of Sociology and Anthropology The University of Iowa Iowa City, Iowa

#### THE HURT OF ADULTERY

Your crusade for freedom to practice unorthodox sexual expressions in private is well-taken but self-evident. When you encourage extramarital adventures, why not be charitable enough to know and state the implications of your easy advice?

As a schoolteacher I see confused children every day who follow a consistent pattern of behavior. This hostile, defeatist, self-damning and socially pathological behavior is exhibited primarily by children who are bred in broken homes. By "broken homes," I mean homes where one of the parents habitually cheats on the other until separation, divorce or some sort of disequilibrium results. This "play" is the cause of friction, angry words and a generally bitter home environment.

Children from such homes are warped—just as much as if they lived in puritanical homes.

It is a sick, not a healthy, marriage that leads one spouse to escape from the other to either new, exotic experiences or the warming lap of a sexually comforting geisha-type relationship.

Beverly L. Levenson, M. A. Ithaca, New York

Supporting the right of adults to conduct their own private sex lives as they wish is hardly comparable to encouraging extramarital adventures.

### THE HELP OF ADULTERY

Mr. Hefner's intelligent discussions of adultery will probably be condemned by the general public as a brazen endorsement of immorality. But my husband and I, who are happily married and very much in love, can testify that circumstances do exist where mutually accepted extramarital sex can be justified.



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Keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.

In our case, there is a psychological reason. I had my right leg amputated just over a year ago, after an accident, and soon discovered that my husband was being rendered suddenly impotent by my condition. For the first two years of our marriage, while I still had both my legs, our sex life was as normal and pleasurable as it could possibly have been. But when I had the accident and returned to my husband as a rather grotesque figure with a leg on one side and a homely little stump on the other, something in his subconscious rebelled. We immediately sought help from our doctor.

My husband's problem is not incurable, and the doctor he visits regularly has high hopes for him. But meanwhile, my husband is a normal man with normal urges, and is able to obtain normal satisfaction with another girl. I, too, still am a normal woman with normal sexual desires, even though I am one-legged now. I have been obliged to obtain sexual fulfillment temporarily from another man to whom my amputated leg doesn't make a bit of difference. I am definitely not in love with this man, and pray for the day when it will again be my husband who satisfies me. This other man understands my problem fully. Neither my husband nor I know the identity of the other's partner, which is for the best, I believe.

My husband and I sleep together, of course, and repeatedly try to consummate, but with no success as yet. Meanwhile, we look upon our extramarital activities as a form of temporary "treatment" which will be terminated the instant his mental block is eliminated.

Since the above marital behavior is probably considered a hanging offense in our unenlightened state, I hope you will understand my preference for anonymity.

(Name and address withheld by request)

### MALIGNED MARIJUANA

I am weary of seeing marijuana cataloged with such mental and physical debilitators as amphetamine, barbiturates, morphine, heroin, et al.

I am presently researching the subject of marijuana and am beginning to find it little short of incredible that a person can actually have delusions of "freedom" in a society with such irrational prohibitions.

Many of our mores are little more than profound evidence of our confusion. For example—nerve poison and body abuser that it is—alcohol fits nicely into the Western guilt ethic, with its own built-in penance (as do many of our antiquated sexual traditions, which you so courageously attack). The price for "going on a drunk" is considerable in exchange for the relatively sloppy and ineffectual "high" obtained. The body

pays back the user the next day and he is, thus, purged of the need for self-flagellation. None of this, of course, applies to marijuana: Besides the fact that the euphoria is far greater, one can lose his "rational mind" (which doesn't happen with booze) and do so without serious loss of judgment and none of good taste.

C. S. Kent Los Angeles, California

#### SOUTHERN STEREOTYPES

I would like to speak up for a littleheard-from segment of the much-maligned Southern population. Contrary to national opinion, there are those in the South who do not wish to see the Negro continue under the burden of prejudice; there are those who desire equal justice under the law for all citizens; there are even Southern police officers who are dedicated to the protection of the lives and property of all who fall within their jurisdictions, regardless of race, color or creed. There are even those minions of local authority who put aside their own inbred prejudices in favor of an objective, totally impersonal and fair ministering of justice.

This is not to say that the public's outcry should in any way be diminished by examples of police brutality, unfair and partial criminal proceedings, and the continued but isolated program of fear advanced by the Ku Klux Klan; rather, we must recognize these phenomena as relics of a rapidly decreasing number of depraved, hate-filled individuals seeking to preserve a last desperate grip on their imagined superiority by "keeping the nigger in his place."

I, personally, do not wish to be thought of as a brutal, slow-witted animal, infested with hatred for all who do not fall under the narrow heading of "white Anglo-Saxon Protestants." This probably is an exaggeration of the prevailing Northern opinion of the Southern police officer, but it is hinted at by the jibes of a few friends of mine who were raised in "Yankee Land." This undercurrent of distrust and disrespect has been generated by a "yellow" press interested in circulation and profits. One cannot fail to note, however, that this trend of thought is also encouraged by the police officers who commit these indiscretions against the public. To magically create an unbiased press would not solve the problem: it would only provide a clearer picture of the circumstances under which it exists.

As a college student working at night on a small-town police force, I have had the opportunity to observe the unpublicized and little-known fairness that does exist.

Southerners deeply love the South and its traditions. That these traditions include second-class citizenship for Negroes is to be deplored; but the people of the South are moving, if somewhat slowly, toward those goals advanced by most of the civil rights advocates throughout this country.

Together, the white and the Negro will someday look upon the dilemma of the Southern slave with time-mellowed nostalgia, both realizing that they are of two different races and proud of the characteristics inherent in both.

R. M. Taylor, Jr. Fairfield Police Department Fairfield, Alabama

I am a Southerner and am proud of it, but I am thankful that I do not hold the views expressed by The Rev. Floyd Cartwright in the November *Forum*.

I thought your reply to his letter was brilliantly written, and your views for equality should be admired by every compassionate, concerned American.

Just as the Negroes cannot be stereotyped as a race, Southern white people cannot be stereotyped as a group obsessed with prejudice. When people throughout the nation begin to realize this, we can truly have a society of brotherhood and equality.

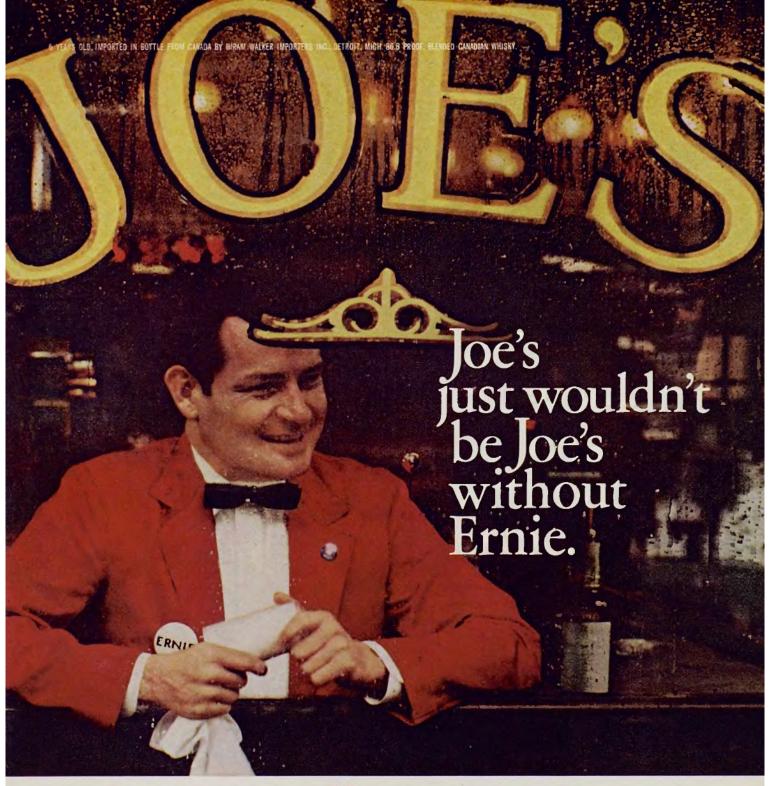
Hembree L. Woodward Tifton, Georgia

### THE GHETTO AND MR. CHARLIE

I have read with great interest the letters from racists Hall and Parker in the February Forum. As a Negro, I know there is prejudice in America, but find it heartbreaking to discover such an immovable extreme. However, I can understand the "why" to some extent. I would like to do a bit of air clearing of the issue. The problem is a complex one, but with some necessary yet, I hope, pardonable oversimplification, I believe it can be clarified.

Just as in individuals, a social group or an entire society can suffer from an inferiority complex. Chain a child to the house, deny him contact with other children, tell him he is worthless as a person, and after a reasonable time you have done him serious-perhaps irreparable-psychological and emotional damage, resulting in a nearly monumental difficulty in adjusting to the adult world later on. Perhaps the worst damage of all would be to his self-respect. The problem is compounded if others in his social circle believe him to be inferior. In his struggle for recognition he appears even more ridiculous to his peers, reaffirming their belief in his inferiority. This, collectively speaking, is, in my opinion, precisely the dilemma of the ghetto Negro. With this in mind, it is truly remarkable that the Negro has been able to make the contributions and achievements of which Mr. Parker so piously deems him incapable.

(continued on page 161)



There'd be nobody to tell you who won the Series in '57.

Or the Masters in '61.

There'd be nobody to remember what your favorite drink is.

Or lend a sympathetic ear to your troubles.

Or laugh at three jokes—all of which he's heard before.

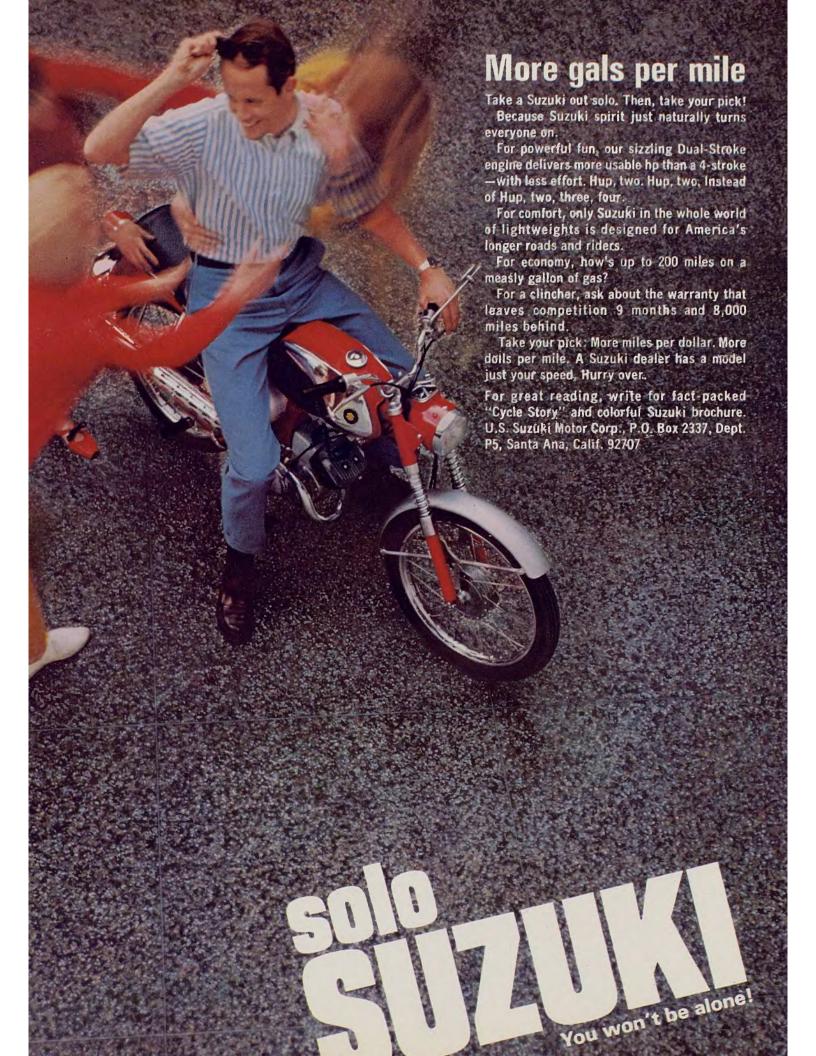


Your neighborhood tavern is a friendly place to visit. And a lot of the credit has to go to your neighborhood bartender.

Stop in and see him during National Tavern Month (the month of May). And while you're there, have a drink of Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky.









# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

the twenty-fifth part of a statement in which playboy's editor-publisher spells outfor friends and critics alike—our guiding principles and editorial credo

IN A RECENT ARTICLE about us published in Life magazine, the feminist researcherwriter stated:

"Hugh Hefner, in his magazine and in his philosophy, has set himself up as an oracle of all that is fine and good and clean in man's relationship with woman. And, he insists, unmarried sex is one of the finest, cleanest, best parts of it-as long as it is by mutual desire and consent and nobody gets hurt.

"That last is where the rub comes. Hefner talks a great deal about equality for everybody, including women. But the way it works out, in both his private life and his magazine, men are a lot

more equal than women.

"In Hefnerland, a woman is simply another aspect of the status-symbol mania that is stamped all over PLAYBOY. She is no more or less important than the sleekest sports car or most expensive bottle of Scotch. A woman becomes depersonalized, an object for man's pleasure, something to pour his drinks, inflate his ego and look gorgeous on his arm as he parades in front of his pals."

There is irony in this confused analysis of PLAYBOY coming from a staunchly feminist writer, because sexual emancipation and the emancipation of women

are inseparable.

"Men are a lot more equal than women," to be sure, but it isn't PLAYBOY that has denigrated and depersonalized the ladies for almost 2000 years. Our Judaeo-Christian heritage of anti-sex is essentially anti-female, since-as the scapegoat and principal victim of sexual suppression-woman has the most to gain from the more permissive sexual morality advocated in this editorial series. As long as the concept of female chastity (which underlies the idea of woman as a status symbol, object or chattel) is more important than her personal welfare, woman will continue to occupy a less-than-human position in

The inequality of our society's sexual taboos is apparent in the sex laws of the United States, about which we've been writing in recent installments of The Playboy Philosophy-and especially in

### editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

the laws against prostitution, which we will discuss in this issue.

### THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION

Prostitution is commonly referred to as "the oldest profession" and it is at least as old as the recorded history of civilization. In ancient pagan societies, the prostitution of unmarried girls was a common practice, and was frequently associated with puberty rites (the ceremonial sacrifice of virginity) or with other religious rituals. In the Encyclopaedia Britannica, we find the following historical references: "In Babylon, in Cyprus, among the Phoenicians and in many parts of western Asia, it is recorded that women prostituted themselves as a religious duty at the sanctuary of a goddess, whose name varied with the locality. . . . The Babylonian custom, as recorded by Herodotus, required every woman, rich or poor, to sit in the temple of Ishtar and have intercourse with a stranger, who signified his choice by throwing a silver coin of no matter how small value into her lap. The woman then had to accept the coin and have intercourse with the stranger. Illfavored women under this system might wait a long time, even years, before they had performed their service. Once the rite had been observed the woman was absolved from her obligations to the goddess; and then money would in no case purchase her. The customs in Cyprus and elsewhere seem to have followed a similar course. In some cases, and perhaps generally, the man had to be a stranger. Whatever the motive for these customs, whether as a sacrifice of virginity, to earn a dowry, or as a religious service, the practice was a solemn religious duty . . .

The Britannica also relates: "Among the Jews, who stood apart from the surrounding peoples, the object of the Mosaic law was clearly to preserve the purity of the race and the religion. Prostitution in itself was not forbidden, but it was to be confined to foreign women. Iewish fathers were forbidden to turn their daughters into prostitutes (Leviticus

XIX, 29), and the daughters of Israel were forbidden to become prostitutes (Deuteronomy XXIII, 17). . . . There is abundant evidence in the Old Testament that prostitution prevailed extensively in Palestine, even in the earlier and more puritan days . . .

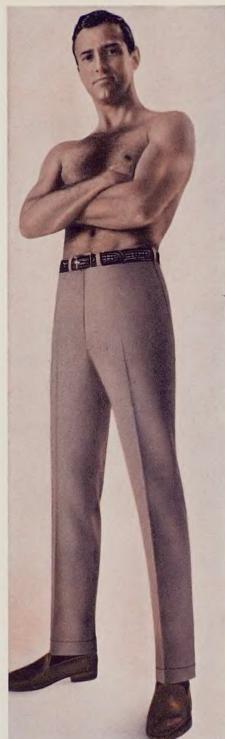
"In the Middle Ages prostitution was tolerated, the caprice of the passions being recognized as a necessary evil . . ."

Saint Augustine held this view. "Suppress prostitution," he said, "and capricious lusts will overthrow society." In the 13th Century, another, equally formidable Catholic theologian, Saint Thomas Aquinas, took a similar position, arguing in his Summa Theologica that prostitution is a necessary evil, preventing seductions and rapes. On another occasion he stated: "Prostitution in the towns is like the cesspool in the palace. Do away with the cesspool, and the palace will become

an unclean and stinking place."

In Prostitution and Morality, Dr. Harry Benjamin and R. E. L. Masters state, however, that "measures against prostitutes were also, at times, extremely severe. . . . Whatever the official attitudes of the moment in any given locality, prostitution was well-nigh omnipresent throughout the Middle Ages. There were infrequent attempts at regulation and suppression, with the former inefficient and the latter unsuccessful. Also characteristically unsuccessful were a variety of attempts to rehabilitate prostitutes.'

In the Britannica we find: "The Reformation brought a radical change in sexual morality: not only was the former insistence on celibacy, which had deprived the many thousands of [clergymen] of any licit outlet for incontinence, abandoned in many countries, but also, to balance this liberalization of marriage, the Christian condemnation of nonmarital license was emphasized. The [Protestant] Reformers' stricter attitude [toward] unchastity was, moreover, echoed by the Catholics of the Counter Reformation, conscious as they were of the harm that had been done to the Church by its toleration of more licentious conduct. In this climate of opinion the many statutes enacted throughout Europe to control the prostitutes were apparently enforced to some extent. . . . 69



### Nothing Can Top Slacks Appeal by ASHER with ZEPEL\*

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In England, under the [Puritan] Commonwealth, fornication was made a felony—upon a second conviction, punishable by death, without benefit of clergy (1650); but this statute was repealed at the Restoration.

"From the legal point of view in England, meanwhile, the type of offense with which prostitutes might ordinarily be charged began to pass, after 1640, from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts to that of the common law . . .

"The law and morals are not, of course, coterminous; and in all countries the administrative problem of enforcing legislation so closely related to variable moral codes of behavior is fraught with difficulties: as soon as the law enters the sphere of morals, both its interpretation and its execution may be called in question as unjust or, indeed, immoral . . ."

Benjamin and Masters state: "In the 18th Century, particularly in France and England, whores enjoyed a popularity such as on any large scale had not been theirs since the Italian Renaissance." Professor Iwan Bloch of the University of Berlin calls the period France's "Golden Age of Prostitution," stating: "The 18th Century . . . was the century of the prostitute. The prostitute was idolized and idealized. The more vice and pleasure she knew, the higher she stood over respectable woman." There were laws against prostitution, but Parent-Duchalet, who examined the records of the Paris police from 1724 to 1788 found that little attention was paid

Founding fathers Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were well acquainted with the prostitution prevalent in colonial America, as well as in Europe; they accepted it as a natural part of organized society, with Jefferson even proposing the presence of a properly maintained house of prostitution in his plan for the new University of Virginia.

Probably the first attempt to approach the subject of prostitution from a social, philosophical and scientific viewpoint "bereft of all hypocrisy and cant" was made early in the 18th Century when Bernard de Mandeville wrote *The Fable of the Bees*, preceding by two centuries another Bernard (Shaw) who also believed that "Any vice that cannot be suppressed should be made a virtue."

Benjamin and Masters state, "Calvinistic Switzerland possibly excepted, only in the 19th and 20th Centuries do we find a sincere, widespread opposition to prostitution . . .

"The ideas that a prostitute's career is 'a fate worse than death,' and that prostitution must be totally suppressed whatever the cost, have enjoyed a rather general and official acceptance only in comparatively recent times. The increased effectiveness (for a time) of an antisexual morality, and the high venereal disease rate found among prostitutes (in the years

preceding the antibiotics), provided the principal ammunition for anti-prostitution crusaders.

"But even at the height of anti-prostitution zeal, there has rarely, if ever, been a time in any civilized country when prostitution was not commonplace—and when those who legislated against prostitution, along with those who paid lip service to the legislation, did not in large numbers avail themselves of the sex services of the women they condemned."

The liberal views of Franklin and Jefferson notwithstanding, the traditionally tolerant European approach to prostitution has not been generally accepted in the United States, where predominantly puritan sexual values have prevailed.

Prior to the present century, the usual U.S. solution to the problem was to force prostitutes to inhabit segregated redlight districts, where they would be least bothersome and embarrassing to the respectable members of society; the plight of the prostitute was usually ignored, with little or no provision for medical attention or other public assistance. Houses of prostitution were numerous in the latter half of the 19th Century, but they virtually disappeared after the American policy on prostitutes shifted from segregation to suppression around 1910. An extensive anti-vice campaign was launched-razing red-light districts and burning brothels in major cities across the country-with predictable results. The brothels disappeared, but prostitution didn't. The prostitutes were forced out of the segregated red-light districts into society at large, where they promptly became streetwalkers, bar prostitutes and

Harry Elmer Barnes, the distinguished sociologist, comments in Society in Transition: "A wave of puritanical zeal, set off by the investigation of prostitution in Chicago, swept over the country. Volunteer committees sprang up in many urban centers, gathered information about prostitution, and carried on a vigorous propaganda campaign against segregated districts. Chicago abolished its segregated district in 1912, and many other American cities soon followed suit. Realistic students of the problem believe that this frenzied crusade did far more harm than good and that it actually increased the social dangers of prostitution. . . . The crusaders, by wiping out the segregated areas, simply scattered prostitution . . . [making it] impossible for public authorities to effectively regulate and control."

### FOREIGN PROSTITUTION LAWS

In recent years, a number of countries that previously tolerated prostitution have attempted to suppress it: In 1946, at the instigation of French Councilwoman Mme. Marthe Richard, the world-famous Parisian houses of prostitution were outlawed; in 1958—a bad year for

whoredom in many parts of the world— Signora Angelina Merlin, an elderly widow, ex-schoolmarm, and member of the Italian Senate, succeeded in accomplishing the same end in Italy; prostitution was also outlawed in India that year by an act of Parliament; and in Japan the Prostitution Prevention Law, actually passed in 1956, took full effect on April 1, 1958; while in 1959, the Street Offenses Act was passed in England, not to abolish prostitution-that being considered an unattainable objective-but to suppress streetwalking, on the somewhat questionable premise that it was an annoyance to the persons being solicited (brothels were already illegal in England). The result of all these high-minded statutes has been less than encouraging to anyone who believes we can cure the moral ills of the world by simply legislating them out of existence. For instead of accomplishing their aim of curtailing prostitution, these laws have actually created additional adverse conditions considerably worse than those that previously

### **ENGLAND**

In England, after passage of the Street Offenses Act, the prostitutes simply moved indoors, and began soliciting in clubs and bars. Some became callgirls and others advertised their availability in newspapers and on billboards; the latter practice was discontinued for a time. after it was ruled illegal by the courts, but resumed in 1962 when the Lord Chief Justice held that since prostitution itself was not against the law, neither was its advertisement. A number of prostitutes continued to solicit on the streets despite the ban, but whereas they previously had been largely on their own and free from exploitation by criminal elements, street prostitution has become increasingly organized and increasingly linked with racketeering, to assure the girls' protection from the police.

Former chief of the London vice squad John Gosling and writer Douglas Warner note, in their book *The Shame of a City: An Inquiry into the Vice of London*, that prior to the passage of the Street Offenses Act, British prostitution had been free from domination by organized criminal elements for three quarters of a century, and then state:

"We believe that the remedy may well prove worse than the disease. . . . The independent prostitute is being flung back into the clutches of the parasites from whom she was struggling to get free, and that section of her clientele whom we have called the 'men in need' will find a barrier erected between their desire and the outlet for it. These are facts that cannot be evaded.

"It may be a matter of indifference to many people whether a prostitute spends her money on drink, motorcars and holidays in Tangier, or gives it to a

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ponce (pimp). Nevertheless, it matters a great deal to society as a whole. The many million pounds which flow from the traffic in sex... irrigate a vast field

of corruption . . .

"The dominant conclusion resulting from our inquiry into the vice of London, and more particularly into the incidence of prostitution in all its aspects, is the somewhat axiomatic and self-evident inference that, while the sex appetite might be temporarily curbed, it can never be eradicated by legislation.

"The theorists who imagine that the oldest profession in the world can be put out of business by Act of Parliament are perpetuating a doctrine that is far re-

moved from reality . . ."

#### JAPAN AND INDIA

The effects of recent anti-prostitution legislation have been similar in Japan and India. Dr. Masaru Asai, M.D., a member of the Anti-Prostitution and Rehabilitation Commission of the Ministry of Welfare and Health of Japan, and a recognized Japanese authority on the subject, states that well before the enforcement of the law, he had warned that not only would it fail to do anything to benefit the prostitutes, but the nation might very well find itself faced with an increase in venereal disease and sex crimes-the likely result when government-supervised brothel prostitution is replaced by the uncontrolled, clandestine variety.

Of 150,000 prostitutes operating in Japanese red-light districts when the law took effect, the majority "are now either in a disguised form of their past practices or in forced prostitution systems operated by gangsters," according to Dr. Asai. A survey indicates that 71.5 percent of the prostitutes now have pimps and that they are participants in the "gangster-operated system of prostitution" that has sprung up since 1958, which not only exploits the prostitutes but encourages the commission of various crimes against their customers as well. The rate of venereal infection appeared at first to decline sharply, but this was an illusion caused by a decrease in the number of reports filed rather than in the number of infections, and the V. D. rate itself seems to be increasing -although the statistics are no longer as reliable as they were prior to enforcement of the anti-prostitution law. Dr. Asai concludes:

"Thus, it is clear that prostitution is a problem of such social complexity that it cannot be resolved by passage of legislation. As indicated by experience in Japan and other countries, disguised prostitution—with all its attendant evils—may quickly become a substitute for the old red-light districts."

In August 1963, in his annual report on Japanese crime, Justice Minister Okinoro Kaya suggested that the increase in sex offenses might be attributable to the closing of the brothels. In the same year, Professor Om Prakasha Kahol, of Mahatma Gandhi National College at Punjab, surveyed the situation in India and reached the same conclusion, stating that the result of the anti-prostitution law, after five futile years of attempted enforcement, "is a marked decline in moral values and the spread of disguised forms of prostitution."

#### ITALY

In Italy, there has been a fantastic increase in the number of venereal disease cases reported since the government-controlled houses of prostitution were closed: In 1958, the year the anti-prostitution law was passed, there were only 1679 V. D. cases reported; by 1963, the total had risen to 16,395! In *Prostitution and Morality*, Benjamin and Masters report some of the other initial results of the attempted suppression of prostitution in Italy, described by Professor Primo Sacripanti, former head of the Press Review Department of the Italian Government and chief press officer of the Rome prefecture:

By 1960 "streetwalking was flourishing and on the increase. Large numbers of 'callgirls' were operating. Murders of prostitutes had become more numerous. Clandestine brothels were springing up and the police were totally unable to cope with the prostitution problem. As a matter of necessity, police in Rome were generally limiting their efforts to suppressing prostitution around the Vatican and at certain sites of archaeological and other tourist interest.

"'All hopes for moral practical rehabilitation, sincere or otherwise, which came to the fore immediately after the law was approved, have remained merely pious hopes,' according to Professor Sacripanti."

In its November 8, 1965 issue, *Newsweek* described the situation in Italy today:

For ten years, as a member of the Italian Senate, Angelina Merlin had badgered and pestered her fellow parliamentarians to close down the nation's "houses of tolerance" and to outlaw an industry that paid the state \$20,000,000 a year in taxes. An end must be made to "this terrible form of slavery," the little senator would shrill. And finally, she got her way. Their fund of delaying tactics and excuses exhausted, her reluctant male colleagues sullenly passed the Merlin Law, and the red lights blinked out across Italy.

But Signora Merlin's delight in her parliamentary success was soon dimmed. First of all, the indignant males in her constituency voted her right out of the Senate. Worse yet, the majority of the 18,000 prostitutes she had redeemed from the bondage of the bordello refused to seek redemption in her "centers of social re-education" and took to streetwalking. No longer bothered with police registration or enforced medical checkups and subject to only eight days in jail if caught soliciting, Italy's prostitutes flourished as never before—and drew eager recruits to their ranks.

Today, barely seven years after Angelina's great victory, an estimated 200,000 Italian women earn their living by prostitution. In Milan alone, there are some 4000 streetwalkers and 8000 callgirls, and last week a pair of Milanese pimps wounded each other battling it out for possession of a 13-year-old girl. In Rome, 12,000 prostitutes stalk the avenues and streets, with the more successful ones plying their trade in expensive Alfa Romeos. Said a Roman hotel director: "They're so thick in the historic part of the city, you've got to wade through tons of make-up and bumps and grinds to get to the monuments." And in Turin (3000 streetwalkers, 9000 callgirls), Mayor Giuseppe Grosso recently complained that "decent men and women can no longer stroll down our lovely avenues, or through our public gardens."

With similar expressions of public outrage mounting throughout the country, the Italian Senate last week voted to amend the Merlin Law so that the police can now "invite" prostitutes to move on whenever their conduct is considered "scandalous and vexatious." If they refuse, they will be liable to four months in jail and a \$135 fine instead of eight days and \$3.50 as heretofore. Legally, prostitution will be prohibited, and medical checkups at 15-day intervals will become compulsory for women who have been fined for "open enticement to sexual intercourse."

These measures are expected to be approved by Italy's Chamber of Deputies within four to six weeks. And already some of the sidewalk girls have expressed themselves as not being too averse to some of the new restrictions. Said one: "I don't mind being checked up medically. I have to worry about that as much as my customers." Others were even hopeful that the lawmakers would eventually go all the way and put them back in their brothels. "I get so tired of this same beat," one of them sighed. "In a nice warm house, I wouldn't have to stand and wait and take all those insults from hypocrites."

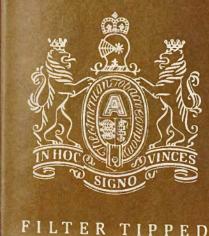
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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

a candid conversation with the erudite harvard historian, former white house advisor and bestselling author of "a thousand days," the controversial chronicle of the dynamic kennedy years

Of the 90-odd books written about John Fitzgerald Kennedy in the 30 months since his death, many have been inane, unabashed eulogies with little to recommend them other than their charismatic subject. And more than a few have been morbid, commercial quickies -mostly about the assassination and its aftermath-designed to cash in on the nation's grief for its late President. Only a handful of the Kennedy books can be said to have revealed, with any measure of eloquence or insight, the depth and dimension of the man behind the myth; and the best of these, in the opinion of most critics, is the longest of the lot-a monumental 1031-page volume called "A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House." It isn't difficult to understand why it's become the best selling of the many best sellers on Kennedy, for the author-a history professor named Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr .- brought to his task a unique blend of personal experience and professional expertise: At the late President's request, he served as a top-level White House advisor and confidant throughout the Kennedy Administration. No less uniquely, he also brought to his task a reputation as one of the world's great historians-and a degree of national notoriety (despite his deceptively mild demeanor) as one of the stormiest political petrels in American public life. The reasons for both his reputation and his notoriety were reaffirmed by the product of his arduous 14-month labor: not merely a chronicle of the Kennedy years, but a compelling portrait of a man all too often idealized into pasteboard sainthood since his death. On another level, the book offers an astute assessment of the idea's Kennedy articulated, the blunders he committed, the victories he won, the goals he set but never lived to reach, and the legacy of renewed national purpose that he left behind; and an incomparable insider's view-brought dramatically to life with intimate, often disquieting and occasionally damning eyewitness glimpses behind hitherto closed doors-of the process of history in the making.

Excerpted in Life late last summer, the book's provocative, brutally candid revelations about Kennedy, his brother Robert, Lyndon Johnson and particularly Dean Rusk (whom J. F. K. regarded as indecisive and planned to replace as Secretary of State after the 1964 election, Schlesinger revealed) had already stirred angry reaction in the White House, the State Department, the Capitol and chanceries around the world even before it appeared in bookstores last November. And its author found himself the recipient of not only kudos from critics and fellow historians, but also such indignant editorial and Congressional epithets as "sensationmonger," "character assassin." "White House tattler" and "peephole historian."

But extravagant abuse is nothing new to Schlesinger (pronounced "Schlayzinger"), who greets it with a characteristic mixture of mild annoyance and ironic amusement. His boldly unconventional scholarship, his encyclopedic knowledge of and outspoken opinionatedness about everything from politics to pop art, and his passionate partisanship as a Democratic ideologue have earned him a wealth of unflattering appellations. Even his severest critics, however, respect the keen cutting edge of his intellect, the power of his prose and the courage of his libertarian convictions.

A well-bred, academically omnivorous product of Exeter and Harvard (from which he was graduated summa cum laude in 1938), Schlesinger began his career as a historian at a precocious 22, when his erudite senior thesis on Orestes A. Brownson, an obscure 19th Century theologian and reformer, was published as a book. Not surprisingly, though the Saturday Review prophetically discerned in it "the hand of a young master," this worthy but weighty tract turned out to be something less than a best seller. His next book, however, a massive work on "The Age of Jackson," sold more than 60,000 copies, won for its 28-year-old author a Pulitzer Prize in history, an appetizing first taste of fame and fortune and, a year later, an associate professorship at Harvard.

Refusing to sequester himself in the past, Schlesinger soon began to speak out—in his S.R.O. classes, on the lecture circuit and in print—on the pressing



"The bombing of North Vietnam is a mistake. It's less likely to demoralize the North Vietnamese than to anger and solidify them behind the regime. That war can be fought only with ground forces."



"The great thing Kennedy did during the missile crisis was to be very precise in the use of power. What was frightening about the Dominican crisis was Johnson's lack of precision in the use of power."



"I'm not a believer in the perfectibility of man. It's hard to see any irresistible drive toward perfection, or even progress, in a century of genocide, napalm bombing and nuclear warfare."



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social and political issues of the day. A staunch anti-Communist in the early post-War years when Marxism was still fashionable among the intellectual left, he became a founding member of the Americans for Democratic Action, an organization that has been a bête noire of the G.O.P. ever since; and he turned from history to political polemics in his third book, "The Vital Center," which has become something of an ideological handbook for the anti-Communist liberal. An ardent New Deal Democrat, he was among the first to join the Stevenson band wagon in 1952-as the candidate's leading advisor and speechwriter-and again in 1956. After the second defeat, however, Schlesinger returned to Harvard, where he spent the years of Eisenhower's second term in office writing the first three volumes of his still-uncompleted work, "The Age of Roosevelt"; separately published, all three were best-selling Book-of-the-Month-Club selections.

Chafing restlessly after his four-year sabbatical from politics, he surveyed the field of Democratic Presidential prospects early in 1960—and promptly volunteered his services as a campaign advisor to the man he considered most likely to succeed in defeating Richard M. Nixon at the polls that November: John F. Kennedy. The young Massachusetts Senator found much in common both intellectually and ideologically with his fellow Harvard alumnus, and proceeded to make use of Schlesinger's skills as a speechwriter, strategist and idea man on the campaign trail.

After he was elected, Kennedy decided to keep Schlesinger on, and for the next three years, in the amorphous capacity of Special Assistant to the President, he occupied a ringside seat from which to observe, and often to participate in, the making of high policy. He also served Kennedy as a kind of walking encyclopedia on everything from deficit spending to Chinese land reform; and he was the Kennedy Administration's unofficial bridge to the intellectual community and the world of art. There is little question, however, that his most enduring service to Kennedy was the one he performed after the President's death: the task of chronicling the accomplishments of his Administration. Today, he has abandoned the political arena once again-though perhaps not for good—this time for a term at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. Before he sat down to resume work on his long-neglected remaining volumes of "The Age of Roosevelt," however, the 48-year-old scholar agreed to grant PLAYBOY an exclusive interview.

Arriving precisely on time at the New York apartment of interviewer Alvin Toffler, Schlesinger decided to make himself comfortable before getting under way: He took off his jacket, loosened his

bow tie, ensconced himself on the livingroom couch, propped his feet on a chair, lit a Havana cigar-the first of a dozen. In the course of the eight-hour conversation that followed-ranging across a wide spectrum of world events, past and present-it became impressively evident why Schlesinger's former Harvard colleague, economist John Kenneth Galbraith, called him "one of the best-informed men in America." We began with a discussion of the most serious and urgent issue then facing the nation: the war in Vietnam. In the two months since this interview went to press, it's possible that the fastmoving and unpredictable tide of events in southeast Asia may have overtaken a few of PLAYBOY's questions and Mr. Schlesinger's replies, but the interview should nevertheless serve to illuminate informed liberal thinking at the time.

PLAYBOY: Your fellow historian Arnold Toynbee has denounced the U.S. decision to intervene in the Vietnam war. He has charged that "in refusing to recognize that the Viet Cong represent a national liberation movement made by the South Vietnamese themselves, and in attributing the war wholly to Communist intervention from outside, the United States is unintentionally making herself the heir of European colonialism in Asia." Is there any truth to this charge?

SCHLESINGER: I don't think so. Toynbee has his facts wrong. He talks about our attributing the war "wholly" to Communist intervention from the outside, but our 1961 white paper on the subject makes it quite clear that the problem was the combination of a local civil war in South Vietnam with increasing support from North Vietnam. Whatever some of our Government officials may have said since then in moments of rhetorical exuberance, everyone in Washington must realize that this began as a civil war—although it has taken on other dimensions now.

Nor do I think, as Toynbee alleges, that we have assumed the burden of European colonialism. I do think there is a possibility, however, that as we increase our visible presence there, this may be a perceived effect, an unintended effect. President Kennedy, who had visited Indochina in 1951, was very much aware of the extent to which French policy had alienated all Vietnamese nationalists. He was always concerned not to enlarge our commitment to such an extent as to change the character of the war. We had only 20,000 troops in Vietnam before the recent build-up. Now we have 235,000. At some point, just through increasing visibility of our presence, the war may cease to be seen as a Vietnamese war and come to be regarded by others as a colonial war, a white man's war. But if Toynbee implies that an honest South Vietnamese nationalist couldn't be a nationalist against the North Vietnamese and communism as well as against the French and the Americans, he's wrong. After all, Diem, whom we supported, was a very strong nationalist in his way, while at the same time strongly anti-Communist.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't the succession of unstable regimes in Saigon since Diem lend support to the notion that the U.S. is the real power there, that this *is* a colonialist enterprise?

**SCHLESINGER:** I think it does. So does the Honolulu tableau, with our President summoning the Saigon leaders to a meeting in an American state. Yet I believe we really want a stable and independent Vietnamese government in Saigon.

PLAYBOY: Are our efforts likely to be successful without more support from the South Vietnamese people, many of whom are reportedly pro-Viet Cong?

SCHLESINGER: No, they aren't.

PLAYBOY: As things now stand, what are we offering to the South Vietnamese people that the Viet Cong aren't?

**SCHLESINGER:** Damn little. Many of the peasants are more eager for peace than anything else. They've been fought over as long as they can remember.

**PLAYBOY:** Toward the end of winning over the people, has the U. S. been successful in articulating a national program of social reform?

SCHLESINGER: Well, we certainly need one, and this is a point that Robert Kennedy has made effectively. But the problem, of course, is that merely articulating a social program doesn't produce one. Simply talking about it won't make much of an impression on the peasants. We have been talking about it for a long time. Indeed, if you look at the original Eisenhower letter to Diem in 1954, it suggests that American support ought to be associated with the performance of needed social reforms in South Vietnam. Well, Diem never did anything about them, and it was awfully hard for us to bring pressure.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHLESINGER: People have an illusion that because we're a great and powerful country, we can give orders to our "client" governments and that these orders will automatically be carried out. It's not, alas, that easy. In our own country, we can't even get Negro children into public schools without resistance from some of the states; and the problem of getting the results we want in other countries is even more difficult.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been several regimes since Diem, but still very little has been done in the way of social reform. Do you have higher hopes for the government under Premier Ky?

**SCHLESINGER:** Ky was quoted widely before becoming premier to the effect that

he was an admirer of Hitler. But his recent statements have been very hot on the subject of social reform. Whether he means it or not, I don't know, but the very fact that he's talking about it is bound to have some effect in legitimizing it.

PLAYBOY: What steps do you think Ky should take to win the support of the

Vietnamese peasantry?

SCHLESINGER: For one thing, he should stop the kind of pro-landlordism that prevailed during the Diem regime. For example, when the regular South Vietnam army would come in and retake land from the Viet Cong, often the first people to follow them would be the agents of the landlords, who would immediately want to collect back rent. I'm not a great expert on the economic situation there, but I imagine land and tax reforms are essential, plus rural development. We've had excellent rural-development programs for a long time, but it's awfully hard to conduct land reform when the land reformer may be knocked off any night. I don't think there's been any disposition on our part to slight social reform or to impose George Humphrey [Secretary of the Treasury, 1953-1957] theories of free enterprise or anything like that, but the problem of making reforms and fighting a war at the same time is a difficult one.

PLAYBOY: Do you think U.S. bombing raids have brought us nearer an end to

the conflict?

SCHLESINGER: I'm not sure how much difference the air raids on North Vietnam have made on the war in the south; the difference is probably only marginal. The rate of infiltration from the north increased fourfold during the first ten months of bombing. And certainly no amount of bombing in the north is going to end the war in the south. That war can be fought only with ground forces. Moreover, I doubt whether bombing is likely to lead Hanoi toward negotiation. The studies of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey in the Second World War showed that bombing-short of the point of total obliteration-had the effect of stiffening the morale of the country under attack. That's why I think the bombing of North Vietnam is a mistake. It's less likely to demoralize the North Vietnamese than to anger them and solidify them behind the regime. Here again, ground forces are more relevant.

PLAYBOY: Why?

schlesinger: Obviously, there would be no disposition to negotiate on the part of either Hanoi or the Viet Cong if they thought they were going to win anyway. Therefore, it would seem that the indispensable condition for getting them in the mood to negotiate is to convince them that we aren't going to pull out. But air strikes are not convincing, because air strikes come from airfields and carriers. Planes can fly away very quickly. Using

them isn't a great evidence of permanence or of a determination to stay. Bringing in ground forces, on the other hand, is quite another matter. Ground forces do signal a determination to stay, and they make it clear that we aren't going to allow ourselves to be pushed out. But the danger of American ground forces, as I mentioned earlier, is that if you get too many there, you may reach the point where you transform the character of the war, and it becomes a white man's war. I think President Johnson was correct in increasing the ground forces, but I think-or I hope-Washington understands that there is a very sharp limit beyond which this cannot be done

PLAYBOY: Are we close to that limit now? SCHLESINGER: I would think we are, yes. PLAYBOY: What, if anything, do you feel would justify our use of bacteriological warfare or tactical nuclear weapons against the Viet Cong?

**SCHLESINGER:** I can't conceive of any circumstances that would justify the use of either. The use of nuclear or bacteriological warfare or something like that would be politically disastrous, and I'm not sure how effective it would be militarily.

PLAYBOY: What about tear gas?

**SCHLESINGER:** Tear gas we use every day in the U. S. It's more humane to use tear gas than to kill people.

**PLAYBOY:** Should commanders in the field have the right to decide when to use such weapons?

**SCHLESINGER:** Absolutely not. Anything that is likely to embarrass the political objectives of the war must be cleared with Washington.

PLAYBOY: With or without our resorting to the use of such weapons, how likely is it, in your opinion, that the Chinese will intervene directly with military force?

schlesinger: It seems to me most improbable so long as the war centers in the south. They might fear that intervention would give us the license to take out their nuclear plants. On the other hand, remember that General MacArthur assured President Truman on Wake Island in October of 1950 that there was no chance of Chinese intervention in Korea—at the very moment Chinese forces were massing for a powerful assault on MacArthur's army. Still, the Chinese, while very tough in their rhetoric, have been rather cautious in their policy.

PLAYBOY: Cautious in what way?

schlesinger: I mean that they have been careful not to overcommit themselves or to rush out on limbs. Their attack on India, for example, was a strictly limited operation. Indeed, for all the toughness of their language, they've made no serious attempt to take the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which lie only a few miles off the Chinese mainland. It appears that they will react directly only when they feel that their own borders

are threatened—as was the case when we decided to carry the war to North Korea in 1950. This must be kept in mind when we consider our strategy in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: You have said that it would be wise for the U.S. to regard Ho Chi Minh "not as an agent of a unified Communist conspiracy but as a man with problems of his own, who has been historically anti-Chinese and pro-Russian." Are you implying that there are differences between Hanoi and Peking that might be exploited by the U.S.?

SCHLESINGER: I was saying that it's a great mistake to suppose that Hanoi equals Peking. It's also a mistake to suppose that Hanoi equals the Viet Cong. That was the Dulles thinking of the Fiftiesthe idea that communism is a great coordinated entity all centrally controlled. It's perfectly evident that within the Communist empire there are all kinds of national divergencies and antagonisms and conflicting interests. It's highly probable that the Viet Cong have different interests from Hanoi. For example, Hanoi talks about a united Vietnam, while the Viet Cong have called for a separate South Vietnam. They are dependent on Hanoi, of course, and the fact that they have different interests may not prevent Hanoi from actually controlling their operations in some effective way; so it may be difficult at this point to separate the Viet Cong from Hanoi. But I think it's important to recognize that it's not just a great undifferentiated mass, that Hanoi has different interests from Peking, and the Viet Cong have different interests from

PLAYBOY: Can we realistically hope for a peace settlement if we insist on negotiating, as we have, only with Hanoi and not with the Viet Cong?

schlesinger: No; though the Administration has already made it clear that we'll talk to the Viet Cong if they come to the conference table disguised as North Vietnamesc. But that's not enough, of course. Obviously, the Viet Cong are parties to the conflict and should be recognized as such—just as the Pathet Lao were recognized in the Geneva negotiations of 1961 and 1962.

**PLAYBOY:** If the Viet Cong or Hanoi, or both, were to agree to negotiations, what possible terms might be the basis for a stable settlement?

schlesinger: The eventual solution might be something along the lines of the Laos solution. The Laos solution was a coalition government that included both the so-called right wing, which had been supported by the United States in the Fifties, and the Pathet Lao—the Communists. Rather quickly, the Pathet Lao broke out of the coalition and resumed the civil war. But by doing that, they isolated themselves. The neutralists, with

whom they previously had been allied against the right, in defense of Laotian neutrality, now turned to defend their neutrality against the Communists, and the Pathet Lao were reduced to being a dissident group. We might be able to arrange something of the same configuration in Saigon—if we knew enough about the Viet Cong to distinguish the honest nationalists in its ranks from the Communists.

PLAYBOY: In his book Why Not Victory?, then-Senator Barry Goldwater wrote: "When the Communists join in any kind of a coalition government, it is always with the intention of dominating and taking over the government." He and other commentators have since expressed the view that a coalition government in South Vietnam would really constitute a victory for the Communists.

SCHLESINGER: They always have that intention, of course; but they don't always succeed. There have been many cases like Laos, where Communists have joined coalition governments and have themselves been used by the leaders of that government. For example, De Gaulle had Communists in the French government after the War. Maurice Thorez, the head of the French Communist Party, was vice premier, and the effect was to neutralize the Communists for a time. The same thing happened in Italy. It's one of the most common and historically false propositions that whenever there's a coalition with the Communists, the Communists always win. Sometimes they do; sometimes they don't. It all depends on how skilled they areand how tough the other people are.

PLAYBOY: Arnold Toynbee has proposed that the United States should immediately "stand aside and allow self-determination in Vietnam . . . even if this leads, as it most certainly will lead, to . . . a Communist regime." Even if a national election or referendum were to reveal that most Vietnamese actually prefer communism, could we afford to permit a Communist government in South Vietnam?

SCHLESINGER: It all depends on the conditions under which elections are held. In any case, I don't know what "selfdetermination" means in a country that has been fought over for a quarter of a century. At this point, the removal of U.S. troops would simply lead to selfdetermination through Viet Cong terror, which I do not regard as self-determination, but as conquest. At the moment we have no alternative but to stick around. PLAYBOY: Do you believe in the so-called "domino theory"? If we were to pull out and South Vietnam did fall to the Communists, Laos, Cambodia and the rest of southeast Asia would also inevitably fall?

SCHLESINGER: Well, I don't think the domino theory was true when the

French were thrown out of what was then Indochina in 1954. Had the Communists taken all of Vietnam, north and south, at that time, this would not necessarily have meant that Thailand or the Philippines would go, or that we would have been driven back to Malibu Beach. But again, these things acquire a certain reality after a while, and I think the test of the domino theory today is what the people in the neighboring countries think. Laos, for example, seems to me very important. In Laos we changed our policy during the Kennedy Administration. We took Souvanna Phouma, whom you will remember the previous Administration regarded as a neutralist-and therefore as a secret Communist or something-and decided to back a neutral government under his leadership. This has worked moderately well, in the sense that the neutralists in Laos, who a few years ago were fighting Americans to defend their neutrality, are now fighting against the Communists. And Souvanna Phouma is very strongly in favor of our actions in South Vietnam. He obviously thinks that if we pulled out of Vietnam, the neutrality of Laos would go. So from his viewpoint, the domino theory works —at least as far as Laos is concerned. In general, though, I think you have to look at each specific country rather than make blanket assumptions.

PLAYBOY: In Senator Fulbright's recent speech criticizing the Administration's policies in Latin America, he said that we misread prevailing tendencies in Latin America by overlooking or ignoring the fact that any reform movement is likely to attract Communist support. We thus failed to perceive that "if we are automatically to oppose any reform movement that Communists adhere to, we are likely to end up opposing every reform movement, making ourselves the prisoners of reactionaries." Do you agree? SCHLESINGER: Yes, but I'd go a step further. If we are going to oppose every revolution just because Communists support it, we are going to breed Communists. In one phase of any revolution, obviously the Communists will support it. But that isn't reason enough for us to oppose it. For example, the dictatorship of Perez Jimenez in Venezuela was overthrown in 1958 by the Democratic Action Party led by Betancourt. He was supported by the Communists; if we had followed the theory of our Dominican intervention and rejected Betancourt because of this and stuck by Perez Jimenez, it would have been a fatal mistake. For Betancourt was a strong anti-Communist. He led a socially progressive reform regime which attacked communism by tackling the problems that breed communism, and when the Communists became terrorists, he suppressed them.

PLAYBOY: What kind of policy might we have pursued to prevent the rise of

Castro in Cuba? Was it a mistake to align ourselves with Batista during the revolution there?

SCHLESINGER: It wasn't all that clear-cut. There was a division within our Government over what ought to be done. We stopped our military aid to Batista early in 1958, and later in the year an effort was made by our ambassador in Havana to get Batista to resign. But even in Latin America our capacity to influence these things is limited; the best you can do is to strengthen in whatever way possible the progressive democratic parties and leaders of these countries.

**PLAYBOY:** It has been charged by some critics of U. S. policy that we drove Castro into the arms of the Communists, that, in fact, he was friendly to the United States in the beginning. Do you think that's true?

SCHLESINGER: No, I don't. Sometime in 1959, Castro—who is a kind of romantic Marxist nationalist—decided for reasons of his own to take Cuba into the Communist camp. Partly, this was because running a government is different from running a revolution, and the one disciplined body of fellow Cubans who could help him were Communists. And partly, it was because he thought it valuable to have American hostility.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHLESINGER: Well, I think he felt that friendship with the U.S. would simply bring American influence back into Cuba, whereas hostility toward the U.S. would solidify the people behind him and, moreover, would probably gain him support in Latin America. I think there is no question that he had determined to go East, so to speak, long before the U.S. did anything to provoke it. It is not true, for example, as some have said, that he sought aid from us and was turned down. In fact, when he came to the U.S. in the spring of 1959, the Government was quite prepared to discuss economic-assistance programs with him, but he declined to bring the matter up and instructed his people not to ask for aid. He boasted of that in his speech before the National Press Club. He had obviously decided already that he didn't want entangling connections with the U.S.

PLAYBOY: How can we avoid finding ourselves boxed in again between a corrupt dictatorial regime on one side and a Communist-led revolution on the other? SCHLESINGER: The only thing to do is to explore and exploit every possible alternative long before the choice narrows down to that. We ought to support governments like the Leoni government in Venezuela and the Frei government in Chile. We ought to provide aid and we ought to use what influence we have—as we have been doing through the Alliance for Progress—to get Latin-American



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governments to do the kinds of things that will bring about economic development and social change. The Communists know this, which is why the governments they fear most are the progressive ones. The government that Castro hates most in Latin America, for example, is the Venezuelan government. He doesn't worry about the dictatorships in Latin America, because the longer you have a dictatorship, the more Communists it's going to breed. What he's afraid of is that the progressive democratic solution may work. That's why his major objective for several years now has been to overthrow the government in Venezuela. And that's why I would modify Fulbright's statement. In the moment of revolution, Communists may join a reform movement, but they basically fear the reform movement more than the reactionaries they're helping to overthrow. If the reform movement works, their cause is lost. PLAYBOY: Must we remain committed to the overthrow of Castro, or is there, in your opinion, some possibility of an eventual rapprochement between Cuba and the U.S.?

**SCHLESINGER:** The answer depends on the progressive democrats in Latin America. Castro would be a threat to the United States only if, in association with the Soviet Union, a model of the Cuban missile crisis were to be repeated. He is primarily a threat to democratic development in Latin America.

PLAYBOY: The Bay of Pigs invasion took place before the missile crisis. If Castro was no threat to the U.S., why did we support an attempt to overthrow his regime?

SCHLESINGER: God knows. It was something the Kennedy Administration inherited from the Eisenhower Administration; it had already achieved such momentum by the time Kennedy became President that it was very difficult to stop. I suppose the argument for it was that if we didn't stop Castro he would foment revolution throughout Latin America. In point of fact, after the failure of the Bay of Pigs, we began a policy of containing Castro, and this has worked quite well. He is no longer a revolutionary threat in Latin America; we've kept him fairly insulated from the rest of the hemisphere. What Castro is a threat to, as I started to say a moment ago, is the progressive democratic solution throughout Latin America. I would therefore like to find out what men like Betancourt in Venezuela or Frei in Chile think about a rapprochement. It may well be that such a rapprochement would strengthen the Fidelistas and Communists in their countries, and thereby make it harder to achieve a progressive democratic solution. The test ought to be whether the people in Latin America who believe in social reform within a democratic framework think it would help them or hurt them. My guess is that they would not welcome such a rapprochement, because they know that the struggle for the future of Latin America is not between right and left. The right is essentially dead; it has great power in local circumstances, but it is doomed. The struggle for the future of Latin America is between the progressive democrats and the Communists, and that's a very deadly struggle. So I think anything we do with regard to Cuba has to be weighed first of all in terms of its effect on that struggle.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you say there is any likelihood that the Castro regime will fall by itself, through internal revolution, in the foreseeable future?

SCHLESINGER: Anything is possible. If someone had asked that question six months ago about Indonesia, a lot of people would have said absolutely no chance: Sukarno has firmly locked Indonesia into the Communist bloc. But today Indonesia is out of the Communist bloc. The Indonesian Communist Party, which was one of the most powerful in the world, has been destroyed and over 100,000 Communist Indonesians have been massacred, though Sukarno himself is still nominally chief of state. The same thing may happen in Cuba. At this point, there is no knowledge or indication one way or the other. History is full of surprises.

PLAYBOY: You have said that we ought to supply economic and military aid to those governments that favor a "progressive democratic solution." We have invested several billion dollars' worth of aid in Vietnam without being able to bring about a stable democratic regime in Saigon. India and Pakistan, both of whom have received substantial U.S. military aid, have directly or indirectly used it to fight each other. In view of such examples as these, some Senators and Congressmen feel that the foreign-aid program has been a failure. Do you?

SCHLESINGER: You have to distinguish between forms of aid. This massive aid you speak of has been mostly military assistance, and the India-Pakistan thing, as you point out, certainly reveals the defects of the military-assistance program. A lot of liberals who have turned against foreign aid have turned against it because of the military-assistance side-Senators Gruening and Morse, for example. I don't think there is any easy solution. I don't think we can say that we're simply not going to give any more military assistance. Nonetheless, that part of the foreign-aid program desperately needs very critical reconsideration.

But there are various forms of aid, and military assistance is only one of them. There are also technical assistance and what is called development assistance. Development assistance is designed to get countries through the period of what Walt Rostow calls the "take-off"—

to move them into self-sustaining economic growth. The foreign-aid program of the Fifties consisted essentially of two things: military and technical assistance -plus a certain amount of direct budgetary support to help bail out friendly governments when necessary. What the Kennedy Administration did was to reshape and reorganize the whole purpose of foreign aid, to make development assistance the main thing. It doesn't achieve miracles in the short run, but this is the most important and essential kind of aid from a long-term point of view. In Asia, as in Latin America, the future is between the Castro way and the Betancourt way, and our development aid must go to the Betancourts. In Asia, obviously, the great contest is between China and India, because all Asian countries that seek national development have either the Chinese model, which uses repressive methods, or the Indian model, which aims to bring about development through democratic means. India is an extraordinary country in that it is a moderately genuine and effective democracy, in spite of having a tremendously high degree of illiteracy, tremendous poverty, tremendous internal conflicts of language, caste and everything else. So I think it's essential to the future of Asia that the Indian experiment succeed, and everything we can do in the way of development assistance to them will be very much in our interest.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think we should be shipping nonmilitary aid—wheat, for example—to Communist countries?

**SCHLESINGER:** That depends on the country; but anything that can weaken the dependence of the eastern European countries on the Soviet Union is to our advantage. Also, in general, I'm in favor of feeding people, rather than not.

PLAYBOY: How do you interpret the recent row between Castro and Peking over Chinese shipments of rice to Cuba? SCHLESINGER: I think it's because the Cubans need rice, and the Chinese aren't going to deliver. It may also be conceivably related to Che Guevara. I think that Guevara always represented the pro-Chinese wing of the Cuban Revolution, and the Cuban Communist Party represented the pro-Russian wing. Fidel himself seemed to vacillate, temperamentally having more affinity to the Chinese, but dependent on the Russians for major economic assistance. The disappearance of Guevara may well represent a defeat of the Chinese faction in the Castro revolution, and this may have made the Chinese feel less impassioned about sending rice to Cuba.

PLAYBOY: But the actual amount of rice involved was relatively small. Why do you think Castro became so incensed about having it withheld?

SCHLESINGER: Either the Cubans were desperately in need of the rice or the Rus-

sians are aiming for a major break with China and encouraged Castro to take the initiative. If Castro, who is identified as one of the most successful revolutionists in recent years, were to run interference for them in making the break, it would make any formal action they might later take against China much more acceptable to the revolutionary Communist parties in the underdeveloped world.

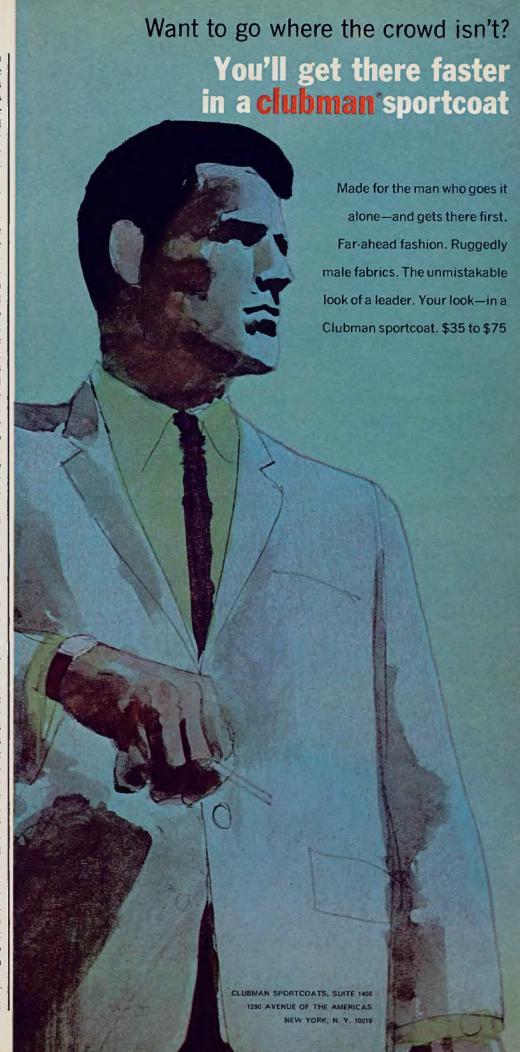
PLAYBOY: What can—or should—the U.S.

do to expedite this break?

SCHLESINGER: It seems to me that our capacity to affect relations between the Russians and the Chinese is limited. The internal dynamics of the Communist empire are what determine these relationships. But we ought to put ourselves in a position of benefiting from them. Had someone in 1945 said we should try to split Tito off from Stalin, I don't think all our concentrated efforts could have achieved that result; in fact, we might have delayed it. But because of problems within the Communist world, Tito and Stalin broke in 1948. And because we followed a policy of restraint toward Yugoslavia, we were in a position to use that break to our advantage and to help strengthen the independence of Yugoslavia. Remember that in 1945 and 1946 Yugoslavia was much tougher toward the West than Stalin was. They were shooting down our planes, and all that kind of thing. If we had taken a very tough policy ourselves and broken off diplomatic relations with them, we wouldn't have been in a position to benefit from the split when it came.

What we have to do today, as we did then, is follow a policy of restraint. Even so, of course, there will be a danger that the bitter competition between Russia and China for leadership of the world Communist movement may drive Moscow to take more radical and intransigent positions than it otherwise would. Nonetheless, on balance, the democratic world clearly stands to gain from the Russo-Chinese quarrel. This split has shattered the appeal of communism as a creed above national and ethnic interests and uniquely capable of resolving international conflicts and assuring peace. And obviously the more Russia and China are engaged in thwarting each other, the less time and energy they will have to thwart us. The important thing is to keep our cool and let events develop-remembering that, though China is much the more militant and fanatical of the two countries, Russia is the more direct threat to our most vital interests in Europe and Latin America; and recognizing that any overt intervention on our part with respect to China and Russia might bring them closer together again.

PLAYBOY: This, according to Professor Toynbee, is what we are doing. According



to him, "nothing but American pressure is holding these two nationalistminded Communist powers together now." Is he right?

SCHLESINGER: No, I think he's wrong on that, too. The great preoccupation of both Russia and China is the international Communist movement, and it's for the leadership of that movement that they're competing, as I said. The Communist parties of the developed countries are, on the whole, on the side of the Soviet Union. The Communist parties of the underdeveloped countries are emotionally drawn toward China; but in many cases, because China cannot help them, they're dependent, like Castro, on the Soviet Union. The problem the Soviet Union faces is that though it does want a détente of some sort with the United States, this isn't going to be possible as long as the Vietnam war continues at its present level of intensity. The more deeply involved we become in that war, the more the Russians are going to be forced to line up behind Hanoi; they can't afford to take the position of appearing not to give all-out support when a Communist state like North Vietnam is in trouble. To do so would be to risk losing the support of the Communist parties of the entire underdeveloped world. But contrary to what Toynbee seems to feel, I don't think the Russians would welcome our pulling out of Asia; they're quite happy to have an American presence there—as a means of helping them to restrain the Chinese.

PLAYBOY: As you know, your views about the depth of the differences between Russia and Red China are at logger-heads with the so-called "monolithic" concept of world communism held by ex-Senator Goldwater, who regards "peaceful coexistence" as impossible and "total victory" as imperative. Which course do you think the U.S. should pursue?

SCHLESINGER: Both of those terms are elusive. If, by "total victory," he means the unconditional surrender of the Soviet Union and Communist China, this seems to me an unrealistic aim. Nice as this might be, the cost necessary to bring it about would be such that it's absurd as a serious policy objective. And if total victory means anything less than the unconditional surrender of the Soviet Union and Communist China, then the term is misleading. It seems to me we should aim at what President Kennedy used to call "a world of diversity," a world in which you have a variety of social systems, economic creeds, political philosophies, religions, faiths-a diverse international community united by respect for certain ground rules and an allegiance to peace.

PLAYBOY: In view of their ideological commitment to world dominion, would the Communists accept this kind of world?

SCHLESINGER: Communism has become a much more various thing since the Manifesto was written. The forces of diversity have already wrought a considerable transformation within the empire itself. It's perfectly obvious, for example, that Communist states like Yugoslavia, Poland, Rumania, Hungary and Czechoslovakia would fit very easily into the world of diversity. The Soviet Union remains a question mark; it might or it might not. Communist China obviously wouldn't. But I think it's a great mistake to suppose that ideology, abstract ideological commitment, is more powerful than national interests; that because Russia and China profess the same ideology, they will therefore always work in absolute harmony. The fact of the matter is that the experience of the 20 years since the War shows that, even within the Communist empire, national interest has become more powerful than ideology, and that, when the chips are down, Communist states are going to respond to their national interests rather than to the dictates of their ideology. This shouldn't surprise anybody, because in the years before the War, when the Soviet Union was the only Communist state, whenever it had to make a choice between its national interests and its ideological interests, it always chose the former. So I think that we can foresee a certain diversity within the Communist world; and we can foresee, as Communists leave their revolutions farther and farther behind them, that the messianic quality of their ideological commitment is going to fade, and they will act more and more like nationalists, and, in the end, the ideology of their social religion will become as nominal as that of communicants of other religions. We still talk about God and the Devil, heaven and hell, but these things are no longer decisive and vivid factors in our everyday lives. The same may become true of Marxist ideology for the Communists.

PLAYBOY: Is this what you meant when you wrote in 1960 that "Soviet youth to-day are Communists in somewhat the sense that American youths today are Christians"?

SCHLESINGER: Yes. I meant that they are Communists because they've been brought up in a Communist environment and it's never occurred to them to be anything else. They don't have that deep, revolutionary, fanatical commitment that the men who made the revolution had. More than that, in the years since I made that statement, it has become evident that not only are they Communists in a rather perfunctory sense, but also, in many cases, they're actively chafing under the system, and they're tremendously excited about what seems to them the vividness, the variety, the excitement of life in the West.

PLAYBOY: In 1960 you also suggested that

the Soviet Union might move toward a "more genial and pragmatic form of communism." Is there a more genial and pragmatic form of communism, and do you think the Russians have moved toward it?

SCHLESINGER: I think there is. It's too soon to say whether Russia is moving toward it, but in eastern Europe this more genial and pragmatic form is certainly developing in Yugoslavia and Poland. I gather that in Czechoslovakia and Hungary we are also getting a more open form of communism, a communism that applies to the economic and social structure of these countries, but that does not-not yet, at least-affect their cultural and intellectual life as deeply as it might. There are many signs of it. For example, in eastern Europe you can buy copies of American and English newspapers, magazines and books without any trouble, whereas you can't in the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is still a much more controlled, "theological" society, in my judgment, than the Communist countries of eastern Europe.

PLAYBOY: There have been many reports lately about the introduction of the profit motive in certain sectors of the Soviet economy—the so-called Liberman reforms. This has led to the suggestion that Russia may gradually become more capitalist, while America moves toward a more socialist economy. The theory is that the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. will meet somewhere in the middle of this spectrum, with both countries employing some form of mixed economy. Do you regard this as plausible?

SCHLESINGER: Well, I think there are limits to this sort of thing. I doubt very much whether private property is going to be restored in the Soviet Union, and I doubt very much whether we're going to nationalize very many things in the U.S. In eastern Europe, on the other hand, there is much greater argument, discussion and experimentation. Yugoslavia for a long time has been experimenting with a kind of free-market socialism. The Liberman proposals in the Soviet Union represent an adaptation of certain elements of the Yugoslav experiments. But I think the Soviet Union has a long way to go before it gets away from its all-encompassing dogmatism.

PLAYBOY: If the Russian economy prospers under free-market socialism, do you agree with those who foresee a possible realignment of power blocs among the "have" countries—including the U.S. and Russia—versus the "have-not" countries, rather than between the Communist and the non-Communist worlds?

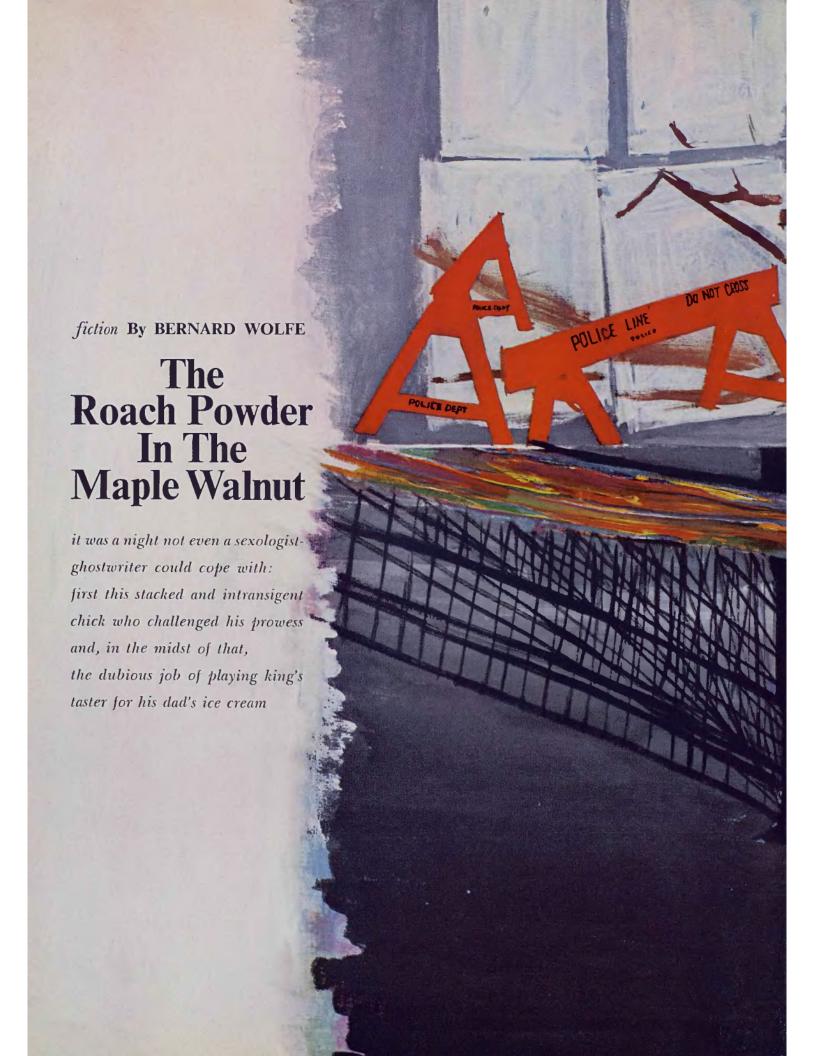
SCHLESINGER: I don't think so, because I don't think there is going to be enough unity of purpose and interest among the underdeveloped countries, and I don't think any unity between the "haves"

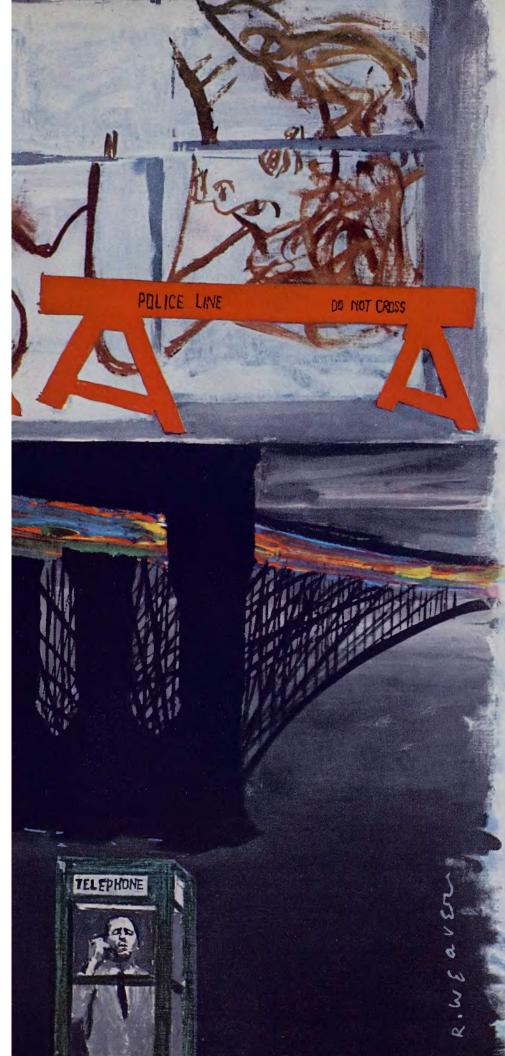
(continued on page 202)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man with lots of drive on the courts and off, the PLAYBOY reader takes his recreation first-class. Facts: Over 22% of PLAYBOY readers are members of country clubs. Over 31% play tennis; 42% golf; 56% boat, water-ski and/or skindive. And, naturally, these PLAYBOY sports enthusiasts equip themselves with the ultimate in sporting goods, since 52% of reader households chalk up annual incomes over \$10,000. Want your product to score with this sophisticated sportsman? PLAYBOY's the way. (Source: Benn Management Company Survey of Playboy Male Readers.)





THINGS WERE looking up for Simon. He had finished ghosting another book for Pandro Harlow the sexologist around the Pandro Harlow thesis that an outlet is an outlet is an outlet. It was the peppiest broadside yet against the bigots who favor one orifice over another, and Pandro was pleased.

Pandro had paid Simon the last \$5000 and thrown in \$1000 as bonus. So Simon had money. Also, with the job done, he had time to play.

Plus a girl to play with. He thought he had a girl, was about to have a girl.

Two weeks before completing the job, he'd been lazing through Sheridan Square trying to think out Pandro's last and in many ways Sunday-punch chapter. It was to lay out the Games Theory approach to sex. The idea was that sex, like all human projects, is a variety of game playing. The professional player does not put taboos on any part of the playing field. He defines no portion of the arena as out of bounds. He tries to cover the whole field and run up the best score possible. The champion golfer never says these orifices are good and those bad, he shoots all 18 orifices as expertly as he can. Sexual athletes will work for the same thoroughness once sex is recognized as a branch of athletics. Socalled deviates, because they play so fully and exuberantly, have been prominent among mankind's frontrunners. So-called deviates have led in cultural flowerings.

As he poked along, Simon asked himself questions about the orifice tourists. Is culture one more orifice? Some maybe can't tell their culture from a hole in the ground?

This wasn't thinking it out. This was thinking it down and out. His mind lagged, and with it his feet, as he tried to think creatively across Sheridan Square.

On the West Third side a crowd had formed around a young Negro poet. The Negro poet was explicating in a lashing basso that this nation would be turned into an ocean-to-ocean Watts: the Age of the Molotov Cocktail was being ushered in.

Simon stopped to consider the Negro poet's ferocious jollity and tight pants. Hell's Angels boots and gold ring in pierced left ear did not look right on a soapbox: meager programmatically.

A girl circled the crowd passing out leaflets. Her hair was black and her eyes were gray and she spilled from her shiny leather pants splendidly. The pants, by all signs, had alarmingly less square footage than did the skin coextensive with them. She was handing out her leaflets with the largess of a dean handing out diplomas.

Simon took one: invitation to a street-corner rally for get-out-of-Vietnam. She saw he was looking at her in an apolitical way and was not sure she welcomed it.

"That's what's happening," she said, tilting her head toward the emphatic poet. "Watts and more Watts."

"Doesn't it bother you when a speaker predicting blood baths wears one gold earring?"

"Maybe he can't afford two."

"If his budget's as tight as his Levis, he could afford none."

Her eyes did some melting. She tolerated a laugh. Some welcome edged into her air.

"Hey, you say funny things. What's your name?"

"Simon Dwire, what's yours?"

"Lee Abends."

"Lee Evenings? You're German?"

"Pennsylvania Dutch. They live by the clock, so some name themselves by the clock. There was a girl on my block in Allentown named Jenny Morgend, Jenny Morning."

"We had a Horace Mittag in my class in college. Horace High Noon."

"I went to Swarthmore with a Lucilla Nachmittag, Lucilla Afternoon. Maybe she should have been after Horace."

"What'd you study at Swarthmore, getting out of Vietnam?"

"No, I studied how to get out of Allentown and Swarthmore. I took top honors in those subjects and now I'm doing my fieldwork."

She urged a leaflet into the hand of a collegiate-looking young passer-by in a mustard-on-mustard chesterfield. He carefully blew his nose in it, wadded it into a ball, punted it west.

"He likes it in Vietnam," Simon said.
"Be a nonreader," Lee Abends said to
the diminishing chesterfield. "When
Watts gets to Madison Avenue you'll
read. Your obituary. Listen, Simon Dwire,
why'd you come down here, to heckle?"

"No, I was getting some air and trying to formulate some thoughts on the Games Theory approach to sex."

"What's that?"

"It's what I make my living at, I mean, I write about it. It's essentially a theory that sex can and should be made gamy."

"That what you're for, gamy sex?"

"Well, sex is something I think people should be game for. I'd like to talk to you about that, make my position clear."

He had inventoried her. Not only was her face a satisfactory face in a gathered, pre-pounce way. Her body was close to cornucopiate and by many signs a better orifice than culture. Huskiness alleviated cunningly by curviness, so even where most solid it came out in an abundance shapely rather than meaty. It didn't seem likely that with her free-lunch lines she'd have the triangle of air between her inner thighs that always disconcerted Simon. You could never be sure. But her tastily sculpted massiness argued against it.

"What do you do, Evenings?" he went on. "I'll rephrase that, what do you do evenings—or nights? Some night if you'd like I'll buy you a steak and we can talk about outlets and sports."

She thought he was some variety of flip but not unfunny. She gave him her number. The day Simon collected his \$6000 from Pandro Harlow he felt like catching up with his less consequential side, his playful side; he called the overflow leaflet girl. She said fine, sounded great, she'd be at his place 7:30, order her one cow medium rare.

. . .

They had Scotch on the rocks at his West Tenth apartment, daiquiris at Peor's and then a Bodegas Bilbenas white with the *filetes de puerco adobado*, Tuaca brandies at Cool Sounds while the midget m.c. in his Barbie-size swallowtails sopranoed his androgyne hipness, stingers back at his place. They got boozed up fine, but Lee's mood was no perkier. She had been down when she rang his bell and down she remained even as she wabbled once more into his basement-floor-front under guidance from his wabbly hand.

She had just this afternoon received one more goddamn letter from her goddamn father, she said. Letters from her goddamn father always ricocheted her into the moper's sidest pocket. What was in the letter? She wouldn't try to summarize such bastardly bilge. Simon could smut up his own eyes on said bilge. She fished around in her saddlebag and handed him the letter. It had a harmless enough text:

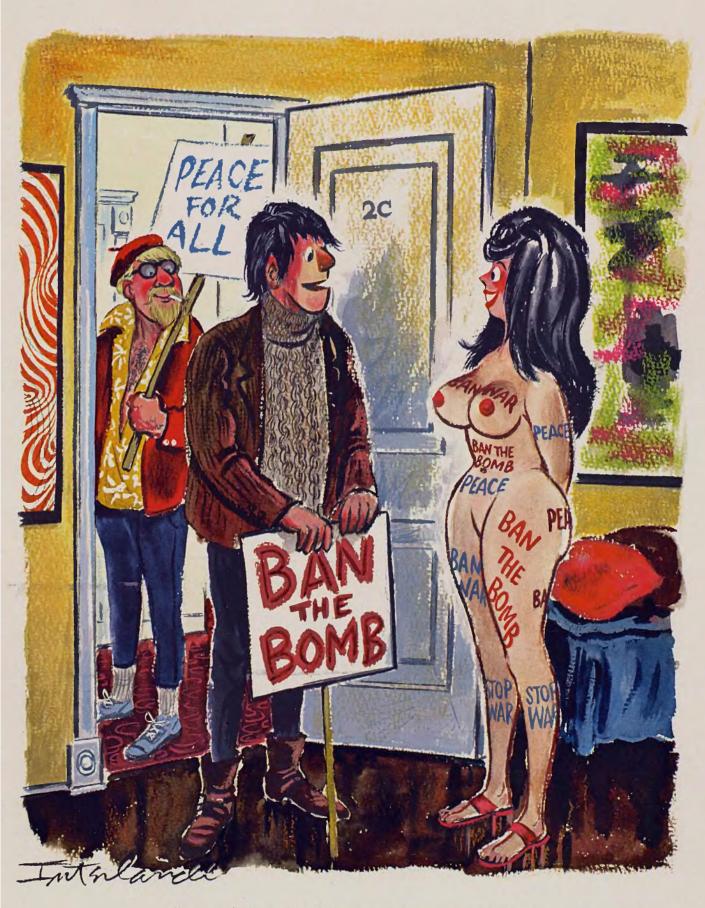
"Puss Girl, Now don't tear this up without reading. I'm saying no more about your uncombed friends and their mimeograph machines. Why you'd want to sit down and lie down on uncomfortable stones and pavements beats me when they're making such dandy innerspring mattresses these days, but that's your business. I've heard there are Hindu Indians who get their 40 winks on beds of nails, so why should you treat your bones better than the Hindu Indians? I'm not making more pitches for your going back to college either. I didn't raise my daughter to be a dropout, but if you want to pretend you're a Mexican-American grapefruit picker or a Mississippi Negro shoeshine boy deprived of educational opportunities, I guess it's good training for an actress in case you ever want a career in acting. I'm not even going to ask you again not to be ashamed of me because I manufacture high-quality kitchen ranges with the best patented rotisseries on the market and make enough money from this to winter in Nassau and send my daughter to Swarthmore to be Miss Dropout of 1966. The only thing I'm writing to inquire about is how much future there is in stretching out on railroad tracks in front

of troop trains. I'll grant you it can

be rewarding on a moment-to-moment basis, especially if you get enough state troopers to carry you to the paddy wagon, it's a queenly feeling to be transported in this luxury maharani way, but all the same, you've got to think of tomorrow, styles change, tomorrow they could move their troops by air, I know you're an unusually gifted girl, but I don't think it's running down your many talents to suggest even you can't figure out a way to lie down in front of a plane 30,000 feet up. What I want to propose, Doll Girl, is that you take a year's sabbatical leave from your corridor campouts and mimeograph machines and see a little of the world, all expenses paid. Travel can be broadening even to a corridor connoisseur and mimeograph fancier. See how the other half of the corridor-camping and mimeograph-turning world lives. I'm ready to put up every cent for the expedition, any style you want. Of course, if in your travels your eye gets diverted by a couple of nice paintings or churches to the extent that you forget about fussing cops, or if you meet a nice young Peace Corps civil engineer somewhere in Afghanistan that you'd like to do something besides charge riot squads with, I won't put up any fight. You know what kind of permissive parent I am. All I want is for you to spend a year not getting arrested so your horizons can expand somewhat beyond municipal and county jails. If at the end of the year's moratorium on your one-dropout war against the human race you want to end the cease-fire, I won't stand in your way. I'd just like to see you get some more education before you qualify for some Federal penitentiary. Lifers should have a lot to think about or time will hang heavy on their hands. Education can help in that respect. What do you say, Kitten? You can even take a slow boat to China and see Mr. Mao if you think you'd like his brand of fortune cookies. Though I suspect you'll find just one fortune in all his cookies: Better blight than white. I'm not commenting on his politics, just his color schemes. You don't have to remind me that we've got some color scheming in this country, too. I just sent another contribution to Martin Luther King. Incidentally, if you decide to poke around in Mao country, it might be interesting to check on how many sit-ins they have compared with the per-capita frequency of mimeograph machines. If you find any Martin Luther King around Peking who's conducting sit-downs in front of Chinese troop trains to protest Mr. Mao's plans to wipe out the white race, let me know, I'll send him a check, too. Your loving father with the great big abominable checkbook, Harrison."

"He's permissive and he's funny," Simon said. "You taking him up on the offer?"

"I'd like to take him up in a Mariner



"It's a swinging idea, Sandra, and I'm sure it would get attention, but I'm afraid it might distract from our message . . .!"

IV and leave him there," she cronked. "Call that an offer? It's a bald-faced bribe."

"Bribe to do what, grow up?"

"That's the one thing he's terrified I'll do. Registering Negro voters and fighting militarism is my way of growing up and believe me it's growing me up fast. His establishmentarian idea is that only by dropping these adult concerns and playing footsie with museums and civil engineers can his Puss Girl grow up."

up."
"Aren't you reading too much into this letter? Maybe your father's just saying some growing up can be done indoors as well as out, without squad cars screaming up."

Her gray eyes were storm centers.

"Listen, how old are you, anyway?"

"Thirty-one."

"There you go. There you are. We've got a saying, Don't trust anybody past thirty, and I guess it's with basis. The barricades are up everywhere between go and stall and they cut right across the population at age thirty. You've got Yale locks on your mind same as my father. Course you'd take his side, the establishment side, against me."

"I'm not taking any side, I'm not saying a word about your politics, and I don't think your father is particularly."

"Shit he isn't. There's a war going on and he's offering me a bribe to be a deserter and that's plenty political, they wouldn't shoot deserters in wartime if deserting wasn't political, remember the Private Slovik case."

"Lee, you're not Private Slovik. The way I read it, your father's only suggesting you can be such a wholesale joiner that you desert yourself. He's asking you to look things over for a year and try to apply for a membership card in yourself."

"I'm not going to argue this with you. I don't argue with reactionaries. All I want to know is why a reactionary would want to buy dinner for, and ply with drinks, a damn-fool joiner. You boring from within, that what you're doing?"

"More accurately, I'm being bored from without. Look, Lee, I didn't call you up to discuss politics, I called because I thought it'd be nice to have some drinks in a relaxed mood and talk about games and outlets. Well. You've been grousing and griping and wearing a long face all evening, because of this damned letter, it now emerges, and I'm just trying to show you the letter isn't such an insult and mortal blow after all, and certainly no reason to put aside all games and not discuss so much as one outlet."

The thing was, when she sprawled back on the couch this way, with one solid leg folded under her, her solid hip sworled up in an acutely invitational way, a spill of the best commodity, suggesting the sort of nerve-laving culture one would give the eyeteeth and, if necessary, the eyes, to hole up in: He wanted those slaty pupils molten enough to be lobbing more than slogans at him, from less than the sloganeer's remove.

"Bugger the world up and down," she said with no pleasure. "An establishment-propper like you, I swear, I don't know what I'm doing here."

"My point is that you're not doing it," he said. He moved less than steady to the couch and put his hands on as much of her as possible. "There. Now you're closer to doing it." He moved through barricades, a goer rather than a staller, man who wouldn't take no for an answer or even waste time questioning. "There. Now you're on the verge of doing it. Now you're making the barest beginning at doing it."

She was still fuming, but offered no obstacle to his undressing her. She lay back as at an obscure sit in in the twisty corridors of appetite. "Buy me off," she said dizzily. A little later she said through fixed teeth, "Don't want to go round the world." Later still: "Yale locks." There were no words from her for a time. She was not resistant but definitely passive, sluggish but dogging it. Then she was flurrying, masses in motion, unpatterned stir, strain on all frontiers, and saying, "All right now, all right then, you get me over the hump, you."

He didn't. Nobody did. Massy she was and not to be moved, though doggingly, ditchingly motile. Much want in furied leakage everywhere, the random ravening.

They were lying side by side soundlessly, he lighting a cigarette, she twitching from one position to another, fluttered, gray eyes sloganed again, when the phone rang. He was just able to reach it from the couch.

"Hello, who's this."

"Simon, son, I'm on the edge of dying, your mother is poisoning me."

His father with his utmost conspirator voice. Even talking low, he might be heard by the ubiquitous telephone buggers he imagined were everywhere, but chances must be taken.

"Couldn't this wait till morning, Pop?"

"If it could wait till morning, would I be calling you in the middle of the night, son. Listen to me, Simon, believe your father, for two days and nights now she tries to sneak it down my throat, I know what it is, cyanide, cyanide from the roach powder, she says chopped liver and ice cream and lettuce and tomato sandwiches, but it's cyanide in different forms, she's my fine cook, oh, yes, this time she'll cook me into the grave. I have taken no food for two days and nights, Simon, dear son, I'm weak, I haven't got the strength of a kitten in my bones, I am in principle opposed to bothering you with my troubles, but I

can't go on like this, this woman must be stopped or there'll be murder in the family and a whole scandal——"

"You're hungry, Pop, but if you go to sleep you won't be hungry and she can't poison you in your sleep. You get some sleep and in the morning I'll come down and take you to the corner drugstore and buy you a big breakfast, ham and eggs, French fries, she won't be able to poison that."

His mother's sniping voice came through from the background. She was no doubt standing in the doorway to the old man's room, withered in her totality of scorn, miniaturized by the abrading of years and wraths, tented by oversize cotton nightgown, cosmic disgust on face and eyes flashing the semaphore of a specially coded fury to which only the old man held the full cipher book.

"You're such an animal? You don't make life miserable enough for your one and only son during the day you've got to disturb his precious sleep, too, you animal? Suck and suck and suck that poor boy's blood?"

"Now you stay away from this room and from me. Elsa, I give you warning." his father said with the rage of the totally declawed, his tone offering dire upshots which would never precipitate down from fantasy. "I have the right and the obligation to tell my son I have had no human bite of food in my mouth for two days and nights because of your plots, he's got to know, who else should I turn to?"

"You rob your son of his sleep, too, the one and only possession you have not robbed yet?" his mother said. "Give me the phone, you animal."

"Keep your distance, Elsa, and you don't get harmed."

"I said give me that phone, liar and selfish animal."

Sounds of struggle. Percussion of a heavy object against the floor, probably the phone. More indications of scuffling, scrapings on wood, heavy breathing, grunts and groans of combat, a splintering.

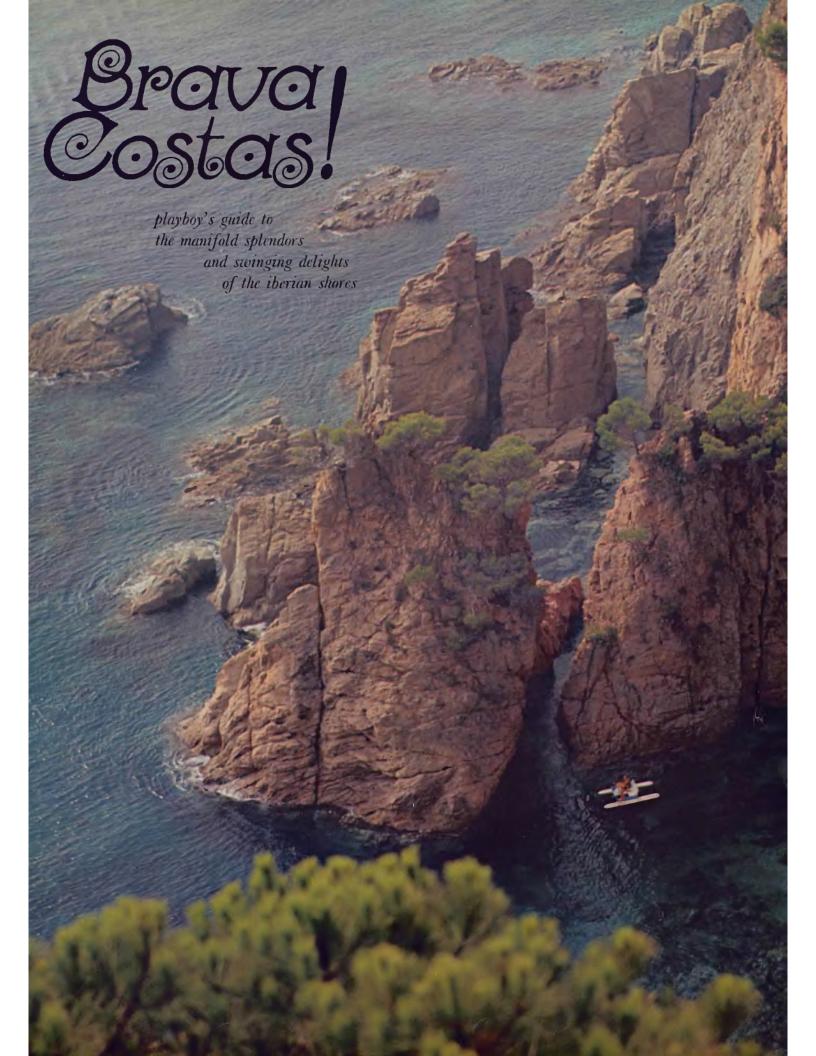
Simon nibbled at his thumbnail, waiting. He was aware of Lee Abends' sullen eyes memorializing humps not overcome, pinning blames.

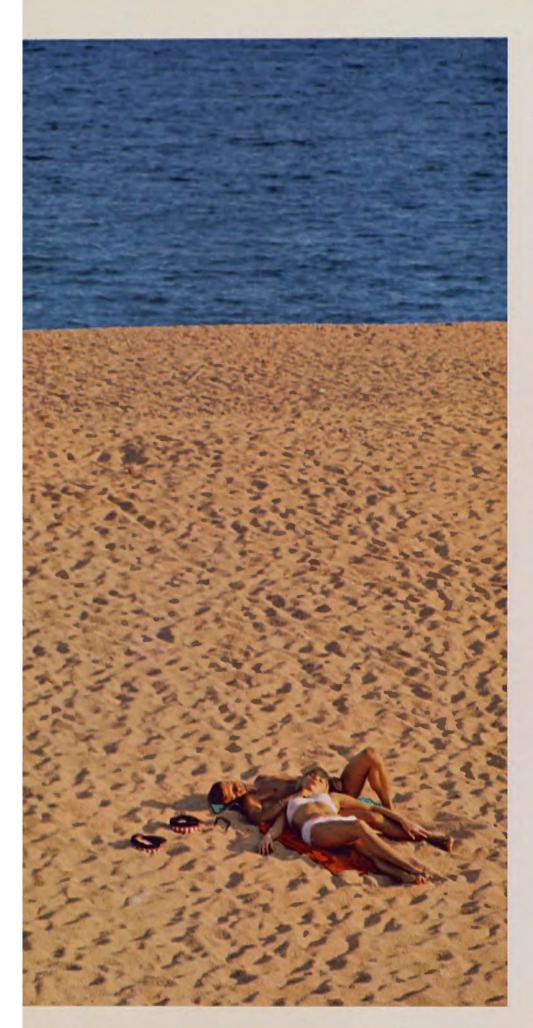
Finally his mother's voice: "Simon, this is a terrible thing he does but forget it, son, go back to your broken sleep if you can."

"He thinks you're poisoning him, boss."

"Could he think he poisons himself, son? A man with such a wholesale supply of poisons in his veins, he has to yell he didn't manufacture them himself, some enemy put them there. Who should put them there. Me. Elsa, the enemy. Elsa, the poisoner. You know how I poison this beast? With maple walnut, Simon, his favorite, I throw your hard-

(continued on page 216)





## travel By GEOFFREY BOCCA

IN THE BEGINNING there was Robert Ruark. North of Barcelona, in the Palamós of the early 1950s, he found an escape from modern civilization and wrote Something of Value. The only Spanish resort anyone had ever heard of then was San Sebastián on the Atlantic coast, and that was celebrated largely because of its proximity to Biarritz. On the beaches even the men were forbidden to wear topless swimsuits. Unmarried girls swam a discreet distance from the opposite sex, while hawk-eyed duennas patrolled the sands to see that the twain didn't meet.

But after Ruark came Ava Gardner, then the Windsors, Xavier Cugat and Artie Shaw. Finally, the deluge; from England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, the United States they poured in, first by the hundreds of thousands and then by the millions, bringing with them their tastes, habits and vacation apparatus symbolized by the bikini—with hardly a duenna in sight.

In 1965 alone, Spain hosted 14,000,000 foreigners—and nearly all of them headed for one or more of the Costas of the Mediterranean coast: the Costa Brava in the north, the small and puzzlingly neglected Costa Dorada south of Barcelona, the Costa Blanca in the middle and the Costa del Sol in the south.

The Costas stretch from Port Bou just below the French frontier all the way down to the Rock of Gibraltar, for 800 sun-drenched miles of sand and rock dotted with cities bearing such mellifluous names as Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Almería and Málaga. It's an area redolent with an aura of age-old cultures and past civil strife, but associated today with skindiving and water skiing along white beaches, pub crawling through night clubs open to the stars and amor, sports cars drifting through the dawn, passengered by tawny girls murmuring sleepy small talk in any one of a dozen languages.

This is a new mecca for international vacationers, who are thronging here in ever growing numbers—but don't be daunted by that touristic fact: Vast

Preceding page: An adventuresome pair navigates the craggy coast line of the Costa Brava along the road to Cadaqués. Left: A tranquil twosome lazily sun-bathes on the mile-long beach at Playa de Aro and then (top right) the sunny señorita tries a bit of topless toe dipping in a quiet cove near S'Agaró's chic La Gavina, a favorite stamping ground of Continental

stretches of the Costas are relatively uncrowded and unspoiled, and the vacationers tend to be of the tonier, handsomer sort. Access to the Costas is easy. TWA and Iberia, for instance, fly daily from New York to Madrid at a round-trip jet fare of around \$500. If you make use of the three-week excursion rate (going and returning in the middle of the week), it's around \$340. Pan Am flies directly to Barcelona six times a week.

Those who touch down in Madrid must change planes to get to the Costa of their choice: winging to Barcelona for the Costa Brava and the Costa Dorada, to Valencia for the Costa Blanca and to Málaga for the Costa del Sol. But for those who have decided to cover the lot—a perfectly practical and, in fact, recommended decision—the way to do it is to fly to Barcelona and rent a car. Then, after driving to the Costa Brava in the north, one can make a sweep to the south, sampling the particular pleasures of each of the Costas in turn.

A 70-mile spin north from Barcelona to S'Agaró by the sea will bring you to the perfect starting point for a holiday on the Costas. Check in at the Hostal de la Gavina and enjoy the luxury of one of the world's greatest hotels. La Gavina was built in 1924 as the private villa of a wealthy miller. Today, with its breathtaking location, private beaches, superb cuisine and elegant clientele, it is a showcase for the hospitality of the Costa Brava. At about \$30 a day for two (slightly expensive for Spain), you get your sumptuous meals, elegantly appointed rooms and a celebrity parade that may include ex-King Umberto of Italy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and even the Burtons.

The first caveat, however, if you are to get the maximum pleasure from the holiday, is a drastic one. Spaniards, male and female, dress with conservative elegance in the evening and with wild daring during daytime leisure-taking. Take only a lightweight suit or two and a casual jacket and slacks with you, and then embellish your Stateside wardrobe with at-ease-wear from the local shops that dot the town.

When evening falls, you should be

jet setters. Center left: Bargain hunting at the bazaar of Playa de Aro, which offers a potpourri of native handicrafts. Center right: Two gals and a guy go in for some leisurely pedal boating near Palamós, an unspoiled village frequented regularly (bottom right) by the Costa cognoscenti, who come to enjoy the sights of the harbor with its picture-postcard setting.



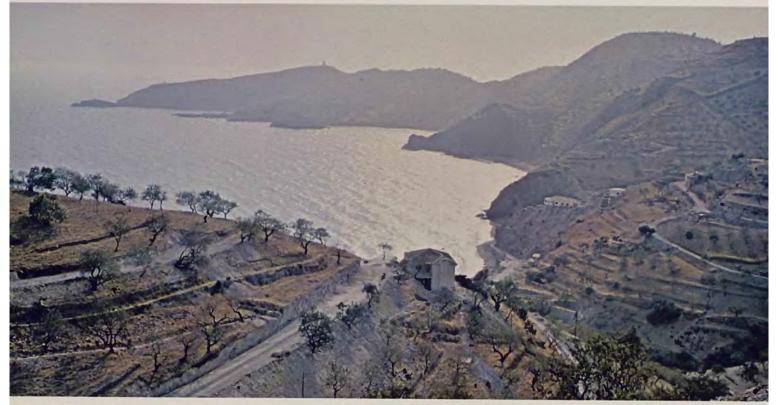






Right: A sports-carring couple leaves the Costa del Sol city of Marbella and motors toward the posh beach club of Prince Max von Hohenlohe-Langenberg a few kilometers out of town. Below: The winding rood between Málaga ond Almeria offers the touring twosome breathtoking views, hairpin turns and stopovers ot romantically isolated beaches along the way. Bottom left: A pair of bathers catches a wayward buss at one of Morbella's many beaches. Bottom right: A Costo del Sol sidewalk café such as this one is the ideal locotion for relaxing over afternoon cocktails or a dry sherry before heading back into the briny.









sitting in one of the cool sidewalk cafés that are the delight of S'Agaró, sipping a very dry Tio Pepe sherry. Sip slowly, because it will be a long time till dinner. The government has tried to persuade Spaniards that their traditional habit of eating lunch at three in the afternoon and dinner at eleven or midnight is an anachronism and a drag on the nation's progress; but Spaniards have too high an opinion of their own way of life, so the custom continues.

Dinner at La Gavina may start with French onion soup, followed by cold, fat, tender asparagus with fresh mayonnaise or sauce vinaigrette, and then roast ternera—veal, which in Spain is generally of better quality than the beef. Finish your meal with fresh, juicy peaches and wash it all down with a jug or two of sangria, an ice-cold punch of Spanish claret (specify Marqués de Riscal or Banda Azul) laced with Cointreau, to which is added soda water, lemons and sugar.

Farther up the coast from S'Agaró, at Bagur, is an even more spectacular though quieter hotel, the Cap Sa Sal, which deserves a visit if only for a swim, a drink and a meal. Built on a rocky promontory, with an elevator cut into the cliffside to take guests from the hotel down to the sea, the Cap Sa Sal is one of the most modern hostelries in Spain.

Life on the Costas won't be this elegant again until you get all the way down to Marbella in the far

Top: Europe's most avant-garde make a hip haven of the beach at Torremolinos. Second row, left: Swingers get in the Torremolinos swim before adjourning to the Merendero San. Miguel (second row, right), an oceanside snack shop specializing in fried fish and ice cream. Third row, left: A sumptuous spreod such as this of land and sea delicacies, along with vintage vinos and a brandy punch, is served up at all first-class Costa hotels. Torremolinos' spas, the Tropicana (third row, right) and Pedro's (bottom row, left), abound with delightful Gallic imports, most of them blonde. Marbella's exotic El Trianon wotering hole (bottom row, right) offers up one of the most uninhibited revues on any of the Costas.









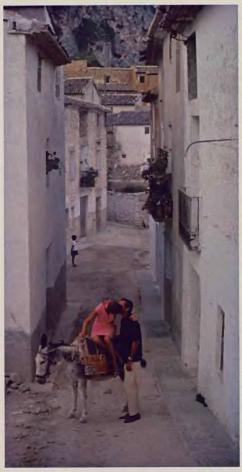














south. The attractions in between are of a different order. But before you even turn south, and if you have time and the month is August, take the road 35 miles north of S'Agaró to Cadaqués. You won't find it on most maps, and nine out of ten tourist agencies will never have heard of it. But this little fishing port, almost entirely hemmed in by mountains, is the craziest and most intimate spot on the Costa Brava—just for this one month. Before and after August it is completely dead.

If you plan to go there, leave your bags at S'Agaró, pack a thin black sweater for the cool of the evening, and a toothbrush against the contingency of an unexpected overnight stay. Take the road north by way of Palamós, one of the last unspoiled fishing villages on the Costa Brava. Rising steeply from a tiny bay and dotted with lovely white cottages, Palamós is a place of rare and haunting beauty. From there you follow the signpost to Rosas, which has the finest beach on the Costa Brava. You are tempted to stop, but your destination is Cadaqués. After driving through town, make for the mountains-you can't miss them, there's only one road. You are now set for two dusty hours of hairpin, roller-coaster bends until you get to Cadaqués. The rigors of the drive are the main reason so few conventional tourists know about the town, and why tourist agencies don't want to know. But this is the land of Salvador Dali, and you can see why. Melancholy countryside, a light that turns from red to mauve at sunset and gentle, motionless olive trees; all offer a wraithlike setting that seems almost Daliesque.

Cadaqués is a tiny fishing village of charm but no great immediate visual distinction. Its beach is made of slate and is painful to the bare feet. Yet it is crammed with men, girls, Alfas, Jags and Mercedes. Like Portofino on the Italian Riviera and St.-Tropez on the French,

Top: A Swordfish fleet prepares for a race on the Mediterranean from the Costa Blanca village of Benidorm, where small boats can be rented for daylong trips to isolated Costa caves. Center left: Turistas at the matador school in Benidorm take a caurse in taurine techniques—sans bull. Center right: Swain and señorita enjay a sweet respite from the Costa's round-the-clock swinging scene in the properly exotic village of Guadalest. At early evening (left), they prepare for a leisurely drive into the nearby mountains.

its charms are in its flaws. Cadaqués is a mecca for writers, painters and magazine photographers who are bohemian enough to ignore discomfort but successful enough to afford holidays with English debs, French models and Munich movie starlets. The state of marriage is unheard of. Life here is for the purpose of dancing energetically, talking tirelessly—and mingling uproariously, continuously and romantically.

The first order of business on arrival is to head for one of the bars on the tiny plaza and order a refreshing drink. You probably will have made at least one distaff friend by the time you finish your first draught.

Should such a happy meeting take place, you may well find yourself still in Cadaqués at dawn, sitting at a bar or out on the beach listening to guitar music and breakfasting on sardines and gambas cooked over a wood fire, and wondering where the night went. Sleep is something the young things of Cadaqués do only under duress-maybe in a car or in somebody's rented cottage nearby, or occasionally even in their rooms at one of the town's four hotels. With luck, you may soon become a part of the chic Cadaqués "wolf pack," switching casitas as whim, or conquest, dictates. The headman of the pack is Alberto Oliveras, a top Madrid TV personality, whose stable of beautiful girls is said to be larger and more mettlesome than even those vaunted écuries run by Sinatra and Roger Vadim.

When a fundamentally uncomfortable village such as Cadaqués—or Portofino or St.-Tropez—acquires this special social cachet, it invariably stems from some powerful intellectual influence, and Cadaqués is, in effect, the creation of Salvador Dali. The Hotel Rocamar, the principal hostelry of the village, has a collection of Dali canvases depicting Don Quixote, painted specially for the establishment. His home, the Casa Dali, lies

Top: Spontaneous flamenco dancing is the order of the night at La Taberna del Castillo, an Alicante night club in the wine cellar of an ancient castle. Center: The well-heeled, the unpublished poet, the sweet young thing and sometimes even the fuzz like to forgather in the basement cabaret of Club Mayaco in San Feliu for a drink. Right: Castilian customers are happily joined by Continental and American swingers who frug and monkey through the night at La Cabaña, Arthurian outdaor discothèque in Sitges.



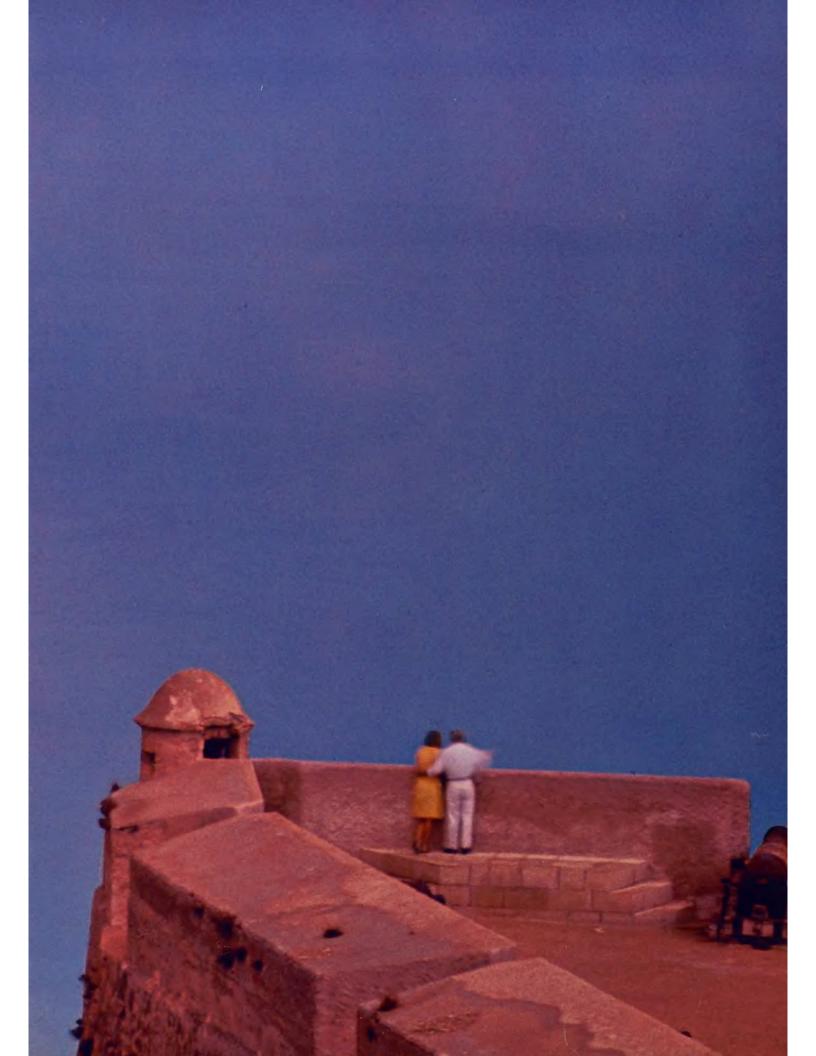






a mile and a half north at Port Lligat, not far from the French border. It is a wonderful place of carefully planned chaos, on many levels and in many styles. One of the rooms, designed by Dali's Ukrainian wife, Gala, reproduces the atmosphere of a Ukrainian nomad's tent. Standing in the entranceway is a huge, medal-covered stuffed bear which guests use as an umbrella stand. Dali guards his privacy when he is in residence, but when he is away, as he often is, his staff is sometimes permitted to show visitors around.

Assuming you are strong-minded enough to tear yourself away from Cadaqués, don't regret leaving your companion or companions behind: there are plenty more ahead. Take the road back to S'Agaró, pick up your luggage and head south to Barcelona. En route, you will pass siren signposts urging you to turn off to other Costa Brava resorts such as Playa de Aro, San Feliu de Guixols, Tossa de Mar, Lloret de Mar and Blanes. These places have become popular thanks to the tourist explosion and are badly overrun, partly by French campers, but mostly by package tours. Nevertheless, if you feel your education demands that you blanket all the Costas, you will not go entirely unrewarded. Playa de Aro has the Club de Aro, which is a beach club by day and a night club by night. The Mar y Tu snack bar in Lloret de Mar is popular for a young hip set that cannot be bothered to waste time on endless Spanish lunches. We recommend the Club Mayaco, a cabaret-bar in San Feliu. Tossa de Mar still has a certain class. It boasts two night clubs for dancing, the Don Quixote and La Paleta, both in converted fishermen's houses, which may remind some of the more widely traveled types of the Cellar in Liverpool, where the Beatles began. (continued overleaf)



All of these spas enjoy a plethora of English girls, mostly secretaries, who are friendly, fun-loving and almost uniformly attractive. One of the enduring mysteries of life is where English girls got their reputation for being buck-toothed and cold-natured. It's a reputation that flies in the face of what all English writers-from Chaucer and Shakespeare, through Fanny Hill's John Cleland, to the present-day Angry Young Men who, at least, aren't angry about that-have been trying to inform posterity. One trip to the Costa Brava should succeed in happily certifying what six centuries of deathless English prose have failed

Just before you leave the Costa Brava, you enter Calella, which, more than any other town in Spain, shows the impact of the tourist explosion. Seven years ago it was a small industrial town of 8000, with a beautiful stretch of beach. Its two hotels catered to a clientele of industrial salesmen. Today it has as many hotels as Barcelona, which has a population of 2,000,000. Every summer, Germans pour down to Calella in stolid armies. In what were once quiet bodegas where Spanish businessmen sipped sherry or vino tinto, German beer now flows into great steins. The menus are in German. The food is German. MAN SPRICHT DEUTSCH signs have become all but unnecessary. But occasionally you find a plaintive sign in a window stating SE HABLA ESPANOL.

Even so, Calella deserves a look. At the Hotel Calella, one of the best in town, you can have a good room with bath and three meals for five dollars a night, and a liter of wine free with each meal. On weekends you see something unique to the four Costas, the Spanish jet set arriving from Barcelona in force, by automobile, motor scooter and train. Except in the tiny emancipated world of the arts, it is a rare Spanish gentleman who manages to sleep with his fiancée before marriage; as a result, the bordellos in all major Spanish cities do a thriving business during the winter. The sporting-house scene slackens considerably in the summer, however, when the young señores come to Calella to spend a weekend with the uninhibited German girls.

But on, beyond Calella, past inns marked GASTHOF and boardinghouses with the words ZIMMER FREI in the window, past "English tea shoppes" and "snack bars," you find refuge in the beauty of Barcelona itself. This is a lovely city and, even for someone arriving in Spain for the first time, surprisingly un-Spanish, with the air more of France or northern Italy.

Barcelona is a curiosity in the world of a Costa vacation. It is the largest city on the Spanish Mediterranean coast; yet, in its beauty and mature dignity, its culture and history, it stands aloof from Costa life. At the same time, Barcelona plays a vital part in the leisurely life of the veteran of Spanish vacations; and a stay in the city, however brief, is a must. For one thing, it has the only real night-club life in Spain. Its so-called Chinese Quarter, the barrio chino, sprawls in a rough triangle to the right of the great avenue, the Ramblas, as you walk toward the waterfront. It has everything—except Chinese. There was a small colony of Chinese merchants in the 19th Century; hence the name. Today it is a riot of sailors' bars, night clubs, cabarets and brothels.

Barcelona boasts the most varied and sophisticated eating in Spain. To the left of the Ramblas, on a picturesque narrow street called Escudillers, named after the potters who worked there, is Los Caracoles, which specializes in superb seafood. If you continue down to the waterfront, turn left at the statue of Christopher Columbus and stroll to the port area, which is called Barceloneta. There you will find a score of seafood restaurants, all looking the same, all serving typical local dishes and all half empty-except one. The exception is the Costa, a favorite among Barcelona gourmets, who feast on its specialty, parrillada, a dish of 12 different fish cooked on an open grill.

At number 97 Casanova is a restaurant called the Guría, the like of which you probably have not encountered before. For one thing, it has the prettiest waitresses in Spain. They live on the restaurant premises and are trained in cuisine, good service and languages. But they are not allowed to date the customers. If you can bring yourself to concentrate on the food, you will find that the place excels in seafood from the Atlantic cooked Basque style, with a characteristic base of red and green peppers. The Guría is elegant and, for Spain, expensive. Dinner for two with wine will cost \$12.

If you have that all-American urge for steak, take another walk along the Ramblas to a little restaurant called the Hostal de la Gloria, which has the best beef in town. Other restaurants recommended to lovers of good food are Siete Puertas (the Seven Doors) and the Parellada. Any taxi driver will know where they are.

In Barcelona there is also bullfighting. The aficionados say that the art of the corrida, like so much else, has been degraded by tourists, by foreigners incapable of judging the true from the counterfeit, and by toreros who take advantage of the fact to screen their own incompetence. Nevertheless, it has to be seen, if only for the spectacle of the audience; for the children, solemn and black-eyed, taken by their parents as if to Communion for the spiritual fusion of themselves to the red of blood and the mystique of death. There is also the sight of lovely Spanish women, gazing

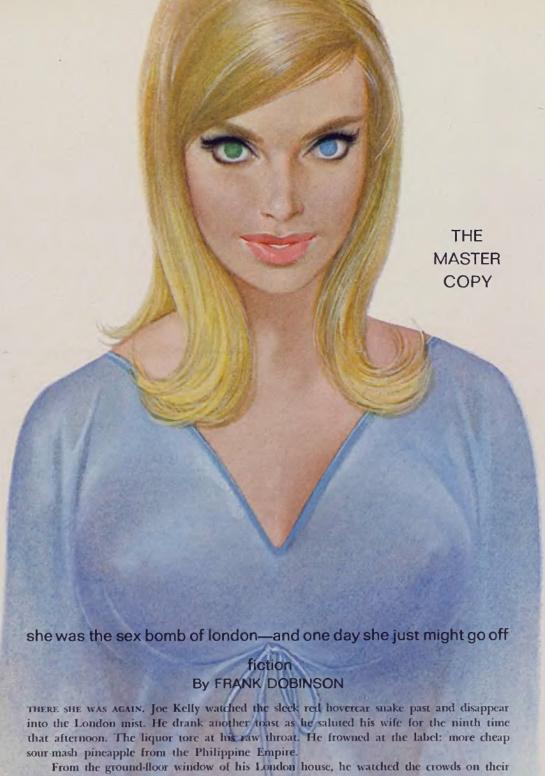
with hard eyes and curled lips, as bad bullfighters are covered with boos and humiliation. You would expect to see a trace of feminine sympathy for the poor fellow, but knowledgeability overrules compassion.

If you happen to be in Barcelona on a Sunday, ask your concierge if the Barcelona soccer team is playing in town. If it is-especially if it is playing its chief rival, Real Madrid-this is an occasion not to be missed. Join the hundred thousand others who will be present to watch that idol of Barcelona, the great Di Stefano, against the equally brilliant Ferenc Puszkas of Real. Puszkas is a former Hungarian army officer who was known as "the galloping major" in the great period before 1956, when Hungary swept the world in soccer. He escaped in the revolution and has played ever since for Real. Every week he receives over a hundred letters from Hungary begging him to come home. Puszkas is 37, Di Stefano, 38, and both maestros are in the twilight of their careers, with only a season or two of great soccer left. If you get the chance, by all means watch them before their luster passes forever.

Twenty-eight miles south of Barcelona, there is another surprise awaiting the motorist: the quaint old Costa Dorada town of Sitges. Although its normal population of 10,000 increases to 30,000 in the summer, it seems curiously detached from the tourist flood, which elsewhere carries all before it. This is because it was fashionable as a retreat long before the explosion began. Spanish millionaires and old English families keep homes on the promenade. There are fewer bikinis on the beach, and more marqueses on the golf course. The wildest thing that happens in Sitges is an antique-car race every year at Carnival. But after the lustily sleepless nights of Cadaqués, the ear-splitting Germanic cacophony of Calella and the big-city atmosphere of Barcelona, you may feel like resting for a night or two at dignified old Hotel Miramar or the Platjador for about seven dollars a day. A livelier hotel is the El Cid, catering to a Spanish clientele rather than to the foreign "in" group which drifts around to La Cabaña Club, an open-air discothèque, and to the Casa del Mar Beach Club, where you swim, water-ski and sun-bathe during the day and frug at night.

From Sitges, there is a hard drive of nearly 200 winding miles to Valencia, northern gateway to the Costa Blanca. Valencia is an architectural treasure with its baroque public buildings and Moorish private homes. It is also the home of the best-known of all Spanish dishes, paella, the classic dish of saffronflavored rice cooked in a heavy pan with shrimp, chicken, mussels, clams, pimentos, hot sausages and artichokes.

(continued on page 212)



From the ground-floor window of his London house, he watched the crowds on their way to one of the big Saturday-night entertainments: a bullfight in Soho; gladiators at the old Festival Hall if you could afford 20 crowns; cocklighting in Camberwell for two crowns if you couldn't.

And five crowns will get you my wife in bed, he thought. Lynn Master, sex bomb of 1996, international goddess of cinematic lust. The bitch.

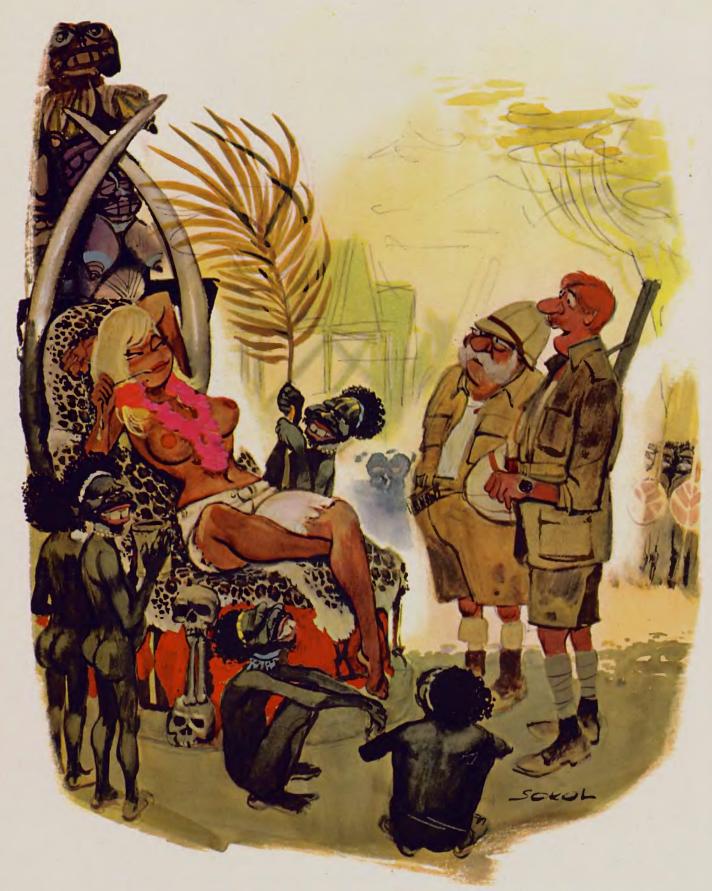
His wife came in from the sunroom, a blue drink in her hand. She strode swiftly toward him, her loose robe flowing easily with her, silhouetting her incredible body.

"Oh, Joe, darling. Are you at it again? Can't you leave off the drinks for just one day?"

He spun around and gestured with the bottle at the low car that purred by the window, with Lynn Master at the wheel.

"Goddamn it, Lynn. What do you think it's like, watching those damned models of you hustling around the clock? Do you think I like the idea of any damned tourist having you for five crowns?"

Joe Kelly was ten years older than his wife. His broad belly (continued on page 184)



"But, if you don't know any magic, and you're not a great leader, how do you maintain your hold over these people?"

What is a SPY-BOOK BOOM? I don't think I like the sound of it. Does it mean that a lot of people are using the same subject matter? Then when the hell is the boy-meets-girl boom going to end?

Does it mean that books on this boom kick get sold whether they are good, bad

or indifferent? Don't expect me to get enthusiastic about that one.

Does it mean that readers are instructed to buy books that are booming? Getting warmer. Land booms are the harmonious conjunction of sucker and speculator, so why not book booms? I'll tell you why not: Book buyers are book readers and book readers are no suckers. I'm a book reader.

There is nothing new about spying. There is nothing new about writing of it. Xenophon and Caesar wrote of it. The Bible perhaps owes a large part of its high sales to its spy stories. Other writers have tried their hand from time to time. Conrad, Le Queux and E. Phillips Oppenheim all had a deft touch. John Buchan showed how spies could serve imperialism when the going grew too shallow for a gunboat. Eric Ambler threw an idealistic left at the fascists of the Thirties and Graham Greene wrote some of the best of all between fulfilling his contract with God.

It was Maugham's agent Ashenden, in the opening paragraphs of *The Hairless Mexican*, who set a portentous note, however, when he reported back to his intelligence chief R.:

"'Do you like macaroni?' said R.

"What do you mean by macaroni?' answered Ashenden. 'It is like asking me if I like poetry. I like Keats and Wordsworth and Verlaine and Goethe. When you say macaroni, do you mean spaghetti, tagliatelli, rigatoni, vermicelli, fettucini, tufali, farfalli, or just macaroni?'

"'Macaroni,' replied R., a man of few words.

"I like all simple things, boiled eggs, oysters and caviare, truite au bleu, grilled salmon, roast lamb (the saddle by preference), cold grouse, treacle tart and rice pudding. But of all simple things the only one I can eat day in and day out, not only without disgust but with the eagerness of an appetite unimpaired by excess, is macaroni."

"'I am glad of that because I want you to go down to Italy.'"

R. was a character who came before M, but apart from superficial appeal, is there much resemblance between Ambler, Buchan, Conrad, Fleming and Greene? There is a certain pre-Nuremberg-trial readiness to shrug off irresponsible behavior on the plea of orders. Indeed,

Bond's unswerving loyalty earned him an accolade from America's extreme political right. But did Fleming do anything that could detonate a boom?

He exploited kinky sex and doll-like women. He enthroned the WASP when the WASP's role in the world was a little shaky. But Fleming's importance to the business world was the way he wrote always about what he called the serial character—James Bond—pursued a tested format and made a great deal of money. Fleming boomed.

It's a well-known fact that people don't make money because they are clever, highly trained or brave. They make it either because they are lucky or because they have a secret.

The secret-hunters pawed through Fleming's writings, as intent as cryptologists. They are still doing it. "Spies," they pronounced, "that's Fleming's secret. Spies make money. Spies boom." In Fleming's case they were right, but before the first Bond film, who had Fleming earmarked for boomsville?

In the spring of 1950 I was working on my first book—Ipcress File. I was earning enough money as an artist to write anything I chose. I chose a spy novel, as I still do. I liked to have a problem or enigma that could follow the action of the book, but I wanted the book to be ragged and untidy, as life is. I wanted the characterizations and the dialog to control the enigma, rather than the other way round as had been the case with the detective novels of the Thirties, (continued on page 182)



continues to spiral skyward, the author of "the ipcress file" files a personal report on the phenomenon

article
By LEN DEIGHTON



## The Gase Thy American Wines

## drink By THOMAS MARIO

how and why to stock your cellar with the choicest of domestics, what accounterments you'll need—and how to throw a wine-tasting party with your new vinophilic acquisitions

Once upon a time, American vinophiles looked upon the U.S. as a great place in which to live, but you wouldn't want to drink its wines. Wines for winos? Of course. And wines for cooking? OK. But wines to talk about in the same breath with the prestige products of France and Germany? You're kidding. But that was once upon a time. Wine drinking is the most steadfast of pleasures, but wine making is the most fluid of arts (no pun intended), as we shall see.

Looking for equals in European and U. S. wines is like trying to find identical rivers. Each breathes its own prevailing atmosphere, is hugged by its own soil and flows along its own course. The quality of a wine is a marriage of the human palate and a subtle combination of alcohol, pigments, aroma, bouquet, acids, tannins, sugars and countless other components Bacchus himself couldn't name. Juice crushed from the grapes on one hill is quite different from the very

same variety grown on another hill. When a specific grape, such as the Pinot Chardonnay, is transplanted from the Côte d'Or in Burgundy to the Sonoma valley in California, it's destined to yield a different cup of cheer-not necessarily better or worse, but definitely different. Long before President Johnson ordered our embassies abroad to eschew the foreign grape in favor of American wines, the vintages of the two continents were being judged side by side. Thomas Jefferson, after serving two bottles of U.S. wine sent to him as a gift, wrote to the donor saying that his company could not tell the difference between them and "the far-famed burgundy named chambertin." In a series of wine-tasting sessions a while ago at Harvard, Columbia and Williams, the oenological undergrads preferred American wines over their Continental counterparts two to one. During a six-year California comparative wine-tasting program in which 2500 fanciers offered their sober and civilized opinions, U.S. wines took 214 first places; foreign wines, 198 first places. As you might expect, some French wine exporters sneered that the barbaric Americans couldn't be depended upon to tell good from bad. Not all Frenchmen are so condescending. Pierre Lamalle, one of the top inspectors of the prestigious Guide Michelin, took a gastronomic tour of this country a few years ago, and tasted an American wine from a rare bottling that he said could honorably compete with any of the top wines of France of the same variety. Many U.S. wine makers now turn out a small amount of such opulent growths, usually babied in small casks until they reach their moment of perfection—a critical point of time when a great wine must be bottled or else it begins to go downhill. In the U.S. wine bowl, these great wines are still a small, if steadily rising, pool. But for that matter, while there are more great European wines than American, the really noble bottlings in Europe such as the Romanée-Conti or the Bernkasteler



A wine-tasting party gets merrily under way as the gentlemen instruct their students fair in the proper techniques for judging the quality of our tender grapes. The host has thoughtfully served up a cross-country sampling of great U.S. wines—from heady Sonta Clara reds to bright, bubbly New York champagnes.

Doktor amount to only a small stream themselves; rarely more than ten percent of the total output.

American wines have so overhauled their Continental counterparts, particularly in the medium grades, that the dedicated vinophile no longer need store only a few naïve, domestic vintages for his kitchen. Indeed, a really proper cellar, once the exclusive province of French and German wines and an occasional cask of amontillado, may now start with its foundation deep in native American soil.

If a foreign versus Û. S. tasting is challenging, an all-American play-off can be even more diverting; it can also give you, as if you needed one, the perfect excuse to toss a different kind of party. Actually, the occasion can serve two purposes—a wine-tasting party for your friends plus a chance to test candidates for your own cellar. Begin by inviting those friends who might enjoy forsaking their martinis for the subtler pleasures of the fermented grape (stronger spirits will tend to anesthetize the palate and make for indifferent wine tasting). Eight to twelve guests is a good



number for a wine party. More than a dozen tends to cloud the issue and befuddle the tasting. Before the guests arrive, set up a long table covered with a snow-white tablecloth, which will accent the rich hues of the wines. Put out a cheese buffet with wedges of mild brie, French port salut, crème danica, stilton and gourmandise, accompanied by unsalted water crackers, dry toast, small skewers of beef and portions of steak tartare. The food will clean the taste between sips of different wines and tempt the palate to sip and sample more.

Some purists decree that each taster should be presented with but a single tulip-shaped glass, to be rinsed after a new wine is sampled. However, we like to have plenty of clear crystal glasses handy to give each wine a fresh start in a fresh glass.

Before we actually get to the serving and sampling of the wine, a heretical word or two about stemware is in order. There are seven basic shapes of wine glasses, ranging from the commodious champagne to the tiny liqueur. From these seven basics, manufacturers have produced a bewildering array of variations, many of them interesting and beautiful in themselves. If you're crazy about the aesthetics of crystal, then by all means stock up on as many varieties as catch your (continued on page 191)

Winebibbing equipage for the dedicated vinophile. Clockwise from noon: Handmade Swedish Orrefors crystal quart decanter, from Bonniers, \$28.50. Belgian Val St. Lambert cut lead crystal four-fifths-quart decanter, from C. D. Peacock, \$37.50. Orrefors handcrafted crystal quart decanter, from Bonniers, \$45. Lead crystal stemware: Tulip champagne, \$7; saucer champagne, \$6.50; Pavillon winetaster, \$9.50; red wine, \$6.50; white wine, \$5.25; sherry, \$4.50; liqueur, \$4; all by Baccarat. Modern wine cellar assures automatic temperature and moisture control, by Cramer Products, \$650. Wrought-iron English Liquor-Lites, from Manufacturers' Marketing, \$3.95. A pair of gold-plated champagne corks in a black ponyskin case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$20. In back: French silver-plated wine basket, from C. D. Peacock, \$30. Swedish brass-covered captain's decanter, from Baekgaard & Butler, \$10. Behind, from right to left: The Joy of Wine, LP record, by Neiman-Marcus, \$4.95. Dionysus, a Social History of the Wine Vine, by Edward Hyams, published by Macmillan, \$10. Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits, and Beers, published by Scribner's, \$8.95. In front of books: Swiss automatic cork puller, from Iron Gate Products, \$50. French sommelier's chain and saucer set, from Iran Gate Products, \$27.50. Above, moving clockwise: English silver-plated wine cooler, from C. D. Peacock, \$90.45. Compressed-air cork popper, from Neiman-Marcus, \$5.95. Wrought-iron bottle server, from Georg Jensen, \$5.50. Silver-plated coaster with stopper-pourer, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$11. The Wine Cellar Journal, a personal wine record book, by Neiman-Marcus, \$14.95. Twelve-bottle walnut rack, by Vermillion, \$18.95. Twelve-bottle imported Holland aluminum rack, from Bonniers, \$3.95. Lightweight aluminum wine bucket and stand, from Iron Gate Products, \$24.95. All wines are courtesy of Bragno World Wines, Ltd., of Chicago.



"That's what I said—just like you paint."





six english beauties
were brought to america for cottontail
training in preparation for the opening of our
london playboy club—and one of them makes a
fetching miss may

BRITANNIA'S FIRST Bunny-Playmate, Dolly Read, recalls excitedly the night she was spotted by staff photographer Pompeo Posar during her training stint as a Chicago Club bumper-pool Bunny. "He asked me if I would like to consider becoming a Playmate, and I thought it was a smashing good idea," says Dolly. "But, like any well-bred British girl, I had to clear it with my parents first." Born in Bristol, a coastal city near the Welsh border, the former Miss Bristol Teenager had a budding stage career before opting for Bunny satin instead. She entered the Eleine Hartley-Hodder School of Drama at the age of eight and emerged an aspiring actress some ten years later ("That's when I packed my trunk and got aboard the London train in

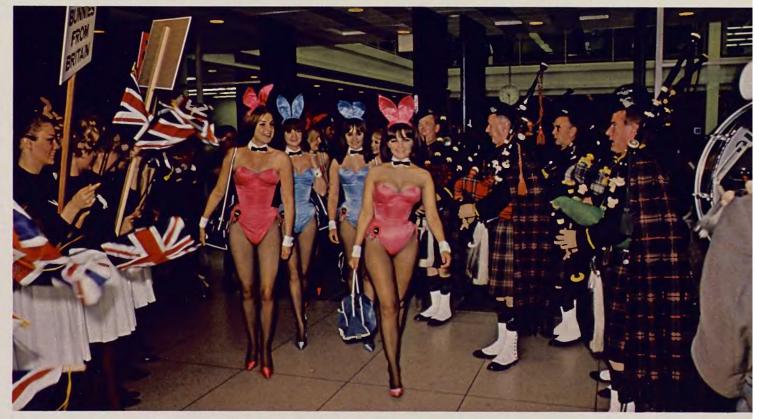








Above: Dolly takes time out from a press conference at London Airport to share a box of going-away cookies with a young admirer (left), only to find herself subsequently upstaged (right) when the toddler returns looking for additional treats. "She was a doll," recalls Dolly, "and not a bit camera-shy. Mr. Hefner ought to ring her up about 1982. Real Bunny material, that one!" Left: Before climbing aboard their Chicago-bound B.O.A.C. jetliner, our six British Bunnies strike a final pose for the press.





Above: Deplaning at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, Dolly leads the British Bunny sextet past some local blowhards from Shannon Rovers Bagpipe Band, who turned out in full Scottish regalia for the occasion. Seconds later, they were Bunny-hugged hello by a long line of Chicago cottontails waving Union Jacks. Left: After checking through Customs, the girls take their first American coffee break while being interviewed in a waiting room by newsmen. "You'd have thought we were the Beatles!" Dolly said. "One chap kept asking how I liked America, even though I'd only been here 30 minutes."





Above left: New Bunnies in town relax with host Hugh Hefner, comic Mort Sahl and artist Shel Silverstein in the main room of the Playboy Mansion. Above right: Four of London's finest attend Bunny training class. Below: Dolly dons VIP velvet, a uniform for rabbituettes who measure up to VIP Room standards.



search of fame and fortune"). Renting a flat in the Marylebone section of London, centerfolddom's latest Commonwealth import saw several workless weeks before landing her first acting job in a local TV series called Compact. "It was sort of a feminine version of your own Valentine's Day," says Dolly. "All I had was a walk-on part, but it seemed like the greatest role since Lady Macbeth to me." Soon after, she was signed for her first film role, in The Kiss of the Vampire, and went on to play a number of "rather prosaic" video roles until Bunnydom beckoned.

Dolly and her five British cottontail cousins arrived in Chicago last October. Each member of this sensational sextet which includes Doreen Allen, Kathleen Bascombe, Joan Findlay, Catherine Mac-Donald and Maggie Adam-won top ratings among 1000 entrants in last summer's nationwide British Bunny Contest sponsored by Radio London. Having since graduated from Bunny Training School and now completing a sevenmonth apprenticeship at the Chicago Club-with equal emphasis given to such curricular requirements as the Bunny Dip, tableside photography, tending the Playboy Club Gift Shop and Door Bunnying, bumper-pool playing and the extraspecial VIP Room service-these nowfull-fledged rabbituettes will return to England shortly for the upcoming opening of the ultra-U London Playboy Club.

During off-hours, Dolly and her compatriots bunked in one of the Playboy Mansion's Bunny Dorms and spent many fascinating hours fancy-that-ing most of the Second City's sights. "Chicago's a bit of all right," reports the 21-year-old Miss May in her charmingly clipped British accent, "and Mr. Hefner's house is a proper palace—but we're all a trifle homesick. My dad's an electrical engineer, my older brother's a chemist and the younger one's a chef, and they all travel so much that I don't get to see enough of them even when I'm back in Britain."

Dolly recently added several promotion trips for PLAYBOY to her busy Stateside schedule, including visits to Michigan State University ("What I like most about American college men is, they never let studies foul up their dating"), Great Lakes Naval Hospital and a trip to Boston for Playboy's opening night there. When Dolly and her London-bound troupe get back to Park Lane, they'll be kept Bunny-hopping as trainers for their home Club's 95-girl rabbit-eared contingent. "I'll start as the Door Bunny," Miss May explains, "but eventually I hope to put in some time as a Croupier Bunny in one of the Club's gaming rooms. More excitement there, you know!" In addition to her preference for action, Dolly also professes a penchant for Len Deighton thrillers and exotic foods ("Fortunately, I can eat all I want and still keep my figure"). Good show! To say nothing of Gear and Fab.







Top: Saturday morning in the Bunny Dorm gets off to a rollicking start as Canterbury cottontail Doreen Allen surprises Dolly with a letter from home. Above left: After a brief battle for her postal privacy, Dolly shares some good news with her bunkmates while British-bred beauty Joan Findlay looks on. Below: On a weekend tour of the Windy City, British Bunnies at the Museum of Science and Industry are captivated by a mechanical cow that moos, munches and gives milk with bovine reality. "Why, I'll bet this museum has more gadgets," quips Dolly, "than all the 007 flicks put together."







Above: In the Chicago Club's Playmate Bar, expert bumper-pool Bunny Marika Lukacs—whose august charms graced our August 1961 feature "The Bunnies of Chicago"—shows Dolly how to handle her cues. Below: Dolly displays Gift Shop's latest Playboy Products line ("At first, I was my own best customer").



### PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudist camp* as a place where nothing goes on.

The Sunday-school teacher asked her class of youngsters if they could name any of the Ten Commandments and one kindergarten-aged boy stood up and announced proudly: "Thou shalt not omit adultery."



On the last night of his first buying trip to Paris, a young furniture importer from America met an attractive French girl in the hotel elevator. She spoke no English, however, and neither could understand a word the other was saying until the resourceful merchant devised a means of communication for the occasion. Taking out a pencil and notebook, he drew a sketch of a taxi. She nodded approvingly, and off they went for a ride in the Bois de Boulogne. A little later, he drew a picture of a table laden with food and wine bottles, and when she nodded her assent, they headed for a sumptuous repast at Maxim's. After dinner, she was delighted with a sketch he made of a dancing couple, so they danced the evening away at a popular Left Bank boite. Finally the girl picked up the pencil and, with a knowing glance at her clever escort, she proceeded to make a crude drawing of what was clearly intended to be a four-poster bed. He stared at his charming companion in amazement; and when he took her home, while he was kissing her good night on her doorstep, during the long ride back to his hotel, and even on his flight back home the following afternoon, he still couldn't figure out how she had known he was in the furniture business.

A glib young advertising executive took his sophisticated secretary to his luxury apartment on Central Park South, ostensibly for the purpose of dictation. He showed her around and when they came to the bedroom, he quipped, "This is National Sex Week—would you care to contribute?"

She smiled sweetly and replied, "I've already given at the office."

**D**id you hear about the young man who moved to Greenwich Village and turned prematurely gay?

We know a Texan who is so rich that he has an unlisted phone company.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO ANY MAN WHO CAN MAKE LOVE TO ONE OF OUR GIRLS TEN TIMES IN SUCCESSION read the sign on a wall in the hall of the brothel. A sailor who had just returned from ten months at sea decided to accept

the challenge. Picking himself a particularly appetizing, pleasantly plump brunette as a partner, he started strong, but began to falter after the seventh performance. When the somewhat sated gob asked the girl what the count was, she said, "That's five times, sailor." Realizing that the girl was lying to keep him from winning the wager, he became furious and refused to continue until he was given an honest count.

At that point the house madam entered to investigate the shouts of outrage, and she managed to soothe the sailor by agreeing that he must be satisfied with the scoring.

"There's only one fair way to settle this, deary," she said. "We'll simply start the count over from the beginning."



The young man stepped up to the bar and ordered a manhattan. The bartender returned shortly with the drink, in which floated a piece of parsley.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to the glass.
"A manhattan," replied the bartender. "Isn't that what you ordered?"

"Well, yes," said the young man. "But what's that?!" He pointed to the parsley.

"Oh, that," explained the bartender, "that's Central Park."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines bragging as the patter of little feats.



It was her first trip to Hawaii and the middleaged matron had noticed that several of her fellow passengers did not pronounce the island name as she had previously assumed it should be pronounced. Anxious not to offend the natives of our 50th state, she decided to approach the first islander she saw and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I wonder if you could tell me if it is pronounced Hawaii or Hawaii?"

"Havaii," the man responded.
"Thank you very much," said the grateful

"You're velcome!" said the man.

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Men just love this hair style!"

that we still had our original shirts and were superstitiously attached to them. But the manager gave me a new one anyway, and I hung it in the back of my locker. Then I set the game bag on the bench in front of the locker and began to pack. The air was close and smelled of dried stale sweat and wet leather and liniment. but I took my time and packed carefully, because I didn't want to forget anything.

I was folding my extra sweat pants when I heard the coach, Ned Harrow, come in. He walked down the rows of lockers, speaking to everyone. When he got to mine, he said, "Well, how are you feeling?"

"Fine."

"That's good," he said. "I want to have a little strategy talk with you later."

"All right."

He walked off and I wondered what strategy he had in mind. I knew as much about stroking a Harvard-style race as I ever would, not that in theory there was anything difficult about it. Fast start, low through the middle, hell-for-leather at the finish. The trick was in execution, because the low-through-the-middle phase sometimes left you behind going into the last quarter mile. Maybe he had just been making conversation. He was a graduate student in archaeology and a good coach, and we got along well enough, but there was always a subtle strain. That was because I had beaten out Lowell Jay, the captain and a senior and Harrow's clubmate in the A. D., for stroke. Jay didn't have the brute power for emergencies, or the rhythm, and Harrow knew it, but you could tell he wished things had been different.

I packed the towels last and pulled the drawstrings of the game bag tight. Then I went to the shower room and took off my clothes and stood on the scales. The needle swung to the high side of 161. In lightweight rowing the crew has to average 155 and the maximum for any man is 160. I was supposed to make 158. I knew I would lose at least two pounds during the afternoon workout, and as long as I got down below 160 I was all right. Someone would give me leeway from there. My friend Tim Ohls, the five man, was the only other person on the boat who had trouble making weight, and two or three people in the bow were always low. My natural weight was somewhere between 165 and 170, and Ohls was a little bigger. Neither of us dared eat anything after Thursday lunch, and if the weather was cold so that we didn't sweat a lot in practice, Ohls had to cut out Wednesday dinner. As a freshman I had worried constantly about making weight, but now I had the technique, and it was merely an annoyance.

I dressed and went downstairs to the bus. It was not crowded yet, and I picked

a window seat about halfway back. Lowell Jay was the first varsity man to get on. He nodded to me and said, "Good morning," but sat in front so that he could be near Harrow. I was glad Jay hadn't sat with me, because it was always awkward talking to him. Besides the stroke business, he was a friend of Ann Haughton, the girl I had thought I was in love with. His roommate since St. Paul's was a guy named Wickford Staples, who took Ann out a lot and appreciated me not at all. Ann had told me once that she and Staples had a standing joke about getting married, and Jay was always the best man. She said that Jay would be an asset to any wedding, because he looked like Richard Corey, clean-favored and imperially slim.

Tim Ohls got on, and as usual his hair was uncombed and hung over his forehead and his tie was a little askew and pulled down. He slung his game bag onto the overhead rack beside mine and said, "How they hanging?"

"One high, one low," I said.

He took off his jacket and stuffed it between the game bags. Then he sat down and stretched his legs. "Goddamn buses," he said. "No leg room. I'm high."

"I'm all right," I said. "A high sixty-

"I'm sixty-goddamn-three."

"You'll make it OK."

"I sure to hell hope so."

When everyone was on board, Harrow stood up in front and said, "Count down. Varsity first." Harry Borden, the bowman, yelled, "Bow," and Jay yelled, "Two," and so on, through me and cox'n Jerry Hayes. Then came the J. V. and freshmen and spares. When the last spare had sounded off, Harrow said, "All set, driver," and the bus lurched forward onto Storrow Drive.

During the ride, Tim and I talked shop, which was unusual. He was a history major, and before races we usually talked books or girls. We had arguments over Gide, who bored me, but we both liked Mark Twain better than Melville, and Tim was about the only guy I knew at Harvard who really appreciated Hemingway. Most people couldn't keep Hemingway's public image separate from his work. But the Eastern Sprints were different from other races, and the pressure had been building since Monday, so that it would have been phony to pretend we weren't thinking about business. Tim was good to talk shop with, because it was more than just hashing over what you knew anyway. He was shrewd and noticed little things that people did wrong, and often he had ideas that were worth passing on to Harrow. We talked about our own boat, and then started in on the opposition. MIT figured to be toughest. We had beaten them before, but only by a half-length.

That had been on the Charles, rowing into a quartering head wind and a crosschop, and MIT was a notoriously bad rough-water crew, so there was no telling what they'd be like if it was smooth. Tim figured Navy might be tough, too, because they sometimes improved vastly during a season, and Cornell was never bad. The rest were also-rans.

In Worcester we were to stay at the Lakeside Lodge, which was about a mile from Lake Quinsigamond. It was a twostory almost-new motel, and Harvard had rented the whole place. The lightweight crews were upstairs and the heavyweights on the ground floor. There was a ballup in the rooming assignments, and someone had put Tim in with Lowell Jay and me with Hayes, the cox. Tim and I had roomed together every road trip for two years, and it seemed to be inviting bad luck to break us up, so we tracked down Harrow and one of the managers and got things straightened around. By then it was one o'clock and everyone who didn't have to worry about weight went to lunch. Tim and I went to our room. It was hot and I turned on the air conditioning and flopped on one of the beds. Tim lay down on the other. He said he was hungry. Then he said he was glad he wasn't rooming with Jay, whom he detested.

I dozed awhile, with the nervousness and hunger jangling in my stomach, and when I woke, Tim was coming out of the bathroom. He grinned and said, "What a dump. A three-pounder at least."

A little later one of the managers came by and told us we had 15 minutes to dress and board the bus. We changed into our leather-seated rowing shorts and booties and practice shirts, then went downstairs, carrying our sweat clothes.

At the boathouse there were dozens of oarsmen milling around, taking shells in and out and standing talking. Most of our people stayed close together. Tim and I found the scales and checked them out. I was still a high 161, with my clothes on, which was good. Harrow called for the varsity to get on the boat, but I told him to hang on, I had to get into my sweat clothes. He said, "No rush. I'll send the freshmen out." I got into my sweat pants and two sweat shirts and a rot-smelling bright-yellow rubber poncho. I felt lightheaded and was thirsty and it seemed as if the poncho was constricting my breathing.

We stood beside our shell, called the Class of '39, for 15 minutes before there was a space at dockside. Then Hayes said, "Ready all, hands on, out and away." We carried the shell out waisthigh and swung it parallel to the lake. Hayes said, "Up and away," and we (continued on page 176)



playboy's wide-angle look at current and upcoming camera gear, with an audio-visual assist by woody allen

By VINCENT T. TAJIRI THE YOUNG MAN returning from lunch pauses at the window of a camera store and is caught up by the display. Stretched before him are examples of the precision workmanship evident in cameras today: the compact ruggedness of metal bodies sheathed in black, pebble-grained leather; the gleam of wide-eyed lenses; the glisten of polished or satin chrome; the knurled knobs, the assertive levers, the dials etched with numerals. He reflects upon what he would like to have photographed—the wondrous places he's been, the people he's known—and with the days stretching to summer's length, he knows there will be much more.

But he's late. He turns and hurries off. And that which really served to deter him from entering the store may have been more than his prompt return to the office. The contemporary male prides himself on his knowledge of diverse subjects and his ability to converse in the varied idioms they require, whether the topic be jazz, underground movies, Grand Prix cars, civil rights, Vietnam, Wall Street or Madison Avenue; and his conversations are often spiced (text continued on page 126)





"So then I told her to stop by my pad and I'd see about getting her in PLAYBOY."



Left: A manually operated Woody Allen checks out the latest in automatic gear. Top row, left to right: Automatic 100 with triplet lens and electronic shutter develops color photos in 60 seconds, by Polaroid, \$150. Voigtlander Vitrona with Lanthar 50mm f/2.8 lens is equipped with cinema-type pistol-grip holder, by Zeiss Ikon, \$103. Table tripod can be converted to a hand-held camera holder, by E. Leitz, \$19. Ricolmatic 126 with f/2.8 Rikenon lens features automatic film advance and electric eye, by Ricoh, \$80. Swinger Model 20 for instantly developed blackand-white photos, with built-in flash gun, by Polaroid, \$19.95. Bottom row, left to right: Braun Hobby F2 electronic flash unit works on both battery and AC current, from E. Leitz, \$69.50. Nikonos camera with W-Nikkor 35mm f/2.5 lens can operate under water to 160 feet without special housing, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$159. Gossen Pilot exposure meter for still or movie cameras, from Kling Photo, \$18.95. Argus Automatic 260 with coated Cintar f/5.6 lens features top-loading cartridges and electric-eye settings, by Argus, \$58. Instamatic 804 with 38mm f/2.8 lens offers a spring-motor film advance and electric-eye exposure control, by Eastman Kodak, \$125. Below: Woody takes a lensman's lunch break amid a clutch of top-line photo accessories. Top row, left to right: Auto-Strobonar/660 fully automatic electronic flash, by Honeywell, \$129.50. Perrin Thor III cowhide gadget bag with zippered front and removable tray, by J. B. Perrin, \$59.95. In front of bag is Super Takumar f/4.5 fully automatic zoom lens, by Honeywell, \$395. Reflex Nikkor 500mm f/5 compact lens system, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$530. Schneider zoom lens 80-240mm f/4 can be moved from one focal point to another without refocusing, from Burleigh-Brooks, \$400. Canon zoom lens FL 55-135mm f/3.5 can be used for regular, portraiture or telephoto photography, by Bell & Howell, \$300. Fish-eye Nikkor 8mm f/8 lens (seen mounted on a Nikon F camera) features aperture lever and scale, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$459.50. Woody stores mustard in a Halliburton case Model 100 of lightweight anodized aluminum with individual shockproof compartments, from La Grange, \$49.95. The bubbly is in a single-lens reflex camera and accessories case with adjustable compartments, from Louis Lefkowitz, \$39.95. Halliburton case Model 102 features watertight gasket rim, from La Grange, \$59.95. Bottom row, left to right: One/Twenty-One long-range light meter, by Honeywell, \$129.50. Rollei-Mutar nine-element lens, which converts a standard Rolleiflex lens into a telephoto with 1.5x magnification, by Honeywell, \$269.50. Bellows focusing attachment for Nikon F enables the photographer to shoot close-ups and macrophotographs, from Ehrenreich



Left: Safe and sure, Woody tries a rack of single-lens reflex cameras. Left to right, top row: Professional-type Nikon F with Nikkor-S Auto 50mm f/1.4 lens with instant reopening diaphragm, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$433. Contarex model with Planar 50mm f/2 lens with interchangeable focusing screens, by Zeiss Ikon, \$513. Contaflex Super B with Tessar 50mm f/2.8 lens comes with automatic flash unit, by Zeiss Ikon, \$239.50. Pentax Spotmatic with Super-Takumar 50mm f/1.4 lens features a between-the-lens exposure system, by Honeywell, \$289.50. Second row: Model SR-7 with Auto Rokkor PF 55mm f/1.8 lens includes a microprism viewfinder, by Minolta, \$225. Canon Pellix comes with 19mm super-wide-angle lens featuring a behind-the-mirror exposure meter, by Bell & Howell, \$446.50. Canon FX with 58mm f/1.2 lens features a split-image rangefinder, by Bell & Howell, \$324.95. Alpa Reflex 9 D takes light readings through its Kern Macro-Switar 50mm f/1.8 lens, from Karl Heitz, \$532. Third row: Model J-5 with auto-Yashinon 55mm f/1.8 lens features shutter-coupled light meter, by Yashica, \$175. Retina Reflex IV with Retina Xenar 50mm f/2.8 lens features unusually bright viewing screen, by E. Leitz, \$612. Nikkormat FT with Nikkor H Auto 50mm f/2 lens with Elmarit-R 90mm f/2.8 lens features unusually bright viewing screen, by E. Leitz, \$612. Nikkormat FT with Nikkor H Auto 50mm f/2 lens with FT meter, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$269.50. Bottom row: Voigtlander Ultramatic CS with Septon 50mm f/2 lens comes with a split-image rangefinder, by Zeiss Ikon, \$331. Topcon Super D with RE Auto Topcor 58mm f/1.4 lens with automatic meter coupling, by Beseler, \$409. Miranda Automex III with Soligor 50mm f/1.9 lens features CdS electric eye, from Allied Impex, \$254.95. Konica FM with Hexanon 52mm f/1.8 lens comes with micro-diaprism viewfinder, from Scopus, \$219.95.

Below: Woody tiptoes through the tripods and two-and-a-quarter cameras. Left to right: Mamiya C33 80mm f/2.8 twin-lens reflex camera features a rapid-transport crank that simultaneously advances film, cocks shutter and counts exposure, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$285, mounted on a Husky IV elevator tripod, by Quick-Set, \$55. Attached is a Gossen Lunasix electronic light meter with automatic "memory" device, from Kling Photo, \$63. Yashica-Mat EM with Yashinon 80mm f/3.2 lens and built-in exposure meter, by Yashica, \$80, mounted on a collapsible Linhoff Nu-Line Model I tripod, from Kling Photo, \$49.95. Hasselblad 500 C with Zeiss Planar 80mm f/2.8 lens and automatic diaphragm, by Paillard, \$615, mounted on an aluminum Hobby Deluxe Elevator 440 tripod, by Quick-Set, \$26.50. A component XL camera includes 7303 RF body, \$205, Graflock back, \$11, RH 10 Rapid-Vance film holder, \$50, 100mm Planar lens, \$365, Sportsfinder viewfinder, \$15, rangefinder mask, \$3, quick-focus lever, \$9, multi-grip handle, \$40, lens shade, \$18, and Strobo-flash unit, \$100, mounted on a Model FL, Safe-lock tripod, \$24.88, all by Graflex. Bronica S-2 single-lens reflex with interchangeable Nikkor lenses, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$479.50, mounted on a swing-over Saturn tripod, from Davidson Optronics, \$54.50. Autocord CdS with Rokkor 75mm f/3.5 lens and built-in exposure meter, by Minolta, \$159.95, mounted on a Safe-lock Model PT fast-setup tripod, by Graflex, \$39.75. Twin-lens Rolleiflex with Zeiss Planar 75mm f/3.5 lens, by Honeywell, \$335, mounted on an elevating center-post tripod, by C. M. Marchioni, \$44. Woody holds a Praktisix II camera with 80mm f/2.8 Carl Zeiss lens, by Exakta, \$279.50. Right, miniatures: Woody tries a close-up with a Private Eye 15mm f/3.5 lens, including a telescopic winding mechanism for fast shooting, by Minox, \$179.95. Hanging from his little neck, top to bottom: Model Half 17 with Yashinon 32mm f/1.7 lens geared for fast shooting, by Yashica, \$70. Canon Dial 35 with SE 28mm f/2.8 lens shoots two pictures per second, by Bell & Howell, \$81. Model 16EE with Yashinon 25mm f/2.8 lens features secondary viewfinder for right-angle shots, by Yashica, \$55. At left, he holds a Canon Demi-S with 30mm f/1.7 lens, by Bell & Howell, \$71. On his wrist are Tessina Automatic with 25mm f/2.8 lens, springwound shutter cock, from Karl Heitz, \$149.50, and a Rollei 16 automatic with 25mm f/2.8 Zeiss Tessar lens, by Honeywell, \$179.50.





### SNAP DECISIONS (continued from page 121)

with acronymic shorthand: CORE, NATO, SEATO, AID; along with those lower-case abbreviations: rpm, cps, fps, mph. But he is unconsciously wary of that photographic mumbo jumbo that lies beyond his ken. "Mamiya, Konica, Nikon, Yashica, Summicron, Xenar?" a salesman may ask. Or, "What about compensated parallax, pellicle mirror and depth-of-field preview?" Then, too, there is a foreign acronymic scrabble: CdS, EVS, SLR, ASA and MXV

In making an ego-preserving, confusion-terminating purchase without forethought, many otherwise knowledgeable men have later discovered that they've either overbought or underbought; or the camera's too cluinsy, too small or too intricate. The epitaphs for such illplanned ventures appear regularly in the Sunday classifieds, beginning with those famous last words: "Like New . . ."

Camera buying is analogous to buying a car. Obviously, if the car buyer is seeking transportation alone, the choice among suitable cars may be merely that of price, color and seating; but if his wants are more specialized-whether it be in the direction of a small, highstrung sports car or a sleek, powerful land yacht-it will be necessary to weigh the virtues, and drawbacks, of many offerings. In an earlier day, things were simpler. A knowledgeable turn-of-the-century blade was faced with but one decision: "Yes, I want a Kodak," or "No, I'm not interested in photography."

It was in the hot summer of 1888 that George Eastman, a maker of photographic dry plates, introduced mass production to camera manufacture. Compared with the expensive hand-crafted cameras of that day, Eastman's lightly constructed box would have won few prizes for beauty or workmanship, but behind its single-aperture, fixed-focus f/9 lens with its ingenious barrel shutter was the secret that served to bring photography out of the realm of an esoteric art and into our mass culture: a roll of film.

Roll film was not an original idea, but Eastman had learned to perfect its production in large quantities; when the use of a nitro-cellulose base was discovered, he virtually monopolized its manufacture. By creating a camera for its use, Eastman aimed at volume sales with an instruction sheet that was a veritable sales pitch: "Today photography has been reduced to three cycles. 1. Pull the string. 2. Turn the key. 3. Press the button. This is the essence of photography . . . it is now feasible for everybody."

The appeal to the public was simplicity of operation and the relatively low initial cost of this new exciting hobby. For a mere \$25 one could get a camera containing a roll of film sufficient for 100 exposures, along with a handsome leather carrying case. After "shooting out the roll," all one had to do was mail the camera, intact, back to the factory, at which point the film would be removed, processed and printed. Then, everything (including the camera containing a fresh roll of film) would be returned-all for an additional \$10. "You Press the Button, We Do the Rest," Eastman's advertising slogan proclaimed.

With his flair for slogans and sales pitches, Eastman was not an ordinary businessman. His crowning contribution was in supplying what Mad Ave might term the psychological motivation: "A collection of these pictures," he announced, "may be made to furnish a pictorial history of life as it is lived by the owner, that will grow more valuable every day that passes.'

Then, coining a short, vigorous name for his camera, he christened it the "Kodak" and proceeded to sell over 100,000 of them within the first two years. For decades thereafter, the name Kodak was to be used as a synonym for camera.

Today, Kodak is no longer merely a camera, but an empire. So, too, are those that have followed: Agfa, Ansco, Fuji, Leitz, Nippon Kogaku and the other giants of the industry. The decision as to which camera will best suit one's needs remains an individual choice. The more popular, general-use cameras can be separated into four categories: 1. The simplifieds, which are more than adequate for minimal needs and require a minimum of involvement in both money and time, 2. The versatile compacts, consisting of cameras using full-frame 35min film, ideal for fast shooting and color slides. 3. The versatile mediums, using the large, 120mm films, for those who want bigger pictures and who work more deliberately. 4. The tiny totables, for those interested in precision cameras with a minimum of bulk.

After determining the type of camera you're interested in, you can zero in on your final selection by considering the amount of money you plan to spend and the camera's intended use. It is as ridiculous to buy a \$500 camera to shoot snapshots as it is to buy a Maserati to drive a few blocks to the liquor store.

Figure on spending no more than \$100 for minimal use. From there to about \$200 will provide you with a darn good camera. From \$200 to \$350 you'll be able to buy top-quality, professionaltype equipment; and from \$350 on up, the most ambitious amateur or demanding pro can equip himself handsomely, indeed.

If George Eastman can be credited with the invention of simplified photography, Dr. Edwin Land can be considered to have one-upped him with instant photography. To paraphrase, "You Press the Button, the Camera Does the Rest."

Laboring under the label Polaroid, Dr. Land's cameras lack the terse vigor of a name like Kodak. But, be they known by any name, they are as sweet a machine for those interested in eliminating not only much of the mechanics of taking pictures but the necessities of processing and printing at a time when it may be too late to correct one's errors.

Of the many models available, the 100-104 series is the most inventive. In this series, a CdS (Cadmium Sulphide) cell gauges the exposure and relays it to an electronic shutter programed to aperture settings. The photographer's concentration is limited to the essentials of focusing, framing and keeping the camera steady. For those who prefer manual controls, there's a top-line Model 180 and, at the other extreme, there's a lowprice job, with a wrist strap, called The

A Greenwich Village acquaintance, induced out of a euphoric semi-slumber, once remarked, "Yeah, photography's a gas; but that film loading has got to be a drag." In deference to him and to the millions of others who felt the same, Kodak brought the movie camera's magazine-load system into popular use in still photography with a series of cameras designed especially to take a new two-chambered Kodapak cartridge that could be drop-loaded without any further fuss or bother. George Eastman's formula of simplified cameras equaling volume sales has again been proven in these modern-day Kodaks, called the Instamatics, with at least a dozen different models available, ranging in price from \$20 to more than \$120. The more expensive ones are delights unto themselves, featuring motorized film and flash-cube advance. With symbols and words that appear brightly lit in the viewfinder, they spell simplicity itself. Kodak's competitors in this Instamatic field include such highly respected names as Argus, Revere, Yashica, Zeiss, Voigtlander and Ricoh.

To compete with the Instamatic system, the Agfa people developed their own system, called the "Rapid," designed for the more popular 35mm film as opposed to the 126 film size of the Instamatic. The Rapid system consists of a specially designed cartridge that holds unexposed film, with a mate working as a take-up cartridge after the film passes through the camera. As with the Instamatics, you don't have to rewind after the final exposure has been made: The now-emptied cartridge is used for takeup and a fresh, fully loaded cartridge inserted in its place. At this point, the line of cameras utilizing the Rapid system is not as extensive as the Instamatics, but Agfa, Dacora, Yashica, Voigtlander. Ricoh and Minolta are all in the market with models under \$75. Two Japanese manufacturers, Bell & Howell/Canon and Konica, are introducing their own

(continued on page 193)

# THE HAYLOFT

their dangers, they thought, were but two: the invidious tongues of the women and the eyes of the priest but they had forgotten the strong man

#### fiction By PIETRO DI DONATO

MY FIRST LOVE was at the age of 11, in 1922, for Gina "the African," the young wife of old Hercules Santi, the image maker and sacristan of our church of San Rocco. Gina was called the African because her skin was a deep tint of greenish-brown hue, seeming of smooth lava or lignum vitae. Hardly more than a girl, she stood out among the Hoboken peasant women as a shining figure of precious substance. Her heavy hair, draping about her shoulders, was the bluest black. Her eyes were radiant light purple, her features perfect and her body that of a full-blossomed nymph.

Everyone but Hercules knew that her mother, "the Red Parasol," had been the professional whore of Vasto, home town of the paisanos in Italy. Upon arriving in Hoboken, Gina and her mother, sporting as always a tassel-fringed red silk parasol, were ostracized. It was no secret that Gina's father was the infidel Negro olive grower who had gone to Vasto from the Italian Somaliland in Africa. When the white-maned and bearded widower Hercules took his child bride to the altar, the paisano women made the sign of the cross and decreed that nothing but evil could result from the mating.

Across the street from our tenement was a large barn, encompassing Hercules' statuary studio, smithy shop and stable. There was a stone-cobbled courtyard, and to the rear was the vine-veined Victorian house with upper and lower verandas, and a widow's walk on top of the mansard roof.

Also with Hercules lived his 90-yearold blind mother, Rachel; Giovanni, his retarded son; and his husky adopted teenage son, Innocente. Innocente's real father was my mother's widower brother, Carlo. Uncle Carlo would urinate anywhere; hence he was called "Piss-Piss." In Tony's saloon next to Hercules' place, Uncle Piss-Piss was the unrestrained prince of smut and practical jokes. His pranks were legend. He was the Charlie Chaplin of the *paisanos* and would do anything for a laugh.

Besides making plaster religious statues, Hercules did ornamental ironwork and horseshoeing. The smithy shop had a cinder-sprinkled dirt floor, forge, shoeing bench and battered anvil. The memory



ETCHING BY PETER SCHWARTZOTT

of it evokes the smell of horse manure and acrid smoke, and the callous-gelatin odor of hot horseshoes charring into hoofs

Hercules was in his 60s and was built like Michelangelo's *The Creation of Adam*. He had a great open, shaggy, amazed face. He was as a child with us street Arabs, He told us that in his youth he had run away from his father's statuary bottega in Vasto and roamed the world with a circus, performing feats of strength. He would take a new horseshoc, twist it straight and say to us kids, "Gentlemen, you are looking at the strongest man in the world, Hercules the Great!"

He showed us age-yellowed posters of himself and his first wife, Elena. She had been a bareback rider, and a fall from a horse while pregnant was the reason his son Giovanni was born mentally defective. He was proud to display his tremendous muscles and let us feel his marble-hard biceps.

But after dwelling upon the building of the body, Hercules would say in his soft voice, "Mighty muscles alone is not man's power. The greatest strength is love. Match your muscles with a clean mind and mercy. Injure not even the fly, for Our Father made him also."

Each day Hercules carried his son, Giovanni, out of the house and seated him on his wheeled soapbox on the veranda. Despite heat or cold, Giovanni wore sneakers, fedora, a bundling of sweaters and a muffler beneath a long green overcoat. He was in his 40s and undergrown.

When anyone entered the courtyard, Giovanni would call, "Who are you? Whhyyy?" He would pedal his feet against the soapbox and trumpet, "I-I-I knnowww . . . ! I-I-I-I-I knnnoooowwwwww!" The paisanos compassionately referred to him as "I-Know."

When I was eight years old, playing near Hercules' manure pit, I fell in, floundering in the rain-soaked horse manure. Hercules and Innocente rushed from the studio upon hearing my cries and pulled me out. Hercules told Gina to bathe me and wash my clothes. She laughingly took me to the bathroom and removed my stinking overalls and shoes. I tried to hide my privates and kept backing away as she soaped me. She chuckled, threw off her clothes, got into the tub, sat, and made me stand facing her. I was terrorized by the thrilling pleasure of (continued on page 152)



"What worries me is that we've only got one patient here!"

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE wondered if the death penalty might not be a trifle severe in view of the prisoner's age. The trial judge argued against mercy on the grounds that William York's punishment would be an example deterring others from a life of crime. So William York was hanged for stealing a shilling from the man to whom he was apprenticed. He was ten years old. The place was London. The time was 1748.

Britain has come a long way along the road to civilization in the two centuries since the hanging of William York. In October 1965, not only the House of Commons but the usually stuffy House of Lords, with a surprising two-to-one majority, voted to abolish the death penalty for a test period of five years, which will probably prove permanent. This enlightened legislation, although still behind most of Western Europe's, is far ahead of the United States', and marks a definite global trend.

Although as governor of Ohio I reluctantly allowed six men to die in the electric chair in accordance with my oath of office, I am totally opposed to the death penalty. I am thoroughly convinced that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism, that it is immoral, that it usurps for society the exclusive privilege of natural laws, that it is futile because it does not deter the homicidal criminal, and its finality precludes any possibility

of correcting an error.

The eye-for-an-eye, life-for-a-life concept of penology is obviously based on the degrading principle that society, in punishing the criminal, is seeking revenge rather than justice. The strong strain of sadism that runs through a vindictive society's clamor for a wrongdoer's blood is evident in the fact that until rather late in this century (in the Western world, at least) the execution of the condemned has been something of a

spectator sport.

The executioners of the Far East have been far more inventive in their spectacular cruelty than any 20th Century Western country, with the possible exception of Nazi Germany. The Chinese, of course, have long been recognized as leaders in the field, with their boiling in oil, leisurely dismemberment (The Hundred Slices) and similar refinements. The Mogul emperors of India, however, should be recognized for their ingenuity in dispatching criminals as well as for their building of such monuments as the Taj Mahal. Impalement, for instance, was very popular (except with the victims) in 17th Century Delhi.

The man to be put to death by impalement (possibly for stealing a mango or a handful of roasted chick-peas from the Emperor Aurangzeb's palace kitchens) was paraded naked past the eager spectators to the killing grounds, where a sharpened stake of heat-tempered bamboo had been erected. Two men, each

holding one of the prisoner's bound arms, would lift him clear of the ground while a third separated the buttocks so that when the culprit was lowered briskly, the bamboo lance would penetrate the rectum as far as the sigmoid flexure. The executioners could then step back and join the delighted crowd in watching the dance of death as the screaming wretch writhed and pirouetted on his tiptoes in an effort to stay the inexorable progress of the murderous bamboo through his vitals. When sheer exhaustion and loss of blood finally forced the thief to his knees, the point of the bamboo stake pierced his heart and the show was over. Justice-or something-had been done.

The early Siamese did pretty well in the way of spectacular capital punishment by throwing their criminals to the crocodiles. This possibly gave the Romans the idea of throwing Christians to the lions, although the Romans got better exposure by building huge stadia for their lionization carnivals. This may have been an improvement over the earlier Roman form of capital punishment by crucifixion (in itself an improvement over the crude Jewish practice of lapidation, with no strictures as to who was to throw the first stone), but it was a failure as a deterrent to the spread of Christianity.

The ancient Greeks, with their more temperate and philosophic civilization, did not feel it necessary to borrow from the annals of Oriental cruelty in exterminating their undesirables and nonconformists. A quiet cup of hemlock did away with the lawless and the contumacious without fuss, feathers or cheering crowds.

The Greek example, however, did not deter the rest of Europe from linking justice with sadism. Spain during the Inquisition made notable advances in the field of cruel and unusual punishment with the rack, the wheel, flaying alive and burning at the stake, although the popularity of auto-da-fé spread to other countries. Even today, although Spaniards have managed to transfer most of their hostilities to the brave bulls, the Franco government, perhaps out of sentimental longing for the good old days, still retains garroting as an official form of capital punishment. Only a few years ago-August 17, 1963, to be exact-two men found guilty of terrorist bombing were garroted in Madrid. Awakened at dawn to be fitted with adjustable steel collars, they were slowly strangled to death. The collars were tightened until eyes bulged and faces purpled, tightened still more until the windpipe was collapsed. The two men were then given the coup de grâce by the points of the tightening screws emerging cleverly from inside the backs of the collars to pierce the cervical (continued on page 134)



# Capital Punishment: The Barbaric Anachronism

the former governor of ohio presents an impassioned and documented indictment of the ultimate punishment, which neither curbs crime nor benefits society

article By Michael DiSalle



AVING PROMULGATED two fashion innovations—the sportive shirt jac (*The Playboy Shirt-Jacket*, March 1963) and the elegant formal separate (*The Playboy Dinner Jacket*, November 1963)—PLAYBOY now introduces another original adjunct to the well-equipped wardrobe, the spring tweed blazer, which just goes to prove the truth of the adage that good things happen in threes. The blazer, once worn only during the summery months or in the tropics, now comes on as an all-weather favorite. Tweed, traditionally a cold-weather fabric, is now a material for all seasons. We wanted the best of both possible worlds and—by combining these two fashion staples—we have created a single stylish standout that can add a touch of sartorial elegance to any casual occasion. Tailored from lightweight classic tweeds, our new double-breasted blazer is the perfect coat to sport on spring nights when the temperature is on the chilly side, and it offers the weekend voyager a heftier style to wear when cooling it in the mountains or by the ocean shore.



Above left: The first of our new blazers is a wool and mohair tweed model that features peaked lapels, flap pockets and side vents, \$45, worn over wool cavalry twill slacks with belt loops and side pockets, \$25, both by Palm Beach. The ensemble is completed by a Kodel and cotton permanent-press shirt, by Manhattan, \$5, and a paisley-patterned silk-tie and pocket-square combination, by Handcraft, \$8.50. Center: It's off to the races in a wool crow's-foot tweed blazer styled with peaked lapels, side vents and gold metallic buttons, by Monte Cristo, \$65, worn over wash-and-wear slacks featuring a separate striped woven elastic belt and shaped top pockets, by Jaymar-Ruby, \$17, topped off with a soft wool jersey turtleneck pullover, by Himalaya, \$20. Above right: Color coordinated for casual wear is a wool hopsack tweed blazer with peaked lapels, side vents and pearl buttons, donned over checked wool slacks, by Cricketeer, \$65, set off by a Dacron and cotton broadcloth permanent-press shirt, by Wings, \$5, and a patterned silk ascot, by Dumont, \$3.50.

## **BOSS TWEED**

bold new blazers in a bantamweight version of the classic fabric

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN





### Capital Punishment (continued from page 129)

vertebrae and crush the spinal cord.

Decapitation, once a popular form of capital punishment throughout the world, is now used sparingly despite an attempt by the Nazis to revive it during their brief but memorable rule of Schrecklichkeit. It was originally done by hand-with scimitar or cleaver in the East, with broadsword or ax in the West. Punitive head chopping was legally automated, however, as early as the 18th Century. The guillotine came into use in the early years of the French Revolution. Curiously, this lethal instrument, which became a symbol of the Reign of Terror, was originally suggested as a humane method of obviating the suffering attendant to executing the death penalty. Dr. Joseph Guillotin, a professor of anatomy appalled by the bloody extravagances of the French Revolution, carried on a campaign to humanize necessary killing, but resented the fact that his name was attached to the killing machine which he did not invent. Actually, the first "guillotine" was devised by Dr. Antoine Louis, and was called, by contemporaries in his honor, a Louisette. It consisted-and still consists-of a trapezoidal knife weighing more than a hundred pounds, which drops ten feet between guide rails and slices on the bias through the neck of the condemned man who lies prone beneath it, his head immobilized by stock-like clamps. The severed head drops into a suitable container, while the body is rolled into a basket.

It was Dr. Guillotin's theory that this method of putting a man to death was the most compassionate, because the victim would feel nothing except perhaps a brief sensation of cold at the nape of his neck. Whether there is any intervening pain or the realization on the part of the severed head of its impossible position has never been confirmed or denied by any of the victims.

Executions by guillotine took place in a public square in Paris as late as 1939. The scaffolding and the weighted knife would be erected the night before, and although the accused died at dawn, there were always crowds on hand to be edified, if not deterred from crime, by the spectacle of the spurting carotid arteries, the ghastly surprised expression on the detached face, the reflex flopping of the headless body. Whether or not there was any appreciable deterrent effect, the grisly ritual is today privately performed behind the walls of La Santé prison on the Left Bank of the Seine.

Public hangings were abolished in England in 1868. At that time capital crimes numbered only a dozen, down from 200 in 1820. It is likely that the 134 public spectacle was discontinued then because a royal commission had reported two years earlier that the death penalty, even when witnessed by potential criminals, was no deterrent. The commission's report found that of the 167 persons executed in 1866, 164 had previously watched a hanging. This is not surprising, as the public executions used to attract huge crowds, and the crowds would attract dozens of pickpockets intent on plying the very trade for which the center of attraction was being

Public hangings persisted in America beyond the cutoff date in England, particularly in the Far West. The more spectacular forms of legal brutality were not practiced, however, even in the earlier Colonial days. There were, of course, occasional unofficial and nonintegrated autos-da-fé in some of the deeper parts of our Deep South, a practice that has carried over well into this century. But even the witches of Salem were not burned at the stake; they were decently hanged.

Crimes calling for the death penalty, however, were almost as numerous in Colonial America as in contemporary England. In 1636 hanging was the penalty in the Massachusetts Bay Colony for witchcraft, idolatry, blasphemy, assault in anger, murder, sodony, buggery, statutory rape (the death penalty was optional for forcible rape), perjury in a capital case and rebellion. The Old Dominion of Virginia ranked the degree of criminality according to race, color and current condition of servitude. Seventy crimes were listed as capital for Negro slaves, but only five for whites.

It was inevitable that an emerging nation like the United States, aspiring to world leadership in science and invention and the practical application thereof, would sooner or later abandon hanging for a modern, efficient, scientific and more "humane" method of legal murder. In 1880 the state of New York abolished the gallows in favor of a newfangled "electric chair." Thirteen years later a man named Kemmler lost his court battle to have the new monster declared unconstitutional as "cruel and unusual punishment," and became the first man to be punished electrically for his misdeed-an ax murder. The contraption was a success technically, since it killed Kemmler, but the humanity of the experiment was doubtful. Either the machine misfunctioned or the executioner did something wrong. There was considerable searing of flesh and the human guinea pig apparently died in agony.

Techniques have been improved in the 70-odd years since, and it is now generally agreed that death by electrocution is practically painless. While pathologists still argue over the exact mechanics of

death by electricity-some believe the heart muscles are paralyzed; others are just as certain that paralysis of the respiratory centers causes death by asphyxiamost of them concede that the victim loses consciousness almost instantly. The tremendous electrical surge raises the temperature of the body to the boiling point and sears the brain to insensibility in a fraction of a second. The jerking and writhing that nauseate witnesses are not signs of a death struggle but purely reflex reactions of the muscles to an electrical impulse.

An expert hanging is also supposed to extinguish consciousness at the end of the drop. The snap of the rope grown taut theoretically breaks the neck and severs the spinal cord. The frantic kicking, the jerking arms, the ejaculation of sperm in men, are all unconscious nervous reflexes. Of course there have been many bungled hangings-defective traps, ropes that broke, inexpert knots that merely choked the man to death. There is a record of an early English hanging of a half-starved female criminal who dropped through the trap and dangled at the end of the rope, eyes bulging with dread, because she was not heavy enough-she was a small 12-year-old girl -for the fall to break her neck. The hangman had to go down the 13 steps, grab her legs and add his weight to hers to carry out the sentence.

In 1921 the Nevada state legislature came up with the latest contribution to the fine art of killing criminals. It was not only scientific, quick and efficient; it introduced a new "humane" note: It would eliminate the torture of apprehension. Poison gas would be introduced without warning into the cell of the condemned man while he was asleep. He would die peacefully, and nobody's conscience need be disturbed by witnessing a death struggle. When a murderer named Gee Jon was sentenced to this new-style death three years later, it happily occurred to someone that the bars of Gee Jon's cell could hardly be expected to contain the lethal gas intended exclusively for Gee Jon's gentle extinction. Rather than risk exterminating the entire population of the penitentiary, therefore, penal authorities postponed the historic execution until a special gas chamber could be built.

Nine states besides Nevada now poison their capital criminals with gas. The best-known gas chamber of them all is California's, perhaps because Caryl Chessman died there after a legal fight that lasted 12 years. Chessman had a long record of charges against him, but the one for which he was finally executed was that of forcing a girl to move from one car to another at gunpoint. This is technically kidnaping in California and is punishable by death under

(continued on page 186)



## **HOW TO BE A FAQUIR**

article By DANIEL MANNIX our brave and trusty—but not too trusting—reporter went to the source and got the straight scoop on the snake-charming, fire-walking shtick by bearding the swamis in their native habitat

I AM A QUALIFIED FAQUIR—or, as we professionals term ourselves, a jadoo-wallah. Stain me brown, equip me with a turban from Dazian's Costume Emporium, and I'll guarantee to duplicate any of the mysteries of the East except how those taxis manage to drive 60 mph through the Chandni Chowk without hitting a sacred cow.

Ever since childhood, I've been fascinated by the lure of Oriental magic. At the age of six, my parents told me that if I didn't stop wrapping towels around my head and playing an ocarina in an effort to make the vacuum-cleaner hose rear up and dance, they'd shoot me from the mouth of a cannon. Later I joined a carnival as a professional magician and gave magic shows while enveloped in a crepe beard and speaking fluent Hindustani (well, I was able to say "sahib" and "rupee"). However, this didn't satisfy me. I wanted to see the real thing. Finally I was able to take a trip to India—the Homeland of Magic.

In New Delhi I sought the advice of a prominent Indian writer named Suresh Vaidya. I explained that I wanted to be initiated into the Order of Faquirs, starting with the snake charmers. Suresh was the soul of cooperation.

"To learn the secret of their strange power over these deadly reptiles, you will have to handle the snakes yourself, wrap them about your neck, put their heads in your mouth—hey, where are you going? You can't run all the way back to the Imperial hotel in the midday sun without a topi. I'll take you to the village of Badarpur, some 12 miles north of here, where lives the hereditary caste of snake charmers known as the Kom-Jogi. Ten minutes after we reach Badarpur, you'll be up to your colon in cobras."

No one could remain indifferent to such an offer. I hailed a taxi and soon we were headed north past the Diwan-i-Khas, the Jamma Musjid, the American Express Company and other exotic spots.

At last we came to a community of about a hundred mud huts lying against the ruins of an ancient mud fort. At one time Badarpur had been a thriving community, but with the coming of the English the fort had been abandoned and the gypsy Kom-Jogi took over the ruins. The Kom-Jogi wander as far north as China and as far (continued on page 156)

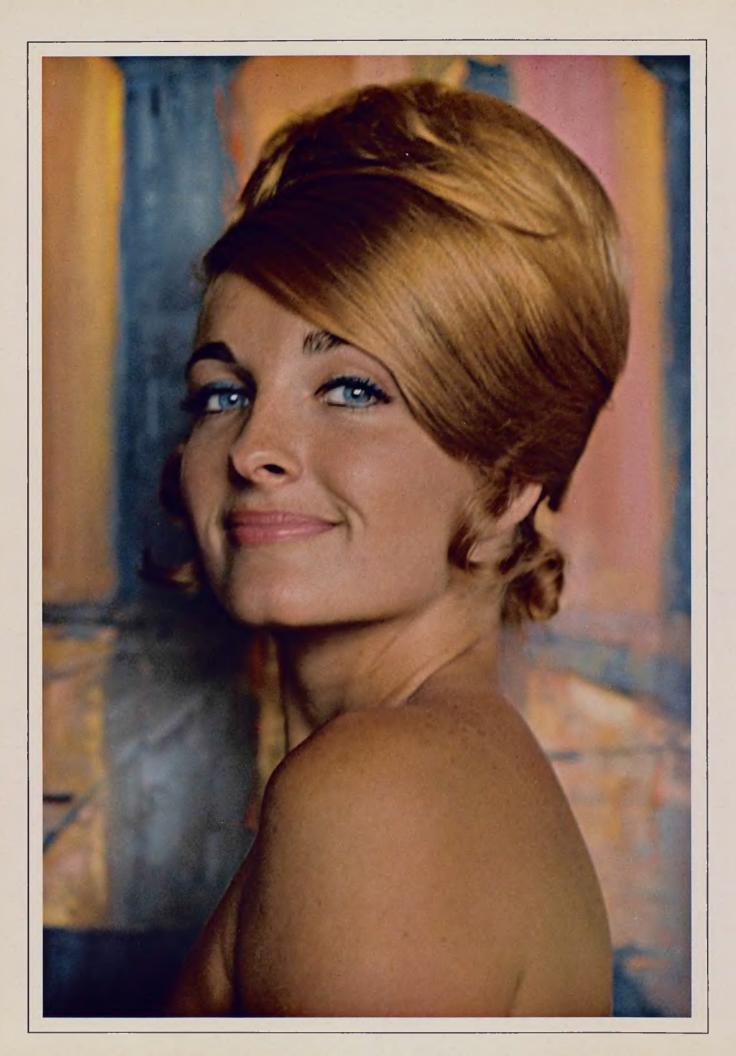


# PHAYMATE OF THE YEAR

october's allison parks is the unanimous choice as the choicest of the previous twelvemonth's gatefold girls

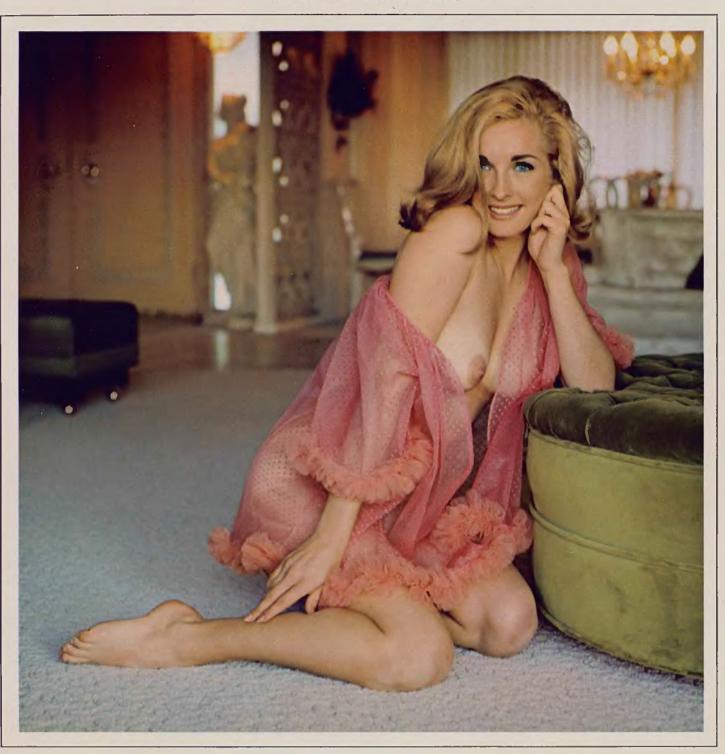






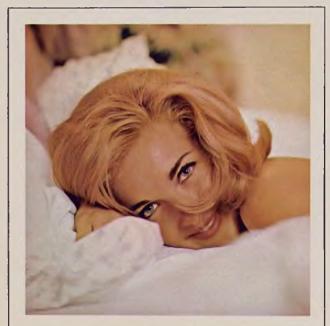
HIGH-FLYING ALLISON PARKS, last October's Playmate, student pilot and swimming instructress, received a stunning reception from our readers for her fall debut and equally enthusiastic accolades after January's Playmate Review; retrospectively, PLAYBOY'S vox populi proved to be omnisciently on target as the editors weighed Allison's attributes, which tipped the scales of pulchritude overwhelmingly in her favor. Picking her as Playmate of the Year was one of our most pleasurable tasks, requiring no readers' runoff (as in 1963 and 1965) to help us make up our mind. Since her October appearance, Miss Parks has been a girl very much on the go. What with piling up hours aloft toward her pilot's license, lending a green thumb in her father's Glendale, California, nursery, continuing to teach swimming to Glendale's pre-school moppets, studying acting on the 20th Century-Fox lot, starting to decorate video commercials and—as a result of her gatefold bow-zipping across the country on PLAYBOY promotion tours, Allison is up to her bright-blue irises in activity. Yet her ascendancy to the Playmate of the Year throne will accelerate her whirlwind pace still more. Among the new vistas opening up for Allison as a result of her Playmate of the Year selection: a movie role in one of producer Henry Saperstein's Benedict Productions; a screen test arranged by Filmways' executive producer Martin Ransohoff (says Allison of the filmic prospects before her: "I only hope I do half as well in the movies as my predecessor, Jo Collins. I saw Jo in Lord Love a Duck and she was fabulous."); and an upcoming audition for Monument Records for a recording contract (if her audio equipment comes anywhere near matching her visual effect, she's a hi-fi cinch). In addition to affording our golden-haired girl of the West movie and recording opportunities, her Playmate of the Year laurels carry with them cornucopian quantities of largess the value of which runs into thousands of dollars. Many of the gifts are in our own sophisticated color, Playmate Pink, including a dashing Dodge (text concluded on page 182)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM V. FIGGE





Allison's bountiful Playmate' of the Year bona fides are abundantly evident in these indoor views of our outdoor girl. The golden-coiffed, azure-eyed Miss Parks, a dedicated aviatrix, responded to news of her unanimous ascendancy as the choicest of the choice with an exuberant "I feel like I've just done a perfect outside loop—with no hands!"









"I don't care if your mother <u>did</u> teach you the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That isn't the way we do it around here!"



THERE ONCE LIVED in Persia a hearty fellow, Khalbas by name, who, out of smugness and bombastic esteem of his own worth and wit, was of entire belief that no man might make him a cuckold. How mistaken was the dolt. For he knew not that entertaining a particular passion toward his comely wife was a rascal possessed of no less cunning than he.

Now, there lived next to his dwelling a man of age and great learning, to whom Khalbas and others of the city went each day to hear histories and tales of moral instance. This man of wisdom also possessed a young wife of charm and seemliness who, like the spouse of Khalbas, had an eye that, on occasion, roved.

Thus, the rogue who sought to affix a cuckold's hat to Khalbas' bloated head (a desire shared by the latter's wife no less, for her heart had been impaled by the wily knave's handsome person) one day approached Khalbas with doleful countenance.

"Alas," he murmured, "my heart is sorely afflicted. Only you, O Khalbas, with your great guile and wit, might give me release from my torment."

Khalbas, although swollen by the scamp's flattery, was wary of extending promise of assistance without receiving promise of recompense—as well the rascal had envisioned, for with all speed he then appended that he would pay well for such talented aid, to which Khalbas forthwith demonstrated hasty interest.

Swearing him to secrecy, the rogue informed his victim that he had toppled into the pit of love unrequited with no other than the wife of Khalbas' mentor, the philosopher. "His wisdom may advance matters metaphysical," wailed the wily knave, "but it hinders matters merely physical, for his doxy and I possess no manner of enjoying jollity without fear of his unexpected entry into our arena of frolic. Thus, O Khalbas, I beseech you that whenst you sit with him in assembly



each day, you give to me notice, by loud words, when he riseth to go out from that place, from which I shall know that he prepares to return to his wife. From her I shall thence with all speed and in safety depart. For," said the knave with a snicker and a wink, "the wench's chamber is nearby the room of conclave, within ear's distance."

Khalbas, sniggering now himself at the prospect of receiving payment to assist in turning a wise man into a cuckold, gave agreement to his part in the program.

Accordingly, on the following day, when the learned man stood at the close of the assembly, Khalbas, hard put not to chuckle aloud in mirth, cried out in thunderous voice the words agreed. "Give thanks to men of intellect, from whom all things of goodness flow!" bawled he, feigning compliment to the philosopher. Whereupon the young scamp, with haste and chortling the while, took leave of his doxy with promise to return when next the assembly convened.

Thus, from that day on, whene'er the learned men gathered in conclave, the sly rascal sped to his minx for a different kind of assemblage, in safety and unhampered because of the part played by the bombastic husband, departing forthwith whene'er Khalbas' bellowing monition came from out the learned man's house into the opened window of his wanton's chamber—who dwelled next door and was no other than Khalbas' own wife.

-Retold by John D. Keefauver

the cunning of khalbas the cuckold



# PLAYMATE FIRST CLASS: JO COLLINS IN VIETNAM



### Playboy's GI Jo Delivers a Lifetime Subscription to the Front

MOST MILITARY strategists agree that, aside from actual firepower, nothing means more to an army than the morale of its men. And since the days of GI Joe, the American fighting man has seldom appeared on the frontiers of freedom without an abundant supply of that most time-honored of spirit-lifting staples: the pinup. From the shores of Iwo Jima to the jungles of Vietnam, the pinup queen has remained a constant companion to our men at arms; but the long-legged likenesses of such World War Two lovelies as Grable and Hayworth have given way to a whole new breed of photogenic females better known as the PLAYBOY Playmates. It was only a matter of time, therefore, until centerfolddom's contemporary beauties would be asked to do their bit for our boys in uniform. That time came last November, when Second Lieutenant John Pricea young airborne officer on duty in Vietnam-sent Editor-Publisher Hugh



Above: Jo mokes a few last-minute logistic changes of her own prior to deplaning in Soigon. "Any girl would reach for a mirror," she soys, "with 400 men outside her door."

M. Hefner the following letter:

"This is written from the depths of the hearts of 180 officers and men of Company B, 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade (Separate) stationed at Bien Hoa, Republic of Vietnam. We were the first American Army troop unit committed to action here in Vietnam, and we have gone many miles-some in sorrow and some in joy, but mostly in hard, bone-weary inches. . . . We are proud to be here and have found the answer to the question, 'Ask what you can do for your country.' And yet we cannot stand alone-which brings me to the reason for sending you this request.

"The loneliness here is a terrible thing—and we long to see a real, living, breathing American girl. Therefore, we have enclosed with this letter a money order for a Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY magazine for B Company. It is our understanding that, with the pur-



Above: Roses are the order of the day os two members of Compony B welcome Jo to Vietnom on behalf of their wounded Project Playmate officer, Lieutenant John Price, hospitalized back ot bottolian headquarters in Bien Hoo. Below: Jo delivers company's Lifetime Subscription certificate of Lieutenant Price's bedside (left) and odds bonus buss (right) of her own to go with it.











chase of a Lifetime Subscription in the U.S., the first issue is personally delivered by a Playmate. It is our most fervent hope that this policy can be extended to include us. . . . Any one of the current Playmates of the Month would be welcomed with open arms, but if we have any choice in the matter, we have unanimously decided that we would prefer the 1965 Playmate of the Year—Miss Jo Collins.

"If we are not important enough...
to send a Playmate for, please just forget about us and we will quietly fade back into the jungle."

Deciding that only old soldiers should fade away, and deeply touched by the paratrooper's plea, Hefner immediately began drawing up plans for the successful completion of Project Playmate. "When we first received the request," Hef recalls, "we weren't at all sure how the Defense Department would feel about PLAYBOY sending a beautiful American girl into Vietnam at a time like this, but Lieutenant Price's letter was too moving to just put aside and forget. The lieutenant had obviously been a PLAYBOY reader for quite a while, since he remembered a special Christmas gift offer the magazine published several years ago, which stated that a lifetime subscriber from any city with a Playboy Club would have his first issue delivered in person by a Playmate. Of course we don't have a Playboy Club in Vietnam at the moment, but we figured we could overlook that little technicality under the circumstances."

Along with the usual complications and military restrictions any average civilian encounters when attempting to travel to Vietnam these days, many more technicalities had to be ironed out

Left: PLAYBOY's pretty Vietnom volunteer visits Lieutenont Price's wordmotes at the Evocuation Hospital. "Most of them had been badly hurt," soys Jo, "but no one ever camploined."





Above: Aboard Bien Hoa's newly decorated Bunny bus (left), Jo takes a guided tour of Compony B's base-camp orea, stopping off to admire the imaginative floor-to-ceiling Ploymote motif (right) adorning the PX ("It was the closest the fellows could come to o real Playboy Club").



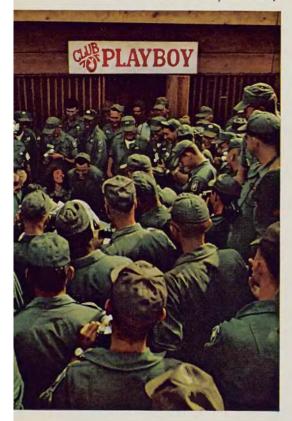






Center: A bit foot-weary during her first day of the front, Playmote First Closs Collins hitches a ride with some armored admirers (left) back to the company mess hall; seems pleased that an autographing gal can always find a strong back (right) in Bien Hoa when she needs one. Above: Jo lunches with Company B enlisted men (left), who show more interest in signatures than sustenance; after chow (right), she hoists their Bunny flog. 147

Below: Before leaving Bien Hoa, Jo mokes o tour of other componies' "Playboy Clubs" ("We ron ocross these 'clubs' at every GI bose").



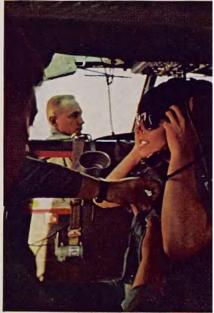
through the proper channels before Jo received the necessary Government clearance for a late-February flight to the front lines. "The fellows in Company B said it would be a privilege if I could visit them," remarked the Playmate of the Year when asked how she felt about her upcoming tour of delivery duty in the war-torn Far East, "but the way I see it—I'm the one who's privileged."

Her call to arms came much sooner than expected, however, when word was received that Lieutenant Price had been wounded in action on January 3, and that her morale-boosting mission might have to be canceled unless Jo could reach the injured officer's bedside at a Bien Hoa combat-zone hospital before his scheduled evacuation from Vietnam on January 13. All additional red tape still pending prior to Jo's departure was quickly bypassed: On Sunday afternoon (January 9), Playmate First Class Collins and her party-which included PLAYBOY'S Playmate and Bunny Promotion Coordinator Joyce Chalecki as acting chaperone and staff photographer Larry Gordondeparted from San Francisco on a Pan Am jetliner bound for Saigon. Commenting on some of her own last-minute logistic problems before take-off, Jo later

"Things were so hectic those last few

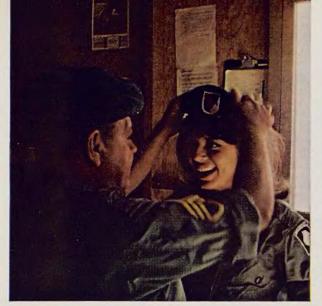








Top: Trooper Collins and her MP escorts prepare to board their "Ployboy Special" chapper for the second day's agenda of battle-zone visits in Vietnam. "Toke it from me," Jo smiles, "those bulletproof vests they make you wear do nothing for a girl's figure." Center: With her own whirlybird sofely flonked by two gun ships (left), Jo listens in an conversation between chapper jackeys. Above: She orrives at Special Forces comp at op Black Virgin Mountain.



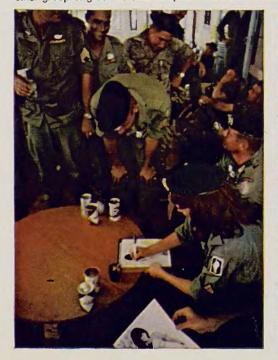


Above: Visiting Ploymote queen is crowned with a green beret (left) by Special Forces man assigned to this critical mountain outpost, signifying she bears this famed guerrillo-fighting group's very special seal of approval; our GI Ja gets on-the-jab instruction (right) in mortar firing.

days before we left that I was sure we'd never make it. For openers, I was away visiting friends in Oregon when the news came in about Lieutenant Price being wounded. The original plans called for my flying to Chicago in mid-February, where I would team up with Larry and Joyce, get my travel shots and clear up all the final details for the trip. Hef phoned me about the sudden switch in Project Playmate, and I spent the next five days flying back and forth-first to Seattle for my passport when I found out Oregon doesn't issue them; then to Los Angeles, where I got my smallpox vaccination, checked out some lastminute details with my agent at American International Studios and raided my apartment for the clothes I figured I'd be needing. As it was, I managed to meet Larry and Joyce at the San Francisco airport and board our jet to Vietnam with all of about fifteen minutes to spare." (In typical above-and-beyond-the-call fashion, trooper Collins—an aspiring actress whose recent film credits include minor roles in Lord Love a Duck and What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?—neglected to mention that, in reporting for duty on such short notice, she'd had to bypass an important audition for a principal part on TV's Peyton Place.)

Some 8000 miles and 18 hours after their Stateside rendezvous, Jo and her PLAYBOY staffers landed at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Air Base, where 400 American troops and a regiment of newsmen and photographers had turned out to greet them. After a brief review of her assembled admirers, Jo was introduced to Lieutenant Clancey Johnson and Private First Class Marvin Hudson, two of Lieutenant Price's friends in the 173rd Airborne Brigade who had ever-so-willingly volunteered to serve as a stand-in reception committee for their wounded buddy back at Bien Hoa. Mindful of his guerrilla training, Private First Class Hudson put on a one-man camouflage display when, after handing Jo her Company B (for Bravo) tribute of red roses, he subsequently blushed a deep crimson

Below: At Loy Ninth, Jo Collins in Vietnom puts in yeomon service with the business end of her outogroph pen (left) at the request of still onother group of green-bereted fons; then she's shown around nearby Coo Dai Temple (right), which she found "so peaceful to be so close to wor."













Left: Arriving at Bu Dop, o strotegic supply bose near the Cambodion border, Jo poses with fellow Green Berets (top) while Special Forces shutterbug in the foreground snops awoy for post's scrapbook. Before calling it a day in the field, Jo passes muster (center right) under mister's keen-eyed surveillonce.

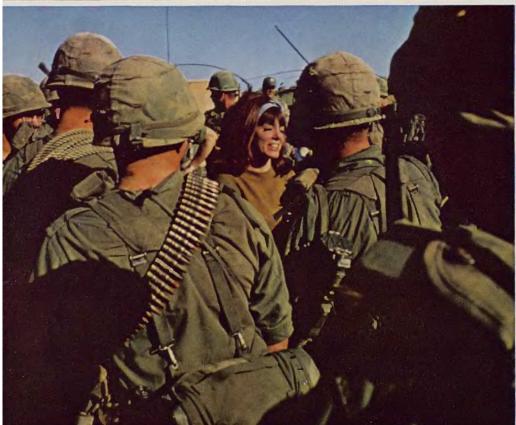
and succeeded in concealing the telltale lipstick print she had just planted on each of his cheeks.

Following the deplaning festivities, the three PLAYBOY recruits were taken to a nearby "chopper" pad and given a whirlwind aerial tour of Saigon and the outlying districts aboard the "Playboy Special"-a Brigade helicopter especially renamed in honor of their visit. "That first chopper ride really started things off with excitement," reports GI Jo. "It seemed as though we'd hardly even arrived, and there we were over hostile country being given our first taste of what they call 'contour flying.' That's where you skim the treetops to prevent possible enemy snipers from getting a clear shot at you and then, suddenly, shoot straight up at about 100 miles per hour to 3500 feet so you can check the area for Viet Cong troop movements from outside their firing range. After our stomachs got used to it, we figured we were ready for just about anything."

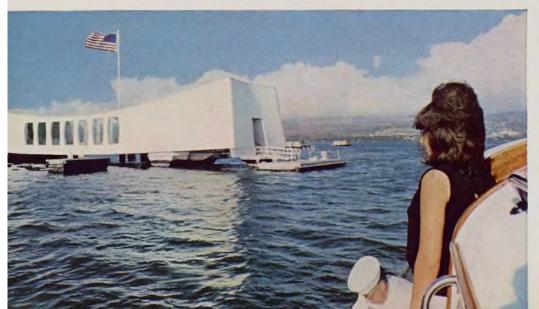
Back on terra firma, the PLAYBOY troupe was joined by Jack Edwards, who took time out from his regular duties as Special Services Director for the Saigonbased press and military officials to act as the trio's liaison man during its forthcoming three-day tour of the surrounding combat areas. As Jo later told us: "Jack was so concerned about our running into a V.C. ambush after we left Saigon that he wound up worrying enough for all of us. He managed to get us rooms at the Embassy Hotel in Saigon after our original reservations at the Caravelle somehow went astray; he kept press conferences down to a minimum so we could spend most of our time with the men at the front, arranged a first-night sight-seeing trip to some of the Saigon night clubs in case our own morale needed bolstering and, in general, watched over us like a mother hen. By the end of the first evening in Vietnam, we were all (continued on page 198)

Left: Jo spends port of her lost doy in the Far East visiting with veteran South Vietnamese regulars at odvanced combat area neor Airborne Brigade headquarters; then meets Generol Williamson (center left), who proclaims her the first female Sky Soldier.









Top: Not until her final day in Vietnom did Jo get to greet all the men of Company B, who returned en masse from their jungle patrols when General Williamson granted them special leove a few hours before Jo had to jet bock home. Above left: Meeting the men of the newly dubbed "Playboy Company" as their choppers delivered them ot Bien Hoa, she was loter joined by Lieutenant Price (right), who did the honors when the boys lined up for personal introductions to the comp heroine. Left: Missian accomplished, our home-bound trooper visits Pearl Harbor's Arizona Monument to pay respects to heroes of another decode. 151

#### HAYLOFT (continued from page 127)

her hands. I cringed but could not stop looking at her lovely polished dark-dark

She lifted me out of the tub and toweled me dry, pulling me against her sweet stomach and breasts. And first love stirred within me.

In those days, Italian tenement kids had to earn their salt in the spare time from school. When I was 11, Mother got me a job with Hercules. Hercules said to Mother, "Annunziata, I will pay little Pietro five dollars a week and teach him the art of image making. He will be as a cherished son of mine." Work never appealed to me, but I welcomed the opportunity to be near my secret passion, Gina the African.

The studio was like a workshop in heaven, where saints and angels and their wings and limbs were frozen chalky white and still until brought to life with paint. When no one was there I would climb the ladder to the hayloft above, and hide in a straw-camouflaged and forgotten slatted crib. I would lie there and watch what went on in the studio. I felt like God, who sees all. One afternoon as I was coming down the ladder, Innocente came into the studio. He grabbed me and beat me, saying, "If I ever catch you in the hayloft, I'll break your goddamn sneaky neck!"

So after that I used to creep up to the hayloft unseen from the stable. It was the limbo for damaged statues. Among the hay were Moses, St. Michael spearing the dragon, the Pietà, and stacks of sacred limbs, all layered with dust and connected by cobwebs.

Hercules was working on the Twelve Apostles for our church of San Rocco. The process was slow and detailed from the clay life-size model, the making of the separate gum forms, the pouring of the plaster, the stripping and smoothing of the seams, and finally the curing of the damp statues in an insulated vault fed with great heat.

The pastor, Don Savonarola, came often to view the work. A rabid reformer, he was aptly named. Lean, intense, he looked more like a Devil than a priest.

My father was a sanguine man. About the pastor he said to Mother, "A priest is still a man until castrated. It's not the good Apostles Don Savonarola is taken with. Those fanatic eyes of his burn for Hercules' young black beauty of a wife, Gina the African.

One Sunday Don Savonarola was in the studio discoursing to Hercules upon the Apostles as though he had known them personally: St. Peter was impulsive, St. Paul castigated homosexual and incestuous Christians, this saint was humble, that saint was wiser, and so on.

I heard I-Know calling me from his 152 soapbox perch on the veranda to take him to the toilet. I wheeled him into the house. As we passed the kitchen, blind old Rachel was at the cook stove, and in a corner Gina and Innocente were kissing.

Later, we were at the dinner table and I-Know, spaghetti slipping through his fingers and his face smeared with sauce, sang out, "Don Savonarol-aaaa! Innocente kisses Momma Gina. You'd like to kiss her to-ooo. I-I-I knowwww!"

Don Savonarola reddened. "Imbecile!" growled Innocente. "You belong in the crazy house!"

Gina laughed, and Hercules apologized for poor I-Know.

The following day, after school, I was alone with Innocente in the studio. He handed me a dime and told me to go to the movies. I said I didn't want to go to the movies and that I took orders only from Hercules.

He got me by the throat, "Listen, you turd, if you don't keep your tongue in your head I'll rip it out. Beat it!'

I left, went around the corner, came back through the alley and went up to my spying place in the hayloft from the other side of the barn.

Hercules and Gina came into the studio. She complained that Innocente was churlish and offensive. Innocente quarreled back. Hercules placated them. He was leaving for the afternoon on business. After he made sure Hercules was gone with his horse and carriage, Innocente embraced Gina, kissed her mouth and jabbed his hand up under her skirt.

They climbed the ladder to the hayloft. A few feet from where I was hiding, Innocente spread a horse blanket upon a mat of hay. They undressed and lay down. Her gleaming dark coppery skin and his white muscular body entwined. Towering above them was the statue of Moses. Innocente entered Gina and they rolled and contorted. The greyhound in the stable below began to bark. They kissed and bit and pumped and spasmed, and lay relaxed in the sunlight from the gable window. Sparrows flew in and chirped upon the horned head of Moses. Under the searching rays of the sun Gina's breasts were flawless pendants, her soft belly inviting, and blueblack was the nest of hair between her thighs. I could see the tiny transparent bubbles of sweat about her lips and jeweling her private hairs. I clutched my brittling middle. What I did I keep to

Innocente got up and quickly dressed. "Gina, get your clothes on," he said nervously. She yawned and stretched.

"You were in a hurry to come up here, and now you want to race down."

"Uneasiness about the old fellow always comes over me when we've done."

"Hercules is incapable of suspicion. My husband is simple and good."

"Do you have a cozy sentiment for the old fellow?"

"Be fair to Hercules. Your father, Piss-Piss, has done nothing for you. You owe your life to Hercules."

"To hell with Hercules and Piss-Piss, too." Then he demanded, "After me, why do you still service the old man?'

She shrugged. "First you enjoy me, then you question the gift like the green youth you are."

He slapped her face and shouted, "Whore! I see his white beard in bed with you-I wish him dead for it!"

I was feeding wood into the stove that supplied the heat for the curing vault when suddenly Innocente picked me up by the shirt front and asked meaningfully, "Did you ever see me touch my stepmother?"

'Of course not, Innocente!"

"Have you stayed out of the hayloft? Don't lie to me, you little bastard!"

"I don't go up to the hayloft anymore -I swear to God!"

"I don't trust you. If you spy and say anything about me, here's what I'll do to you!" He carried me to the curing vault, thrust me in and slammed the door. The airless heat was unbearable. I became hysterical. He let me out and threatened, "That's a taste of what you'll get if you ever try to make trouble for me!"

On an afternoon off, I was back in the hayloft, safe in my crib before Gina and Innocente came up. When they were through making love, they talked.

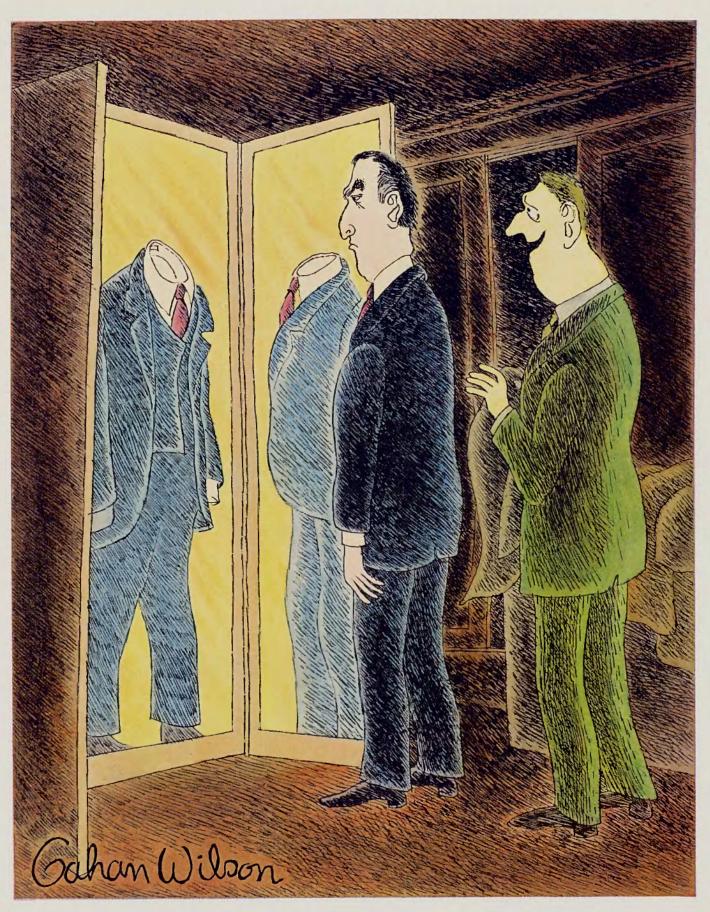
Hercules would never get wise to them, Gina said, as long as he was led to believe that they could not tolerate each

'Innocente, our dangers are but two, the invidious tongues of the paisano women and the jealous starved soul of the priest, Don Savonarola, whose desireeaten eyes denude and wish to possess and destroy me."

To my consternation, I heard they intended to be in the hayloft until the following morning, because Hercules had gone to Pennsylvania with his wagon and dray horses for plaster of Paris.

The spring daylight left the gable window, and in swift moves the setting sun first pinked and then touched with silvery blue the big Moses above the lovers. There was the orchestra of quitting whistles from the factories. Dusk came, followed by night. I could dimly hear a phonograph singing, "There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl . . . they're all the same . . ." Hercules' mother, blind Rachel, came to the stable, fed the greyhound and shuffled back to the house.

In the pearly glow of the moon, the lush hair between Gina's thighs, the small bushes of her armpits and the long hair of her head were a lustrous jet. Her (continued on page 170)



"Take my word for it, sir-it looks just great on you!"

# LORD LOVE A TEEVEE JEEBIE

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"It's a little Freudian test—You just say the first thing that pops into your mind . . . !"



"Now everybody sing along . . ."



"Wowee, you do need a man's deodorant!"



"Well, I guess that's the chance you take, going to bed with strange women . . .!"



"So you didn't make it in the paleface world . . ."



"I'd like you to know, Mr. Henderson, that you've made Suzy a very happy gorilla . . . !"

### new tongue-in-cheek dialog to enliven television's late-night movies



"'Marry me,' you said, 'and we'll rock around the clock!'"



"Hello, Frenchie?—Listen, about that chick with the forty-two-inch bust you said was coming over . . ."



"Yeah, well next time I'll pick the place for the picnic."



"Please, Bernie, not again!"



"You just pick them out of the tree—put them in your basement—and in a couple of months the house falls down!"



"I think I should warn you, you're flunking this sobriety test!"

### HOW TO BE A FAQUIR (continued from page 135)

west as Arabia with their baskets of snakes, often being away from Badarpur two or three years.

"The Indian government would like them to adopt some other way of life, but they cling to their snakes and their ancient ways," Suresh explained.

I was afraid that these strange people would be loath to allow a visiting American to pry into their deepest mysteries, but I needn't have worried. When Suresh explained what was wanted, the headman shouted to the attentive crowd some strange words in Kom-Jogi, which translated would be "Lads, here's a prime American sucker loaded with moola! Let's give him the works!"

Never, not even on the midway of the old Krinko Combined Shows, which was the crookedest rag bag east of the Mississippi, have I ever seen so instant a reaction. From every hut came pouring hordes of men, women, children and dogs, all carrying snakes. (I'm not sure about the dogs, but that was my impression at the time.) At least 30 people were playing on gourd flutes, others were beating on drums, tambourines and tin cans. They had king cobras, Asiatic cobras, brown cobras, green cobras, black cobras, Russell's vipers, saw-scaled vipers, pit vipers, Malayan kraits, Wall's kraits, Himalayan cat snakes, striped keelbacks, checkered keelbacks, painted bronzebacks, pipe snakes, rock pythons, reticulated pythons, banded racers, grass snakes and rat snakes. Naked children, scarcely able to stand, came toddling toward me dragging furious cobras by their tails and yelling "Baksheesh, sahib!" Old, toothless women hobbled across the compound plastered with pythons, and decrepit men left what must have been their deathbeds to crawl out of the huts dangling kraits. Badarpur is an ideal place to have your nonalcoholic d.t.s; everything's provided.

I asked the headman if the snakes were defanged. He replied frankly, "Of course they are, sahib. What do you think we are, crazy?"

A defanged snake, although not entirely harmless, is most reluctant to bite, as his mouth is sore and swollen. Even if he did, so little venom would be discharged that simply sucking out the wound would probably be enough to keep you from having more than a sore arm. Next I asked about the flute playing.

"Snakes are completely deaf," the headman explained. "The flute isn't to charm the snake, it's to draw a crowd."

He gave me a demonstration. If you put a cobra in a basket and then suddenly take the lid off, the cobra will rear up (especially if you give the side of the basket a kick at the same time) and stay reared up watching you. If you move to the right or left, the cobra will move also, never taking his eyes off you and always 156 ready to strike. If you sway your body, the cobra will sway with you, sparring for a blow. This swaving suggests the undulating motions of a nautch girl, and so it can be said that the cobra is dancing. So the performer plays some musical instrument, usually the gourd flute, at the same time swaying his body. The cobra sways with him, thus "dancing to the music." The performer can also accomplish the same effect by playing a sousaphone if he keeps swaying.

But it was not until three weeks later, in Benares, that I saw my first jadoo-wallah-sleight-of-hand performer. I watched with interest while he did card flourishes, the multiplying billiard balls, and produced a stuffed rabbit from his turban. After the show I asked him if he knew any Indian magic. He was highly insulted.

"I am an educated man," he told me proudly. "I get my apparatus from Maskelyne's in London, Geisaud's in Paris, Hull's in the United States-"

"I'll pay twenty rupees to see a good routine of Indian magic."

Bringing his hands together in a beautiful gesture, he bowed and said quietly, "Sahib, for twenty rupees I'll bury myself alive and you can camp on my grave for three days."

As my time was limited, I asked him if he could do the mango-tree effect. This famous trick, consisting of making a mango tree grow before your eyes, was described by Madame Blavatsky, the founder of Theosophy, as an undoubted miracle. The jadoo-wallah said it was a little old-fashioned, but agreed to perform it.

He began by putting a mango pit in a tin can full of earth and then erecting a framework of three sticks tied together at the ends over it. A cloth was thrown over the sticks to make an improvised tent. After a few incantations, he whipped away the cloth and, sure enough, there was the young mango shoot beginning to sprout from the tin. The cloth was replaced, more incantations, and when it was removed there was a sapling. At last came the full tree, some three feet high. There was even fruit growing on it, which he broke off and handed to me.

It was a good trick, although it took nearly an hour to perform, mainly because the flimsy tripod of sticks kept collapsing and each time the jadoo-wallah had to reach under the tent to adjust the sticks. When he first covered the tripod with the cloth, he had concealed in its folds a small mango shoot which he later inserted in the can while fixing the "tent." When he snatches away the cloth to reveal the shoot and the audience is staring at it, he drops the cloth over his collection of bags, sacks and other bits of apparatus lying on the ground. Then when he picks it up, he has the next-size mango concealed inside. He continues

this routine until he finally produces the three-foot tree with the fruit. The trick can be done only with a mango, as its leaves and stem are very flexible and the whole works can be rolled up and put into a small space without damaging them. When unwrapped, they snap into position like the rubber-flower bouquets American magicians produce from hats. The illusion that the tree is actually growing is very strong, especially as at each stage the jadoo pulls up the tree and shows the roots becoming longer and longer as the tree increases in size.

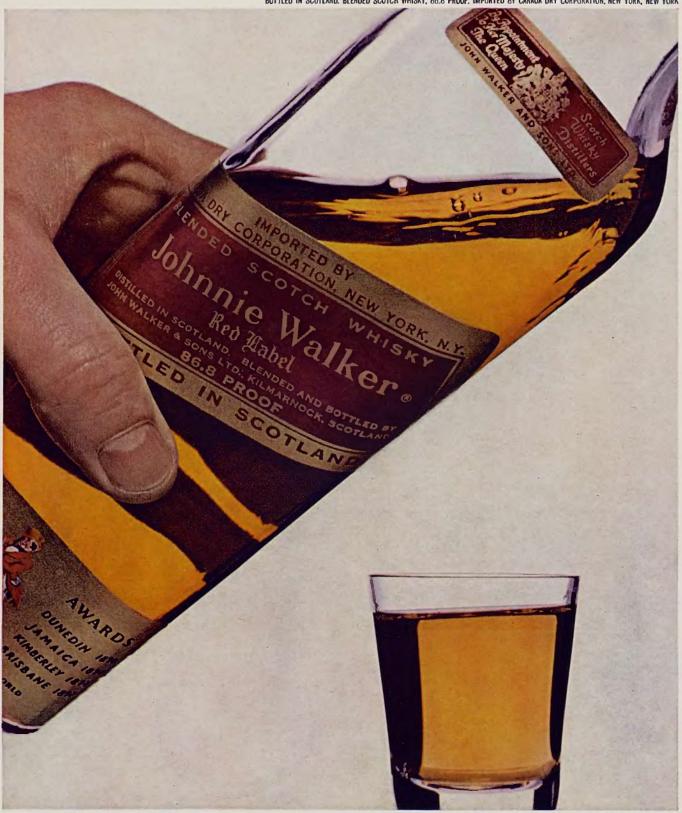
The jadoo-wallah showed me a coup'e of other tricks I'd never seen before. He had several small bags, each containing a different-colored sand. Then he produced the old tin can again, filled it with water and poured sand from each of the bags into the can, mixing them into a muddy mass. He then asked me to name a color. I suggested red. After showing that his hand was empty, he reached into the can and pulled out some of the variegated mud. Squeezing the mass, he poured out a stream of perfectly dry bright-red sand into my palm. He did the same for any other color

Anyone can do this trick, although it requires a little preparation. You make up some small balls of the differentcolored sands, coat them with grease and then bake them hard in an oven. A ball of the right color is put into each bag of sand and, being the same color as the sand around it, it's almost invisible. When you pour the different sands into the tin, pour the small balls in with them, making sure you keep track of their positions. If someone asks you for the red sand, reach into the tin, pick up the ball of red sand and as you bring it out, crush the ball in your hand.

The jadoo men also have another striking effect that, when properly presented, does really seem like magic. The jadoo produces some small pieces of broken crockery, each about the size of a postage stamp, and has you select one. He gives you a piece of charcoal and tells you to make some design on the piece while his back is turned and then turn it over so he can't see what you've drawn. He takes the piece, being careful not to look at the design, and puts it on the ground, design downward. Next, you stamp on the piece, grinding it into fragments, and wave your hand over the bits. When you turn your hand over, the design on the piece is found stamped on your palm.

When the jadoo takes the piece of pottery, he casually presses his thumb against the design before placing the piece on the ground. The soft charcoal transfers the pattern to his thumb. After you've broken the pottery, he tells you to wave your hand over the spot. As you do so, he says, "No, closer to the pieces" and moves your hand into place, at the

(continued on page 174)



Johnnie Walker Red, smooth enough to be the world's largest-selling Scotch.





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## YAMAHA

NTERNATIONAL CORPORATION



Italians share these sentiments; at least they believe they will never be able to clear the prostitutes off the streets of their cities until Italy's Parliament abolishes the Merlin Law in its entirety and once again insists that a prostitute's home should also be her house.

#### FRANCE

In France, after surveying the results of the brothel ban that she herself had instigated, Mme. Marthe Richard personally urged the Paris Council to abolish it.

"I cannot but make the logical conclusion of a situation that has become intolerable," Mme. Richard declared. "We have to reopen the houses of prostitution." Mme. Richard subsequently published the results of an extensive study of the situation that led to her sensational and quite courageous about-face in her book L'Appel des Sexes.

"The houses of prostitution are necessary," she stated, "but should be open establishments, and the girls should be considered as some kind of social workers. One condition should be that the police des moeurs (vice squad) stops once and for all [its] rule through fear."

Councilwoman Janine Rastier-Caille joined Mme. Richard in her appeal, stating that "morals have gained nothing from the closing of the houses," while the V. D. rate had risen 87 percent. Unfortunately, Mme. Richard's second "crusade" was not as successful as her first and the ban on brothels was not repealed. A Parisian public health official was quoted by Newsweck as saying, "I wish we had the courage to undo our mistakes. Otherwise we are headed for a real catastrophe." His words proved prophetic. In the five years prior to 1964, the venereal disease rate increased by 385 percent.

Benjamin and Masters conclude: "The French attempt to close down the brothels, and otherwise greatly restrict the operations of prostitutes, seems to have produced more whores, more pimps, more venereal disease, more crime, and no benefits apart from such satisfaction as may be derived from the existence of the ban [itself]."

#### U. S. PROSTITUTION LAWS

In America, prostitution is a crime in every state and the prostitute is a criminal. In addition, the legal definition of what constitutes "prostitution" is so broad in 16 states that conviction requires only promiscuous or indiscriminate female sex activity whether any payment is involved or not.

Judge Morris Ploscowe states, in Sex and the Law: "Some state laws specifically require that the prostitute ask for a fee or other consideration for the sexual intercourse before the prostitution

charge can be entertained. The usual view, however, is that it is the indiscriminate character of the intercourse that is decisive, and not the fee or compensation. If a woman practices indiscriminate sexual intercourse which she invites or solicits, she is a prostitute." By this broad legal definition, a female would be guilty of prostitution if she were to engage in the same random sexual relations that many single males regularly seek without prejudice or prosecution.

Prostitution flourishes specifically because of the double standard that exists for male and female sex morality, and the prostitution laws of the United States are, themselves, patently anti-female. If prostitution is considered a crime, then it is logical to assume that both the participants in the criminal act—the woman who sells her sexual favors and the man who purchases them—are guilty. But in a number of states, the prostitute—and everyone associated with her in her profession *except* the customer—is included under the law.

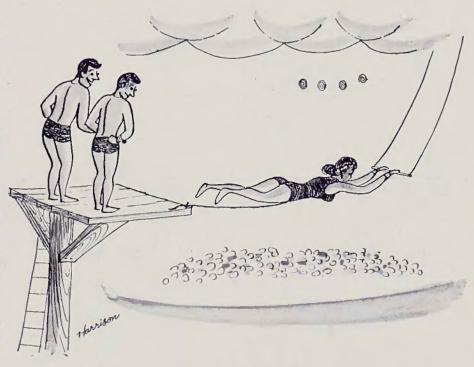
In the State of New York, for example, the maximum penalties prescribed for the violation of prostitution laws are as follows: For the operator of a house of prostitution, \$500 and/or one year; for the resident or employee of a house of prostitution, \$500 and/or one year; for the prostitute, three years; for the person who entices, abducts or forces a female into prostitution, \$1000 and/or ten years; for the person who transports, or arranges to have transported, any

female for the purpose of prostitution, \$5000 and two to twenty years; for the procurer, agent or pimp, \$5000 and two to twenty years; and for the husband of the prostitute, for knowingly living on the earnings of his wife's prostitution, ten years. But for the customer, no penalty is prescribed.

In a few states—among them Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois and Texas—the penalty is the same for prostitute and customer. California is an exception to the general rule, actually authorizing a far less severe penalty for the woman who solicits or accepts payment for sexual intimacies than for the man who pays for them: For the prostitute, \$500 and/or six months; for the customer, even though California has no laws against single acts of fornication or adultery, a maximum sentence of up to five years.

But even in California, where the letter of the law favors the female, its enforcement follows the usual anti-female pattern. A story in the November 2, 1965 issue of the San Francisco Chronicle, carrying the headline "Prostitutes Demand equal rights," reported:

Two Oakland women have appealed to the Alameda County Superior Court to reverse their conviction on prostitution charges on grounds their Constitutional rights were violated. The women, Jeanette McDonald and Hattie Mae Smith, contend that the men who were with them when they were arrested



"If it goes over big, we'll keep it in the act!"

should also have been prosecuted and that they were thereby denied equal protection under the law,

In an appeal brief filed by their attorney, Bertram Edises of Oakland, the women charge that they were discriminated against because they are women. The document argues that the law under which they were convicted last July in municipal court makes it just as illegal for a man to solicit a prostitute as it does for a prostitute to solicit a man.

The women were arrested in separate rooms in an Oakland hotel after two police vice squad officers observed them in conversation with two men on a downtown street corner. The two men were not arrested, the brief says, apparently in return for their testimony against the women.

"The police act arbitrarily and without rational justification," the document says, "when they single out the female participant for arrest and prosecution, granting *de facto* immunity to the male participant who is equally guilty . . ."

The result, the brief argues, is to deny to women equal protection under the law as required by the 14th Amendment to the Constitution.

In some states that do not have specific statutes prohibiting the patronizing of prostitutes, the customer may be liable for prosecution under a fornication or adultery law. In any other, as Ploscowe points out, "the punishment of the male customer of a prostitute may be achieved by applying the rule that anyone who aids or abets in the commission of a crime is himself guilty of criminal conduct. A prostitute cannot commit an act of prostitution by herself, and the man, in this view of the law, is her accomplice in violating the criminal statutes against prostitution."

In actual practice, however, there are many thousands of arrests for prostitution each year throughout the United States and relatively few arrests, and almost no convictions, for the patronizing of prostitutes. The courts continue to prosecute women for prostitution and avoid prosecuting men for their participation in the same crime. Just how far some courts have been willing to carry this unequal application of the law is suggested by one case cited by Ploscowe:

"Courts, which are mostly manned by male judges, are not happy at the necessity of applying criminal penalties against men who resort to prostitutes. For example, in the Iowa case of State vs. Gardner, the court had before it a statute making it a crime for any person to resort to a house of ill fame for the purpose of prostitution. This statute would seem to be clearly aimed at the male customers of the house of prostitution, and this was the understanding of the trial court that convicted the defendant. But the Supreme Court of Iowa construed the statute as applying only to the female prostitute and not to her male customers."

Even on those occasions when the male is also arrested in a prostitution case, the motive is less apt to be prosecution than an expedient means of securing the necessary witness to substantiate charges against his female partner in crime. Ploscowe's personal experience as a judge of the New York Magistrate's Court adds authority to his statement that, "In New York City, while men are constantly arrested and charged with aiding and abetting acts of prostitution, these charges are almost uniformly dismissed and the defendant is given a subpoena to appear in court to testify against the prostitute . . .'

The prostitute's willing co-conspirator is thus intimidated into serving as a less-than-willing witness for the prosecution in order to avoid being tried as a sexual offender himself.

While justice demands a less one-sided application of the law, we aren't suggesting prosecution of the male participants in prostitution as a reasonable solution. We have emphasized the inherent inequality in this particular form of sex suppression as further evidence that the best interests of a free society are served by allowing the sexual activity of consenting adults to remain a matter of private moral determination not to be infringed upon by the state.

In the next installment of this editorial series, we will continue our consideration of U.S. sex laws with concluding observations on the social, psychological, medical and moral implications in legalized prostitution; and how the attempted suppression of prostitution actually encourages organized vice, official corruption and personal exploitation, entrapment and other illegal police practices, and the occasional prosecution of altogether innocent citizens.

police practices, and the occasional prosecution of altogether innocent citizens.

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including parts 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"What's the big problem? If you can't get along, get a divorce."

#### PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 66)

There is vet another convolution in the vicious maze. In many a Negro home across America, seeds of mistrust are being sown by well-meaning but embittered parents who attempt to protect their children by forewarning them of the traumatic experiences that await them in the "white" world outside the ghetto. This in itself is crippling, since the offspring go out expecting such treatment and, finding it, say inwardly, "Well, that's Mr. Charlie for you," and presto! Another biased, unreasonable, potentially explosive social entity is created, and a good, perhaps gifted, mind is lost to hate.

At the most influential place outside the home, the classroom, another lamentable situation exists. History textbooks have in the past been notorious for their lack of information about the Negro in America, except to state that they were at the roots of the economy of the South, and "Mastah" Lincoln set them free. Armed with this scanty bit of text, filtered through generations until it is pretty well standardized, the white children have little respect for the Negro, and Negro children have little to admire about their own forefathers.

There is, however, at least a partial answer. In San Francisco a small but dynamic change is taking place. History classes in that city's schools have made accurate Negro history supplementary reading. At last the true impact of the presence of the colored man in America is being brought home to the very generation that can do the most to rectify the dilemma. This will give white youngsters more appreciation for our colored citizens, and the Negro people will—through our young people—gain a new sense of past accomplishment and contribution, a sense we deeply need.

To Messrs. Parker and Hall I can only say that the Negro was not "kicking and screaming" because the white man was "dragging him upward from chaotic savagery," but because the South's "genteel white Protestant" had his genteel, well-booted foot on the Negro's face.

Steve Duncan Oakland, California

#### **BUBBLING HORMONES**

This country and civilization is so ridiculously fouled up on the subject of sex it infuriates me. Men by and large want to shirk the responsibility of a really good screw. They ho-ho-ho at the water cooler like 12-year-olds over some tiny titillation instead of getting on with the notion of being a really fine lover. They wallow in dreams of the lovely princess who is too good to make love to.



Sir Galahads, indeed! They are utterly cruel in their fantasies. The day they realize that women also have violently bubbling hormones, souls capable of exquisite subtleties and courage enough not to pretend that they are not "doing it," we can all get on with the joyful experience of bedding with the one we love simply because we happen to love him.

Mrs. W. T. Williams Livermore, California

#### THE RIGHT TO BE PURE

Recent issues of PLAYBOY have emphasized the "rights" of adults in the area of love and sex—the right of consenting adults to make love in private without legal restraints. You say these "rights" are being violated by "antiquated sex laws."

You talk of legal and social invasion of your privacy. You talk also of misguided citizens who favor these antiquated sex laws and who, if informed, would oppose these same laws.

But what about my rights? What about my right to raise children so that they won't be influenced by The Playboy Philosophy, which I believe to be damaging to spiritual, mental and physical health? What about my right to use a public toilet without being approached by a homosexual? What about my right to live in a moral society (using my definition or moral and not PLAYBOY's)? Don't I have these rights?

By claiming these rights to private lovemaking for yourselves and others, you are contaminating the rights that the rest of us call the rights of decency, morality and chastity. You are endangering our privilege to be different from the pleasure seekers, the lustful of heart and the corrupt in mind. More specifically, you endanger my right to marry a virgin, raise children so that they will not become corrupted by your philosophy, and attempt to make a clean honest living in a moral society. If these rights of mine suppress your rights, may I respectfully remind you that my ideas are the ones on which this nation was founded.

Phillip Moschenrose Marshall, Illinois

You are mistaken if you think you have a right to live in an intellectually antiseptic community where all ideas and values that threaten your own are suppressed. You can teach your children any set of values you wish, but society has no more obligation to protect your children from "The Playboy Philosophy" than it has to protect our children from your values. We don't wish to deny you the right to live as you please, but if our ideas are so persuasive that they pose a threat to yours, then perhaps your ideas need re-examining.

Our nation was founded, not on the "rights" you claim, but on those outlined in the Declaration of Independence—to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If you are incapable of finding happiness except in a society made up of others exactly like yourself, then we suggest you organize one. You can then successfully protect your children from the "contamination" of all opinions but your own.

#### THE NEW MORALITY

We frequently hear the question of whether religion is so far out of date that it is unable to teach anything healthy about sex and its standards. Christian groups differ on this, but the Anglican Church teaches birth control for married couples and the philosophy that sex is for enjoyment by married people as well as for procreation. Sexual intercourse can have deep emotional values necessary to a happy marriage. To say that sex itself is sin is nuts, of course. It is the misuse and abuse of it that is the sin-commercialization of it, if you will. To say that intercourse is OK between unmarried people if they are in love is to call for a new definition of "love."

If I read it correctly, the "New Morality" works something like this: A certain trend in society is discovered that the Churches called evil, but since religion hasn't stopped it, we had better find ways to make it respectable. So now we call a drunk a sick person. Adultery is "having an affair." Obscenity becomes "new art." And Playboy Clubs become a harmless way for men to work off their passions by "look but don't touch" experiences. Seems to me this boils down to "life by instinct" rather than "life by law." Admittedly, laws should be examined and changed from time to time. They are man-made and need perfection. But truth doesn't change. Human rights today are the same human rights as in 6000 в.с.

I like your magazine in many ways. I have read and enjoyed several copies. The paper, ads, color, variety and pictures are far ahead of your imitators, although in many of these imitators you

get more curves for your money. Why doesn't Hefner just be what he is—a peddler of pazazz, like the old Ziegfeld Follies? Nudity with class. Artful filth.

Try your ideas out on your own teenage daughter or son and stay with 'em to see how they make out in the next 30 years. As a clergyman, I have had 32 years' experience, raised five children and stayed with the same wife. I still have a lot to learn, of course.

The Rev. John L. Knapp Avon Park, Florida

One of the things you still have to learn is the meaning of the New Morality movement in theology. It is not, as you have indicated, a whitewash of those social evils the Church has failed to eradicate. It is, rather, a rejection of the abuses of legalism and a return to a more genuine morality in which each situation is judged on its own merits. It is a recognition that the very concept of morality implies freedom of choice.

Dr. Joseph Fletcher, Professor at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, wrote recently:

The new morality is a form of ethical relativism. . . . In this moral strategy the governing consideration is the situation, with all of its contingencies and exigencies. The situationist enters into every decisionmaking situation armed with principles, just as the legalist does. But the all-important difference is that his moral principles are maxims of general or frequent validity; their validity always depends upon the situation. The situationist is prepared in any concrete case to suspend, ignore or violate any principle

if by doing so he can effect more good than by following it . . .

Adultery, for instance, is ordinarily wrong, not in itself but because the emotional, legal and spiritual entailments are such that the overall effects are evil and hurtful rather than helpful—at least in our present-day Western society. But there is always the outside case, the unusual situation . . . in which adultery could be the right and good thing . . .

In some situations unmarried love could be infinitely more moral than married unlove. Lying could be more Christian than telling the truth. Stealing could be better than respecting private property. No action is good or right in itself. It depends on whether it hurts or helps people, whether or not it serves love's purpose—understanding love to be personal concern—in the situation...

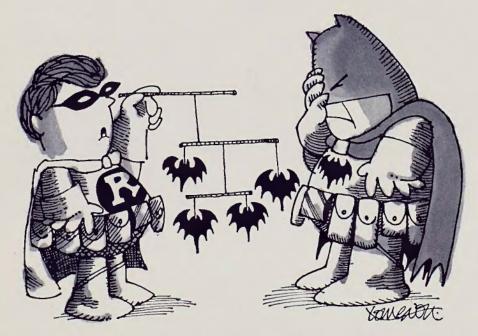
Nothing is inherently good or evil, except love (personal concern) and its opposite, indifference or actual malice . . .

In the same way that sex is right or wrong according to its treatment of persons, so with the so-called "obscene." Frankness about sex is not wrong. As somebody said recently, obscenity is the word "nigger" on the lips of a Bull Connor-type cop.

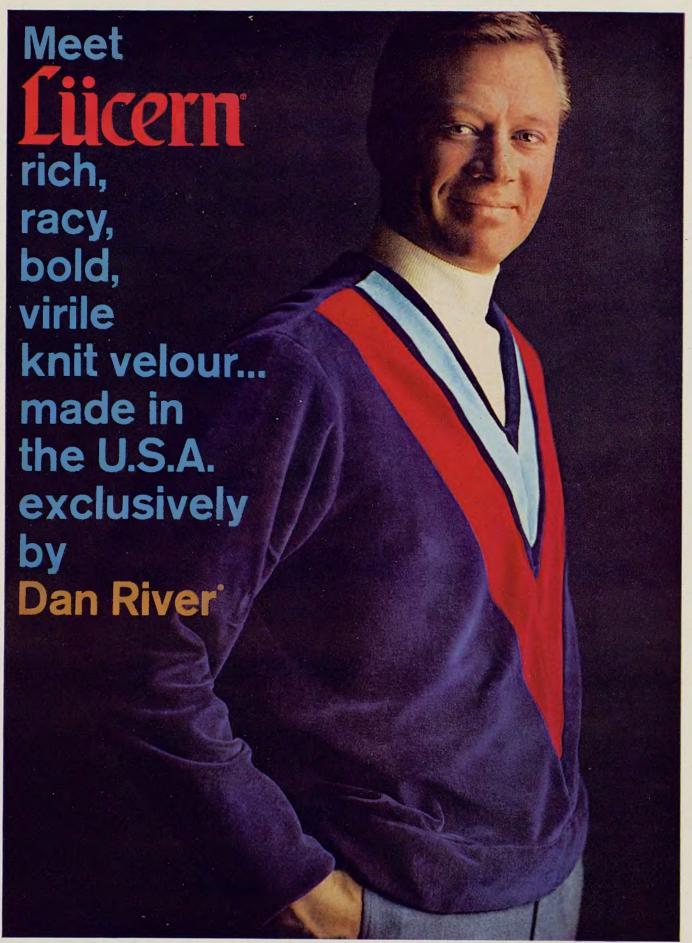
Even a transient sex liaison, if it has the elements of caring, of tenderness and selfless concern, of mutual offering, is better than a mechanical, egocentric exercise of conjugal "rights" between two uncaring or possibly antagonistic marriage partners. Sexual intercourse is not right or good just because it is legal (by civil or canonical law), nor is it wrong just because it is outside the law. So-called common-law marriages recognize this . . .

The Christian criteria for sex relations are positive: Sex is a matter of certain ideals of relationship. These ideals are based upon a certain faith: about God, Christ, the Church, who man is and his destiny. Therefore, if people do not embrace that faith (and most don't), there is no reason why they should live by it. . . . If true chastity means a marital monopoly, then let those who believe in it recommend it by reason and example. Nothing is gained by condemning the unbeliever. Indeed, to condemn him is more unjust (immoral) than a sexual escapade!

It is true, of course, that coital adventures may bring on delayed emotional reactions, but the same is true of petting. And in any case, these feelings are largely guilt feelings which changing cultural norms are making archaic or even antediluvian. The guilt is going. If Chris-



"Well, you said get out the Bat-mobile!"



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tians honestly and seriously believe that there are matters of principle at stake, as distinct from situational factors, they had better make them clear. And whatever they come up with, they aren't going to make a good case for absolute, universal and unexceptionable ethical negatives. Or positives. The new morality is a better morality than that—than the old morality.

#### POWER OF POSITIVE SEX

May I take this opportunity to say that I agree wholeheartedly with the basic intent of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Of course, there are some statements that I cannot accept, particularly those regarding the role of the Church.

I was in Cincinnati in November for the National Conference on Christian Education of the Methodist Church and heard a lawyer for the Citizens for Decent Literature preside over a critical discussion of your magazine. After hearing all he was against, I asked him what he was for. I am sorry to say that he could not give me any valid expression of what sex meant to him as a Christian layman, or even as a man.

During the Conference a group of us went to the Cincinnati Playboy Club and had a delightful evening. The food was delicious, the entertainment excellent and the girls were not only beautiful, but charming and courteous.

The Rev. John H. Williams
First Methodist Church
Athens, Ohio

#### **VOCAL VICARS**

I have long had a healthy respect for



views expressed in PLAYBOY and was delighted when my husband obtained a subscription.

Lately I have noticed many letters in *The Playboy Forum* from ministers of various denominations. Whether or not they agree, they are vocal.

This, it seems to me, indicates a trend toward a more liberal outlook in our churches. Regardless of their point of view, at least your succinct and intelligent articles have aroused their interest.

Patricia Anne LaCoste Fresno, California

#### **RELIGIOUS PLAYBOY**

I observe that more and more of your correspondents are, like myself, clergymen agreeing in part and sometimes entirely with Hefner's outlook on censorship, sex and freedom in general.

It is my observation that PLAYBOY is a religious magazine. Before you die laughing, let me explain what I mean.

Religion, as Christ intended, is nothing more or less than the process by which man seeks to find the rationale behind his existence. It is man seeking to know himself and thereby to achieve an honest relationship with God. It is man being quite honest with himself about himself. It is, finally, man establishing for himself what is to be his ultimate concern. Christ's point was that this ultimate concern should be God Himself, and not some man-contrived little god that would ultimately prove useless.

Thus religion has to do with people, and every man, whether he likes it or not, undergoes the religious process—either getting somewhere or getting side-tracked along the way.

PLAYBOY is, therefore, religious in the best Christian sense, because PLAYBOY is not trying to fool anyone, and I might add that PLAYBOY at least reverences what the Creator produced as the capstone of His handiwork—woman.

The churches have killed religion. In fact, too much religion has obscured God so that no one can seem to figure out where He is any more, or why He should be there in the first place. A few courageous souls (Bonhoeffer, Bultmann et al.) have been neatly labeled and cataloged and relegated to "schools of thought" by the rest. As soon as a man's thought is labeled, it is done for.

A renewal of religious consciousness, and renewal of the search for the meaning of life vis-à-vis God, can come only outside the Church now, where people are free to think for themselves and not get labeled by some theologian. And the principal place where such thinking is going on today is—you guessed it—PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY can offer men a new slant on religion. If you don't, someone eventually will anyway, but by then it might be too late for it to do any good. Men are ripe today for an opportunity to search for and meet God without the trappings of religion getting in the way.

(Lutheran pastor's name and address withheld by request)

#### A TRUE BELIEVER

I am by no means an authority on The Playboy Philosophy. It happened that when the first installment of your series came out a couple of years ago, I was given a copy of it by one of my former students, who had read it with great outrage and wanted to discuss with me the formulation of a telling reply. Quite honestly, I couldn't get very much worked up over it one way or the other. I thought it contained about the normal proportions of nonsense and insight, and mostly I found it not very original in either respect, pretty boring, and certainly not the kind of thing I would buy PLAYBOY for. (I like to look at the pictures.) So my young friend went away sorrowing, and I read no more, and if anyone had told me that this thing would still be going strong more than 20 installments later and would be the subject of solemn discussions all over the place, I would have thought he was out of his mind. That just shows you how far out of touch with reality I am.

I have, however, read with most care the recent *Trialogue* installments of discussion with the clergy, in which I have a certain personal interest, since it happens that Father Gary is one of my oldest and most valued friends and is also, I should think, the owner of one of the ugliest faces ever to appear in your pages. (When a mutual friend told me a while back that Gary had "appeared in playboy," my mind reeled briefly until it was made clear in what way he had appeared.)

The greatest obstacle to my acceptance of Mr. Hefner's views is the extraordinary zeal and seriousness with which he presents them. He sounds, if you will forgive my saying it, too much like an evangelist for my taste. He is obviously very deeply committed to his cause, and he preaches it with a missionary's unrelenting single-mindedness and humorlessness. Like an evangelist, he believes that his listeners have fallen into evil and destructive ways from which it is his vocation to deliver them and point the way to salvation. Like an evangelist, he engages in considerable ritual denunciation of the wicked (mostly "puritans," I gather) and their doctrines ("antisexuality") and a corresponding symbolic celebration of the way of life he offers ("sense of identity," "psychological well-being," "positive approach," "enlightenment," "freedom," and so on). Like an evangelist, he is not so much interested in analyzing his subject matter-despite the considerable pseudoscholarly apparatus with which

he surrounds it—as in condemning one set of values and loyalties and extolling another. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," he seems to command—and the choice is between "negative, suppressive, perverted concepts of sex," and "a positive, permissive, natural view." That's the language of someone trying to save souls, not trying to invite rational discussion.

In short, he strikes me as a very religious man, a True Believer if ever there was one, and, as I think he would probably agree, True Believers are awfully hard for the unfaithful to talk with. Please don't mistake me: I admire this kind of fervor, though I cannot forbear to say that I would admire it more if it were devoted to a moral cause that seemed to me of greater moment than Hefner's, say that of the Peace Corps, or the civil rights movement, or even conservatism. But that is, of course, his business, and we can't all be Martin Luther Kings. My main problem is that I do not have Hefner's fervent temperament; at any rate, it is not greatly inflamed by his cause, either for or against. The result is that I get all involved in problems that to him doubtless seem to be unimportant and evasive of the main point.

Take this business of sex, for example. It seems to me just remotely possible that the "outmoded" views and attitudes about sex which Hefner characterizes as taboos, superstitions, repressions, dogmas, and so on, may not be quite such unadulterated and dangerous nonsense as he seems to think. Perhaps they represent some grasp of the extraordinary destructiveness, as well as the creativity and fulfillment, of which human sexuality-like all other human drives and needs-is capable. Perhaps the social controls which Hefner seems to regard as the cause of this destructive potentiality are not after all solely responsible for its existence, but are attempts, however inadequate and often misguided, to deal with a problem inherent in the nature of things. Contrariwise, I am unable to give the unqualified allegiance he seems to give to the dogmas of the "modern" psychoanalytic interpretations of the sources of sexual conflict, tension and frustration. (I am confident that he himself has read Freud and other analysts carefully enough to realize that his representation even of their "understanding and insights" is remarkably partial and oversimplified, not to say trivial.)

Well, enough of that. My only point is that I don't think Hefner and I are on quite the same wave length, because it seems to me he wants to preach and I want to reflect, and therefore I find his attitude a little too solemn and too pontifical for comfort. It may seem odd that the sophisticated magazine editor should write sermons and the clergyman should find them too religious—but then it's an odd world, isn't it?



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I detect a certain impatience on Hefner's part with the preoccupation of some of your readers and critics with the "sex angle" in what PLAYBOY is doing, and I sympathize wholeheartedly with that impatience. It is quite clear to me that the "Playboy life" Hefner wishes to recommend is a much broader matter than one simply of sexual attitudes and practices, though doubtless they are an important part and symbol of it.

I am sorry, however, that apparently he believes that criticism of his "philosophy" in these broader terms is inspired by the same "significant element of puritanism" that he sees as the source of all opposition to his views on and presentations of sex itself. (Hefner would be in as bad shape without puritanism as the preacher would be without sin or some politicians without communismeach has a pervasive, subtle and evidently endless multiform enemy.) At least I think my own criticism cannot fairly be called "puritanical," though it may be equally objectionable to you on other grounds. Quite frankly, I find all this sophisticated living stuff more than a little cloying, and all the accompanying sartorial, dietary and aesthetic advice rather funny. I can understand how important it may all be for late adolescents of whatever age, and I know that there is something of the late adolescent in all of us, but it is beyond my comprehension how grown men can cultivate it as a "way of life" without feeling sometimes a little foolish and most of the time cheated. And when it is decorated with an inflated and for all I know interminable "philosophy" to boot, I'm moved not so much to righteous indignation as to a fit of the giggles.

I mean, I'm all for a little fun now and then, but for God's sake, do we have to work so hard at it and then on top of that think about it so much? In your world the simple pleasures of food, drink, entertainment, even sex, get so messed up with agonizing over an acceptable image of one's self that I'm surprised half your readers aren't constipated or impotent. (For all I know, maybe they are; do you know?) And by the time all of this has been worked over and codified and solemnized into a 'philosophy," it's about as appealing as a New Testament parable worked over by one of the more ham-handed theologians.

Well, I've gone on much too long. No matter how cantankerous, I mean all this criticism amiably enough, and I hope you may accept it in the same spirit.

The Rev. John W. Turnbull, Ph.D. Professor of Christian Ethics

The Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest

Austin, Texas.

Your letter is too entertaining for us to have anything less than an amiable

reaction; and we even admit to possessing all that zeal you mention as "the greatest obstacle to [your] acceptance of Mr. Hefner's views."

We concede that PLAYBOY'S editorpublisher and staff display uncommon enthusiasm for their editorial duties, but we don't think Hefner's zeal can be considered evangelistic—even if Paul Krassner once did refer to him in The Realist as "the secular Billy Graham." (The Realist has also referred to Hefner as "the Green Hornet" and "a virgin," which shows how much Krassner knows.)

Hefner isn't a True Believer; he's a believer in truth. In "The Playboy Philosophy," colorful rhetoric has never been a replacement for research and reason. Yes, Hefner is "very deeply committed to his cause," as you state, but we disagree that he "preaches it with a missionary's unrelenting single-mindedness and humorlessness."

One of your colleagues, the Reverend Richard F. Hettlinger, author, lecturer and Associate Professor of Religion at Kenyon College, expresses exactly the opposite view in a chapter devoted to "The Playboy Philosophy," in his highly praised book, "Living with Sex: The Student's Dilemma":

'Much of Hefner's concern, and much of his success, lies in poking fun at the sacred cows and outdated taboos of our double-faced society. Undoubtedly, the various attempts by the Chicago authorities to squash him have been due to his criticism of the establishment and his persistent and well-documented revelation of the fact that the emperor (like the girls in the magazine) has no (or very few) clothes. He shows up the absurdities of our antiquated and inconsistent sex laws, decries the persecution of the unfortunate Lenny Bruce, and very properly and rightly denounces the vigilante tactics of such self-appointed guardians of the public morality as the National Organization for Decent Literature.

"Some of Hefner's illustrations of the workings or misworkings of the state and local obscenity laws are hilarious. The head of Atlanta's five-member moviecensorship board, a housewife, explained on a TV interview that "Never on Sunday" had been banned because it included the word 'whore.' Other films with a similar theme had been admitted but, 'We've called them tramps; we've called them ladies of easy virtue; we've called them call girls; we've called them . . . girls of the night; but whore is a word that we have not customarily allowed on our screens in Atlanta, because we consider it just a little bit too rugged for family audiences'-though, as Hefner pointed out, she apparently didn't find it too rugged for family TV screens. It seems unbelievable that only ten years ago the Board of Censors in New York cut the scenes of the birth of a baby bison out of a Walt Disney wildlife feature, but continued to permit almost any representation of violent and sadistic death on the screen. But best of all is the story of the head of the Memphis censor board who objected to a film because it contained a word she had never heard before: s-l-u-t.

"For myself, I appland the PLAYBOY protest against this kind of nonsensical hyprocrisy, which, by pretending that sex is not there and by hiding the reality under Victorian euphemisms, makes it the more difficult to achieve any wholesome and positive understanding of the nature of sexuality. In addition, by concentrating its public wrath upon the supposed obscenity of sex, society all too easily detracts attention from the real evils of the day."

You suggest that sex taboos, superstitions and repressions may in fact "represent some grasp of the extraordinary destructiveness" of which human sexuality is capable. Another of your colleagues, Dr. Joseph Fletcher, professor at Cambridge Episcopal Theological School, suggests that sex is rapidly losing its ability to destroy: "The fact is that all churchmen have relied on prudential arguments against sexual freedom—the

triple terrors of conception, infection and detection—not upon Christian sanctions. But modern medicine and urban anonymity have made sex relatively safe. The danger-argument is almost old hat."

We think the pastor doth protest too much when even PLAYBOY's service features on food, drink, fashion and entertainment suggest an image of the reader "agonizing over an acceptable image of one's self . . ." And you accuse us of "unrelenting single-mindedness and humorlessness"?

Let's let a last colleague describe what he believes PLAYBOY's editorial content and appeal are really all about. In a recent issue of Christian Advocate, the official Methodist magazine "For Pastors and Church Leaders," Dr. Allen J. Moore, Assistant Professor of Christian Education and Dean of Students, School of Theology at Claremont, California, states:

"Young urbanites find in PLAYBOY a point of view that seems to be rationally consistent with their understanding of the modern situation. They see the older forms of society breaking down under the strains and stresses of accelerated change. Technical advances have made



"Honey, I'm home . . . !"

available to the masses the symbols of culture and the luxuries of life reserved until recently for the very rich. . . . PLAYBOY's point of view makes sense out of affluence and emphasizes its positive values for a good and happy life. It allows for the new and different, lifts up the glamorous and the beautiful, and encourages the modern and the rational. The premium is upon unencumbered youth . . . at liberty to experiment, explore, and evaluate for oneself the pleasures of a good life.

"Basic to this point of view is the importance which Hefner places upon individual freedom. He makes it clear that he does not mean a society without rules, as his critics have unfairly charged. What he is working for editorially is the freedom for every person to explore and express his individuality without interference from either legal or religious authority. He believes that controls should further individuality rather than limit it. On this point, he is especially critical of the efforts of organized religion, in the light of sectarian dogmas, to enact laws that will force all individuals to conform to particular expressions of life.

"A second reason why many young adults respond to PLAYBOY is its call for more realism in regard to sex. Whatever else we might say about Hefner's philosophy, we must admit that he has made a careful survey of the sexual predicament of our day. His answers may not be sufficient. They are certainly nontraditional, but he has raised the hard questions which must be answered in some responsible way by the religious establishment.

"Aside from the 'Philosophy,' much of PLAYBOY's material in regard to sex is satirical. Because the church does not know how to laugh at sex, this satire has not always been recognized in critiques of the magazine. Our preoccupation with sex-its negative aspects-has led us to lose a healthy sense of humor regarding it. To this Hefner has replied by lifting up and exaggerating the antisexuality in our culture, the barnyard jokes, the contradictions between the official position of the establishment and the unofficial practices and attitudes of its members, and the sexual games which are played by fearful men and women.

"Hefner's thesis is that much of the sickness and guilt of our society could be eliminated if persons could begin to laugh at sex rather than relegating it to naughty conversations or to little spiritual talks. And he may be right!"

The Reverend Moore finds "individual freedom," "a good and happy life" and "a healthy sense of humor regarding sex," when he analyzes the publication. Whereas, you express surprise that PLAYBOY's 168 readers aren't "constipated or impotent";

adding, gratuitously, "For all I know, maybe they are; do you know?"

Yes, Reverend Turnbull, we know.

#### SEXUAL EMANCIPATION PROCLAIMED

While those of us interested in sexual emancipation to facilitate humanitarian social objectives have been writing and talking for a generation or more with no great observable success, PLAYBOY has done more than any other person, group, organization or publication toward accomplishing the feat in less than a decade. I set forth all the essentials of the PLAYBOY attitude toward sex and sexual problems in Chapter IX. on "Ethics and History," of my New History and the Social Studies some 40 years ago, but it worked no revolution in public attitude. So far as I could discover, it did not produce much added enlightenment even among historians.

To have built up an influential national magazine around the girl appeal essential to gain a large body of readers at the beginning, but kept free from the "dirt" and obscenity that are all too often associated with such publicationsintroducing plenty of rollicking humor to enliven our proto-Orwellian era-and to have accomplished more than any other force or influence in making it possible to present sex as something that can be approached in a rational and sophisticated manner is probably the most impressive and commendable journalistic achievement of the post-War years.

As Mr. Hefner has succeeded in this indispensable contribution, he has also stepped up the level and effectiveness of his assault on sexual bigotry and oppression by gradually but successfully shifting serious reader interest from exclusive concern with feminine allure and pictorial amusement to the Forum, in which he discusses and debates the social implications and aspects of sexual and related problems. The success of his total effort in providing us with PLAYBOY is more impressively exemplified by the fact that the ever-growing correspondence section of the magazine has been graced by communications from eminent physicians, psychiatrists, clergymen and college presidents, deans and professors.

In my chapter published in 1925, and in many books, chapters and articles since that time, I have declared it to be my measured and informed opinion that sexual ignorance and intolerance have been the cause of more human misery and suffering than all the wars, famines, diseases and epidemics of human experience; indeed, have been a substantial if not outstanding cause of some of the latter, such as famine and disease. Having been mainly motivated during my lifetime by a desire to have misery and suffering diminished and happiness and well-being promoted, it is not surprising that I am grateful to Mr. Hefner and

PLAYBOY and properly appreciative of what they have accomplished in getting us better prepared to attack the evils that grow out of sexual obscurantism and to be more capable of enjoying the greater happiness that a rational approach to sex can make possible.

PLAYBOY has not solved the problems connected with sex, marriage and the family, or even with informal sexual relations generally, nor has it seriously pretended to do so. But it has probably done more than anything else in our day to enable us to start dealing with sexual issues in a civilized manner, and to encourage us to take up this task. When, to this fundamental achievement, are added the fact that Mr. Hefner has provided us with a lively intellectual magazine and, because of its cartoons, perhaps the best humorous publication of our day, I feel that we are his debtors to a significant extent. Another feature of PLAYBOY that appeals to me, whatever one thinks of its sexual philosophy, is that the publication has made an aesthetic contribution in lending "class" to sex appeal.

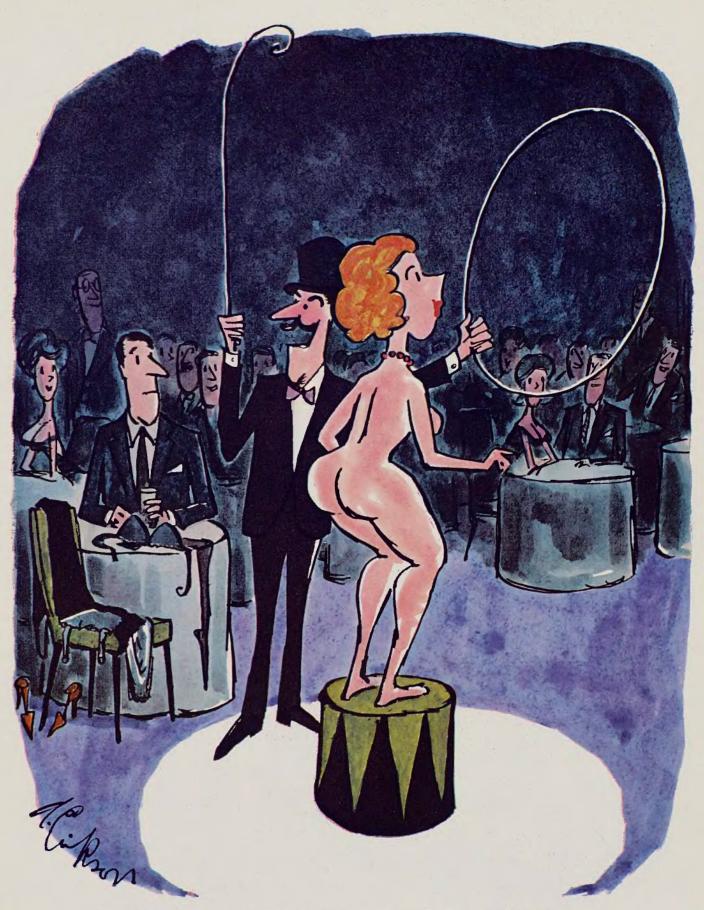
Nobody short of a fanatical partisan of PLAYBOY could pretend to believe that everything presented in the magazine, even in the Forum, is invariably well chosen, or even that in what is generally useful and commendable the best material and procedure are always employed. Moreover, there are plenty of other highgrade magazines to which readers may and should turn to supplement PLAYBOY. Hefner has not pretended to have any monopoly on information, wisdom and social guidance. He has performed the main task he has set for himself remarkably well, and all the evidence indicates that his efforts will be more effective and will increasingly broaden the field of intellectual and institutional emancipation.

Nor does Hefner pretend to be a mature and veteran philosopher in the academic mold. It is my opinion that not since Havelock Ellis has a philosopher appeared who has done as much as Hefner to promote enlightenment in the sexual realm. Hence, I, for one, can only wish more power to his pen and dictaphone.

> Harry Elmer Barnes Malibu, California

We're overwhelmed by such a gracious communication from the eminent educator, sociologist and author.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"Have no fear, sir! When Petrovski, World's Greatest Hypnotist, brings your wife to, she will remember nothing!!"

### HAYLOFT (continued from page 152)

eyes were wells of purple-and-white flowers, and her flesh was shimmering gold blackness against which her full mouth was vermilion, the sex-swollen nipples of her breasts livid carnelian.

Clouds curtained the moon and my vision was bounded by darkness. I sensed them as they loved and rested, their breathing harsh and rasping, then blending into long strengthless sighs. Innocente arose and urinated somewhere, and then Gina. My insides were pressing for release. I didn't dare cause any sounds. I feared that Innocente would discover me and put me into the heatcuring vault to die cooked and suffocated. I heard the tolling of San Rocco, the wild laughter of Uncle Piss-Piss from Tony's saloon on the corner nearby, the trolley, the distant clanking freight trains, ships' whistles on the Hudson River, mice and birds in the loft, and the hoofed movings and making wind of the horses in the stable below. Father was out in the street calling for me to come home and cursing a blue streak in frustration.

Gina and Innocente were in exhausted sleep, but I couldn't leave without stepping on them. I had to stay in my trap.

There was deep silence fretted by Innocente's raucous snoring and the dog's intermittent growling below.

Hercules came back. The dog was agitated. He whispered to the dog. He could not help but hear Innocente's loud snoring. He went into the studio, lighted a candle and came up the ladder. His white-maned head appeared at the top of the ladder. He held the candle up high. In its flickerings he saw his naked wife and stepson. Gina had her hands under her head, her long legs widespread. Innocente slept face downward on Gina's breasts, with his leg flung over her hip. Hercules stared. His mouth dropped open. His face seemed to turn into rotten crumbling stone. His head swayed from side to side in denial. He mumbled a prayer, blew out the candle, quietly descended and left with his horses and wagon.

At daylight Gina's mother, the Red Parasol, called up to the hayloft, cautioning Gina and Innocente.

"Jesus, I slept like Lazarus," said Innocente. They hastily made love, dressed and left.

I caught hell from my tearful mother when I got home. I went to the toilet, had breakfast and went to work in the studio.

Hercules returned with a bewildered look, but he said nothing. We unloaded the bags of plaster from the wagon. My father came up behind me and said through gritting teeth, "So you try to run away from home and become a bum like the American kids, heh? Next time don't come back—and if you do you will remember the taste of my hands for the rest of your goddamn sweet life—you betcha!"

Next time came a few weeks later. Again, while observing the lovers from my crib in the hayloft, I learned that Hercules had left on another overnight trip and I would be stuck there until the following morning.

Innocente said, "There's something dreadful about the old fellow's kindness. His eyes go through me. He pretends he doesn't know about us. Let's take his cashbox and run away before it's too late."

"No, later you will want a finger-inmouth Madonna and reproach me for not having been virgin. And you'll always see Hercules in our bed. Let things be. Destiny answers all things."

This time I did not escape the frantic wrath of my parents. Mother restrained Father, and made me kiss the rosary and tell the truth. Mother deplored the facts, but Father grinned. I had to go to confession over the matter. It was not I who had enjoyed the alleged sinning. In the confessional, as I spilled it all to Don Savonarola, I could not see him, but he groaned as if taken with a fit.

Saying my penitential "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," the only feeling I had was that of having betrayed the woman I loved, Gina, to the cutting paisanos and merciless Don Savonarola. A paisano secret had the life span of the May fly. Father and Mother blabbed to the paisanos who, because of the enormous horns Gina the African and her stepson had rooted into the image maker's forehead, crowned Hercules with the stigmatic nickname of "Il Cornuto."

If a paisano put the horns on the husband of an American woman, it was a notch in his virile gun and cause for pride and hilarity. As they considered the American a savage, they reasoned that horns were becoming and appropriate headgear for him. But the worst and most awful thing one paisano could do to another was to give him the disgraceful horns.

Don Savonarola, as was expected of him, would have to heap fuel upon the violation of the *paisano* code and the flames of their gossip. From the pulpit he ranted about the Seventh Commandment.

He shrieked, "God is more explicit against this vice than against any other! Against it He uttered His voice to Moses on the top of the mountain, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery!'"

The paisano women could never accept the fact of Gina's superior beauty and they severely bruited the situation



"Harry, you are a very sick bigot."



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### Gold Cup by Burlington socks

in the house of Hercules. The men, however, salaciously envied Innocente and licked their chops at the mention of Gina the African.

Uncle Piss-Piss epitomized the pagan satyr in the illiterate paisano. In spite of the background of 2000 years of belief in the Trinity and all the saints, when it came to sex, Piss-Piss had no more control of his bestiality than a desirefrothing dog in the street. He got it into his head that he, too, along with his son, Innocente, should have a go at Gina the African. In Tony's saloon he bragged about having "cut my teeth" in Italy on Gina's mother, the Red Parasol, and wagered that he could also get "between her daughter Gina's legs!"

It was learned later that during an absence of both Hercules and Innocente, Piss-Piss got himself royally drunk, went into Gina's house, exposed himself and proudly proffered his prize. Gina put lumps on his head with a rolling pin. He vowed he would get even. For his failure he had to buy spaghetti and wine for his

pals in Tony's. Gina was helping us work on the statue of St. Philip. Don Savonarola came into the studio. His tall, ascetic figure, round clerical hat, cassock, black gloves, his long, pale face with the disturbed satanic eyes, created an uneasy atmosphere. A messenger boy brought a package for Hercules. Gina unwrapped it and removed the lid from the carton. Inside was a pair of horns, the same horns that had been on the mirrored wall behind the bar in Tony's saloon. The horns protruded from the top of a bull's skull. Tied to the tips of the horns were small paper Italian and American flags. Don Savonarola gulped and flushed. Crushing tears came from Hercules. He covered his face with his great hands. Gina disdainfully flung the horns into the trash can. "What significance are we to derive from this insulting buffoonery!"

Innocente said boldly, "Another would-be joke from that besotted animal, Piss-Piss, who calls himself my sire!"

Don Savonarola said grimly, "Certain sins cannot be kept from God-nor the good paisanos . . . !"

Gina turned on him tigerishly and shouted, "And you, don't hide any longer behind the crucifix! Answer me! Do you claim with the paisanos that I have lusted with my stepson? Have all of you seen something with your own eyes? What know you with your veiled words? Look to your thinly disguised desire of my thighs! And the smelly paisanos to their ugly, misshapen, stink-hipped wives whom no one wants! I read you, Don Savonarola! Your eyes have raped me on every occasion! You want me! You do and undo! Why don't you come right out and say you want me in your

Don Savonarola whispered hoarsely,

"Confess and repent! Evil woman, purge yourself of the Devil and beg Christ's forgiveness!"

"Your Christ and my Christ are not the same! Repent yourself, hypocrite!" Hercules shuddered and moaned, "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what to do, old man!" cried Gina, "The farce is finished! Get a rope and hang yourself!"

She swirled her skirt and ran back to the house. A minute later we heard her playing her guitar and singing with abandon.

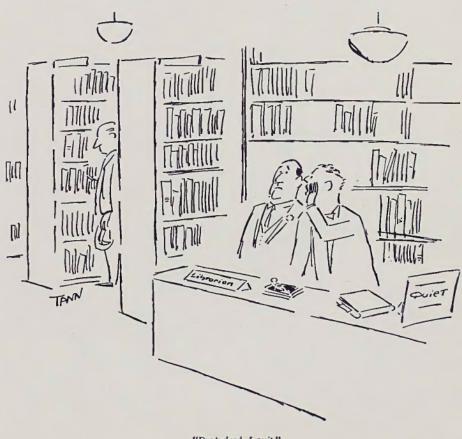
Don Savonarola crossed himself and stalked out. Innocente went sullenly about his work. Hercules told me to go home. As I left, he was raking his white beard in astonishment and mumbling, "This insufferable light of day must end. Too much, too-too much is this light . . . !"

Later, when I came out of our tenement, there was commotion across the street in front of the studio. The policemen could not force the door. They broke a window; one climbed in and unlocked the door.

Gina and her mother came to the studio. I ran and followed Gina. Hercules was hanging from a rafter above three Apostles. Bonnetlike, the bull's skull and horns, still with the penny Italian and American flags on the tips, was strapped on his white-haired head. He had climbed to the hayloft, looped rope around a rafter, fastened the other end around his neck and jumped. The weight of his huge body had cracked and sagged the rafter. His eyes had bugged from their sockets; his face was coalblue: his tongue was sticking out and swollen, and blood and foam had streamed from his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Innocente was found on the floor of the heat-curing vault just inside the door. His young face was still fixed in the expression of the horror of death. His fingers were shredded from the vain attempt to break through the bolted door. When I had left the studio, only St. Matthew was in the vault. With Innocente's body, beside St. Matthew was also St. Thomas. Hercules must have told Innocente to wheel St. Thomas into the vault, and then closed and bolted the

When they had put Hercules and Innocente in mortuary baskets, Don Savonarola arrived. As Don Savonarola prayed over them with his self-righteous vindicated "Death is the wages of sin" look. Uncle Piss-Piss pointed to Gina the African, screaming, "Your black body is my son's grave!" Gina held her head high, and in her defiance of Don Savonarola, Piss-Piss and the paisanos, she never looked more beautiful.





"Drob dead, I quit,"

### **HOW TO BE A FAQUIR**

(continued from page 156)

same time pressing his thumb against your palm and again transferring the design. Try it yourself, using a lump of sugar for the pottery and a soft-lead pencil for the charcoal.

Although I had trouble finding faquirs, there was one bunch of miracle workers who were down on me like dandruff on a velvet collar whenever I left the shelter of a hotel. These were the astrologers. Having no great desire to pay ten rupees to be told that some things are about to occur that have not yet already happened, I let the bearded Sikh doorman run interference for me, but one day a little fat man with a Brigham Young beard got a hangnail caught in my sleeve and I couldn't shake him off.

"Mister, you are very lucky!" he screamed. "Today you will meet beautiful light-skinned girl. She likes English gentlemen very much. For five rupees I tell you where she lives."

"I'm an American."

"She likes Americans even more. Let me look at your palm. If I cannot tell your name and date of your birth from looking at lines, I give you girl's address free."

What could I lose? I let him look at my palm. He became excited.

"Mister, what did I tell you? I said this was your lucky day. How did I know that before I saw your palm?"

"What's my name and the date of my birth?"

"Ha, ha, mister! I can read your mind. You think I'm a fake, please answer yes or no."

"Yes."

"See, I read your mind." He produced a piece of paper about four inches square from his pocket and drew a circle in the center. "Write your name and birth date in this magic circle. I stand back so I cannot see what you write."

"I thought you could read my mind or tell from my palm."

A pained look crossed his face. "Mister, I did this for the Sultan of Zanzibar, Bulganin and Khrushchev and Mister Dulles. All write down to make it official. But if you like better, I give you complete psychoanalysis for twenty rupees."

I wrote in the circle. "Now, mister, fold paper across the middle. Good! Now fold the other way. Now give it to me."

He took the folded paper and dramatically tore it into little pieces, which he tossed into the air. After suffering agonies of concentration which required him to rub his forehead several times, he at last called out my name.

"Now for ten rupees I tell you when you were born."

"OK, if you'll shake hands on it." Wonderingly, he began to extend his hand. Then his expression suddenly changed. "Mister, you are going to have very bad luck today!" he shouted and stalked away.

By folding the paper down the center and then folding it again crossways, the circle with my name and birth date was in the corner. The astrologer had torn the folded paper across, put the two halves on top of each other and torn them across again. He had continued tearing up the paper until it was in small pieces, which he'd then thrown away-all except the piece containing the circle, which he'd kept in his palm. While talking to me, he'd opened the folded corner and, still palming it, had read what I'd written while pretending to rub his forehead. As the open piece of paper was still in his hand, he couldn't very well shake hands.

There were several famous Hindu magic stunts I hadn't seen: the Indian rope trick, the bed of nails, fire walking and being buried alive. While other tourists were going to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight or Kashmir in the spring or the temple at Karnak at any time of the year, I was crawling through the slums of Shahjahanabad looking for a man who'd sit on a tack or jump into a bonfire. I saw all of these stunts but the rope trick—and that's because an American going to India to see the rope trick is like an Indian coming to America to see Paul Bunyan yoke up Blue Babe.

The rope trick first appears in the Upanishads, written some 2000 years ago about a mythical magician who could do anything. Ever since then, travelers have been claiming they saw it. Ibn Batuta, the great Arab explorer, says he saw it in 1368. "I was so impressed I had to take another drink," he adds, which probably explains a lot. There's an old story of a photographer who took pictures of the trick, but when the plates were developed the pictures showed nothing but the faquir and the boy standing by the rope coiled on the ground-thus proving the trick was done by hypnotism. Anyone who can hypnotize people like that shouldn't waste his time as a jadoo-wallah.

If you ask the faquirs about the rope trick, they pop their turbans laughing. In 1920, the American magician Howard Thurston toured India and offered \$1000 to anyone who'd do it. He finally had to invent his own version for the stage. John Maskelyne, the English magician, offered £5000 to anyone who could do it, and the Magic Circle in London has a standing offer of 300 guineas for anyone who can give them even a lead on the stunt. It's still unclaimed. In the 1880s, Captain F. W. Homes of the British army heard that a magician was doing the trick in Poona and rushed over with his camera. He got there as the boy was climbing the rope and snapped a picture. The boy didn't disappear and the captain never saw the rope rear up or even collapse after the stunt was over. Later, when the captain's photos were examined under a magnifying glass, the "rope" proved to be a section of bamboo which the magician was balancing on his chest while the boy climbed it, a common act in all circuses.

A feat of Hindu magic I especially wanted to witness was the buried-alive effect. This is absolutely forbidden by the present spoilsport authorities, yet it seemed to me that some Indian would be sporting enough to let me bury him alive just to see what would happen. There doesn't seem to be much doubt that it can be done. In 1895, Dr. Hem Chunder Sen tested a faquir by locking him up in a masonry cell six feet square for 33 days. When Dr. Sen took the man out, he had no heartbeat or pulse beat. After he'd been rubbed for an hour, the doctor could detect a slight heart flutter and fed the unconscious man a few spoonfuls of warm milk. That started the faquir's pulse and three days later he was sticking needles in himself as normally as possible. How Dr. Sen talked the faquir into making the experiment he doesn't say.

I saw several faquirs who claimed to be able to suspend their bodily functions, which is the first step in samadhi, the trance state that makes being buried alive possible. They offered to stop their pulse beat for me, which they could do, but only through the old trick of having a rolled-up cloth concealed under the armpit so when they pressed down on it the roll cut off the flow of blood to the wrist. I was getting pretty discouraged, when I heard of a faquir at Lohardi, near Jodhpur, who'd had himself buried alive and was being dug up by the police.

I raced out to Jodhpur in a 1932 taxi, amusing myself during the long journey by watching the oxcarts whiz by us. The faquir had been unearthed by the time I got there, but I managed to see him. He was only a boy of about 18, very skinny and nervous. He had been entombed 24 hours before the police heard about the stunt and interfered. They told me he was mentally deficient (which, after talking to him, I could well believe) and had been conned into attempting the feat by a group of unscrupulous sadhus who hoped to make a killing from the crowds who collected at the grave. Even so, being buried for a day and surviving struck me as quite a remarkable example of samadhi.

Another bunch of sadhus at Chaziabad had better luck with their faquir. He was interred for 40 days before the police found out about it. Unfortunately, when they dug him up he was dead. The crowd was furious and attacked the police, as the sadhus claimed the faquir would have been all right if the fuzz had only left him alone.

Being buried alive is unquestionably a genuine feat. Faquirs can so reduce their bodily functions that they pass into a trance state somewhat resembling hibernation. While in this condition they use virtually no oxygen and require no food, although how long they can remain in this condition is hard to say. In 1963, two doctors-M. A. Wenger, professor of psychology at the University of California, and B. Bagchi of the University of Michigan's Medical School-studied four Indian yogis. Three of these men could reduce their heart action to such a point that no beat could be heard through a stethoscope. Dr. Wenger explained, "This is known as the 'Valsalva maneuver.' The subject by tensing his muscles can slow the flow of blood sufficiently so all normal sounds stop." The men's heartbeat still registered on an electrocardiograph, but the fourth man was actually able to stop his heart completely.

At one time the streets of India were full of earnest gentlemen sticking hatpins through their cheeks, driving nails into their eyes or sitting on beds of spikes, but not anymore. The Indian government feels about such exhibitions the way Southern legislatures feel about having hillbilly evangelists twisting live rattlesnakes about their necks. It gives tourists a false impression of the cultural achievements of the community. After I managed to see a few torture faquirs, I could understand what the government meant. Seeing a man carrying lota jars full of milk pinned to his nipples, pulling a decorated cart by hooks sunk into his back or strolling along with a forest of two-foot sharpened wires stuck into his body in artistic designs might make the average lady tourist unwell. I saw these fellows' friends-if that's the word -pushing the pins through their naked flesh and after a careful study of the technique involved, I know how it's done. They just do it.

The pins don't go very deep, not nearly as deep as a hypodermic needle, and after a while you can get used to pain. The nerves simply give up. If you want to, you can run a needle through the flesh of your wrist, sew a button on yourself, and button your shirt to it. I know, because I've done it. It looks bad, but it's not especially painful. The crowd gives them plenty of baksheesh and it's one way of making a living, probably easier than carrying 200-pound cement sacks in 120-degree heat, as plenty of manual workers do in Bombay. As long as the faquir doesn't hit an artery, he's all right.

The bed of nails is slightly faked. The nails are so close together that they virtually form a solid surface and support the man's weight. If they were six inches apart, lying on them would be a real feat. For a few rupees, the man will put



"Yoo-hoo, mister—you forgot to have your parking ticket validated!"

a boulder on his chest and let his assistant break it with a sledge hammer. It has to be a big rock, though. A large rock absorbs the force of the blow, so the man feels almost nothing. If you put a small stone on his chest and hit it hard, you'd probably kill him.

Because fire walking is a religious rite, it is still permitted, at least in Banki, a village not too far from Calcutta. The ceremony takes place shortly before the rains break, when it is plenty hot enough without building fires. The fires are built in trenches and each man decides how long his trench is to be. They vary from ten to a hundred feet. Each man soaks his feet in water before walking, and the fellows with the long trenches started running toward the end. I didn't blame them, since the charcoal in the pits was so hot I couldn't get near it. Some of the real enthusiasts did it a second time and even a third.

Curiously, this stunt can be performed only under conditions of intense heat. The soles of the man's feet must be moist. The heat causes a thin layer of steam to form under the sole, so the foot never actually touches the fire. If you pour a drop of water on a red-hot frying pan, the drop does not spread; it slides across the pan and keeps its shape. Also, the water inside the drop takes a long time to heat, because it is protected by the bottom layer of steam. This is known as "Leidenfrost's phenomenon," and the same principle enables fireeaters in sideshows to put burning torches into their mouths. The fire walker is

more apt to be scorched on his ankles or legs than on his soles.

The faquirs' most remarkable tricks aren't really tricks. The torture feats, the fire walking and being buried alive are uncanny, but can be reproduced by anyone willing to take the risk. Western performers have duplicated all these feats at one time or another. In America, Harry Beano, the "Human Pincushion" who worked for years in carnivals, used to run everything from scissors to awls into himself; and Leo Kongee, a Pittsburgh Negro, drove tenpenny nails up his nose and hatpins through his tongue. Fire walking has been demonstrated by K. B. Duke in England and Mayne Reid Coe, Jr., in this country. It's dramatic, but soon over. It also requires a lot of outdoor space and plenty of costly charcoal, so for a Western showman, fire walking isn't practical. Harry Houdini and Randi proved that a man can not only be buried alive, but even submerged in a waterproof coffin for amazingly long periods and survive, as long as he keeps still and takes short breaths. The question is, who's going to pay to sit looking at a submerged coffin?

Personally, I'm glad the Orientals still have a few wrinkles that we don't. But you'll have to hurry if you want to see them. Mechanical tricks are cheap and easy to perform, and not many faquirs are going to go to the trouble of learning the traditional routines if they can buy the Phantom Tube from a mail-order house.

flipped the shell over our heads and lowered it into the water. We set the oars, pushed off, tied in and began working up the lake toward the course by fours. The sun was high and glaring hot off the water, so that sweat ran in salt-tasting streams along the sides of my nose into the corners of my mouth. The sweat pants rubbed and chafed at the backs of my legs. Harrow in a launch and the freshmen and J. V. were waiting for us at the foot of the course. All three crews worked up the course doing 20-stroke cadences, and then came back practicing racing starts. We passed dozens of other crews and once had to hold all and back down to avoid ramming the Yale heavies. The Yale coach said through an electric megaphone, "You can always tell a Harvard man," and everyone laughed.

After we had finished practicing starts, we did two 40-stroke cadences at 34. By the end of the second one I thought I was going to pass out from the heat, but no one else seemed to be bothered, and the boat was running smoothly. We were taking the J.V. regularly by a length, and the freshmen by a little more. We turned around again and began doing ten-stroke cadences, taking it up two each time. We worked up to 42, and then Harrow said, "All right, sky's the limit." Cockburn, the J.V. stroke, looked over at me and thumbed his nose. I threw him a finger. Harrow said, "Two to move, ready all, row," and I jammed everything on full power. I could feel the boat steady and fasthanded behind me, and I gave it a ride, driving flat out through each pullthrough and jumping a little on each recovery. When we finished, Harrow was grinning and Cockburn shook his head and Hayes checked his watch twice before he said, "Forty-five plus,"

Harrow said, "I got forty-six."

We took the boat home in one long row, and when we lifted it out of the water I almost lost my hold, I was so lightheaded. After we got it on the rack and dried off, we stripped for the weighin. I stood at the boat-bay door with a towel wrapped around my waist, letting the breeze blow cool over my body, not caring if anyone saw. Then an official called, "Harvard varsity," and I walked to the scales. Harrow and the Navy coach and the official were standing there with clipboards in their hands, and the official said, "Stroke." I knew I was all right, but was tense anyway. I took off the towel and wished I hadn't eaten Thursday breakfast and climbed on. The needle swung back and forth and steadied just below 158. Harrow smiled and jotted on the clipboard. The official said, "Seven." The boat was six pounds low in the aggregate, and Ohls was 159.

At the motel we showered and I put

on a fresh shirt. We picked up Keith Butler, the seven man, who was rooming next door, and went out looking for ice cream. It was an old Harvard lightweight tradition to eat ice cream after weighin, and we did it every week, even though it almost gave Harrow ulcers. Ohls was ice-cream-eating champion by a wide margin. The night before the Princeton race, which we knew we were going to win, he had set a record by consuming three malts and five fudge sundaes. Harrow had heard about it and made a there-are-limits speech, but nobody paid much attention.

After the ice cream, we went back to the motel for dinner. They gave us good steaks and baked potatoes. Dessert was peach pie, but nobody could eat it. I was logy and sleepy from the food and the workout, and went to bed as soon as I finished eating.

Sometime during the night I woke and had to go to the bathroom, and when I got back to bed I was fully awake and knew it would be hard to get back to sleep. The air conditioner made a steady hum, while Ohls snored softly into his pillow. I began to think, although I didn't want to. First I thought about Ann Haughton and some of the good times we'd had-the cold bright November Saturday of the Yale game, with a fresh sharp wind that pinked her cheeks and a five-foot crimson-and-white wool scarf wound around her neck and thrown over her shoulder, or a dinner party I'd had for her at the Hasty Pudding on her 20th birthday, and then I drifted on to when we had broken up, and I remembered it very clearly.

We had been at a black-tie dinner dance in Marblehead, and I had wanted to leave early, because I danced awkwardly and always felt uncomfortable in a starched shirt, and because most of the people there were her friends and not mine. She was wearing a new white evening dress and her shoulders were fineboned and slender, and her hair was fresh-washed and shining, and I had wanted to make love to her. She had come away with me, but instead of making love we had quarreled, and she made me take her back to her dormitory. The next morning we had had coffee together at the University Restaurant, and she said she thought it would be better if we didn't see each other so much.

I had been in a bad way then, and it was just lucky I'd had crew; crew kept me tired physically and absorbed mentally. It had been wild with Ann, and I thought sometimes that the wildness scared her, but I wasn't sure, and never did know exactly why she broke it off. But maybe she didn't know herself. The only person I had talked to about it was Ohls, and that hadn't been much help.

He'd said, "You got it bad, kid, and that ain't good." I tried to explain about her, and he said, "Hell, a skirt is a skirt is a skirt."

I said, "To hell with you, Ohls," and meant it, and it had taken a week to get back on our old basis.

By now I was not even drowsy and knew I would not sleep for hours. I had some Seconal, from never mind where, and took two capsules. I didn't use Seconal often, so that it worked quickly, and soon I felt the muscles in my neck loosening and a warmth running down my arms.

In the morning at breakfast, Harrow said, "No milk or butter. I don't want you guys eating anything that might curdle." We had to row our qualifying heat at 10:30, and after breakfast we lay around the rooms and lobby reading magazines and talking. I was glad we had the qualifying heat, because if there was anything I hated, it was sitting around stewing all day waiting for a 3:30 race. In our qualifying heat were Princeton, Columbia, Penn and MIT. All we had to do was beat two of them. I knew we could beat Penn or Columbia blindfolded, so I figured the morning row would shake us down and leave us loose for the big show.

We got on the bus at 9:45 and boated at 10. Rowing up to the start we were a little jittery and rough. Ohls washed out a couple of times, and Gavin Bancroft, the four man, caught a half crab on a start. Hayes kept saying, "Now for Christ's sake, settle down.'

We were in lane three, because we were top-seeded crew. MIT, the thirdseeded boat, was in four, and Princeton was in two. We backed down onto the stake boat, and the kid in the boat grabbed hold of our rudder. He knew his business and stretched out over the gunnel to hold us as far down course as possible. Hayes said, "My hand is down," which meant we were headed. I was set on my slide at the three-quarters position, ready for the start. Columbia backed and filled for a few minutes in lane five, and then the starter said, "Ready all, ready to row, rrrow."

We got off smoothly and well, without any crabs or checking. We were to row a regular full-throttle 30-stroke start, then settle low and play it by ear. At the end of ten, Hayes gave me a clocking, a 42, and I knew we could go higher. I was tempted to jack it up a bit, just to see what would happen, but we already had a deck length on Princeton and a seat or two on MIT. At the end of 30 we had six seats on Princeton and three on MIT. Hayes yelled, "All right, stroke going down, Stroke going down," and banged the sides with his knockers violently. I crept down the slide, slowing everything carefully. The boat started to dip to starboard, but didn't, and I rolled up and caught and we had accomplished

# ATTENTION MOST AMERICAN MEN.

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Since most of you have hair, most of you should know about Habit Rouge Capillaque.

It does everything you'd want something for your hair to do.

It adds lustre. It keeps your hair neatly in place. It's not at all greasy.

You spray it on so your hands don't get sticky.

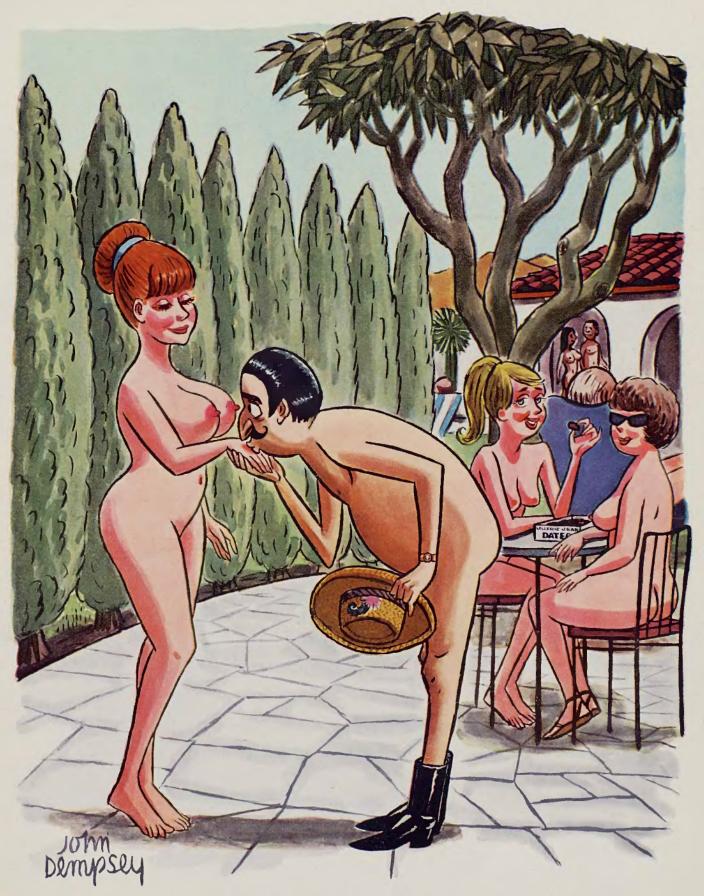
And there's one thing about Capillaque all men can appreciate. And that's the scent. It's a unique fragrance for men that we have developed as carefully as we have developed any of our famous fragrances. It is the kind of scent you'd expect to find in a good cologne or after shave.

In fact, we make a cologne and an after shave, even a shaving cream

we call it Habit Rouge (which is French for hunting coat).

Now Habit Rouge, including Capillaque, is available in this country.





"The Count has such beautiful manners."

the drop. Hayes' clocking was a 33 minus. MIT was at 37 or 38 still, and began to move by us. We were holding Princeton, and both Columbia and Penn were out of it.

By the 1000-meter mark, the halfway point, MIT had a full length on us and we were rowing stroke for stroke with Princeton. We had sagged to a 32, but were rowing sharply and cleanly and I could feel the unused power. I told Hayes to call a power ten, because I wanted to see if we could move on MIT. He yelled, "Power ten, power ten," and banged the sides. The boat jumped as if someone had lit off a dynamite charge under us, and at the end of the ten we had moved up a quarter-length. That satisfied me, and I took the stroke down, and down again, to a 28, so that we finished a half-length behind Princeton and two lengths behind Tech.

MIT crews were not noted for their suaveness, and this bunch began to shout and cheer as if they'd just won a gold medal at the Olympics. We looked at them in amazement for a minute, and then Ohls said in a loud, clear voice,

"Flaming idiots cat mung."

Lunch was another steak and French fries. When he saw the French fries, Harrow got very upset and told everyone not to touch them. He went into the kitchen and we could hear him arguing with the chef. Finally the waiters brought us bowls of diced carrots. Harrow sat back down and said, "Now be sure you take salt pills and go easy on the honey and chocolate. It's going to be hot out there." He was chain-smoking, and I thought this was harder on him than on us. He was just as involved as we were, but it was out of his hands.

After lunch I thought I wanted to be alone and went to the room. I took a couple of salt pills and tried to read, but I couldn't concentrate. Then I tried to sleep, but that was impossible. I decided what I needed was company and went down to the lobby and got in a bridge game with Keith Butler and Jay and Harry Borden. My bridge was poor under the best of circumstances, and I reneged twice on the first hand. After the third hand I excused myself. I wanted to walk, but knew I should be resting. I was tight through my chest and my mouth was dry, in spite of the salt pills. It reminded me of once when Ann knew she was a week overdue for her period. I went back to the room and Tim and Hayes were shooting craps. Craps was more my kind of game than bridge.

At a quarter to three we got on the bus and rode to the boathouse. We had the bus to ourselves, because the freshmen were already on the water and the J. V. s were boating. We were the nextto-last race, with only the varsity heavies after us.

The riggers had been working on the

shell, and its cedar-strip skin gleamed even in the dull light of the boathouse from the coating of linseed oil. Mick, the head rigger, who was usually unpleasant as a matter of policy, checked with each of us to make sure our slides and oarlocks had been functioning properly. We told him everything was OK, and he said, "I'm wishin' you the best of luck."

At 3:10 an official told us we were to boat in five minutes. Harrow called us into a corner of the boathouse and said, "Well, there's not much I can say. You all know what you have to do. Cornell looked very fast this morning in the other heat, and I guess you know MIT isn't going to be joking around. But I think you're the best crew, so good luck." We shook hands all around and then went to the shell. On the dock, before we were ready to push off, Harrow took me aside and said, "Do whatever you have to. Don't let anybody get more than a length ahead of you at any time, and begin your sprint whenever you think it's necessary.

I said, "Right," and he said, "Good hunting."

Just after we had pushed away and were tying in, the freshmen docked. They had won easily and were laughing and joking and eager to collect their shirts. Behind me Keith Butler said, "The lucky little bastards."

We worked past the grandstands by fours. It felt good to be doing something, anything, and a little of the tension in my throat and chest dissipated. It was hot and windless and the crowd was big. We were rowing up the opposite shore from the grandstands, but I could make out the bright-colored blotches of print dresses and school blazers. We rowed slowly to the 500-meter marker, and stopped there to watch the J.V.s come by. Harvard and Navy and MIT were all pretty much neck and neck, with Cornell rowing strongly about a half-length back. After the wakes from the officials' launches had died down, we began practicing five-stroke racing starts. The boat was as powerful and smooth as I had ever felt it. Hayes clocked the starts at between 42 and 44, and I knew we could go higher. As we were nearing the line, the J. V. heavies came by. Cornell and Wisconsin were ahead, and Harvard was rowing badly. The timing was sloppy and three was rushing his slide.

We worked behind the stake boats and took a last practice start, then came down on lane two. As we backed up to the stake boat, the kid in lane three recognized us and waved. This time he had MIT.

Our own stake-boat boy was an imbecile. He was small, only nine or ten years old, and he was afraid to lean out over the water. It was dangerous to be too close to the stake boat, because if there

was any back check on the first stroke, we might crumple the rudder. Also, no one likes to be even a foot behind at the start. Hayes explained twice what to do, but the kid just shook his head. Then Ohls leaned out and said, "Stretch out, you little fink, or I'll come back there and drown you." We all laughed, but the kid swallowed and leaned out a little.

"See," Hayes said. "You'll be all right." The other crews were set, and I punched my oar gently with my fist. Finally the kid was holding us off as far as he could. Hayes said, "Touch it up, two." Jay took a short stroke to swing the bow. The palms of my hands were sweaty, and I made myself sit straight and breathe deeply. I could hear the growl of the motor in the officials' launch somewhere to port. Hayes said, "My hand is down," and I set myself.

The start came fast and sharp. "Ready all, ready to row, rrrow," and I wrenched the oar through the water. I took the two half-strokes fast, perhaps too fast, with no hesitation, but the crew stayed with me; then the three-quarter stroke and we were off. I was not thinking or calculating, just rowing as fast as I could. At the end of ten, Hayes stopped counting out loud and took a clocking. I knew we were high, but when he said, "Forty-six plus," I shook my head. He took another clocking and said, "The same." I grinned and glanced around. Three seats or better on MIT. Our boat was on dead-level keel, running without a tremor, and I wondered if maybe I could take it even higher.

At the end of 30 we dropped to a high 34. We had slightly better than a deck length on MIT. They began to creep up on us, but not as quickly as they had in the morning. There was a lot of noisethe singsong voices of the cox'ns mingling, the leather-on-steel, wood-on-water chunk of the catch, the rolling swishrush of the slides-and I had to remember not to listen to anything but Hayes and my own sense of rhythm.

With 500 meters gone, we still had a seat or two on MIT and a half-length on Cornell. Navy, in lane five on the other side of Cornell, had crabbed or somehow blown the start and was two lengths back. I was rowing easily, consciously holding back. The crew was fresh and strong and rowing well and could hold any stroke I set without help from me. All I had to do was keep a steady beat. During the sprint it would be different and I would need every ounce of energy I had, and maybe more. We were still rowing a 34, and every now and then I checked the spacing. Even spacing of the oar puddles at 32 is considered good, and we were getting at least even spacing at 34.

By the thousand, MIT was a deck length ahead, but Cornell was a length 179



"Rest period! Pass it on . . ."

behind, and everyone else was out of it. I had Hayes take a clocking on MIT, They were rowing a 37, and I thought about going up two, but didn't, and instead told Hayes to call a power 20. He yelled, "Power twenty. Power twenty. Everything for twenty," and banged the knockers. I began to pull with everything myself and the boat kicked forward. It didn't jump the way it had in the morning, because in this race everyone had been pulling hard to start with, but there was always something extra you could get for a spurt. The stroke started to creep up, but I held it down, and at the end of 20 we were ahead of MIT again. Hayes shouted, "Hold 'em now. Hold 'em." As soon as we finished, MIT went up two. That was supposed to demoralize us. Immediately they got the lead back and began to move away. I asked Hayes how far to the final 500 meters, and he said, "Twenty strokes." When he talked to me he leaned forward and spoke at conversational pitch, but when he was yelling for the whole boat he pointed his megaphone downward and bounced the sound along the hull. My forearms were beginning to tire, and my feathering hand, the right, 180 was tightening. I checked MIT out of

the corner of my eye and saw that their rudderpost was even with me. Hayes looked at me, and I nodded.

"We're going up," he yelled. "Up two on the next stroke."

I cut my pull-through a little and shortened my slide time. The boat responded well and didn't dip or check. Hayes took a clocking of 35. I knew we had gone up more than one, so we must have sagged after the power 20. Hayes said to me, "We're not picking up anything," and yelled to the crew, "Keep it smooth. Keep it smooth. They have about a deck length on you."

I saw the 500-meter pole and nodded again. "Up two, up two. Smooth. Keep it smooth." I cut the pull-through short again, and noticed that my breath was beginning to burn. We still didn't make anything back, and Hayes' voice rose toward a scream. "Pull. Pull. Five hundred meters left. Five hundred meters to go." I nodded again, and again we went up. This time the boat somehow seemed to gather momentum. We had been rowing well before, but now we began to swing. to move with a power that was beyond technical competence or desire or a combination. Twice more I took it up, to 40

and 42, feeling the shell run fast and clean beneath me, and then we went to 44. Sweat was running into my eyes so that I couldn't see, but it didn't matter. The time for strategy was past; now it was a question of pure speed. Hayes shouted, "You're moving on them, you're moving, drive it, drive, drive, drive," and everything was blur and motion. My legs were jelly, and my feathering hand was numb, but the stroke kept climbing, until it seemed we were in a constant pull-through, with no time for the recovery, a never-ending catch-drivecatch, and then Hayes was yelling, "Way 'n'uff, way 'n'uff," and we had crossed the finish.

I let myself sag forward across the oar and the boat skidded crabwise to a stop. Above the sound of my breathing I could hear the screaming of the crowd. My eyes were closed and I did not want to open them, because they were stinging from the sweat. My forearm muscles felt locked stiff and my thighs were trembling uncontrollably. Someone, Hayes or Keith Butler, patted my shoulder. I got my eyes open and asked, "Who won?"

Hayes shrugged, and said, "I couldn't tell. It was damn close."

"Find out," I said.

"Give 'em a minute," he said. "They'll probably have to develop the picture." "Jesus."

But several minutes went by and the officials' launch didn't come and we heard nothing from the public-address system. It became possible to breathe almost normally, but my throat was raw, as if I had a bad cold. Finally Ohls cupped his hands and yelled at the judges' stand, "Who the hell won?"

Someone gargled over the P.A. and said, "You did, Harvard."

There was laughter from the grandstands, then cheering. Hayes and I shook hands and Butler kept punching me between the shoulder blades. When everyone calmed down, we docked in front of the grandstands. Harrow came running down the dock and shook everyone's hand and then we threw him in. He didn't have time to get his wrist watch off and swam around laughing and holding his left arm out of the water. Hayes tried to run away, but we caught him and threw him in, too, and then they got me. The water was cool and clean and I swam for a minute under the dock. I climbed out and a manager handed me a towel. When I had dried my head, I began to look around. Harrow was talking to some reporters, with water pouring out of the sleeves of his madras jacket, and then I saw Wickford Staples and Ann Haughton talking to Lowell Jay. Staples was wearing a St. Paul's blazer and an A. D. Club tie, and his hair was too long and too carefully combed. But Ann Haughton was tall and fresh and

clean-lined as a racing shell. She saw me, and spoke to Staples, who looked over at me and looked away. Then Ann walked to me and we stood not speaking for a moment before she smiled her best bright smile and said, "Ben, congratulations."

"Thank you."

Someone tapped me on the shoulder and I turned. It was Frank Fuess, the crew reporter for *The Boston Herald*. "Well, stroke," he said, "it looks like you did it."

"Yes," I said.

"How about a pix of you and the

pretty girl?"

I tried to say no, but he wouldn't pay any attention, and posed us with Ann holding my arm. He backed up and said, "Now stick out your chest and smile."

"Frank," I said, "I wish you-"

But he snapped the picture and said, "That's a sweet one."

Ann said, "Ben, I'm sorry," and smiled again. Her smile was so phony and she was so cool and poised that I wanted to say something sarcastic to shatter her composure, but I couldn't think of anything, and she walked away.

After that, a lot of reporters crowded around, and flashbulbs popped, and they had us throw Hayes in again for a news-reel photographer. People kept asking me stupid questions, which I tried to answer politely, until someone asked me for about the tenth time what I had

been thinking when MIT was ahead of us with only 500 meters to go. I said, "That I wanted to beat the bastards."

There was a presentation ceremony, during which we each got a little silver cup. Then more pictures. The press wanted to know if Harrow planned to take us to Henley, and he said, "It's a question of money." That meant we were going, because the Friends of Harvard Rowing, who put up the money for Henley trips, were very generous.

Eventually the crowd thinned out and I was left alone. Everyone else had parents or a girl. Even Ohls had a girl, a Cliffie with brown hair pulled back in a bun and enormous breasts. Then Lowell Jay came up to me with a white-haired gentleman wearing a light tweed topcoat, and said, "Ben, I'd like you to meet my father."

We shook hands, and Mr. Jay said, "I wanted to meet the young man who stroked that magnificent race."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

Lowell said, "Ben's done a fine job all season."

We chatted for a few minutes and Mr. Jay said I should have to come out to Weston sometime for Sunday dinner.

I said, "I'd like to very much."

When we got back in the boat, it was dusky and cool enough to put on sweat shirts. We rowed to the boathouse in one piece, and toward the end of it I

worked the stroke up to 32. One of the things I liked best was bringing a good crew home fast, with the power on and the stroke up, hot-rodding it, and this bunch was the best I'd ever ridden with, so I began to drive with my legs on each pull-through, to get my hands away a little faster on each recovery, and to make each catch harder and quicker. Behind me they felt what I was doing, and the timing sharpened and the run lengthened and Hayes said, "You're looking sharp," so that I felt very smooth and sure and strong and I didn't want it to end. For a moment I thought about Ann with her long legs and Staples with his school blazers and club ties and white-haired Mr. Jay and Sunday dinner in Weston, but none of that seemed to matter much, because the power was on and the crew was really swinging and I could lose myself in the rhythm of it.

Finally Hayes called, "Way 'n'uff. Run it out," and we let the shell run with our oars feathered over the water. My breathing and the rush of water hissing past the hull were the only sounds, then the port oars slipped over the edge of the dock and the managers grabbed them and dragged us to a stop. The boat dipped to starboard, I flipped open the catch on my oarlock and Hayes said, "Port out, starboard hold."

Y



#### PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 139)

Charger fastback (Allison adds her own lines to its roof line in the photo on the opening page) and a nimble Yamaha Newport 50 motorcycle—fast-moving transport that should enable pilot-trainee Parks to get to and from the airport posthaste. Other items to keep Allison in the Playmate Pink: a four-piece set of luggage by Ventura; a complete wardrobe specially designed and custom-made by Robert Leader of New York; a ten-speed Varsity Schwinn bicycle; custom Renauld of France sunglasses; a swimsuit wardrobe from Jantzen, and a case of champagne (pink, naturally) from Paul Masson.

One of the gifts that has Allison up in the clouds is \$700 worth of flying lessons from Pacific-Mooney of Long Beach. More down to earth but no less appealing is the host of handsome, utile and glamorous gifts that will help swell the Parks treasure chest: a 14-kt.-gold Rabbit Pin by Maria Vogt of New York; a blonde Lilly Dache wig from Donna Elaine of Chicago; a Winchester Model 1400 automatic skeet gun and custommade shooting outfit; Hart Holiday

Model metal skis; ski wardrobe of White Stag stretch ski pants and parkas; P&K ski poles by Peter Kennedy; an Electra 110 portable electric typewriter from Smith-Corona; record libraries from Capitol, Mercury and Cadet; sports wardrobe of Lady Pendleton shirts, sweaters, slacks and skirts; Thompson water skis and accessories; a Lady Hamilton gold wrist watch; \$150 worth of professional artist's materials from Grumbacher of New York; a pair of Sony tape-recorder Tapemates; Western riding outfits by Levi-Strauss; a Doris Hart Autograph tennis racket with cover and press by A. G. Spalding; a deluxe assortment of Celui Perfume and Parfum de Toilette by Jean Dessés; a bongo board from the Bongo Corporation; and a year's supply of Sea & Ski Suntan Lotion. All in all, an opulent assemblage of goodies fit to pleasure a princess.

After we had reeled off the long list of booty to Allison over the phone, there was silence at the other end of the line; then she broke in with "Pinch me; I must be dreaming," which we thought was just the right remark, coming as it did from PLAYBOY'S very special dream girl of the year.

A



"Give her the full starlet treatment—clipped, capped, cupped, couched and cast . . . !"

#### ART GO BOOM?

(continued from page 103)

which had become puzzles rather than stories. Above all, I was interested in the permutations of deceit and mistake.

Too many people in the fiction I had read told the whole truth all the time and never seemed to make a mistake of judgment. I decided to write a firstperson narrative in which the narrator would lie to anyone if it suited his purpose. This narrator would finally make such an error of judgment that his life would be saved by a man (Ross) who he had continually told readers was a fool. I dismissed the detective story because I didn't know enough about the regular police force, and chose a secret-agent format so that I could use the political background that interested me. My hero was bespectacled, low-salaried and slightly overweight. There was no sex interest to speak of. It owed a debt to Chandler, but was inspired by Beat the Devil, an old Bogart-Lorre film which, prodding at greed, fakery and the English class system, had produced terror and belly laughs. At the box office it boomed.

Autumn of 1962 was the publication date of *Ipcress File* and the opening of the *Dr. No* film. The critics were generous to me and, although it sounds unbelievable today, somewhat hostile to the Bond film. The income from *Ipcress* was adequate by my standards, but *Dr. No* buried the box office in gold. It was an attractive sound that caught the ear of a goodly number of otherwise unmusical people.

Harry Saltzman bought the Ipcress film rights. He said, "A lot of people are going to be after your book because of the success of Dr. No," adding, "and I'm the only producer who, you can be certain, won't make an imitation Bond film from your book." Saltzman, of course, had options on the other Fleming properties and so didn't need to. The news of the film-rights sale brought more Fleming comparisons, and when I changed publishers, so that Fleming and I both had the same one, some people-not including Fleming-were enraged. Donald McLachlan, editor of the Sunday Telegraph, went into print to say that he deplored the way I had been ". . . brought into the select stable of Jonathan Cape where Mr. Fleming was the first thriller writer to be trained for the big circulation stakes." I was, it seems, ". . . being coached by Mr. Fleming for the succession."

In the autumn of 1963 my second book, *Horse Under Water*, was published and Saltzman bought the film rights of that, too. There was more conjecture in the press. "Out-Bonds Bond" and "Anti-Bond," they said. Out of curiosity, I read Fleming for the first time. I could see no

connection whatsoever, but no one was asking me.

Fleming's Bond was a proved success, the industry read the entrails. Famous ex-novelists began to write literary critiques about Fleming's meaning. But the big word on the book jacket was going to be Bond.

Publishers reshuffled their lists, old reviews were scanned to find comparisons with Bond. Sci-fi was out and spy-fi was in. If Fleming was going to be deified, then Buchan could be anthologized. Reprints were artfully retitled to include words like "spy," "secret agent" and "espionage."

In the autumn of 1963 The Spy Who Came In from the Cold appeared, its film rights sold even before publication. It climbed onto the best-seller list and stayed there a history-making period of time. The last stragglers were converted. People who had found Fleming's work rubbish began to see it as fun. Publications that had ignored Le Carré limped belatedly into print with reviews that saw his promise.

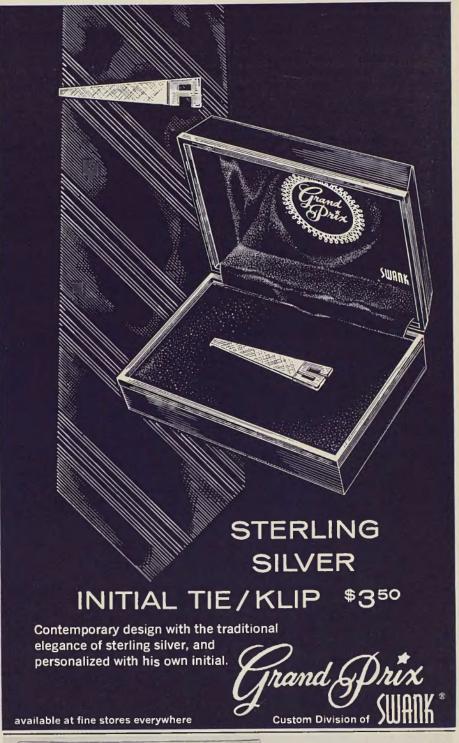
It was settled, then: Add up Le Carré, Fleming and Deighton, divide by three and the answer is spies. There was no time for long-term tests and, like Thalidomide, the spy formula was stirred hastily and a long-suffering public told to open its throat. But the public didn't. The most interesting thing about the spy boom is to what extent it hasn't been accepted.

Spy scent, spy trousers, film rights and series contracts. The book ads in the Times grew larger and larger, booksellers were faced with bewildering lists of books, all of them guaranteed to home in to the best-seller list. The flacks were inserting the zeros and omitting the options so that the entertainment industry seemed to have found what it had always been looking for-a substitute for talent. But of this wave of spy-boomery that hit the beaches complete with local money and pay-war units, how many reached the finish line? One would expect the best-seller list to be riddled with spy books by now. If they are there, they are hiding behind strange titles.

The assault, however, continues despite heavy casualties. When Funeral in Berlin went onto the list, the combat troops were given new heart. Mr. Conrad Knickerbocker, writing in Life magazine, said, ". . . the Great American Washed at last have a folk hero of their very own." He felt that all the "newstyle thrillers" needed was a bitter hero and Berlin as a locale. Mr. Knickerbocker felt that they were appearing at "the rate of one per day."

From the other side of the counter it didn't seem so easy. Coward-McCann (Le Carré's publisher) growled, "If it was as simple as that we'd all be retired to our yachts months ago."

Considering the very high percentage





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919 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60611 of spy novels being published, it is remarkable how few ever do anything. Perhaps there is no magic way. Perhaps publishers, like mushroom pickers, just have to know enough to make their own choices. Perhaps the public is doing just that—boom, phony boom or no boom at all.

But if the best-seller list has been the scene of a fine defensive action, the small screen has long since been overwhelmed. It's no coincidence that the American TV industry was chosen as ground zero for the spy-boom blast. Its programs ranged from A to D, and here was a chance to narrow the choice. The ad agencies-masters of the wishful think -relished the thought of a "spy trend." A trend made the agency role important, a trend had changed often enough to keep the cash jingling, trends meant that some agencies could be trendsetters. And trendsetters could soften up the ground way before the next trend was announced. "Spies," the sibilants splashed across the polished-mahogany board rooms. "Give me a child of five and tomorrow we will have eliminated those troublesome writers altogether."

The sands of the great writerless desert that is U. S. TV stirred.

Was it to be "Secret Gunn" or "77 Sunset Spy"? What's the difference, the same gay rogues that outwitted the guttural villains of yesterday against backprojection Bermuda, two flats and a practical door, are there still, but now they are part of the spy boom.

The phony spy boom is another attempt to relegate humans to the role of cog. Writers are not cogs. They are not even, although some reviewers see it otherwise, mutations and subdivisions of other writers. Nor is a book a refrigerator. A house that contains a Bellow can still use a Mailer. Plenty of room for Kipling as well as Eliot. Time for Bach and time for Beatle. If the industry succeeds in selling fashionable trends instead of using and paying writers, it will do so. The skilled painstaking publishers will go to the wall and hordes of mediocrity will eliminate writers in favor of packaging. If you think I am a vested interest, you're right. If you think it wouldn't be so bad, switch on your TV.





#### MASTER COPY

(continued from page 101)

gave him a majestic presence; with his fat cheeks and his ruddy complexion, he looked more like one of the merry landlords that still run public houses along the Tottenham Court Road than the rocket engineer that he was.

"But darling, think of the money. I own forty percent of Robotics, and if you think I'm going to give that up——"

"For God's sake, nobody's asking you to give it up. Just put out more of the other androids you have. That French kid, what's her name?"

"Marcelle Pirout? That flat-chested whore? She's got no appeal." Then her voice softened. "And anyway. Joe, don't you think it's a bit old-fashioned to play the jealous husband? You've got the real me, after all."

Lynn leaned over the coffee table to pour herself another drink, and her long blue robe slid forward at the neck. The sharp light from the table lamp shone through the fabric, sending blue shadows chasing across the flesh of her ripe breasts. Kelly felt his chest tighten with desire. He wished he didn't need her so much.

"Then there's Tani Maiku, the Indonesian girl," he grunted. "Couldn't Robotics make more of her?"

"Listen here, Joe Kelly. If those Lynn Master androids were taken off the streets, where do you think we'd be?" Kelly could sense her irritation. "We had a hard enough time living on my Hollywood earnings. Now that we have it made, you want to call it quits." She tossed her long blonde hair angrily over her shoulder. Her odd eyes, one green, one blue, flashed in the light.

Kelly sat down wearily and took another drink. He studied her face. The soft white skin, smooth and clear as the surface of a lake; her moist red lips with the exciting tremor that had sent thousands, with their five crowns, searching for Lynn Master at the nearest street corner; and the odd eyes. It was her eyes, Kelly thought. They gave her face the innocent wantonness that drove men wild.

"We've had these arguments before," his wife said, "and they've never decided anything. Why don't we settle down with our drinks and watch Tri-V or something?"

Kelly felt the old restlessness within him. "I've got to go out for a while," he said. "Have to see Charlie and the boys." "All right, Joe. Don't be too long."

Kelly hurried to his bedroom and locked the door. He took a pink mask from a locked suitcase and smoothed it in his hands before he carefully slipped it over his face. The mask was constructed from the same warm plastic that was used on robots to make them virtually indistinguishable from humans. He covered his bald head with a wig of luxuriant black hair and smiled at himself in the mirror. The strange new face smiled back. Shrugging on his overcoat, he slipped a small silver instrument into his pocket and listened at the bedroom door. The noise of the Tri-V came from the living room. He quickly stepped through the side door, into the chill London evening.

Kelly shuffled along the misty paths of Hyde Park. He remembered that first day, two months before, when he and Lynn had landed from New York. He had taken his first ride that same afternoon, while his wife was on set. A yellow hovercar had purred behind him and a window had slid down.

"Want a little ride, honey?" Lynn had said. "Just you and me through old Hyde Park? Come on, it's a pretty day."

Even the voice had been the same, but there was something a little different about the girl, and, as he decapitated his first Lynn a few minutes later, Kelly saw what it was. The real Lynn's left eye was blue. The left eye of the head he then held in his hands (no blood, just lots and lots of wires) was green, and the right one was blue.

His only weapon that first day had been a clumsy penknife, but the next day he bought himself a small welding laser. The beam could cut silently through the pseudo flesh and the circuitry of the androids in a matter of seconds. For the last eight weeks, in hotel rooms in Bloomsbury, under monorail towers on Hampstead Heath, and in his private apartment, he had sliced off Lynn's heads, one after another. It gave him a perverse pleasure to use the Lynns before he finished them off. To his distraught mind, it was the ultimate in unfaithfulness, and a salve for his jealousy: to make violent love to this synthetic image of his wife, this man-made duplicate of the woman he wanted and loved and sometimes hated.

His score now stood at 117. The London papers were screaming that the mad "killer" must be found, for Lynn's taxes were important to the city. After the collapse of the pound in 1989, Britain had rapidly lost her place at the table of great nations and had become a mecca for tourists. Her gaming rooms, jousting contests and, above all, her sin, were world-famous.

If he could just keep up two a day, he

thought crazily, Robotics would have to stop making the Lynns, and he could have some peace. He could have her all to himself.

His first Lynn for that evening found him in St. James' Park.

"Hello, big boy. You look lonely. Why don't we take a little walk someplace?" Lynn said.

She took his arm and led him along the path. Kelly glanced quickly at the tall bushes that filled the park.

Not the apartment this time. Last time, somebody stared at her as we went in. Who wouldn't stare? Aloud, he said: "How about the park?"

"Why not?" Lynn said.

They found a small area ringed by protecting shrubs. Lynn hurriedly slipped out of her clothes, and together they rolled in the deep grass. Her hungry mouth found his, and her arms and hands ranged over his body, as his veins pulsed with the daily passion that was new every time. And then, as Kelly stared at this Lynn, moaning naked beneath him on the dew-flecked grass, her eyes gleaming with lust, everything seemed to disintegrate.

For this Lynn's left eye was blue. This time, there were no wires . . .



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before a fleet of soapsuds?



Did Drake shrink before the Armada?



#### **Capital Punishment**

(continued from page 134) California's "Little Lindbergh Law."

Because there were many newsmen among the 60 witnesses come to San Quentin for Chessman's execution, millions read descriptions of how a man dies by inhaling poison gas. It is a death not much different, they found, from hanging or electrocution. Looking through glass panels of the hermetically sealed gas chamber, the reporters saw the doomed Chessman enter and without hesitation sit down in the death chair, watch without expression while his arms and legs were strapped down. A clutch of cyanide "eggs," poised above a tub of acid beneath the chair, was released by remote control. As the fumes rose to shroud the prisoner, his eyes bulged, his head jerked, he gagged and gasped as he seemed to be struggling against the straps. In two minutes his long jaw sagged and his body slumped.

According to medical men, the gaseous cyanide derivatives are neurotoxins that attack the nerve centers and paralyze the cardiac and respiratory functions at the first deep whiff. The signs of a desperate death struggle, apparently the symptoms of great suffering, are again nothing more than unconscious reflexes.

So?

What is the meaning of all this scientific progress that we in America have made in the centuries and centuries since the boiling in oil, the crucifixions and the hanging of little children? We have perhaps reduced the coefficient of suffering to within a fraction of a second of the instantaneous extinction of the guillotine, which the late Albert Camus described as "a crude surgery [without] any edifying character whatever." We have reduced our lust for public bloodletting to boxing (which is becoming more and more bloodless), auto racing and professional football. We no longer feed our wrongdoers to the crocodiles or invite VIPs to public hangings, as was the custom in Arizona, but we still kill our criminals in three quarters of our American states. We are far ahead of the rest of the world in the scientific technique of legal killing, but we are at least a century behind in the sociological, psychological, economic and humanitarian approach to the problem of crime and punishment.

Why do we still kill our killers? Do we imagine that we are doing justice, with no thought of vengeance? Do we think we are eradicating crime? Are we deluding ourselves that by snuffing out the lives of our misfits, our nitwits and our psychopathic personalities (who, our psychiatrists hasten to add, are not congenital psychopaths), we are creating a better world for ourselves? Do we really

think that punishment will prevent crime, that killing murderers will prevent murder? Let us consider these points one by one.

Is capital punishment a matter of justice or revenge? Personally I do not consider class legislation of any kind true justice. In all my experience, I have never seen a murderer with enough money to hire top-drawer counsel condemned to death. The last time I visited death row at Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus, the ten men there awaiting the electric chair had one thing in common: They were penniless. They had been defended by court-appointed attorneys, devoted men, all of them, although many had had no previous experience in criminal cases. But the professional gangsters, the shrewd racketeers and their paid gunmen did not have to depend on volunteers. Nor were they ever, in my experience, executed. It was only the poor, the illiterate, the foreigner, the Negro and the school dropout from a broken home who died in the chair.

Is it justice to try a man in the lynchmob atmosphere of a community outraged by a series of atrocious crimes, where the police have been under pressure from an impatient public inflamed by a sensational press clamoring for quick retribution? Must a man die to avenge a crime to which he has been connected only by evidence viewed through the emotion-tinged spectacles of angry indignation?

As governor of Ohio I had the power to extend executive clemency in all cases except those of treason or impeachment. However, I had sworn to uphold the laws of the state, and the death penalty was still on the statute books. Unless I could find some mitigating circumstances or a possibility of the miscarriage of justice, I did not feel that I could extend mercy merely because I was personally opposed to capital punishment. By, in effect, singlehandedly repealing the death penalty when there was no question of a prisoner's guilt or responsibility, I would be inviting impeachment for violating my oath of office. I felt that I could fight more effectively for the abolition of capital punishment by staying in office rather than face impeachment.

Each time a capital case came to my gubernatorial desk for review, I thought of the tragic impossibility of correcting a mistake that could mean the execution of an innocent man. I remembered Clarence McKinney, convicted in Ohio of first-degree murder in the 1920s on the basis of circumstantial evidence, mistaken identity and a previous police record. While his case was being appealed, the real murderer confessed to the crime. Suppose McKinney had been put to death? Or the Larkman case in New York: If Governor Al Smith had not commuted Larkman's death sentence in

1927, would the actual culprit have confessed to the murder two years later? Or Tommy Bambrick, who died in the chair at Sing Sing while warden Thomas Mott Osborne was trying unsuccessfully to reach the governor of New York with news of last-minute evidence that had

just come to light.

To avoid having another Tommy Bambrick on my conscience, I made myself constantly available to the penitentiary authorities on the night a man was to die, up to the moment the warden informed me that the case was out of my hands forever. Eight P.M. is the hour at which society takes the lives of capital criminals in Ohio, and the day leading up to that hour was always a dreadful one for me. As the time approached, I wanted to get away from everything and everybody. I could never reconcile myself to the idea that a man was going to die because I failed to exercise the godlike power of life or death that was mine as long as I was governor-the power of executive clemency.

I would escape in my car to someplace where I could be alone at that awesome moment—a country lane under the stars, the solemn silence of some church, the impersonal darkness of a park. My driver understood my feelings, for he was a convicted murderer himself, a trusty. He would monitor the car radio, tuned to the wave length of the State Highway Patrol, which knew where to reach me instantly, until the message came through from the warden: "Detail completed."

My determination to preclude every possibility of an irrevocable error was so strong that I visited the Ohio penitentiary to interview personally the prisoners sentenced to die, often on the eve of the date set for their execution. With the proximity of death hovering over the penitentiary, I had a right to

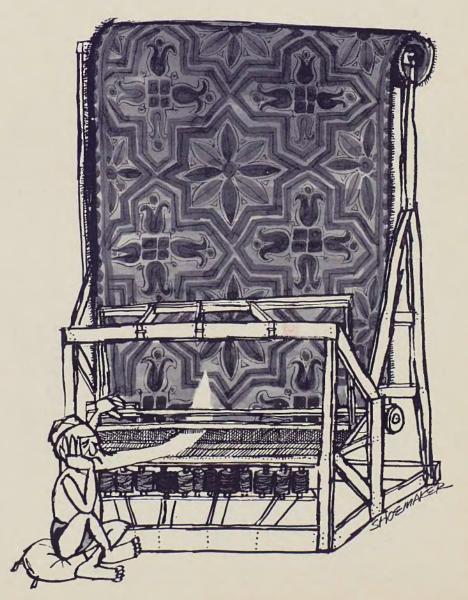
expect a moment of truth.

Twelve capital cases came to me from the Ohio Pardon and Parole Commission during my four-year term as governor. The Commission recommended for or against clemency. My decision usually, but not always, concurred. The six death sentences I commuted to life imprisonment fell into three general categories. Two were obvious inequities of justice-separate trials for the principals in the same felony murder (all participants in a felony during which someone is killed are, under Ohio law, equally guilty of first-degree murder) resulted in a death sentence for some, in one case the driver of the car, and life for the trigger man or mastermind. The only way I could correct this inequity was to commute the death sentences to life.

In two cases, rigid legal procedure prevented the whole truth from reaching the jury. One of these was the *cause célèbre* of Edythe Klumpp, condemned to death for the murder of her paramour's wife. Mrs. Klumpp, under oath,

had parroted the story her lover had devised. When she was found guilty and sentenced to hang, she was shocked. And when, after her conviction, her lover skipped town with another woman, she broke down and told the truth-which made her lover the accidental killer of his wife. I had her interviewed under the influence of sodium pentothal-"truth serum"-by a qualified psychiatrist. Her revised story under "truth serum" not only cleared up some contradictions in her sworn testimony, but led to the discovery of new corroborative evidence that placed the murder site miles away from the spot inspected by the jury. When the ambitious prosecuting attorney refused to reopen the case, and the dead woman's husband gave testimony to Ohio Highway Patrol investigators that gave the lie to his own courtroom story, but refused to return to Ohio for further questioning, I could do nothing less, in the interests of equal justice, than commute Mrs. Klumpp's sentence to life imprisonment.

In the other case involving juridical inflexibility, a local scapegrace named Rutherford was convicted of the firstdegree murder of a prosperous bookie, largely on the testimony of a girl about town who had already told five different versions of what happened. Several highcourt justices, in minority opinions on an unsuccessful appeal, criticized the trial judge for prejudicing the jury by injecting himself into cross-examination of the defendant and making a confusing charge. When the application for clemency reached my desk, I summoned the star witness to Columbus in an attempt to find out which of her stories was the truth. She tearfully claimed that her testimony had been misinterpreted, that she had never known how the bookie had been killed, but presumed that the bookie had been killed by striking the back of his head on the pavement when knocked down by the defendanthardly first-degree murder. The day Rutherford was scheduled to die, I com-



muted his sentence to life imprisonment.

The two other cases of clemency involved what Chief Justice William Howard Taft, in a ruling concerning the power of executive clemency, called "circumstances which may properly mitigate guilt"-complete lack of judgment because of mental deficiency or nonage. One was a teenager who, having been fed dope and liquor by a man who sold him a gun, in the process of holding up a drugstore shot and killed a woman. The other was a low-grade moron named Niday who had been living in a sordid triangular arrangement with a hard-drinking woman (the first who had ever taken him to her bed and bosom) and her complacent hard-drinking husband. When the woman had sought to make a quadrangle out of the triangle, Niday shot both his paramour and the interloper. I could see no advantage for the state of Ohio in killing these two irresponsibles. I was influenced, in the case of Niday, by affidavits from two jurors who sat in his case, who swore they had not been instructed by the judge that they had the privilege of recommending mercy, and who asserted that most of the jury would not have gone along with a verdict involving the death penalty. I commuted both their sentences.

Whenever I commuted a sentence, the opposition newspapers would scream

that I was coddling criminals, thwarting the orderly process of law in Ohio and encouraging murderers by striking down the deterrent power of the death penalty. My mail was overloaded with shrill, abusive letters accusing me of opening the doors of their writers' homes to the lawless, of offering the underworld an open season on policemen. I answered every letter, patiently explaining that the death penalty for murder was still on the statute books of Ohio and had not deterred the perpetrator of the heinous crime the letter writer was deploring.

The police lobby, which was in the forefront of the opposition to every attempt I made to have the Ohio legislature abolish capital punishment, has been persistently blind to the facts and figures refuting the argument that the death penalty deters the potential murderer—particularly the cop killer. Let's look at the record.

Michigan, a state with a common border with Ohio, abolished capital punishment while still a territory and has never restored it. Yet Michigan has a lesser number of homicides per 100,000 than either Ohio or Indiana, next-door neighbors who still kill their killers. As for the plea of the police lobby—which, incidentally, succeeded in excepting cop killers from the bills abolishing capital punishment which passed both the New

York and Vermont state legislatures in 1965—let us again look at the record. Figures compiled by the FBI over a period of 35 years do indicate a slight difference between death-penalty and life-imprisonment states. The chances of a law-enforcement officer being shot and killed in the performance of his duty are 1.3 per 100,000 in death-penalty states. In abolitionist states, the chances are fractionally less—1.2 per 100,000.

The nonstatistical evidence disproving the deterrence argument is even more impressive. The Licavoli gang, which terrorized Toledo during Prohibition, had only five miles to go to the Michigan line, where they could knock off a business rival secure in the knowledge that they would enjoy the same safety from the electric chair as that enjoyed by the family branch in Detroit, the Purple Gang. They didn't even bother to drive those five miles. All bodies were found in Ohio—which often kills its killers.

Even a more intimate acquaintance with the electric chair has just as little deterrent effect. Let us consider the case of Charles Justice, another Ohioan, who in 1902 found himself in the penitentiary, a three-time loser, as a result of a knifing. A trusty, he was assigned to housekeeping duties in the death house, where he noted that the electric chair was several sizes too big for the smaller type of murderer. The littler ones would squirm and make imperfect contact, causing the electrodes to arc and burn, producing barbecue odors that distressed the official witnesses. Charles Justice invented an iron clamp to immobilize the condemned man's arms and legs; it proved so successful that it is still in use today. For his services to the state of Ohio, Justice was paroled in April 1910. In November of the same year, undeterred, Charles Justice returned to Ohio Penitentiary as Convict 40,103, charged with murder in the first degree. On October 27, 1911, he died in the electric chair he had helped to perfect.

A more recent instance-from another state-is to be found in the sad tale of Detective Sergeant William Mulrine III, of the Wilmington, Delaware, police force. In 1958 the Delaware legislature abolished the death penalty. Expressing his pride in "this forward step in criminology," Delaware Attorney General Januar D. Bove, Jr., two years later told the Overseas Press Club in New York: "There is no evidence whatever that attacks on police or prison guards or threats to public safety have increased." The police lobby, however, did not give up. In 1961 the Delaware legislature was persuaded to restore the death penalty by a margin of one vote over the veto of Governor Elbert Carvel. One of the more articulate spokesmen for the police lobby was Detective Sergeant William Mulrine III, who argued that the death penalty was not only just punish-



"Would you rather she stayed home every night and did nothing?"

ment for murderers, but a deterrent essential to the protection of law-enforcement officers. Just ten days after capital punishment was reinstated, undeterred Sergeant Mulrine shot and killed his wife. He escaped the just punishment he had recommended, however. On the third day of his trial for first-degree murder, he pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of manslaughter.

Another reason I am opposed to capital punishment is that by the vindictive act of taking a life for a life, society deprives itself of a potentially useful contribution. Retentionists argue that life imprisonment is dangerous and meaningless because the lifer is turned loose in seven or eight years to kill again. This is demonstrably untrue. Clinton Duffy, former warden of California's San Quentin, has said that the murderer has a greater potential for rehabilitation than other types of criminal. I agree. An outstanding example is Nathan Leopold, a paroled lifer with an infamous sex-crime background who is now a useful member of society. Ohio has a Lifers' Hope Law, which requires that the Pardon and Parole Commission review the case of every life-termer at the end of 20 years, and every 5 years thereafter if the Commission does not believe he has yet shown signs of rehabilitation. Of the more than 200 murderers who have been paroled since the law took effect in 1945, only II have been returned to the penitentiary for infractions of the law, most of them for technical violations of parole.

I lived with these murderers for the four years of my term as governor. They were assigned to staff the Executive Mansion-gardeners, chauffeurs, laundrymen, housemen, cooks and yardmen. My wife and I lived with these men, killers all, not as keepers and prisoners, but as human beings with whom we shared their many problems as errant members of society who had paid their penalty with 20 years of their lives. We trusted them completely. My wife had no fear of going into the kitchen and arguing over a recipe with a cook who was sharpening carving knives at the time, even though the cook was serving time for murder. She felt quite at ease being driven by a felon, or dressing down an ex-lifer houseman who left dust in the corners. The greatest display of trust, I suppose, was our leaving these homicidal staffers as baby sitters for our grandchildren when they came to Columbus for the Christmas holidays. The only risk we ever ran was that the felonious baby sitters would spoil our small fry-feed them forbidden ice cream or otherwise surreptitiously overindulge them. These men are still our friends, now that they are "on the outside" and I am no longer governor and cannot help them officially. They come to our house during the holidays to see the grandchildren, to meet one another and exchange progress reports, and



"Who is her accomplice?"

to help out with our parties.

In all honesty I must say that the only backslider in all the 200-odd parolees in the category of homicide was a wellbehaved, smiling, good-natured man named McIntosh who had been convicted of second-degree murder because he killed a boarder who not only was behind in the rent but borrowed his car without permission and wrecked it. When the boarder failed to pay for the damage, McIntosh shot him. Some ten years later, after his release, when McIntosh's son-in-law repeated the patternfailed to pay his rent and also wrecked the family car-McIntosh went berserk and shot him, too. This time, he was not sent to the penitentiary, but to a mental hospital. He was adjudged insane.

Why McIntosh had not been adjudged insane the first time around is not surprising. The whole question of medical or legal insanity is one of the factors that frightened me every time I was asked to rule on whether or not to grant mercy to a man condemned to death. One of the six I permitted to die was a man named Ronald Fenton, whose crime was so beinous that had I commuted his sentence, his prisonmates would have made his life unbearable. Fenton had kidnaped a year-old baby girl, raped her, beaten her brains out on the steering wheel of his car when she screamed, then tossed the body into an Akron pond. To my mind, no man capable of such an act can be considered sane. He did, however, appear to be a normal 27year-old rubber worker on a night shift in the Goodyear plant. When I interviewed him, he told me in the most matter-of-fact terms the story of his early life and the details of how he raped and killed the baby. There were strong indications of a warped sexuality in his early life. He was a fetishist as a boy, stealing women's panties off neighbors' clotheslines as inspiration for his masturbatory fantasies. He had also dabbled in homosexuality, although he was married (to a girl with whom he had had sexual relations since she was 12) and was the father of one child. The psychiatrists who examined him, however, agreed that although he was a disturbed psychopathic personality with sexual deviation, he was 'without psychosis" (legally sane). Under this circumstance, I did not feel that I could extend clemency.

The whole question of medical and legal sanity is a deeply disturbing one, particularly when the death sentence is involved. The courts in the vast majority of our states still determine the question of mental responsibility for a crime on the basis of an English decision made more than a century ago. The McNaghten Rule, the criterion in use almost universally, declares a man sane if he can distinguish right from wrong and knows that the act for which he is being tried is wrong. The "rule" is based on the trial of one Daniel McNaghten, who in 1843 tried to kill Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel and killed his secretary instead. He was 189 found not guilty by reason of insanity.

A well-housebroken dog knows the difference between right and wrong, and acknowledges his guilt when he has violated the rules. Yet this is all that is necessary, under the ancient McNaghten rule, despite the progress of modern psychiatry, to make a disturbed killer a candidate for the electric chair. In 1965 New York joined Maine, Missouri, Illinois, Vermont and the District of Columbia in adopting laws that bring the concept of legal insanity closer to modern psychiatric thinking. Forty-five states, however, still cling to the "mad dog" concept of responsibility.

Legally and medically sane or not, there is not the slightest doubt that society must be protected from men with warped psyches like Ronald Fenton. Killing them, however, is not the answer. In the months following Fenton's execution, several more sex murders were committed in the same area, proving yet again that the death penalty is no deterrent and that we have a long way to go before we achieve an effective

method of penology. Fenton, for example, had been in custody several times for what were deemed "minor offenses." Had we been prepared to examine a prisoner psychologically, particularly when his offenses seemed to form a behavior pattern, we might have discovered the psychopathic urges that led to the final tragedy and hence prevented it.

Our present system of correction obviously does not correct. Our crime rate is rising steadily despite the threat of the electric chair, the gas chamber or long prison terms. Could this not be because we have for centuries thought of crime only in terms of punishment? In killing our major criminals in an attempt to reduce or eradicate crime, are we not treating symptoms rather than a disease itself? After centuries of dismal failure to reduce crime, should we not try a new approach of prevention rather than punishment, of education rather than electrocution, and of rehabilitation rather than revenge?

We must attack crime through the proven causes of crime: poverty, igno-

rance, broken homes. Eighty-five percent of the youthful inmates of Ohio's Boys' Industrial School are there for psychosociological reasons. Many are school dropouts, many are emotionally disturbed. Because of inadequate space and staff, they are given mass treatment with no attempt at individual attention. Too often they are returned too soon to the same crime-breeding environment that created the antisocial attitudes and behavior that originally led them to reform school. In addition, for our reformatories truly to reform instead of serving as training schools for the penitentiary and apprenticeship for the electric chair, we would need more and bigger institutions with a trained staff big enough to appraise each child and situation, and to find him a suitable foster home. Ideally, we should head off juvenile delinquency even before it reaches the reformatory stage. To do this would re-

Ideally, we should head off juvenile delinquency even before it reaches the reformatory stage. To do this would require radical expansion of psychological and counseling services in the lower and middle levels of our educational system, with facilities for diagnosing and treating the emotionally disturbed child. This would be an expensive process, but in the long run the results would justify the outlay. I am sure we would find it infinitely more effective in preventing crime, up to and including murder, than capital punishment.

Happily, the realization that capital punishment is futile is beginning to dawn on more and more American states. During 1965 the legislatures of Iowa, New York, Vermont and West Virginia abolished the death penalty, although the police lobby was powerful enough in New York and Vermont to secure exceptions in the case of killers of police officers and prison guards. In 1964 the people of Oregon voted to do away with capital punishment. Previous abolition states are Alaska, Hawaii, Maine,

Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota,

Rhode Island and Wisconsin.

The American people are even further ahead than their legislators, judging from the increased reluctance of U. S juries to exact a life for a life. According to the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, there were 8400 murders in the United States during 1962. Only 47 of the 8400 murderers had been executed at year's end, and just 247 more were under sentence of death. In 1965, only seven people were executed in the U. S., the lowest number in our history; and, for the first time, all seven were convicted murderers.

Apparently an increasing number of people share my belief that the concept of "civilized society" and the perpetuation of retributive, legalized murder are incompatible. That is why I am convinced that capital punishment, that barbaric survival from the Dark Ages, will inevitably disappear completely from these United States.



"She can't hit, run, field or throw, but she takes one hell of a shower."



(continued from page 106)

fancy. But if your tastes run more moderately, you'll want a dozen each of champagne glasses, preferably in a tulip shape; large stemware for reds; slightly smaller for whites. These should get you through everything but a royal reception very nicely. If you're ever in doubt which size to choose, always opt for the larger glass. There's nothing quite so luxurious as swirling a bit of red wine in an oversized 14-ounce Baccarat. The proper wine glass has a slight incurving to the lip, which allows the taster to savor the aroma (the fruity odor of the grape) and the bouquet (the heady fragrance of the mature wine). Of course, you'll never use a standard cocktail or highball glass whose flared lip encourages these volatile delights to escape.

Spend some time selecting the tastingparty wine card. Discuss it with your wine merchant and ask for his suggestions. Choose those American brands you are curious about as well as some you are already familiar with. Purchase three different bottlings of each U.S. variety to be tasted. You might have to visit the shelves of several wine merchants to get three different Cabernets or three Pinot Chardonnays, but it's well worth the seeking. If you're looking for burgundies, you might try a Louis Martini, a Charles Krug and a Buena Vista. For your whites, you might take a look at Almaden, Paul Masson and Wente Brothers.

Good red wines should be served at 70 degrees, the temperature of a comfortable room. Cheaper reds (anything under \$3) may be improved by an hour or two in the fridge before serving. Open reds about 15 minutes before your guests arrive to give the wine a chance to "breathe."

With your guests assembled around that snowy-white tablecloth, glasses at the ready, wine bottles prepared for uncorking, and all your gleaming wine equipage on display for immediate use, you might remind your assembled guests that there are three tests for judging a wine-appearance, aroma and bouquet, and taste. To judge the color and clarity of the wine, swirl it around in the glass. Color is the first indication of the drink to come. The deeper the shade, the more robust the body. Then sniff the aroma and bouquet. By judging the scent alone, you have gone more than halfway in determining the taste sensations to come. Last, taste the wine. The word for the moment is taste-not drink. Let the wine linger on the taste buds as it's held in the mouth and swirled around. Note the body and deepness of flavor. Then comes the aftertaste, a vital lingering sensation experienced after the wine has been swallowed.

Apart from these simple rules, your wine-tasting party should be informal and fun. If social ice-breaking seems in order, you may introduce a game element by forming teams to blindfold-test their abilities to distinguish among, say, several whites, or to determine which is the heartiest of the reds. But as your tasting party progresses, you and your guests will find such games unnecessary: The gentle glow that suffuses the participants leads to a spontaneous Gemütlichkeit and camaraderie that is a welcome change from the quick belt of cocktails and the frenetic yakking that characterize too many cocktail parties. A proper wine-tasting fete finds all hands happily high, not crocked and groggy, and ready for whatever further fun beckons.

Begin the testing with a dry sherry. We favor one that's produced in a California winery, such as Almaden, made from authentic Palomino grape and following the Spanish Solera system in which the wines are stored in small oaken tiers. In this way, the younger and older wines are transferred and blended to produce the same high quality year after year. Test for its full amber color and dry tartness.

Your second offering should be a choice between two white wines. Perhaps a Johannisberg Riesling, a Rhennish wine from California and a Pinot Chardonnay, a white burgundy. Both should be served well chilled in your best wine buckets. Excellent producers of these varieties are Buena Vista and Paul Masson for the Riesling, and Wente Brothers, Inglenook or Krug for the Pinot Chardonnay. While sipping, savor the Riesling's dry, delicate flavor and fresh fragrance that makes it a perfect wine to serve with filet of sole. The Chardonnay should be of light gold color and full body, which makes it an ideal companion for chicken or shellfish.

Carry on with two deep California reds, such as a zinfandel and a Cabernet Sauvignon. A recommended vineyard to buy here is Louis Martini. While sipping, notice its hearty bouquet and the unusual fruity flavor that makes it uniquely appropriate with beef. The Cabernet Sauvignon from Beaulieu vineyards can, we think, be compared with the best of the Bordeaux wines. We favor it with veal.

King champagne is next on the agenda. Your first choice might be a Korbel Natural from Korbel vineyards. If such isn't available, choose one of New York State's fine varieties, including Widmer, Taylor, Gold Seal or Great Western. When serving bubbly, watch for its effervescence. A good champagne should send up a stream of tiny bubbles for at least two hours. It



For complete phase 4 catalog write

LONDON RECORDS, INC. 539 WEST 25 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 should have a strong, clean smell, and unless it's one of the blanc de blanc dessert varieties, it should be very dry.

To top off your wine sipping, serve complementing ports, say by Buena Vista or Fincklin, along with a platter of stilton cheese,

During the tasting session, you may wish to keep a personal wine diary on hand. In it you can record the pertinent information about each wine tested, including the comments of your guests on the quality of the offering. This recorded information can be especially valuable to the thoughtful host when planning future dinner parties to rediscover his guests' personal preferences before selecting the wines for the evening.

Don't worry about the unfinished bottles as a result of your tasting party. That's what brand-new, sparkling decanters are for. There is a great deal of hand wringing by self-styled traditionalists over decanting wines. Much of it is nonsense. Some of the most elegant sommeliers in Paris decant their finest vintages as a matter of course before bringing them to the table in simple carafes. Since American wines are almost always sedimentfree, the decanting process is a simple transfer from one vessel to another and involves none of the delicate touch required in pouring hoary European vintages. We recommend you keep your decanted whites and reds in the fridge, and drink them up within a few days.

When recording domestic wines for your own cellar, there are a few basic rules to follow. An American wine is known either by a generic name, such as rosé, or by the name of the grape, such as Grenache. Our advice is to use generic names only for champagne, rosé, sherry and port. In all other cases, you are better off going by the name of the grape.

Names on American wines such as bordeaux and burgundy should best be forgotten, if only it were possible. There once was an abortive attempt by American wine makers to follow the French system of labeling wines by their native province and name California wines after the county in which they were grown. American consumers refused to go along with Western names, and the attempt ended in a resounding flop that could be heard all over Napa valley; French names became annexed by the American industry. No matter how fine the wine, you're not likely to see a bottle of "Sonoma" or a split of "Sacramento" for sale. The resulting confusion can be unriddled by the following list of generic wine names, coupled with the grapes whose flavors produce them:

Bordeaux—Cabernet Sauvignon Sauterne—Sauvignon Blanc and Semil-

Red burgundy—Pinot Noir and Gamay Chablis or white burgundy—Pinot Chardonnay, Pinot Blanc and Chenin Blanc

Rhine and Alsatian wines—Johannisberg Riesling, Emerald Riesling, Grey Riesling, Sylvaner, Traminer and Gewurztraminer.

These grapes are the first families of California wines. They belong to the vitis vinifera, the "wine-bearing" species whose ancestral domain was in Europe but now finds a home in the counties around San Francisco. So cordial are the California sun and soil to these grapes that one giant vineyard is planted with 1,300,000 vines of 19 varieties of grapes. It's a versatility unknown in Europe, where most vineyards grow one or two varieties of grapes.

In spite of their size, the best California wineries still baby their wines in small oak casks. Since California never has to put up with the grim cold and heat that often bedevil European vineyards, vintages don't count for too much. No year can be a disaster. There are some annual differences in the grapes, but the quality of a wine is liable to vary more from one vineyard to the next than from one year to the next. When you do see a year printed on a U.S. wine label, it usually means it was a bottling of which the cellarmaster was particularly proud. It also serves as a reminder to drink the white wines such as Sylvaner and Traminer in their youth, within two to three years of their vintage date; the red wines retain their excellence somewhat longer, but usually no more than four to five

One of the happiest American contributions to civilized drinking is a new hybrid grape developed by oenologists at the University of California. The grape and the wine are known as the Emerald Riesling. Under the Paul Masson label, it's a lively, straw-colored wine with a delightfully fruit-haunted aftertaste.

Eastern grapes, mainly from the Finger Lakes region of New York State and northern Ohio, are among the few things in this world that can be called really native to America. Leif Ericson marveled at them during his explorations and called the new land Wineland the Good. The grapes used today are hybrids of those original wild vines. The best of the current Eastern wines sold by their grape names, such as the Diamond, the Delaware and the Elvira, are smooth, clean-tasting, altogether superb wines. Their fruitiness recommends them to dinners of ham, wild fowl, chicken and all dessert and cheese courses.

The biggest news in the East is the successful planting of new French-American hybrid grapes. The amount of wine gushing from these new vineyards isn't large. But for the first time dry, European-style wines are being bottled east of the Mississippi.

There are several ways to store your wine collection. A good cellar these days doesn't have to be in a vaulted room in a subbasement, but a place where bottles of wine can be properly stored on their sides so the cork stays wet and keeps air out of the bottles. We've seen good working cellars housed in wooden chests, closets and old converted armoires. The variety of good wine racks available, either wooden or metal, provides a wide choice to suit your space and decor. Whatever you choose, store your wine in a cool, dark spot. Stack more delicate white wines closest to the floor, where it is usually coolest; stack the reds above them.

The following basic cellar of American wines can be stored in the space of two liquor cases and costs about \$65. (Costs are approximate single-bottle prices.)

3	Cabernet Sauvignon	\$3.50
2	Pinot Noir	2.50
1	Gamay Beaujolais	2.00
2	Rosé	1.75
2	Zinfandel	2.00
1	Barbera	2.00
2	Delaware	2.00
2	Diamond	1.75
1	Sauvignon Blanc	3.00
2	Johannisberg Riesling	2.00
2	Emerald Dry Riesling	1.75
1	Champagne Blanc de Blanc	
	(slightly sweet)	4.75
3	Champagne Brut	4.50

For a more munificent U.S. wine cellar, costing about \$550, we recommend-

10 Cabernet Sauvignon	\$5.50
8 Pinot Noir	3.50
5 Gamay Beaujolais	2.00
6 Rosé	1.75
16 Zinfandel	2.00
10 Barbera	2.00
16 Delaware	2.00
16 Diamond	1.75
10 Sauvignon Blanc	3.00
16 Johannisberg Riesling	2.50
16 Emerald Dry Riesling	1.75
10 Champagne Blanc de Blanc	
(Almaden)	4.75
15 Champagne Brut	4.50
5 Port	2.50
5 Sherry	2.50
5 Pinot Chardonnay	6.00
8 Maryland Red 1964	1.50
6 Chenin Blanc	2.00
6 Dry Semillon	1.75
5 Fournier Natural	4.50

The beginnings of a good domestic wine cellar should be planned, as above The balance of your cellar can be acquired impulsively, as your taste buds lead. If there's one particular wine that really makes you flip, buy it by the case You'll find that our vines do, indeed, have tender grapes.

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#### SNAP DECISIONS

(continued from page 126)

fast-loading systems into some of their current 35mm models. Canon's system is called the Q-L (Quick-Load), while Konica's is known as the IGL (Insta-Grip Loading). Both systems are extremely practical and require no special cartridges, since the mechanics occur in the take-up spool. But they do require rewinding the film into its original cartridge.

Minimal photography is like having a casual girlfriend. You get some of the advantages without the emotional involvement. Those who want to keep their photography as simple and painless as possible should confine their camera browsing to most of the Polaroids, the cartridge-loading Instamatic types and cameras using the Rapid-load system.

But snapshooting hardly touches the surface of photography's potential. Today's precision cameras are magnificent recording machines. The lenses are capable of discerning the finest of lines and rendering these in critically sharp focus; the shutters can accurately measure off a second of time-with all of the intermediate split seconds up to an action-freezing 1/2000th of a second. The workmanship evident today makes the early Kodaks look like miniature packing crates; and the keen competition that exists has brought the prices for most of these wondrous recording machines within the reach of the average photographic initiate.

Those who desire more than photography "by the numbers" should give serious consideration to the general-purpose cameras that use two of the most popular film sizes: the 35mm, representing the versatile compacts, and the 120mm versatile mediums.

The 35mm is the closest thing to an all-purpose camera, with wide-apertured, precision-ground optics and shutters conceded to be among the fastest made. Most 35s feature lens interchangeability, providing a choice selection from extreme wide-angles to long telephotos. And there are more different types of general-purpose 35mm film available—in black and white and color—than for any other size.

If you plan to restrict the majority of your efforts to producing color slides for projection, go no further: This is the place. Most slide projectors today are made either exclusively for, or will accept, the 2" x 2" frames in which 35mm transparencies are mounted.

In the main, there are two schools of camera design followed by 35mm-camera manufacturers—the rangefinder system and the single-lens reflex (SLR) system. The choice of which design is best for you will be a matter of individual preference.

In 1924, Leitz produced the first preci-



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sion 35mm camera. About eight years later, they incorporated a rangefinder system of focusing into the design and this principle was rapidly emulated by competitive manufacturers of quality 35mm cameras. Over the years, automatic, semi-automatic and coupled exposure meters, single-stroke film advances and built-in synchronization have been added to the rangefinder cameras, but the basic design has remained essentially the same. With viewing and focusing occurring through a window above and slightly offset from the lens, the camera is unhindered by a mirror behind the lens, and its shape approaches a pure rectangle with a much slimmer body-lighter, more compact and generally quieter in operation-than most SLRs.

With the tremendous popularity of the SLR design, one may wonder why the rangefinders manage to remain so popular. Obviously, lightness and compactness are undeniable virtues; but a stronger virtue yet is the rangefinder's focusing system—requiring the matching of coincident images or the aligning of split images. Actual practice has proven that this can be done faster and more accurately than the ground-glass focusing of the SLRs, especially under weak-light conditions.

For those who want a fast-working camera that performs at its best for rapid-fire candid shooting and provides the least encumbrance, the rangefinder models should be preferable.

The theory and the original design of the single-lens reflex cameras can be traced back to around 1830, when patents for such a camera were registered in England. However, the distinction of being the first to manufacture precision 35mm SLRs belongs to the Exaktas, which appeared in 1936. They were well received by those who loved beautiful, complicated machines and by those who found the SLR system ideal for scientific work, close-up macrophotography and photomicrography. However, beyond these and a scattering of amateur devotees, the SLR design made no serious mark upon the camera world.

The status with SLRs remained quo until three major innovations of recent years remedied the handicaps with which the early Exaktas had been shackled: First, a pentaprism housing, which simultaneously righted the reversed mirror image and brought the camera up to eye level, was incorporated into the design for the majority of SLR cameras; second, an "instant-return" mirror, which minimized image black-out to just the duration of the exposure, was added; and, finally, along came an automatic diaphragm permitting viewing, composing and focusing at the maximum aperture of the lens.

It is these factors—combined with the validity of seeing your picture precisely as the film sees it—that have contributed

to the immense popularity of SLRs. With a single-lens reflex, one can literally shoot through a knothole in a fence, determining and precisely controlling not only the placement of your subject and its sharpness, but that of all objects relating to it in your composed frame, even those that may be but scant inches in front of the lens.

While the rangefinder system is limited to medium telephotos (the longest being a 135mm, after which an accessory reflex-mirror attachment is required), the SLRs obviously have no such limitations: You can get as long a telephoto lens as your particular camera can handle. One of the newest innovations, appearing in several SLR cameras, is that of having CdS cells placed behind the lens system that read the actual amount of light being transmitted through the lens. Since even the best of lenses will suffer some light loss in transmission, the theory behind this type of built-in exposure system is certainly a practical one.

Incorporating a mirror system adds a bit more bulk, a touch more heft and a bit more noise to the SLRs. But these are insignificant, measurable only in mere fractions of inches, ounces and decibels. These cameras should be preferred by the more deliberate, careful worker who, having complete control over the composition of his photograph, is interested in exploiting this advantage.

Among the rangefinder cameras, probably the most respected are the Leicas. The top of this line, the M3, will run slightly under \$450, and there are several models available for less. Closest competitors, and good buys, are the Bell & Howell/Canons, whose to-line Model 7s cost around \$300. If you plan to do a lot of rapid-sequence photography, take a look at the Robot line. Their Royal models will match the Leica M3 in price tags.

For less expensive tastes there are several extremely good cameras, each boasting special features. Among these are the Kodak Retinas, Minolta, the Zeiss line, Mamiya, Konica, Argus, Ricoh, Yashica, Voigtlander and Agla.

The SLR is where the action is today. Expected very soon is the new Konica Auto S Reflex, introducing the first fully automatic SLR focal-plane camera, plus a framing device that will permit the owner to shoot either standard-frame 35mm or half-frames. Another revolutionary entry in the field is the B&H/Canon Pellix, which sells for around \$300 and sports a stationary pellicle mirror that reflects approximately 30 percent of the light coming through the lens into the viewfinder and transmits the remaining 70 percent. Especially worth while for extreme wide-angle work is the ability to view through the Pellix' new 19mm f/3.5

Probably the longest-awaited SLR to arrive on the scene was the Leicaflex, which finally appeared, after several years of rumors regarding its virtues, in mid-1965 at a price level that it shares with the Zeiss Contarex and the Alpa 9d: the most expensive. The initial reception was highly enthusiastic. The workmanship was up to Leitz' incomparability. Its instant-return mirror was practically inaudible. Its viewfinder, the brightest yet. But after the clamor subsided, it became apparent that except for within a small circular area in the viewing screen, the viewfinder didn't focus. In a broad sense, Leitz won the dubious distinction of having created what might be called a single-lens reflex/rangefinder camera.

The relief shared by other SLR camera manufacturers was best summed up by the president of one of Leitz' major competitors. "The mountain labored," he said, "and brought forth a mouse."

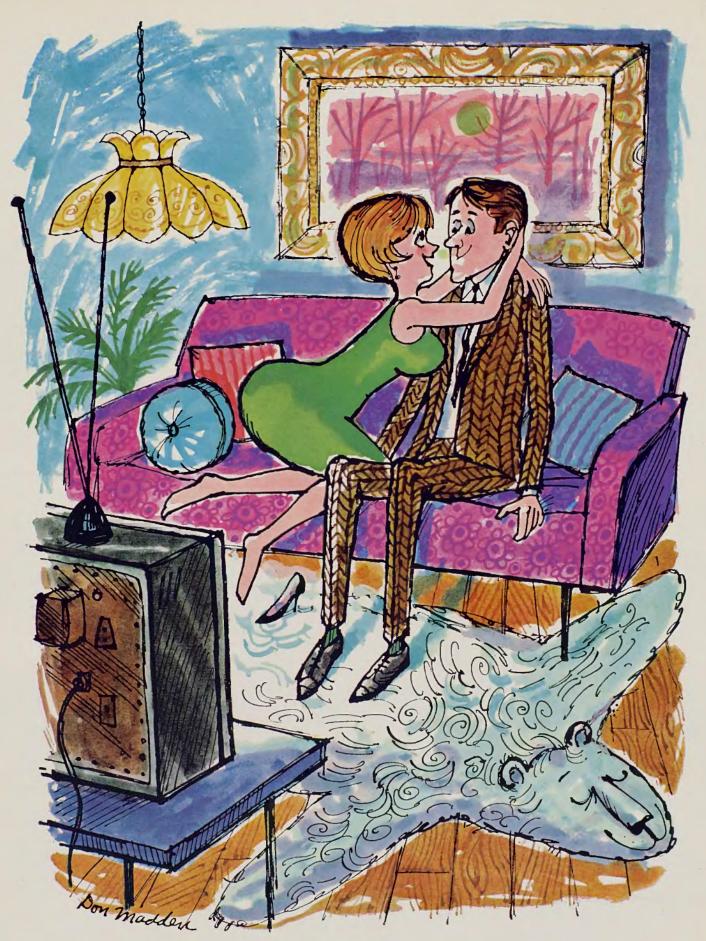
The Leitz designers retreated to the drawing boards, and rumors are again rampant about the improved, "professional" model of the Leicaflex being designed. Meanwhile, another German giant, Francke & Heidecke, the Rolleiflex people, are preparing to enter the SLR field. While their initial entry (to be premiered this fall at trade shows) will be a 120mm model, a 35mm model is said to be secretly in work and, if approved, is set for debut in early 1968.

One of the most popular SLR cameras today is the Nikon F, which sells for a bit above \$300. The Honeywell/Pentax line starts at somewhat less, and the Beseler Topcon Super D runs a little more. Both warrant a close look. Slightly less expensive are a raft of exceptionally fine SLRs. The names to look for are Miranda, Kodak Retina, Bell & Howell/Canon, Zeiss Contaflex, Nikkormat FT, Exakta, Konica and Minolta SR-7. Most of these lines also offer models for under \$200 that compete with the lower-priced but highly respected names such as Yashica, Agfa, Praktica, Edixa, Ricoh, Petriflex and Praktina.

The 35mms are easily totable and are the most versatile of cameras. The quality of their photographs will be superb, considering their size.

Size can be an important factor. The more you have to enlarge, the more your image will deteriorate. If you want large black-and-white enlargements or enlarged color reproductions where minute details will have to hold together, then consider carefully the versatile mediums, the 120s. While the cameras, physically and psychologically, are not as suitable for animated candid shooting as are the 35s, they are superb for carefully posed or composed pictures.

Cameras in this size follow three types of design: the SLR design similar to the 35s, which was pioneered in the 120 size by the now-extinct Korelle Reflex; the twin-lens design, which Francke



"I usually love watching TV, but if you'd rather love without it . . ."

& Heidecke fathered with their Rolleiflex and Rolleicord lines; and a "press-type" design, which uses the rangefinder system of sighting and focusing.

Prior to the upsurge in SLR popularity, which Hasselblad exploited in the 120 field with precision-made cameras boasting of interchangeability in both film backs and lenses, the twin-lens design had ruled the roost. The Hasselblads were followed shortly by the Bronica S series, which added an instant-return mirror of a unique design. Instead of springing up, the mirror moves downward—a special advantage for deep-seated wide-angle lenses.

Among the four major 120 cameras utilizing a "press-type" design, the Graflex XL is probably unique. It might be called a do-it-yourself camera kit, coming equipped with three standard camera bodies that can be assembled in many ways, even to a point where it can use Polaroid Film Packs as well as sheet-film holders. It has to be seen to be believed. The one possibility it suggests, however, is that the purchaser may enjoy assembling and reassembling cameras to the extent that photography becomes secondary.

Competition for the Graflex XL comes from the prestigious Linhof Press 70, the Mamiya 23 Deluxe and Standard

and the newly revived Koni-Omega.

Competitors to the Rollei line are the well-known Minolta Autocord; the many excellent, low-priced models produced by Yashica; and the versatile Mamiyaflex. In addition to the Bronica and the Hasselblad in the SLR design are the Praktisix II, the Kalimar and the Optika.

With the popularity of tummy TVs, miniaturized tape recorders and wee transistorized radios, it's no surprise that tiny totable cameras are also in vogue. Advancements in film emulsions and fine-grain film developers had much to do with the acceptance of the 35mm camera; and this, invariably, led to the re-introduction of the single-frame 35mm cameras (remember the old Perfex and the Univex?). Only, this time around, the frame size, 18mm x 24mm, is called the "half-frame."

The half-frames make slight pretense of appeal to the professional market. Their target is the individual who likes to have a camera he can drop into his jacket pocket and not get too deeply involved in the mechanics of photography.

The best known of these are the Canon Demis, the Olympus Pens, the Fujica Drive and the Minolta Reporter. There are several others, at lower prices. All are substantially worthy, with some

boasting of automatic exposure controls, spring-motor-driven film transports and flash synchronization. Here, indeed, are goodies galore for the modicum buyer.

Deserving a category of its own is the Tessina, which uses 35mm film but delivers a size smaller than the conventional half-frames. No larger than a good-sized matchbook, it is designed for the unobtrusive type of picture taking for which the Minox is best known. Other unique features are a twin-lens reflex design with an optional prismfinder and a spring-wound motor that delivers approximately eight rapid-sequence shots on a single wind.

By now the virtues of the Minox are well known. While it is, by all standards, a precision camera, the 9.5mm film size does create a handicap. Having judged their 1965 national photography contest, we know these tiny, fingernail-sized negatives can be blown up to 16 x 20. Regretfully, the challenge of manmoth blowups tends to become somewhat of an obsession with some Minox owners.

Several subminiatures are also available in the 16mm film size. The Gami 16, while still being manufactured, is difficult to come by. Another excellent buy in this line is the brand-new Rollei 16, with automatic exposure controls. You can find such respected names as Minolta, Yashica and Edixa, in the lower price ranges as well.

What it all comes down to is that there are sizes, types and specialized cameras to meet almost every need and every price level. The important point is to select the one that best suits your specific needs. After buying a camera, read the instruction booklet carefully; then work all of the levers, knobs, aperture settings, etc., until you're familiar with the instrument. Practice holding it, bracing your arms against your body for steadiness; then practice squeezing the shutter release without moving the camera.

Only after becoming completely familiar with the operation of the camera should you put film into it. After that, you might follow the advice that Dr. Land, inventor of the Automatic Color Picture Machine, gives in his instruction booklet:

"Please remember," says Dr. Land, "that even the finest camera and film need some help from the photographer if they are to produce good pictures. That help can be summed up in one sentence: Plan and think before you shoot."

This is the essence of photography. It can be boiled down to three separate operations, to be engraved, color-coded, on the glistening dials of the photographer's consciousness: 1. Plan. 2. Think. 3. Shoot. To which we'd like to add a fourth: Relax and enjoy it.



"I am thinking of the thrill of being a homemaker, the challenge of being a wife and mother as the years roll by. That's why the answer is 'No!'"



Three of the world's great vodkas.

Gilbey's is the one you can buy without a passport.

#### VIETNAM (continued from page 150)

so pleased we'd come that, when one reporter reminded me I could end up getting shot during the next three days, I told him that the only shot I was still worried about was the one for cholera I was scheduled to get the next morning."

The following day (Tuesday, January 11), Jo and her colleagues got a chance to test their calmness under fire. Arriving at Tan Son Nhut at 0830 hours, dressed in combat fatigues, they were issued bulletproof vests before boarding the "Playboy Special" with their MP escorts for an initial front-line foray. "I realize it was a question of safety before beauty," says Jo, "but I couldn't help feeling a little insecure. After seeing some of Saigon's Vietnamese beauties Lieutenant Price referred to in his letter and catching a glimpse of myself in combat gear, I was afraid the guys wouldn't

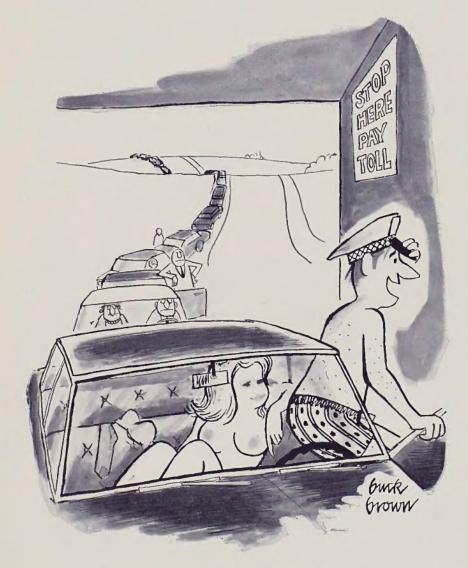
be nearly as homesick for an American girl once they had a basis for comparison." Flying low over enemy-infiltrated territory and encircled by three fully manned gun ships flying escort, the "Playboy Special" made its first stop at the 173rd Airborne Brigade Headquarters in Bien Hoa. Here, any fears our pretty Playmate might have harbored about her uniform appeal were summarily dispatched by the parade of smiling paratroopers waiting on the airstrip to greet her.

Most of the men of Company B were on jungle patrols during Jo's first visit to Bien Hoa, but the one man most responsible for her being in Vietnam—Lieutenant John Price—was present and accounted for at his unit's surgical ward. In spite of a severely wounded arm that will require several additional operations before it can be restored to full use, Lieutenant Price managed to muster

up enough energy to give his favorite Playmate a healthy hug or two when she showed up to deliver his company's Lifetime Subscription certificate and the latest issue of PLAYBOY. The lieutenant's initial reaction to seeing the Company B sweetheart standing there in the flesh was "Gosh, you're even prettier than your pictures." Flattered, Jo sealed her PLAYBOY delivery with a well-timed kiss, and consequently convinced the company medics that Price was well along the road to recovery by evoking his immediate request for a repeat engagement. In fact, his condition seemed so improved that the doctors waived hospital regulations for the day to allow him to accompany Jo to lunch at Camp Zenn-the Company B base camp on the outskirts of Bien Hoa.

After lunch, Jo put her best bedside manner to use as she paid a brief call on each of the men in Lieutenant Price's ward. "A few of the fellows asked me to help them finish a letter home, others wanted a light for their cigarette; but most of them just wanted to talk awhile with a girl from their own native land. A couple of times I was sure I would break down and bawl like a baby, but I managed to control myself until they brought in a badly wounded buddy who asked if he could see me before going into surgery. When I got to his side, he was bleeding heavily from both legs and I didn't know what to do or say to comfort him. Then he looked up at me with his best tough-guy grin and simply said, 'Hi, gorgeous.' After that, I lost all control and the old tears really flowed."

Before leaving Bien Hoa, Jo made additional bedside tours at the 93rd Medical Evacuation Hospital and the 3rd Surgical Hospital, where the doctors on duty decided to add some Playmate therapy to their own daily diet by piling into the nearest empty beds during her final rounds. Not until their day's tour had ended and their chopper was warming up for the flight back to Saigon did Jo and her companions suddenly realize how close to actual combat they'd been for the past several hours. "We were all ready to go and standing outside the Brigade Officers' Club when I first heard the sound of shots coming from fairly close by," explains Jo. "Then a few mortar shells went off, but it still didn't sink in how near the action we really were. I guess we'd all been too busy meeting wounded soldiers and talking to the men on the base to notice anything before. Then, right before our chopper lifted off, a series of flares went off and lit up everything for miles. I kept thinking how great it would have been if all those boys had been back home watching a Fourth of July celebra-



"Next time, miss, try to remember to have your toll fee . . ."

tion instead of out there in the jungle fighting for their very lives."

Wednesday, the group headed out toward some of the more crucial combat zones in the Saigon military theater. First on the day's itinerary was a stopover at Nu Ba Den, a strategic communications outpost under the command of Special Forces troops who had long since renamed their precarious hilltop position "Black Virgin Mountain." Rising some 3200 feet above the surrounding countryside and under continuous assault from Viet Cong guerrillas hidden in the densely wooded areas below, Black Virgin Mountain is defended by a small detachment of Special Forces personnel and the South Vietnamese regulars placed in their charge. But despite the precariousness of their position, these wearers of the famed Green Berets greeted the PLAYBOY group with a typical show of Special Forces readiness: crowning Io upon arrival with her own green beret, escorting her to various lookout points around the installation and serving as interpreters when Vietnamese soldiers asked to meet her.

From Black Virgin Mountain the "Playboy Special" flew its charges to the Special Forces encampment at Lay Ninth, whose boundaries encompass the majestic Cao Dai Temple-seat of the Cao Dai religion, which combines the teachings of Buddhism, Christianity and Confucianism. "The temple itself was right out of a fairy tale," remembers Jo. "But its presence right in the middle of a combat theater made everything about it that much more strikingly unusual. We entered barefooted and were met by a different world, full of ornate columns, uncaged white birds and young headshaven priests, while just outside men in uniform walked about with their guns always ready at their sides."

Another 85 miles over enemy lines brought the passengers of the "Playboy Special" to the village of Bu Dop, one of the most strategically critical military outposts in the entire Vietnam war zone. Located on the Cambodian border and protected by the 5th Special Forces Group, this vital base had, only three months earlier, been the scene of an ambush that cost the lives of all the men then assigned to its defense. "The Green Berets at Bu Dop went out of their way to try and maintain a relaxed air around us," To later said, "but you could still cut the tension with a knife. We were introduced to just about everyone there was to meet-from the group commander to most of his American and South Vietnamese guerrilla fighters-but it seemed as though none of them ever left his field position or took his eyes off the surrounding jungle. Some of the edge was taken off our nerves when the village chief and his two wives came by to welcome us, since they all projected the

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feeling of complete calm by nonchalantly walking about the community with nothing on from the waist up."

Whatever tranquilizing effect the sight of a Vietnamese village chieftain and his two topless ladies fair might have had on the threesome was short-lived, however, for the next stopover on their tour took them well outside the barbed-wire gates of Bu Dop and across the same jungle trail they had just been told was often swarming with Viet Cong. "Like most red-blooded female cowards," jokes the 20-year-old Playmate of the Year, "Joyce and I hit the panic button the minute we caught sight of all the bullet holes in the side of our truck. And we both swear we saw Larry's shutter finger shake through an entire roll of film, but he refuses to admit it." As it turned out, the purpose of this overland junket into the unknown was to let some of Jo's fighting South Vietnamese fans-stationed 15 minutes away in a small Montagnard hamlet-get a glimpse of their greenbereted glamor girl before she left.

The final item on Wednesday's agenda

was a flight to Vung Tau, a scenic coastal village on the Mekong Peninsula where American and South Vietnamese troops can enjoy a few days of muchneeded rest and rehabilitation before their next tour of duty in the interior. "At first," says Jo, "I was afraid to ask any of the fellows how they felt about going back into combat after having a chance to get away from it all. I figured they'd all like to forget about war and just lie on the beach there until everything got settled. It didn't take me long to find out otherwise. Many of our boys in Vietnam may only be 17- and 18year-olds who don't know much about world politics, but I came away from places like Vung Tau convinced that they know why they're there. Nobody's going to make them throw in the towel."

Jo's last day in Vietnam wound up being the busiest of all. With a gallant assist from Brigadier General Ellis W. Williamson-American Airborne Commander in Vietnam-she got a second chance to complete her mission as

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"And if you're never molested, you can use it to have a good cry."

planned when the front-line troops from Company B were called back to Bien Hoa for a 24-hour lifetime subscribers' leave and a long-awaited look at the Playmate of their choice. One by one, the combat-weary paratroopers filed off their choppers and hurried over for a hardearned hello from Jo-a few even produced crumpled-up copies of her December 1964 Playmate photo they'd been carrying in their helmet liners in hope of someday having them autographed. "When I saw all those happy faces running toward me from every direction, I knew we'd finally gotten our job done," she said.

One more trip to the front was on the agenda before Jo would be ready to head back to Saigon and a Hawaiibound jet. Landing in War Zone D, Jo was escorted to combat headquarters, where a grateful general was waiting to hand her a farewell memento of her short stay in Vietnam-a plaque upon which had been inscribed the words: "Know ye all men that, in recognition of the fact that Playmate Jo Collins traveled to the Republic of Vietnam to deliver a Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY magazine to sky soldiers of the 173rd Airborne Brigade and demonstrated exceptional courage by volunteering to travel into hostile areas to visit its men and in doing so exhibited the all-the-way spirit typical of true airborne troopers . . . I, Brigadier General Ellis W. Williamson, do appoint her an honorary Sky Soldier, done this 13th day of January, 1966."

The day after her Saigon departure, Jo received further praise from high places for the job she had done. Between visits in Honolulu to Tripler Army Hospital and Pearl Harbor, she was called on the phone by Ambassador Averill Harriman, who wished to express his and Secretary of State Dean Rusk's congratulations on all the good reports they'd heard concerning her morale-lifting mission. Needless to say, Jo was highly honored by the tributes of so dignified a brace of statesmen, but, as she put it, "The finest compliments I could ever receive have already been sent in the letters of over 200 fellows I was lucky enough to meet somewhere near Saigon."

It remained for the men of Company B to pay their Playmate postmistress the highest honor, however, by renaming their outfit "Playboy Company" and thus assuring Io that her presence south of the 17th Parallel would not be soon forgotten. When asked how she felt about becoming the official mascot for this troop of front-line sky soldiers, a jubilant Jo replied, "I've never been prouder." As the company's new namesake, PLAYBOY seconds that statement.



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#### PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 84)

will take the form of a war of exploitation against the "have-nots." Rather, it will go in the direction of trying to help the underdeveloped world and thereby prevent any alignment of poor versus rich.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the U.S. and U.S.S.R., as "have" nations, may be able to collaborate, rather than compete with each other, in aiding the underdeveloped world?

SCHLESINGER: Well, my guess would be that they will tend to work more and more together as time goes on-if only because both the U.S. and the Soviet Union are getting awfully weary of foreign-aid programs. It has become evident to both sides that foreign aid is not a quick means of attaching a country to one's own side in an indissoluble bond, that foreign aid takes a long time to work, that it is filled with frustration and, moreover, that when a recipient nation has a chance to play off the U.S. against the Soviet Union and vice versa, it becomes economically wasteful for the donor countries. So I think that if the Vietnam thing could be resolved, there might be reason, just through motives of mutual self-interest, for the U.S. and the Soviet Union to stop competing financially for the allegiance of countries in the third world and thus prevent them from playing one off against the other. There would be reason to work together, or at least to work along parallel lines, in dealing with the third world.

One of the great misfortunes of the 1950s was the planting in American minds of the notion that we were in a permanent, dogmatic cold war in which we had fixed friends and fixed foes, with everything working in a very mechanistic way. It's clear that history is much more unpredictable than dogmatists of either the right or the left imagine. There are some very interesting things going on now. Another potential way in which realignment might go would be for the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union to move off in one direction, while France and China move in another. France and China, as the rebels within each of the blocs, have a common interest. Both refused to sign the testban treaty, for example. De Gaulle always talks about rebuilding Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. That implies that he expects Russia to split, with the part from the Urals to the Pacific becoming a Chinese sphere of influence.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider this possible? SCHLESINGER: It seems unlikely, but we will probably witness changes of equal magnitude in the years ahead. De Gaulle thinks in extremely large terms.

PLAYBOY: Is De Gaulle, in your opinion, the great historic figure he believes him-202 self to be?

SCHLESINGER: Certainly not so great as that-but he is a great historical figure, unquestionably. If he had been killed in 1935, the history of post-War Europe might have been considerably different -perhaps for the better. But only De Gaulle could have brought about the liberation of Algeria without a civil war in France itself. And only De Gaulle could have given France its present capacity for making mischief. De Gaulle is mistaken in many ways, but he is clearly a great man with a very clear, consistent and rather lofty conception of the movement of history.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other great men on the world scene today, in your estimation?

SCHLESINGER: Well, Kennedy is dead. Nehru is dead. Nasser and Tito are considerable figures, but they have not had quite the stage on which to operate as have De Gaulle and, say, Mao Tse-tung. PLAYBOY: You include Kennedy in the list. Do you think he was a great President as well as a great man?

SCHLESINGER: Absolutely, yes. We need to measure his accomplishments as we would those of Roosevelt had he died in 1935, or Lincoln had he died a few months after the battle of Gettysburg. Kennedy changed the history of this country and of the world. The task of the next generation will be to carry forward the policies he initiated, to meet the problems he identified, to achieve the aims he set forth. The energies he released, the standards he set, the goals he established have reshaped American political life and are destined to dominate the politics of the next generation. PLAYBOY: What do you feel was his most important achievement?

SCHLESINGER: He transformed the image of the United States that was held by both Americans and the outside world. In the Fifties the impression was that we were a tired old nation, governed by old men and old ideas, committed to the status quo everywhere in the world, fearful of change. What he did was to show the world that the process of discovering America had not come to an end, that America was a young nation with strong new purposes and objectives. In a sense, he restored the mood of the early Republic.

More specifically, he reorganized the whole basis of American defense, and by diversifying our defense strategy, got us out of our intolerable and predominant commitment to nuclear weapons. He reorganized the foreign-aid program and transformed our whole policy toward the third world. He destroyed the notion of the Fifties that neutralism is immoral-that those who are not with us are against us-a notion that forced neutralists into the Communist camp. Kennedy redefined the issue as whether or

not you are for national independence, not whether you're for or against the United States. This shift gave the neutralists and ourselves a position on which we could unite in resistance to Communist expansion. This policy change had a tremendous effect in Africa and Latin America. I don't know whether our new policy toward Latin America will work or not, but it is the only policy that can. Another significant Kennedy achievement was the détente with Russia for which he worked during his whole Administration. This policy involved great risks, first in Berlin and then in the Cuban missile crisis, but finally it began to pay off with the test-ban treaty.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel were Kennedy's most important home-front achievements?

SCHLESINGER: There were two. First, he brought about an extraordinary revolution in our fiscal policy. The notion of planned deficits in a time of general prosperity, not during a depression, would have been shocking a few years ago, but is now commonly accepted-thanks to his initiative. And secondly, the civil rights revolution-which by 1963 he had placed himself at the head of. We could also say a lot of things about the quality of cultural life in America, which he helped to elevate not only by personal example but by fostering a closer relationship between government and the arts. It's a great misconception that Kennedy only "defined" and "inspired." He did that-and he did that in an enduring way-but still, in the very brief time that he had as President, he achieved a tremendous amount. Clearly, in both senses, he was one of our great Presidents.

PLAYBOY: What about Lyndon Johnson? Would you regard him as a great President?

SCHLESINGER: It's too early to tell. One can't venture any judgments until the end of an administration. Unquestionably, however, he has already proved himself to be a very considerable President.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that he lacks the personal charisma that Kennedy had. Do you feel that's true?

SCHLESINGER: It's like sex appeal in women. Some have it and some don't. Johnson may yet acquire it; he may not. It's a matter of personal chemistry. Presidents can be very effective Presidents without it. The shift from Kennedy to Johnson was not unlike that from Roosevelt to Truman, but the fact that Truman lacked some of the charismatic qualities that Roosevelt had didn't mean that Truman was not an extremely effective and able President.

PLAYBOY: Johnson has been described by his critics as a rather vain, willful and sometimes vindictive man. Are these characterizations accurate, in your opinion? SCHLESINGER: Well, he's a character larger



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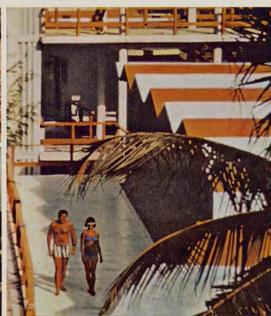
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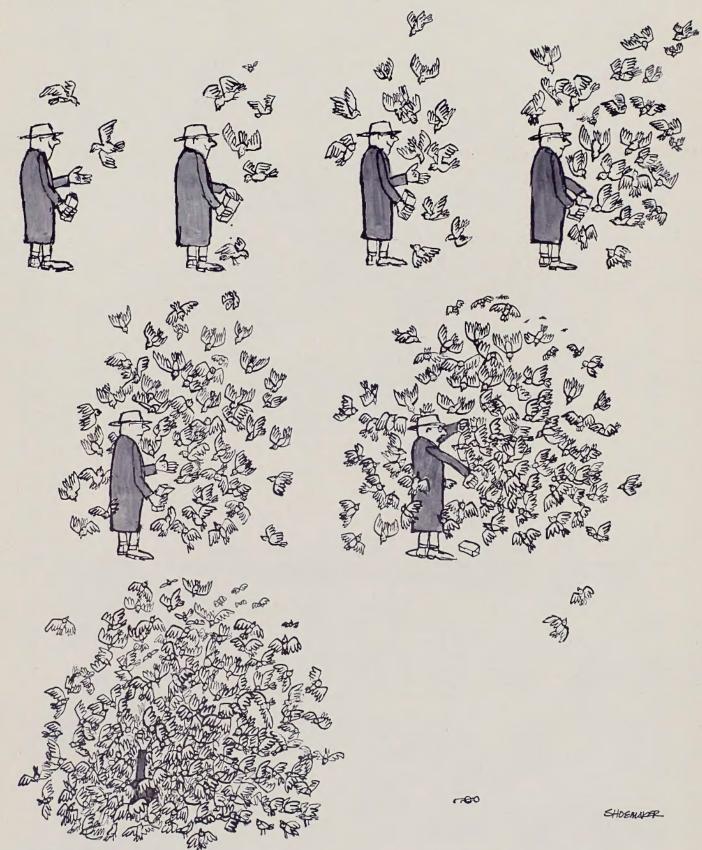












than life, and he has both the virtues and the defects of that.

PLAYBOY: What are the virtues?

SCHLESINGER: He understands that to be a great President you must do great things, and he is determined to do just that. He is a man of great power and persistence in achieving his purposes, and he is a man whose instincts both in domestic and in foreign policy are sound and generous.

PLAYBOY: And what are his defects? SCHLESINGER: His defects stem from his past experience, which has involved dealing more with domestic than foreign issues, and more with the reconciliation of various proposals than with the substance of the proposals themselves. Presidents like Roosevelt and Kennedy, who also were determined to do great things, had more of a sense of what those things should be. Johnson is less interested in, less possessed by, the substance of issues. PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Johnson is lacking in convictions?

SCHLESINGER: Oh, no. Johnson has very strong convictions of a consistent sort. Johnson's orientation is very clear. He cares deeply about equal rights for Negroes. He cares deeply about doing something for the poor. He cares deeply about peace in the world. These are very powerful and very genuine emotions, and they provide a very consistent orientation in his life and in his policy. But he has less of a natural instinct than Roosevelt or Kennedy would have had for the exact character of the program necessary to achieve these objectivesthough he's bound to develop more of

PLAYBOY: Yet Johnson has been more effective than Kennedy in getting his program enacted. Why?

SCHLESINGER: Johnson's legislative successes are, first of all, an expression of the size of Johnson's victory in 1964. If Johnson, rather than Kennedy, had been elected President in 1960 by a margin of 100,000 votes and in 1961 had sent in programs for Medicare and for Federal aid to education, he wouldn't have done any better than Kennedy did. If Johnson had been murdered in 1963 and Kennedy had taken over, and if in 1964 Kennedy had whipped Goldwater at the polls and then presented a program with this tremendous electoral victory behind him, he would be passing all these bills, and the pundits would be writing about Kennedy's magical skills with the Congress.

Second, these are programs that have been submitted, discussed and put through a long process of preparation. Medicare, for example, was first brought up in 1961. There were hearings; people got used to the idea; changes were made in the bill; the A. M. A. shot its ammunition; and people finally stopped worrying about it. The passage of something like that becomes inevitable after a time.

Johnson does have relations and resources in Congress that few Presidents have had, and he uses them with tremendous skill and effectiveness. But I think the success of his program-which is really an extension of the New Deal-is not the result of those talents. It's simply the result of fortuitous timing.

PLAYBOY: You said that Johnson's defects stemmed in part from his experience in domestic rather than foreign affairs. To what extent do you think the various military and diplomatic crises of the past two years are a reflection of his inexperience in this field?

SCHLESINGER: It's hard to say. Obviously, his whole training and experience, as the former Senate Majority Leader, was much more in domestic than foreign affairs, The Dominican thing, for example, in the first few weeks, was a mistake. The situation there was largely retrieved in subsequent weeks, but we don't know yet whether he has learned as much from that as Kennedy learned from the Bay of Pigs. The great thing that Kennedy did during the Cuban missile crisis, after his earlier Cuban blunder, was to be very precise in the use of power. He used just enough to achieve the results he wanted. The person who fully understands power is precise in his use of it. What was frightening about the Dominican crisis was Johnson's lack of precision in the use of power. By sending in all those Marines, he overreacted-and that understandably worries the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we were wrong to have intervened as we did?

SCHLESINGER: I don't exclude the possibility of intervention to save the lives of American citizens-but we didn't need 30,000 Marines to do that. If you look at the long history of Latin-American revolutions, you'll find that practically never have any American citizens been injured in them.

PLAYBOY: The reason subsequently given by the White House for sending in so many troops was to forestall a Communist coup d'état.

SCHLESINGER: If there had been evidence that it was a Communist take-over attempt, the evidence would have been persuasive enough to get a number of other Latin-American nations to act with us-so it wouldn't have had to be a unilateral intervention. But there never was convincing evidence, in my judgment -or, apparently, in that of the Latin-American nations at the time-that it was a Communist revolution. If I had believed it was, I would have supported intervention.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, did we react the way we did?

SCHLESINGER: I think we did it partly on the basis of information that turned out to be wrong.

PLAYBOY: Information from whom?

SCHLESINGER: Our embassy in Santo Domingo.

PLAYBOY: How could they have been so misinformed?

SCHLESINGER: The atmosphere was probably scary, and our officials at the embassy probably had limited contacts with the local people. The people they did have contact with either panicked or had interests of their own that they wished to serve. In any event, the "information"a lot of stuff about Communists taking over and people being beheaded and all that kind of thing-was passed on to Washington, where it was uncritically accepted, and this led, I think, to some significant miscalculations. We can only hope that Johnson will profit from this mistake as Kennedy did from his.

PLAYBOY: In the 1964 campaign, many liberals strongly supported Johnson's opposition to Goldwater's call for a step-up of the war in Vietnam. Some of these liberals now charge that in escalating the war, Johnson has adopted the Goldwater foreign policy. Do you feel this is true?

SCHLESINGER: These people underestimate the extent to which the choices have narrowed. I'm not in agreement with everything Johnson has done in Vietnam, but it's a damn difficult and complicated problem, and I have no doubt that he would like nothing more than a resolution of the war and a departure of the Americans. He is doing his best, and I don't think he is at all adopting a Goldwater, or radical right, policy

PLAYBOY: You wrote in 1962 that "the radical right lacks a major calamity to drive masses of people to angry despair." Do you think there is a possibility that the Vietnam war may escalate into such a calamity?

SCHLESINGER: Yes, if we begin to have casualty lists the size of those during the Korean War, it might well. We might find ourselves confronted with the same kind of emotional climate we faced during the Korean War. The war enabled Senator McCarthy to make contact with large numbers of Americans at home who found it difficult to understand why Communists were being permitted freedom in the United States while other Communists were killing Americans in Korea. If our involvement in Vietnam were to continue for, say, three or four more years, with an increasing toll of American lives, it's possible that a new McCarthy could exploit the idea not only that Communists were killing American boys in Asia, walking the streets in America and agitating in the universities, but also that the United States was not using her full power to end the war in Asia. It could be a very troubling situation.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone on the political right today, in your opinion, who looms as a possible new McCarthy?

SCHLESINGER: I see no one. But who in 1949 would have predicted Joe McCarthy? PLAYBOY: Do you consider the radical 205





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right as great a threat in the U.S. today as it was then?

SCHLESINGER: No. I would say that the radical right had far more power during McCarthy's reign than it does now. Through the brilliance and unscrupulousness of his demagoguery, and because of the weakness and complacency of the Republican Administration, Mc-Carthy had considerable power to affect our foreign policy, to affect our reputation in the world, and to affect the workings of the United States Government. In many localities, the radical right still retains the power to terrorize teachers, librarians and newspapermen, but it's no longer a national political threatnot since the Goldwater debacle. No national political party is going to nominate another right-wing candidate for a long time.

PLAYBOY: There's been some talk of the right wing dropping out of the G. O. P. and regrouping as a third party. Do you think that's likely?

SCHLESINGER: Not very. The extreme right consists of a collection of people all of whom represent what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "the lunatic fringe." And each of them is so convinced that his own policy, and his own program, is the right one, that it would be difficult to imagine them getting together even for a convention, let alone agreeing on a candidate. So I wouldn't lose any sleep over the prospect of a unified right-wing movement—in or outside the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: Before World War Two, the extreme right was identified with isolationism. Yet today the "conservatives" call for a militant anti-Communist stance in the international arena. Has the right wing abandoned isolationism?

SCHLESINGER: Isolationism is taking different forms. The isolationist emotions are not dead, but right-wing isolationism now tends to mean unilateral action by the U.S., isolation from our allies or from our international commitments.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that an isolationism of the *left* may be developing—particularly on campuses, where student-protest movements are calling for U.S. withdrawal not only from Vietnam but from all overseas military commitments?

SCHLESINGER: My impression is that the left in the colleges doesn't have much political doctrine of any sort. It's an emotional thing. There's a kind of understandable emotional feeling about Vietnam on the part of the young men who would have to fight the war: They don't want to fight it. But this is hardly a considered philosophy of isolationism. PLAYBOY: How do you think the law should deal with students who advocate draft dodging or burn their draft cards as a protest against the war in Vietnam? Should they be fined, jailed—or perhaps

drafted and sent to the front, as some have suggested?

SCHLESINGER: In my judgment, anyone who urges draft dodging, or who otherwise violates Federal law, should expect to be proceeded against. But he should be prosecuted directly for that violation and not indirectly through drafting. I would consider joining the Army an honorable act, not a punishment; so unless there is some sinister plot to fill the Army with groups of disaffected people. I see no merit in the notion that people who protest against the Vietnamese war should be drafted.

PLAYBOY: Almost 20 years ago, in *The Vital Center*, you wrote: "A Thoreau or a Gandhi, who has gone through intense moral ordeals, has earned the most profound moral respect. But it is a far cry from Thoreau and Gandhi to the ineffectual escapists who in their name engage in such practices as conscientious objection in time of war." Do you feel the same way today about college students who seek to avoid military service in Vietnam by registering as conscientious objectors?

SCHLESINGER: My point about conscientious objection-and perhaps I was unnecessarily harsh in the way I phrased it -was directed at conscientious objectors who feel that they should not be penalized. As a matter of fact, however, most conscientious objectors are penalized and take their punishment. So I regret my severity on that point. If people engage in civil disobedience, they should be willing to go to prison, as Thoreau did. In other words, they should be willing to pay the price. They certainly have no right to break the law and then complain about being arrested. The civil rights people who disobey the law don't complain; as a matter of fact, they go quite joyfully to prison. They expect to pay the penalty, whatever that penalty may be, even though they may consider the law an unjust law-even though the law may, in fact, be a bad law.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that such acts of civil disobedience are morally justifiable? SCHLESINGER: If, in the tactics of a given situation, defying a bad law and going to prison is going to help get rid of that law, yes—their actions can be defended as tactics.

PLAYBOY: How about sitting down in the middle of the street to block traffic, marching without a permit, or stalling cars on the Triborough Bridge in an effort to block attendance at the New York World's Fair? Are these defensible tactics? SCHLESINGER: Well, stalling cars to block traffic going to the World's Fair isn't a very sensible tactic.

PLAYBOY: In the forefront of those who have participated in such demonstrations, along with the various civil rights groups, have been a number of student-protest organizations. If their only aim,

as you seemed to be implying a few minutes ago, is to avoid the draft in the name of pacifism, how do you account for their militant involvement in the

civil rights struggle?

SCHLESINGER: I didn't mean to imply that draft avoidance is their only purpose. Obviously, a lot of the student agitation has to do with civil rights, which is an extremely legitimate issue. I think the more students involved in that, the better. Beyond civil rights, however, it's hard to know what else they really want. PLAYBOY: One of the professed purposes of the student demonstrations in Berkeley was academic freedom.

SCHLESINGER: Contrary to what the students said-or perhaps even believedthe cause of the Berkeley riots was not. really the cause of academic freedom. It was the oppressive anonymity of a factory university that has 25,000 students who never see their professors except through a telescope. The students have no sense of taking part in an educational process. There is a great deal of free-floating resentment in a situation like that, and it fastens onto one thing or another; it seeks issues on which to protest against the sense of rejection. The reason the protest was so vehement is that students today are brighter than ever before; they are therefore more articulate -and more resentful.

PLAYBOY: Ten years ago some liberals complained that American youth was too passive, too conservative, too conformist, too materialistic. Today, with students rioting, participating in sit-ins, walk-ins, lie-ins and teach-ins, many of the same critics are complaining that they've become too militant, too radical, too nonconformist, too idealistic. How do you feel?

SCHLESINGER: Well, I haven't been connected with a university for five years, but in general, I'm more in favor of ferment than quiescence on the campus.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that the teachins in which many professors have attacked U.S. policy in Vietnam are a responsible exercise of their right to free speech?

SCHLESINGER: The only teach-in that I took part in was all right. There are good teach-ins and bad teach-ins. An irresponsible teach-in would be one that represented only one viewpoint.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the National Review that in the teach-ins "no more than a small minority of teachers and students made all the noise"?

SCHLESINGER: My impression is that there is a great deal of honest perplexity among many thinking people about our policy in Vietnam. I haven't run into the kind of wild hysteria about it that apparently was expressed in some of the teach-ins.

PLAYBOY: Political commentator Irving



"Did you ever figure it might be hereditary?"

Howe wrote recently in Dissent that the "new left" is characterized by "a vicarious indulgence in violence, often merely theoretic and thereby all the more irresponsible." Do you think he has a point? SCHLESINGER: I'm afraid I do.

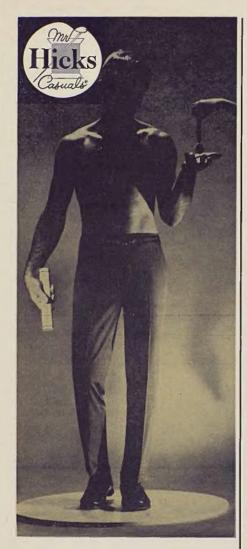
PLAYBOY: With riots erupting on campuses and in Negro ghettos, Ku Klux Klan killings mounting in the South and the national crime rate reportedly on the rise, do you sense what one sociologist has called a new climate of violence in the country?

SCHLESINGER: To what extent this represents a real increase in violence and criminality and to what extent it represents an increase in the reporting of crime is disputed by sociologists, but I do have the feeling that even at the bottom of the Depression, when people were starving, there wasn't this kind of insensate violence. You didn't have kids finding some old tramp and kicking him to death. I have the impression that there is more of that going on these days.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for it?

SCHLESINGER: Well, violence has been an ancient theme in American life. Violence was inseparable from life on the frontier, and we now have a kind of urban violence based on, among other things, the sense of alienation and aimlessness in life. When one reflects that half a dozen Presidents in this century have been targets of assassination attempts, the notion that we have been a great, virtuous country of law and order is hard to sustain. But I don't think this is solely an American phenomenon. We're in the midst of a universal revolt of youth. This is obviously true in England, with the Mods and the Rockers. It's obviously true in the Soviet Union, and there have been recent reports of unrest among the young in China. I think this kind of rebellion may be a phenomenon of urban and industrial society at a certain point in its development.

PLAYBOY: To return to student protest for a moment: Do you think the scope and vehemence of the campus demonstrations against the war in Vietnam 207



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have been or are likely to be heeded by President Johnson?

SCHLESINGER: Well, he's certainly not going to heed any naïve admonitions for unilateral U. S. withdrawal and abandonment of South Vietnam to unconditional "self-determination." But by the time most of the teach-ins and student demonstrations had taken place, the President had already declared his support of negotiation and thus to some degree cut the ground from under them.

PLAYBOY: To what degree is it possible for intellectuals such as yourself, who have had the opportunity to counsel the President directly and officially, to influence Government policy?

SCHLESINGER: Quite a bit, if they have relevant and sensible suggestions, and if the Government is one that feels things must be changed rather than kept the way they are. Liberal Government is dependent on intellectuals for ideas and programs and policies; status quo Government finds intellectuals a nuisance and a threat; so during conservative administrations, intellectual influence is nil. PLAYBOY: Is there any justification for the Republican accusation that President Kennedy relied too much on the expertise of intellectuals?

**SCHLESINGER:** The great mistakes of the Kennedy Administration, like the Bay of Pigs invasion, were all due to *underreliance* on intellectuals—and *overreliance* on the established bureaucracy.

PLAYBOY: Some commentators have said that Kennedy's use of intellectuals, in his campaign and in his Administration, was merely an effort to establish his liberal credentials in order to attract the support of the intellectual community.

SCHLESINGER: That's nonsense. Kennedy, like Roosevelt, like any President who feels that things must be changed, knew that to accomplish changes he had to have fresh ideas and programs, and that the intellectual community was a likely place to find them. Moreover, my impression was that Kennedy personally liked the world of ideas, as Roosevelt did. It stimulated him; he found it agreeable.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize the intellectual style of the Johnson Administration?

schlesinger: President Johnson recognizes the value of intellectuals, wants to use them, wants to enlist them, but lacks the natural rapport with intellectuals that Kennedy had. He may also have something of a mistrust of Eastern intellectuals. It's like the shift from Roosevelt to Truman. Roosevelt and Kennedy were Easterners; they felt at home with Easterners. Truman is a Midwesterner from a border state; Johnson's a Southwesterner, and both feel more at home with other kinds of people.

PLAYBOY: There have been numerous articles lately about intellectual disenchant-



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ment with Johnson. To what degree do you think this has been inspired by his nonintellectual Southwestern style?

SCHLESINGER: Well, I don't think very much, because the contrast between Kennedy and Johnson is, again, no greater than between Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. Truman was a very popular figure among many of the liberals who are now somewhat reserved about Johnson; and Truman had his accent and idiosyncrasies, his homely qualities-so I don't think Johnson's manner is the critical factor. As a matter of fact, some liberals were quite prepared to like Johnson better than Kennedy. There was a time when you felt an undercurrent of that sort because they thought Kennedy was too much like themselves to be a really good President.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that they regarded him as a thinker rather than a doer? SCHLESINGER: Some intellectuals are awfully naïve about power. Since they can't see themselves in positions of power, they assume that those who exercise power must be very different from themselves, and I think they saw in Johnson the kind of man who could exercise power. If you look at the liberal comment in the first year of the Johnson Administration, there was a certain amount of respect for, and a great deal of acceptance of, the Johnson personality. No, I think it's Johnson's foreign policy, not Johnson's manner, that has caused the disaffection.

PLAYBOY: Is either the reason you chose to resign your White House post and return to academic life?

SCHLESINGER: No. I went to Washington not because I enjoyed working for the Government, but because I wanted to work for President Kennedy. My usefulness was really in a personal relationship with President Kennedy. On the whole, I prefer to be my own master.

PLAYBOY: Life's serialization of your book on Kennedy has drawn not only praise but sharp criticism for sensationalism, tastelessness and breach of confidence. Is any of this justified, in your opinion?

**SCHLESINGER:** The uproar was out of proportion. Now that the book is out, people will be able to make a judgment on the basis of the book itself rather than on the excerpts *Life* published.

**PLAYBOY**: Do you accept responsibility for what appeared in *Life*?

SCHLESINGER: Of course. I wasn't rejecting responsibility for it. I was asking people to wait for the full evidence before they reach drastic conclusions.

PLAYBOY: Has the book's negative reception in some quarters given you second thoughts about the wisdom of including the controversial disclosures you made in it?

SCHLESINGER: My only second thought is about the wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh's remark in his History of the

World. He said that the historian should pursue truth, although this is a very dangerous thing to do, and that "whosoever, in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth."

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics have questioned the propriety of your reporting confidential White House discussions in the book—particularly those in which President Kennedy expressed his dissatisfaction with Dean Rusk as Secretary of State, and confided his decision to replace him after the '64 elections. In the aftermath of these revelations, it was suggested by several Congressmen that there should be a moratorium on publication of inside reports on still-active participants in the making of high Government policy. We assume you don't agree.

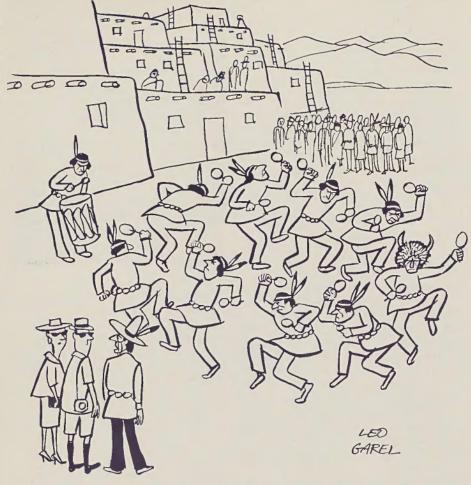
SCHLESINGER: That all depends. Obviously, anything that affects national security or the national interest should be withheld. But for the rest, in the first place, the people in a democracy have a right to know these things. And in the second place, from the point of view of the historian, it's much better that accounts of this sort be published when the partici-

pants are alive so that they have a chance to set forth their own version. This enriches the record. The notion that it would be much better to write these things and then lock them into a safe until everyone is dead means that there is no opportunity for correction and amendment. I don't know how these Congressmen suppose history is written, but it's only written because the participants make a record; if they didn't, there would be no history. If the participants didn't make records of sorts, how would anyone ever know how decisions were made?

PLAYBOY: President Kennedy himself once criticized Emmett Hughes for writing an unflattering insider's account of the Eisenhower Administration after serving on Eisenhower's staff. Do you feel that Hughes was justified?

SCHLESINGER: Kennedy's criticism of Emmett Hughes wasn't based on the fact that he had written an inside account, but rather that Hughes had a special relationship with the President and had used his "inside" position to denigrate Eisenhower. President Kennedy felt that this was a betrayal of a personal relation-





"No, we're trying to divert fallout."

ship. Kennedy assumed that Eisenhower knew Emmett Hughes was a writer and that Eisenhower was willing to run the risk. The thing that offended Kennedy was the fact that Hughes used this opportunity, in effect, to destroy Eisenhower. PLAYBOY: By 1968, eight years will have passed since Eisenhower-our only Republican President since 1933-left office. In the last election, the Republican candidate was defeated by the secondgreatest plurality in American history. And registered Republicans are currently outnumbered two to one by Democrats. How long do you think this political onesidedness is going to last?

SCHLESINGER: Until the Republicans come up with leaders and ideas that are going to make sense to anybody.

PLAYBOY: Is it good for the country to have what has been called "a one-and-ahalf-party system"?

SCHLESINGER: It all depends on what the Government does. If the Government has good policies, it's good for the country.

PLAYBOY: Is there any danger, as some pundits predict, that the Republican Party might wither away?

210 SCHLESINGER: If there is, it's the fault of

the Republicans. If they can't win enough votes, they deserve to go the way the old Whigs and the Federalists went. Some other party that has a better sense of what the country needs will rise to take its place, and that will be all to the good.

PLAYBOY: You sound slightly partisan. SCHLESINGER: Not slightly. I'm not going to shed too many tears over the

difficulties that the Republican Party may now find itself in. When parties reach a dead end, they either develop a new program or they're replaced. Or history shunts them aside and they linger on as insignificant cults.

PLAYBOY: It has been suggested that Democrats should support a move to rebuild the G.O.P. around new leaders. SCHLESINGER: Why?

PLAYBOY: Presumably, for the sake of having a viable opposition.

SCHLESINGER: So long as a liberal Administration is doing a good job, it isn't the liberals' responsibility to make it harder for them to do that job.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any men on the national scene who might emerge as effective leaders of a revitalized Republican Party?

SCHLESINGER: A few years ago I would have thought Rockefeller might have been able to do it, but he's passed his time. There are some admirable Republicans in the Senate, however-notably John Sherman Cooper and Tommy Kuchel, who are both men of great ability and wisdom. And John Lindsay is obviously

a very promising figure. PLAYBOY: With the G.O.P. centered on a man like Lindsay-who is widely regarded as ideologically indistinguishable from many liberal Democrats-some commentators feel that the electorate would have a choice between what Barry Goldwater has called "Tweedledum and Tweedledee." Do you think they're right? SCHLESINGER: No, I think that there would be plenty for Lindsay and Lyndon Johnson to disagree about. But the disagreements would relate to the real problems of the country for a change. There is no point in debating such fantasies as "total victory" and "states' rights" just to have an argument. To maintain differences merely for the sake of difference would be wholly artificial. PLAYBOY: According to some Washington columnists, a few very real differences of opinion are beginning to appear within the Democratic Party itself. Allan Keller recently reported in the New York World-Telegram that "the whole Kennedy clan is even now engaged in a sort of guerrilla war against the Johnson Administration."

SCHLESINGER: I don't think that's so. It was, after all, Senator Edward Kennedy who recently managed the Administration's immigration bill. The relationship between the liberal Senators and the liberal Administration is mixed. Some Senators wish the Administration would go a little faster, but I would say the relationship between the Kennedys and the Johnson White House is not unlike the relationship between Hubert Humphrey and the Kennedy White House: friendly, but now and then wondering why the Administration doesn't do more. But there is certainly no guerrilla warfare or anything like that.

PLAYBOY: You have written about the distinction between "quantitative liberalism" and "qualitative liberalism." Is this what divides Johnson from the Kennedys in Washington?

SCHLESINGER: No. Quantitative liberalism has to do with supplying the stark necessities of life-a job, a roof over your head, meals, clothes and that sort of thing. Qualitative liberalism has to do with the kind of life people live, the capacity for self-fulfillment in society. Programs for natural beauty, aid to education, civil rights and Government support for the arts are all part of what I would call qualitative liberalism. Both the New Frontier and the Great Society have done a good many things to improve the quality of American life—and of American lives.

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you think it should be the function of Government to concern itself with the quality of life? In the opinion of some conservatives, this puts the Government in a position to "meddle" in matters of personal belief, taste and conviction and all the other areas of private concern that they consider to be outside the province of Federal control.

SCHLESINGER: I agree with John Quincy Adams, when he said, in his first address to Congress, that the duty of Government is the moral and intellectual improvement of the citizens.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any validity in conservative complaints that "big government" is stifling individual rights?

SCHLESINGER: If you look at the record of the last half century, you'll find that the only freedoms destroyed by an increase in national authority have been the freedom to hire little girls to work ten hours a day in mills and sweatshops, and the freedom to market fraudulent securities, and the freedom to deny equal opportunity to people of another color—things that our country is much better off without.

PLAYBOY: Do you disagree, then, with the Jefferson maxim: That government is best which governs least?

SCHLESINGER: In his day, that was fine. But we're not *in* his day anymore. The fact is that "big government" in modern America is the only way to protect the rights and enhance the welfare of the multiplying millions of individuals whom it represents.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

SCHLESINGER: Well, only the national Government can carry forth the fight for civil rights; if it hadn't been for the national Government, we would have made very little progress. Only the national Government can protect and develop our natural resources and do what is necessary to save our rivers and lakes and forests and wilderness. Only the national Government can produce and provide the revenues for the expansion and improvement of our educational system. Only the national Government can be responsible for maintaining the high level of business activity and fostering economic growth. I would even say that only the national Government can provide the means of assistance to make our megalopolitan cities livable. Most of our primary problems are national problems, and it is only the national Government that can really do anything effective about them. PLAYBOY: In last year's State of the Union Address, President Johnson proposed long-range Federal programs in all of the areas you mention. Yet this farreaching blueprint for social progress and reform was received with misgivings even by many liberals, according to some commentators. In the Washington Star, Frank Getlein wrote recently: "Liberal thinkers . . . wander the gleaming aisles of the Lyndon Johnson supermarket and know in their hearts that this isn't quite the way they thought it ought to be. . . . The liberal in success is like the antipolio organization in success. They need a new disease in a hurry or they'll be out of business." Is there any truth to this, in your opinion?

SCHLESINGER: No. This implies that all of our problems are solved. As long as you have segregated schools, riots in Watts and poverty in Appalachia, there will be more that can be done. When people complained that the unemployment benefits in England were destroying all incentive in life, Winston Churchill used to say that even with unemployment benefits, there will still be enough grindstone in life to keep people keen. Well. even with all the wonder drugs and supermarkets, there is still plenty of grindstone in American life. So I'm not worried. Liberalism will continue in the future. as in the past, to try to strengthen individual freedom and opportunity in this country and to make this a decent and civilized society. I don't think that we'll ever achieve this, but it's the process that is valuable.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think we'll never achieve it?

SCHLESINGER: Well, I'm just not a believer in the perfectibility of man or of human institutions. Obviously, the abolition of slavery was a very good thing, but it's awfully hard to see any steady and irresistible drive toward perfection, or even progress, in a century of genocide, napalm bombing and nuclear warfare. I don't think we can claim that the 20th Century is more civilized than the 19th was; indeed, the 20th has committed much worse crimes against humanity. So I don't find the concept of inevitable progress very meaningful. We have progressed in some things; but we have retrogressed in others. I think there are many things we can do to make this a more humane society, however. We've already done a good many of them. But given the imperfections of man, there will always be many more things left to do than have already been done. It is the struggle to do them that is likely to be the enduring benefit, rather than a notion that someday the struggle will come to an end and we will all be in

PLAYBOY: Do you think the struggle will be successful?

SCHLESINGER: One can always hope.
PLAYBOY: Are you ducking a judgment?
SCHLESINGER: Yes, I am. But then, historians ought to stay out of the future.





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#### Brava Costas!

(continued from page 100)

The best paella in the world is in Spain; the best paella in Spain is in Valencia; and the best paella in Valencia is served at the Real Club Náutico in the port area. Almost as good a restaurant, and rather more colorful, is Marcelina on the beach at Playa de Levante. Both restaurants are slightly out of town, and if you are uncertain of your direction, park your car and take a taxi. You are advised, however, to savor your food here and now, because farther south the weather will be getting too hot for heavy trencherman work. You will notice that the food has been changing gradually as you motor south, from the near-French cuisine of Barcelona and points north to the strictly Spanish paella of Valencia; and it will continue to change, until in the south you come to the home of the cold gazpacho soup of Andalusia, with its base of raw tomatoes, green peppers and oil.

The Costa Blanca stretches a little over 100 miles from Valencia to Alicante, with principal resorts at Benidorm, Calpe, Altea and Punta de Moraira. This is also German country, not quite so gross as in Calella, but enough that the menus are in German and dining rooms are over-flowing at 8:30 with men in *Lederhosen* and portly *Hausfrauen* in picture hats.

Benidorm, like Calella, throngs with German girls; but because it is so much farther south than Barcelona, you'll encounter less competition from vacationing Spanish men. The German girls, like their Anglo-Saxon cousins up in Tossa de Mar, are eager to make friends. Many enjoy practicing their English and they are easy to meet.

Start with drinks at either the Piano Bar or the Toni Bar, both colorful and reasonably cosmopolitan. Because the chefs of Benidorm have had to unlearn much in cultivating the knack of *Knackwurst* and *Sauerbraten*, most of the tourist restaurants should be avoided. You are always safe in ordering fish and seafood, which Spaniards usually cook well, and fortunately Benidorm has one of the best seafood restaurants on the Costas, El Hogar del Pescador, For dancing and atmosphere there are El Burro, the Club Europa and El Pirata.

But because German girls seem to find

it even easier to say yes than English girls, a certain warning is appropriate here, as elsewhere along the coast. While bikinis have long been tolerated-on foreigners-any plan to remove one for a nude dip at midnight should be carried out with the utmost discretion. There are few experiences more unsettling than to find yourself being watched flagrante delicto by a Guardia Civil, standing motionless and silent, a shadow among shadows. Also, if you return to her hotel, be sure to get out before morning. Spanish hotel maids start work early. They are endlessly curious, and their righteousness in the presence of alien misdemeanor is towering. Outraged, they call the concierge, who calls the desk clerk, who calls the manager, and they all close in on the den of iniquity, behaving the way you think Latins always behave, but usually don't. Not even the most tempting Teuton is worth such an assault on one's dignity and amour-propre.

Set aside one night for digging one of the most exciting local products. Drive to nearby Alicante, to La Taberna del Castillo, a club that has been fashioned from part of the old castle. The main attraction is an evening filled with wildly abandoned flamenco dancing. For daytime activities there are skindiving and water skiing. Frequent sailing races can be watched from the shore. Or you can browse among the excellent antique shops. Benidorm is also bull country. You can even learn to fight a bull yourself. There's a bullfighting school for tourists and, with progress, you can get into the ring to practice on young cows -which is tougher than it sounds. A less athletic afternoon can be enjoyed by driving up into the mountains of Guadalest for a picnic, or to stroll through old, winding streets such as the Calle de Virgen and see the Moorish ruins.

The Little Germany of the Costa Blanca, then, is not to be lightly dismissed; but the veteran of the coast will not dally too long—not if he seeks quality to add to the quantity. He will bid auf Wiedersehen and head south, fast, where the real Spanish action begins again. An early-rising driver could make Málaga, gateway to the Costa del Sol, in a day, but early rising is just what you are not likely to be contemplating on this holiday, and Málaga is 300 coast-line miles of undulating mountain roads away.

Instead, you would be better advised to enjoy a last leisurely breakfast in Benidorm, and then stop for luncheon at Puerto Lumbreras, 100 miles south of Alicante. When you arrive, ask for the parador. Parador is a generic name given to government-owned tourist inns set up all over Spain for travelers. For



"The most dedicated men in medicine are gynecologists.

All they talk about is their work."

food, cleanliness and smiling service, they are far superior to much of the roadside commercial competition. Or if you don't wish to linger too long over a Spanish lunch, all towns have *merenderos*, which are not really snack bars and not really quick-lunch counters, but places where a Spaniard likes to leisurely enjoy a sandwich or ice cream between meals.

From Puerto Lumbreras you can head over the spectacular Sierra Nevada to Granada, and make a tour of the Alhambra, one of the world's most glorious buildings, or else follow the rather inferior coast road to Almería. Either way, you should stop overnight before moving on to Torremolinos.

Torremolinos is a hot, unlovely resort in which speculative building has all but obliterated the pretty fishing village it was a few years ago. There is nothing about its first appearance to give you any idea of what it really is: the wildest, most cosmopolitan holiday community in Spain, at once the *enfant terrible* of the Spanish tourist business and the watering place of the most knowledgeable fun-seekers in Europe and America.

Check in at one of the proliferating new "luxury" hotels, or at the Tropicana, which is older and less unfinished. After the long drive, and in view of what lies ahead, it would be a good idea to rest up until eight. Then shower and put on your most degage Spanish sports clothes and make for Pedro's in the central plaza. Pedro's is the nûmero uno rendezvous of all the Costas. It's "home" to movie stars and smugglers, heiresses and the disinherited, the eccentrics and the ephemera of five continents. Despite its name, Pedro's is run by an American, Peter Kent, a former Madison Avenue buckster.

Never will you have seen such a massed gathering of sheer beauty, of golden tans, of sun-bleached hair, of defiant navels below short boleros, or heard such a proliferation of accents, ranging from New York through Mayfair to Paris, Hamburg and points north. You will have found what you have been seeking over these sometimes grueling 800 miles. This is what a prospector searching for El Dorado would call pay dirt. As soon as you can break through the sights and sounds that blanket you on entering, order a drink and make it a dry martini. If you have been wise, this will probably be the first time you have had one since S'Agaró. You will notice that it is as impeccably mixed as any in America, a feat beyond most Costa bartenders. Then move over to the candlelit patio for dinner. The menu will give a delightfully eerie feeling of dėjà vu. After all that yellow rice, paella, fish, seafood and uncertain Spanish meat that you have been living on since S'Agaró, you will

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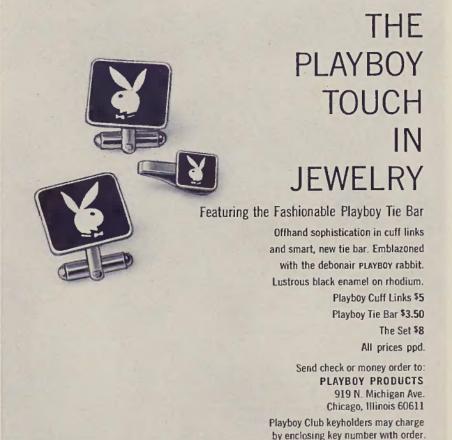


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find yourself ordering, incredulously, barbecued steak, baked potato, roquefort salad and hot garlic bread, washed down with beakers of aromatic red wine. The cost, if you have struck up acquaintance with a distaff Pedrophile quickly enough to make it dinner for two, should not exceed seven dollars.

In contrast to the surging internationalism of Pedro's, you can dine at two places that are so insularly French as to make you wonder dizzily if you have not taken a wrong turn and arrived on the Côte d'Azur rather than the Costa del Sol. One is the dining room of the Tropicana hotel, and the other, Chez Lucien. No Frenchman considers that anyone other than a Frenchman can even boil water, and so it is inevitable that, when in Torremolinos, all Gaul divides itself between the two restaurants that are as genuinely French as Pedro's is American.

For a change of diet—and decor—try La Penca, a fine Spanish restaurant, or Miguel's. The Delfin, another native café, is situated in a romantic setting some 20 minutes' drive from town.

At midnight a dozen night clubs and discothèques offer themselves. Two of the liveliest-El Dorado and El Mañanaare in the center of town. But if your companion is a Torremolinos regular, whisk her out of the village to the rather more urbane atmosphere of the Tres Carabelas night club, about two miles away. There is a reason for this abduction. Only in this way can you be sure of keeping her to yourself. In the heart of Torremolinos, everybody knows everybody, and some old friend is always arriving from London or New York, or some mysterious smuggling venture out of Gibraltar. Delighted exclamations of greeting rend the night air, and companions can be lost as quickly as they are acquired. At Tres Carabelas you can dance the whole night away, watch a superb display of Andalusian flamenco dancing, drink as much hard liquor as a gentleman should be able to hold, and still have change from a ten-dollar bill.

If you drink Scotch, however, insist on brand names. The bartenders are not beyond passing you a Spanish whiskey called Dyk, which is quite light and pleasant, like Japanese whiskey, until the next morning, when you sit up in bed—and *zonk!* Spanish brandy, on the other hand, is recommended, but stick to the finer brands such as Carlos Primero or black label 103.

Next morning—or, more likely, early afternoon—as you begin to come around, it may well be that something is nibbling at your conscience. What happened to your Mediterranean tan, one of the principal items you intended to take back to the States? A little water

skiing with a Fräulein back in Benidorm has been almost your only exposure to the sun so far. Have patience. An hour or two each afternoon spent lounging and beachcombing from pool to pool will bronze you quickly. The sea water is great for swimming, but since the Mediterranean is tideless, there are no waves -which can be rather dull. But it is pleasant, after stepping out of the water, to stop off at the stall of a beach vendor for a snack-a fresh sardine or two cooked on a skewer and a glass of sangria. The Spaniards make a point of never swimming before the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist on June 24 nor after the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary on September 8, but most Anglo-Saxons find the swimming comfortable as late as November.

The Mediterranean coast is not really great fishing country, but almost any-place where there are fishing ports you can enjoy an unusual fishing experience. You might prevail upon the proprietor of some waterfront seafood restaurant to ask the local fishermen to take you out with them when they sail after their dawn catch. You'll find it an excellent way to clear your head after a day and night of welkin-ringing. By nine c'clock, glowing with health and deliciously weary from honest toil, you throw your-self onto the bed and sleep until lunchtime, Spanish style.

By now you will have noticed that Torremolinos is like no other place you have ever visited, with a kind of raffish individuality all its own. It is probably the only resort in the world to erect a statue to the Unknown Tourist-which suggests a municipal sense of humor of a rather high order. In Torremolinos, you have, perhaps, discovered the secret of Spain that has been attracting this golden horde of tourists. It is not so much that it is cheap; there are many pleasant places in the world that are still cheap-Greece and Mexico, for example. But in Spain, you can do what the United States, Britain, France and Italy have demonstrated is difficult at best: You can live well and graciously on very little.

But Torremolinos is dangerous, in that it is habit-forming. Stronger men than you have succumbed after less than a week there. They have turned their backs on the U.S., on career and fortune, and settled for la dolee vita which, in Torremolinos, can be had for as little as \$200 a month. A modest beach pad can be rented for \$60 a month, and a dollar will buy a three-course meal with wine anywhere except in the tourist places.

When you've had your fill, pack up and head down the coast to Marbella, a two-hour drive, and several notches up in the social scale. At Marbella the cement jungle of speculative apartment building abruptly stops. Marbella is Torremolinos with a New England accent, but with a more intensive night life. It is the spiritual home of a rather "in" group which derives its enjoyment from private house parties. Social life is centered around the Marbella Club of Prince Max von Hohenlohe-Langenberg, a few miles out of town.

At the Club you can have a room or a small garden chalet, plus meals, for less than ten dollars a day, and once installed, it is unlikely you will ever set foot outside this richly romantic place. It consists of nine cottages and a main building with a curious circular tower illuminated like a lighthouse. The tower houses the dining room and bar. Attached to the Marbella Club proper is the Sea Club, which you reach by way of a garden full of banana, fig, olive and cypress trees. Along with La Gavina at S'Agaró, it is the most elegant of all the rendezvous on the Costas. The Pedro's crowd comes here when it feels like behaving itself, and even the French, from the Tropicana, are somewhat subdued. They come to swim, or to go cantering on horseback along the beach. Horses can be rented from the local gypsies. At lunch there is an excellent buffet, and at night a dinner by candlelight, where black tie is appropriate though not required.

As a guest of the hotel, you have automatic access to the Sea Club and its private beach. Here you can skin- and scuba dive and water-ski an entire holiday away. In fact, the only blandishment missing is a golf course, but the Club secretary can arrange that, too, at links a few miles down the coast at Guadalmina. If you are interested in that kind of thing, you might find yourself teeing off behind the Duke of Windsor.

There remains, if you feel like it, Gibraltar, a historic place of steep, winding streets, and a paradise of duty-free cameras, perfumes and cashmeres. But go there between meals. The cuisine in the restaurants has been geared to the peculiar tastes of centuries of British army sergeant majors—tea and chips with everything. But then flee back to Marbella, pausing for lunch at the Hotel Reina Cristina in Algeciras, on the Spanish side of the border.

In Marbella you may relax in the knowledge that you have finished the tour the way you began it at S'Agaró, in an atmosphere of unhurried and privileged hedonism. Between times you have savored a coast line unique for its variety of physical and social as well as geographical scenery. You may, perhaps, have been oppressed here and there by poor plumbing, and irritated by some slow service; but having traversed Spain from the green north to sleepy Moorish Andalusia—not, perhaps, in the steps of Don Quixote, but, one hopes, with a



worthy approximation of his gallantry—you have found yourself swept up in a shimmering kaleidoscope of multinational femininity.

But something is missing. What ever happened to *Spain*? Somewhere in this tremendous tourist invasion, much of the traditional magic of Spain has been lost. Rare, indeed, although it still happens, is the sight of young lovers kissing furtively through Andalusian grilles, or of a handsome, somber Spaniard strolling on the promenade with one hand chastely on his wife's shoulder.

Where has it gone, that grandiose Spain which moved Charles V of France to declare that he spoke German to his horses, French to his soldiers, Italian to his mistresses and Spanish to God? The English complain that Spain has become "Americanized," as though that were bad. What they call Americanization is, in fact, the 20th Century, which America discovered first, and Spain is just beginning to discover two thirds of the way through it.

You will have noticed that you have made friends with French, English, Americans, Germans and Swedes; but since Cadaqués, you have met precious few Spaniards other than a waiter, bartender or gas-station attendant. Until a few years ago, few Spaniards ever went on vacation, and even the rich, after leaving Eton, rarely ventured further afield than the Riviera or Paris. Spaniards are only now starting to take holidays in their native land.

Foreigners may not like what they call Americanization, but most Spaniards want more of it. And why not? National character does not change, and a Spaniard will remain a Spaniard even when he owns a stereo.

The Costas have brought a new wealth and energy and a vast tide of visitors from the outside world to the most insular people in Europe. The holiday you spend there will have enriched both sides, yourself and Spain. And if it is rewardingly experienced, the Spaniard you may be lucky enough to meet will be happy to bestow on you his—or her—ultimate benediction, "Salud, amor y pesetas, y tiempo para gastarlas"—Health, love and money, and time to spend it.

#### Roach Powder (continued from page 90)

earned money away on ice creams for his sweet tooth so naturally I don't feed him like a lazy baby, I poison. Go back to sleep, son."

"I heard glass breaking, boss, what was that?"

"The dish with the maple walnut he has the gratitude to say is roach poison, Simon. He threw the dish at me, this critic of New York's best ice creams."

"I'd better come down and see if I can't straighten this out, boss."

"This I do not accept, son, I forbid you to worry your head with this mental institution we run with your hardearned money. Wipe us nothings out of your mind and get a night's sleep, Simon, darling."

"Save me, Simon," his father moaned from some far corner of dread. "The shewolf kills me, without your help I won't last till morning."

"Shut your lying scheming mouth," his mother said. "Simon, you don't disturb your earned rest more, this I do not allow."

"I'll catch a cab, boss, I'll be there in forty minutes."

He hung up. He lay propped against his pillow surveying his hands. They were cupped again, yes, but not for fondling Lee's or anybody's breasts, for taking hold and twisting to a corkscrew some neck or other, the old man's, the boss', the poisoned world's, he couldn't be sure, cared less.

"Trouble?" Lee said.

"Breathing going on. My father thinks my mother is putting roach powder in his maple walnut and my mother is calling him an animal for this hypothesis. It's their way of breathing. They call me every so often to assure me they're still breathing so I won't worry."

"Why would he think she's poisoning him?"

"Who should he trace the poisons to, himself? Do you get enough focus nam-

ing yourself the poisoner? Don't you like focus, too? Don't you join movements?"

"Jesus, are you going to quit these political attacks?"

"Nothing political about it, Lee. This is chemistry."

"I'll ignore these pokes because you've got a lot of unfunctional shit on your back, Simon, that's a load nobody needs."

"I don't need it, but it keeps me in condition."

"Parents. Ballast to sink us all. And you defend them."

"Was I defending? I just wasn't attacking. Parents tend to sink, yes, they're like everybody else. But it's not their major program to suck you in after them."

"Isn't it, though. It's what makes it fun for them."

"I'll grant you sinking objects create an inviting suction. But you've got the option to sink or swim."

Except that he was mighty tired of swimming against all this suction.

"In theory. In practice they give you better education in sinking than swimming so the option's mostly academic."

"Your father's offering you the best education you can find. There's more evidence yet that his sole aim in life is not to sink you, he wants to send you around the world in a leakproof boat."

"To get me away from the real things."
"The world's real. So's this hump you

can't find to picket and hand out leaflets against. I'd better get dressed."

"You really have to go? At this hour?"
"When they're like this, breathing deep, it takes a visit from me to shame them quiet. It's a therapy we've worked out, I crawl down there, they beat their breasts over what they're doing to their burdened son, and for a time he stops thinking he's being poisoned and she stops calling him animal. Well, shit, where are the untainted maple walnuts these days? You find taints in the world's maple walnuts, too. You join movements to remove the taints. Maybe not to remove. Maybe more to dwell on. That's not to run down the movements."

"Simon, listen, I'm trying hard not to get sore, but don't push me. Listen, will you make love to me again before you go, could you? I could use it, I'm sure jumpy."

She was good for holding, a fine, full bundle. All space worth filling she could fill the best. With her you knew you had superior pulsed substance against you. But again for a time she was all but inert, though infinitely needy. Primed for begging but wouldn't or couldn't reach. Whatever runaway itch was in her was not to be located, much less salved. What need she had could in no way be made contiguous with any need of his. There was in her some throb of total demand, but it remained mute, smothered, and without its implementation of effort. She wanted, all right. What, was



"I suppose it's like carrying coals to Newcastle, but I love you, Herbie."

the question. Where, How, Now or in the next century. Implicit in her refusal to localize or try was the accusation that if supplicated he would refuse. So she skipped the supplication and went limp from the first in protest of his extrapolated refusal. It was Games Theory, all right, the extrapolated loser's.

Then she was windmilling again, dumped from her pressure-cooking coma into a manic randoming with all parts, a quaking, a thrashing, going all ways against the refuser world; and grinding with a spit of challenge into his ear, "Get me over, damn you, get me over."

He immediately came away. With an upward yank he got himself sitting on the edge of the couch. There she went assigning impossibles again. To prove her want was beyond his reach and the one deficiency was in his reach.

"What, what, what is the matter with you?" she said.

"You're against militarism? And bark your orders?"

"What're you saying, I'm not to be considered in this, only you?"

"I've considered you, Lee. I've considered how your big refuser is you. How your program is to fight the refusing world. How it takes one to know one. That's all the consideration I can spare. Balls, I've got to get out of here."

He began to dress. Her hanging-judge eyes followed him as he pulled on his clothes.

"You son of a bitch, you're going to leave me like this."

"Right, exactly the way I found you."
"You son of a bitch, I'm just to stew."
"Try to see that it's in your own juices."

"You want me to wait for you?"
"If you want."

"Will you try again if I wait?"

"All right, Lee, we'll try again. If you'll try not to bark more orders. Chains of command get too tight around the windpipe."

Sure they'd try again. Her gray eyes pushing into his sockets and grayly asking, tasting the gray, miserly turndowns in advance. She mobilizing herself not at all and then too much. The full flinging muster, to engage an enemy forever out of sight though given the name Simon for the evening, for focus. A guerrilla Vietnam she didn't know how to get out of because it was encamped in all her synapses.

"Miss Dropout who can't drop out of herself," he said as he leaned over her. "Why're you so hard on the easiest orifice? Have you located your own Yale locks?" He leaned closer, kissed her on the hot, sweated forehead. "Sure, Lee, all right, we'll try again. I'll try to be a nice young civil engineer."

When he got outside he noticed his hands were cupped again. Not for her, not for his parents' necks either. Maybe for all the lousy roach powders that contaminate all the otherwise lovely maple walnuts, once we sneak them there so we can gag on them.

Chatham Town was a low-cost private housing development on the perimeter of Chinatown, not far from Chatham Square and the Bowery flops, overlooking the East River, in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge; two city blocks of 15-story packing crates that were the city's experimental models for tomorrow's tenements: instant slum. He'd moved his parents down here from Fall River so he could more easily referee their carnage, He'd found it expensive and time-con-

the bloodletting went on out of town.

He took the elevator up to the eighth floor and let himself in with his own

suming to referee from New York when

The boss was sitting as he expected she'd be sitting, prisoner in a homemade dock, repelling comfort as an undesirable alien trying to get across the border illegally: Her martyrdom was not to be diluted by foam rubber. The three-room apartment was furnished in the grab-bag style, no rugs, no frills, no throw pillows, just the bare-bone structures to sit and lie on. In this living room, which doubled as her bedroom because she and her mate could no more sleep in the same room than live on the same planet, were a fold-out couch, a couple of Goodwill Industries easy chairs with patches of ease left in them, a television set, a Naugahyde-covered contour chair which Simon had bought her for television viewing. Typically, though this chair could be slanted back to elevate a footrest, the boss sat on it fiercely upright, on the very edge, accepting minimal support, bare feet barely touching the floor; the little girl taking punishment by sitting in the corner, unrelenting in her disdain for punishers. No doles of ease for her.

Her thinning cotton nightgown was big as her fury, she was lost in it as in her fury. Her pure-white hair went here and there like frizzing milkweed. Mosaic sternness was on her worn, lined, dried, mauled features, the little girl infinitely old, infinitely tired, tike on the decline, hoyden going slack-skinned and arteriosclerotic. Mosaic, yes. Somebody had to be the Moses in this house. If not the man, who abdicated all roles that had to be played standing up, then the woman, who was always too ready to play second-string Moses.

"So," she said, with that special brand of pity meticulously steel-spined, "you give up your sleep. You play his games."

"You play his games, boss," he said, not unkindly.

He'd long ago stopped wasting emotions with these two in the indulgence of being unkind. The first rule of the game is that the referee never tries to carry the ball.

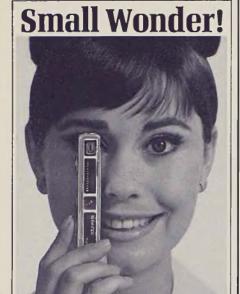
"Me, he makes for me a hell on earth,



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Simon. I don't play, I only defend so he doesn't smother and choke me entirely. You, you don't have to jump when he calls."

'You both play. I jump when I hear you both call. You're very good at calling together, it's hard to tell your voices apart.'

This was said neutrally, too. It was just that they played so hard, they forgot the rules. It was the referee's job to remind the players of the rules at all times, so that the game stayed orthodox.

'Is that you, son? You've come to save me from the she-devil? I thank you, my good son, my kind boy."

His father's voice from the bedroom, close to tears, but underpainted with excitement, too: At least something was happening. He had a high taste for drama, and hated stalemates.

"I'll be there in a minute, Pop."

"Now I'll live through the night, at least one more night I'm safe," his father called with a distinct baritone tremble.

One more night you wreck your son's already wrecked life," the boss ground

"Nothing's wrecked except the two of you and your semblance of being human beings," Simon said, scrupulously nonaccusing, "Let's quit the talk about wrecking and see what can be done to restore some sleep to this house, all right?"

"Go restore sleep to a madhouse," the boss said. "A house where the wife poisons with ice cream. You said it yourself, Simon, you said I poison, I play his games."

"I said you play his games, but I didn't say you poison. Your game is not to poison as he says you poison, your game is to yell liar when he yells his lies. It's a subtler game than just poisoning him, I'll agree to that.'

Get it in your head once and for all I don't lie, son," his father called from the bedroom. "She put all the roach poison in the maple walnut, enough to massacre a Coxey's Army."

"I'll Coxey's Army you," the boss called back, eyes on fire. "You hear how he talks, Simon? Can a human person sit and listen to such madman talk twentyfour hours a day and keep a face of smiles? He makes my life a hell, not that I'm complaining, these are the facts. You are not to bother your head with us, son. Go away and forget our names. Our names are Dreck Everywhere and Eat Dreck All the Time."

"Your name is my name, boss," Simon said with practiced patience.

"Dreck's not the worst of it," his father's voice communicated. "Dreck would be bad enough with each and every meal three times a day. Cyanide, pure cyanide, that's a more serious material than dreck, that's a matter for the police."

"You see what atmosphere of happy



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## **CRUISES & TOURS**

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times he makes in this house," the boss said through starched lips, through more teeth than anybody could have. "You see how he brightens up my days and hours. But don't listen to me, take his side, I

play crazy-man games."

"You'll never understand this, boss, but it's an established fact that nobody can play games without a partner to answer him back and complete the games. If you didn't need him around here playing his part so you could play your part, why don't you agree to send him back to the nut house, huh? No. you won't have any part of it, if you lose your expert partner, who'll you find to play games with, who'll you call liar and animal? Listen, boss, I know you've had a hard life, very hard, but this I don't understand, that you would want your life to go on being hard. If he went away there'd be a vacuum in your life. If nobody calls you poisoner you've got nobody to call liar. I love you, boss, but I think you play games. Wait right here. I'll go and talk to him."

He went into the bedroom. His father was built small, too. The bedroom was dark, but enough moonlight came in to outline his delicate hunched figure in the chair by the window, dressed in worn slippers and Simon's GI drabs. This frail man had the face of a violinist whose violin has been run over by a beer truck. He was looking out over the river panorama from Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Navy Yard, studying the many areas of the city in which poisons are secreted.

"You're good to me, you're a beautiful and good son, Simon," the old man said in his mellowed musical voice, "You come when I am in need. Believe me, my need is great tonight, son. It made me bawl like a baby that I had to break into your rest, son, but such are our conditions in this house. You see how I am weak like a kitten, that I can hardly lift my hands or even my head, when a man doesn't swallow a bite of human nour-ishment—"

"Let's discuss the immediate problem, Pop. What's your proof that she's put-

ting poison in your food?"

Proof. Psss. Proof is all over this house of murder, son. I sneaked in the kitchen when she was taking a nap and I looked for the roach powder everywhere, in the closets, under the sink, gone, absolutely. This was when I understood the going-on in her devil head. Have we seen one roach on the premises for better than a year, son? So why all of a sudden no roach poison? I will not dirty my lips to speak the answer, Simon. Merely look at the facts, dear son. One, the roach poison is all of a sudden nowhere, two, that witch is all of a sudden trying to push maple walnut down my mouth. I'm no fool, Simon. You can say a lot of things about me, I have my weaknesses and drawbacks, yes, but one thing you cannot say, that I am a fool, that I do not have brains to put the two and two together."

"No, Pop, nobody can say you don't put two and two together. What you always come out with is my telephone number."

"Can I turn to another living soul in this whole jungle world, Simon? Is there another sympathizer I could call for help against a cold-blood murderer?"

"If there's a murderer in the house you call the police, Pop, some people do that."

"I will give my life to protect you, son, to keep the shame and scandal from your already too burdened head. Also I will not give her the satisfaction to call the authorities and make headlines of her plots against me, this is what she wants. Don't blame me, Simon darling, if I try whatever the sacrifices to keep some rags of the family's honor and good name, what else have we got left?"

"All right, Pop, how do we handle this? You say she's poisoning you, she says you're a liar, where do we go from here? I'm willing as I've been all along to pay for this apartment, for your medical bills, everything, and not complain, but one thing I can't do, I can't control the cutthroat games that go on in this house after I pay for it, I can't teach you how to play without cutting each other to ribbons. How do you propose we deal with this new crisis, Pop?"

The old man leaned forward, His

voice became very confidential, almost a lover's.

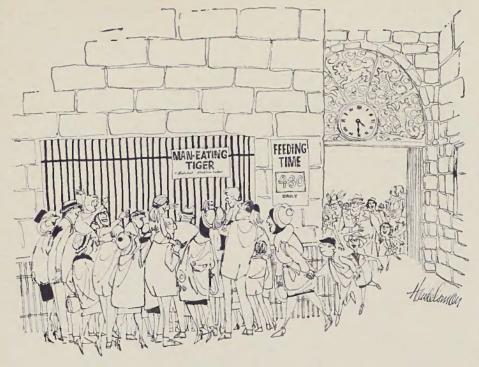
You know your Bible, son? You know how Solomon, that wise man, that man with a real head on his shoulders, handled it when the two ladies came before him and each lady claimed the baby was her baby? This king knew a few things about the human heart, Simon. He said to the ladies, well, ladies, you both have good claims so I conclude you both gave birth to this baby, so under the unusual circumstances the only fair thing to do, the only equity, is to give each of you half of this nice baby. You will remember he then summoned some attendants with a big knife, whilst the false lady, the liar lady, she only stood there, prepared for the sawing, but the true lady, the honest mother, she couldn't allow the sawing, she jumped up and relinquished any and all claim to this baby, she would rather see the baby in one piece and stolen from her than sawed in half and divvied up. So when Solomon saw which lady accepted the sawing and which one cried out with horror, he knew-

"Who're you suggesting we saw in half here, the boss? You might like that, but it wouldn't prove there's poison in the maple walnut."

"I am directing your attention to a principle, Simon, I'm surprised you don't see it. That woman is sitting up nights scheming how to exterminate me. The woman calls me liar when I expose her rotten schemes with the maple walnut ice cream. There is a simple Solomon



"Why don't you ever come around and ask for a raise, Miss Bates? Don't you like it here?"



test in such a situation, Simon. She says the maple walnut is clean as a whistle? Fine and dandy, let her eat the maple walnut. You think she would accept this test? Hah. Try her. Don't waste your breath. She will yell and scream and spit more insults, but eat the maple walnut, oh, no, not that smart one.

"How do you know she won't eat it, Pop, have you asked her?"

Time after time, son, I knew it was a waste of breath, but I laid out the plan for this witch, a simple procedure, and you know what she answered? She threw the dish of maple walnut in my face. She was pretending it was an insult, sure, but I know better, I know she was destroying the evidence before I could trap her and send her to the electric chair where she belongs."

"What do you want me to do, Pop, take the maple walnut down to a laboratory for a chemical analysis? I could do that, of course. But it would take time, hours, days maybe, and you can't go any longer without eating, which you won't do without proof there's no roach poison in her food. Besides, if the lab results were negative, you'd accuse her of bribing the lab people."

"You've got a good and logical mind, son, you defined the problem in this house exactly. This is my analysis of the situation, too, that she won't give me proof there's no poison in the food because she can't, and until such proofs are forthcome I cannot risk one single, solitary bite in this insane house. I suppose it is my duty and the upshot of my whole marriage to end my hard days from plain malnutrition,"

His tone, it was astonishing. He was 220 explaining why he was constrained to starve to death, but it was not in complaint, it was actually with an air of triumph, vindication, total rightness.

"Suppose I got her to eat half of the maple walnut, Pop, for me, as a special favor for me, would you agree to eat the other half?"

"Son, don't treat these facts like playtoys, I am explaining to you she can't take a bite of those poisoned materials. What she says, she says it's beneath her ladyship to do this, she will not foul herself, but you and I know the real reasons, but in any case the results are the same, she will not do this thing, and until she gives me these proofs my lips are sealed to her tainted murderer's foods,"

"There's another way to get your proofs, Pop, you could eat all the maple walnut."

"Son, are your ears deaf entirely, didn't I make it clear to you this would

"You'd die happy. For once you'd have made your case against her. Would it be too big a price to pay for such a

"You are not facing the problem with a practical mind, son, you're making jokes."

"All right, Pop. You need proofs. She won't give you the proofs, and there's no time to get laboratory proofs, which you wouldn't believe anyway. There's one other way. I'll give you the proofs, I'll eat one plate, and if I survive then you'll eat another plate, OK?"

'My son! Simon! Dear heart! This you will not do! How can I drive it into your head, this stuff is loaded with cyanide! You want to commit suicide in this house to make some kind of a point, what point!"

"I don't want to make any point, Pop. I only want to get on with the game and the two of you are tied now and I've got to do something to break this tie.'

"I will not sit here and see your body fall to the floor out of love for your mother, Simon! I know how you love your mother, you're a good boy, a good son should love his mother and I don't object to this, in this I don't interfere, but when out of a son's love for his mommy you take cyanide, enough to kill a horse, I will not stand by, you hear me, Simon!"

"I hear you, Pop. Stay where you are, I'll be right back.'

He returned to the living room. "How much ice cream's left, boss?"

"Practically a quart, son. I buy the maple walnut by the gallon, he eats a whole quart just for breakfast, this is where your money you sweat for goes, to make a big belly for Mr. Garbage Pail."

Go and get two dishes of the maple

walnut, boss, big ones."

"You'll humor him, Simon, make him demonstrations? Don't give him the satisfaction, let him rot."

"Go get two dishes, boss."

She raised her tiny, overworked, bony frame, shuffled to the kitchen with a hopeless shrug.

Drive these suicide thoughts from your head, Simon!" the old man called from the bedroom. "There's already enough death in this house, she provides for me a living death!"

"Shut up, Pop."

In a minute his mother wavered back with the two heaping dishes and two spoons. Simon took them and went back to the bedroom. He snapped on the overhead light. He placed one dish on the window sill.

'All right, Pop, here goes. If I don't come out of this alive I make you my sole heir. Keep my IBM typewriter well oiled. Write your memoirs of marriage to the lady poisoner and a life of daily abuse on it. It'll be a best seller. The best propaganda against the regular orifices that ever came out of it, probably."

"Don't do this terrible thing, Simon my dear," the old man begged.

"I want you to give my body to Columbia Presbyterian Medical School for research. Let them find out just what roach powder does to the human system when it's hidden in a lot of maple walnut. If medical science can once and for all find out just how much roach powder is being dispensed in the American home, it may do a lot to improve the orifice-shopping situation in this country."

He took a big mouthful. His father raised skeletal hands shaky with horror.

"Son, I'm reasoning with you, your life is at stake," the old man begged.

Simon took a very big mouthful. "Son, if you have any feeling for your mother you'll put that terrible stuff away, you won't let your own mother have her own son's death on her hands," the old man quavered.

Simon took another mouthful, smacked

"I must say the cyanide doesn't spoil the flavor, this is delicious maple walnut."

"Simon, Simon, your mother has a twisted mind, all right, I'm not blaming her, she's played out from a life of hard work, she's been a worker, that one, I'll give her that, a devoted mother, she did everything for you when I was unfortunately incapacitated and couldn't provide, she scrubbed floors and ate dirt, it's not her fault all the work and worry mixed up her brains, but don't make her now a criminal, don't lay a worst and final crime at her feet, she's suffered enough, it will kill her, Simon, Simon, if you have any regard for your poor mother stop eating that maple walnut."

The old man groaned and groaned.

"Can't help it, Pop, I'm hooked on maple walnut, I start to eat maple walnut and I can't stop." He took a great spoonful, crammed his mouth with it. "I don't mind giving my life for maple walnut that tastes this good. On second thought, I don't want you to donate my body for medical research. I want you to cremate me and scatter the ashes over Fort Knox. No, make that the Menninger Clinic. Will you do that for me, Pop? I wouldn't ask a thing like that if it wasn't important."

"Son, son, there is a curse on this family, we are damned and cursed from on high," the old man wept.

Simon finished the ice cream in several more enormous mouthfuls. He sat back and sighed, patting his stomach with the air of a king having feasted sumptuously.

"Well, well, well, now," he half hummed, making smacking sounds again, "let the foul winds blow, let the four horsemen come, it was worth it, that's a very good brand of maple walnut. Let's be very quiet now. The solemn occasion calls for two minutes of serious thoughts. Say a couple prayers if you want, Pop, just keep them to yourself, you'll break the mood if you pray out loud. I really don't mind dying, Pop. It's not as bad as it's cracked up to be. It doesn't hurt, just feels like a full stomach. I think there's been a lot of deceitful propaganda about dying to scare the people off from a good thing, we should maybe let them know dying's a cinch, it's just a whole lot of maple walnut in the stomach. It's even easier than falling off a log, falling off a log you can at least bump your head. Don't grieve for me, Pop, I'm ready to go, I've had a full life, I've written books for Pandro Harlow."

He went on patting his stomach. The old man sat opposite him, head buried in hands, keening, keening: soft sounds

of whimper from his rhythmic head.

Several minutes went by. At last the old man bared his eyes. He looked at Simon, looked and looked through his tears.

He looked.

Simon looked back with as pleasant and casual an expression as he could muster, with the manner of one who has in all his life encountered none but innocent and unsullied maple walnuts. He smiled in his practiced friendly way at his father.

He reached out for the remaining dish of ice cream. He held it out to his father. He nodded at his father, smiling.

His father shuddered from head to foot. He shrank away, hands pressed to wet, horrified cheeks.

Simon increased his friendly hospitable expression and nodded again, holding the dish farther out. His smile did not get diluted, but the message in his smiling eyes was spelled out in ornamental iron: You eat this. He knew it was the end of awfulness for the old man, but his eyes continued to bellow around their sunny smile: Eat, eat this right now, you infernal plot-sniffing bastard who remembers my phone number too bastardly well. The world's a poison. Eat, eat.

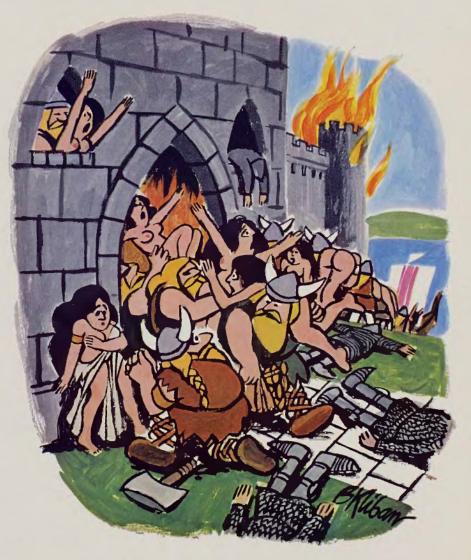
The old man pulled away. Simon leaned far forward, shoved the dish under his nose.

The old man looked deep into Simon's eyes. Simon looked deeper back, his offering an ultimatum.

Slowly the old man's hand came up. Slowly it took hold of the dish, shaking. Slowly the other hand shakily found the spoon. Slowly, shaking all through, he began to eat the ice cream, his eyes steadily on Simon's eyes and condemned.

Simon watched, a student of each shaky bite, leaning close, monitoring each lethal dose. His smile was impervious to diluents.

The old man was helpless, maple walnut was his favorite, condemned or not



"All I can say, Swensen, is you're one hell of a lousy barbarian!"

he began to eat heartily. His hand went faster and faster, though no steadier. He was gulping, he was shoveling. There comes a time in hunger when taint be damned. Who can be forever a chemist?

The dish was soon empty. Simon took it from the old man's nerveless fingers and put it down.

"I am hungry something awful," the old man said, not looking anywhere. He was so small, so refuted. "I could eat some more of it, my son."

"That's the last of it, Pop, but don't worry, tomorrow's another day. Tomorrow the boss'll stock up on maple walnut again. And enough roach powder to pep it up."

The old man raised both hands and let them fall, to say: What comes, comes. The plots are too big and tricky. You can't stand guard from all sides of the head at once.

"Now will you eat a lettuce and tomato sandwich, Pop, maybe with bacon, if she fixes it for you?" Simon's smile was friendlier than ever. The old man sat balled tight, head low, violin flattened by the world's fleet of beer trucks. He nodded: Can you have eyes in the back of your head? Who stays on 24-hour guard duty?

"Fine. That's excellent. And if she makes some chicken soup with dumplings tomorrow, and some stuffed cabbage the day after, you'll eat those things, too?"

The old, refuted head did not immediately respond.

"Pop, I can come down every day and eat the soup and stuffed cabbage first, I can do it, certainly, but it'll complicate my schedule a whole lot, interrupt my work and make things harder for me. I can come every day and be your taster, each and every day for the rest of your life, three times a day, I can do it but I'd prefer not to, it would be tough. I ask you again, will you eat what she makes for you from now on, without a taster?"

The old man withered some more. He slumped still lower. Crack, scrunch, went

FINE WARTHS

FINE

"Now remember, kids, this isn't just an ordinary engagement ring . . . it's got a keen secret compartment, too!"

all the violins. His head began to nod, at the slowest rate possible.

"Atta boy. Good. Fine. Thanks a lot, Pop. You'll be doing me a big favor if you'll eat without making more trouble, I'll really appreciate it, you're a considerate father."

To this the old man could find no more pertinent answer than: "I could take another bite of maple walnut, son, I am mostly empty."

"Tomorrow, Pop, all the maple walnut you want."

To the floor the old man commented: "There is no question, she's a good woman, one in a million, a giver, a lavisher."

So do roach chokers, those whimsical powders, come and go.

Back in the living room the boss was still unreclining in the reclining chair, alert against welfare.

"He ate it, boss. He'll eat anything you make, he promised. I think it's under control again, old boss, think we've seen another one through."

"Son," the boss said to a spot close by the spot where her absurdly small and withcred toes were, absurdly, just touching the inlay, "forget about us and this house, there's only old garbage in this house."

"It's OK, boss, I'll be garbage collector a while longer, it's good exercise."

"I say to him, all right, you can't lift a finger to do something useful in the world. It's beneath you to do an honest day's work or five minutes' work. You don't work in eleven years, all right, be a bloodsucker. Live off your hard-working son. But at least don't sit in the corner all your life supervising the bridge and the Navy Yards. They built a ship before you made your appearance. Take a walk, get a haircut, see a little sun, talk to people. At least pretend you're alive, this assignment you could handle. No. Not Mr. Too Good. Sits in the corner a lump of dreck. This is called a man. It's disgusting, disgusting, Phuh."

She always talked of the old man as though ready to spit.

"Boss, I don't like to hear you call him a dreck. This is the man you married, it says something about your taste. It also says something about me, if he's a dreck I've got dreck blood in my veins. I'll give you this, though, the way he looks right now, he looks like a dreck. We can only hope it's temporary."

He was talking loud enough for the old man to hear. He was very tired, he was thinking of top-quality rotisserie kitchen ranges, also, his stomach was acting up, making squishy sounds, phuh.

"It's temporary for eleven years, Simon, how long can such a temporary go on?"

"All right, boss. I'll accept your view. Every time I come to this house what I see is dreck and nothing but dreck. I walk in here and the human race looks



Philia. Friendship. So the first thing you remember to take along with you is a smile. An attitude. A willingness to accept such freely offered friendship. And to give a little in return. They'll talk your ear off, just to be social. Because there are no "foreigners" in Greece. Only Greeks and non-Greeks. It's like that when you meet the most hospitable people in Europe.

And what could be more natural for the descendants of Jason and the Argonauts than to have their own fleet. Olympic Airways—national air line of Greece. But the wind-driven, wooden hulls of Jason and Odysseus have transformed into a fleet of the newest Boeing 707-320 super fan-jets. And Olympic's routes have expanded to include the United States.

If you miss the maiden flight on June 1, don't fret. June 1 is just the beginning of daily non-stop trans-Atlantic service with direct flights from New York to Paris, Rome and Athens. Stop in Paris on the way. Or Rome. Just to whet your appetite for Athens. It won't cost a drachma more.

The first Greek you meet will probably ask where you're from, what you do, how much you earn, if you're married, where you're staying, how much does it cost, and what's that in drachmas.

#### What's she want from you?

You can get a little local philia and a lot of information—from the Greek National Tourist Office, 601 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. For information about Olympic Airways, visit the Olympic office nearest you, or your travel agent. Olympic's main office is at 647 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., where the password is, "Coffee, tea or ouzo?"



like pure dreck. This house of dreck is costing me good money. It may not be a lot of money to the Rockefellers, but it's a lot of money to me. With the money I spend on this house I could be traveling or fixing up a place for myself." He raised his voice some more, for the benefit of all present. "What're you both trying to prove every time I come, that I'm spending all this money to keep so much dreck alive? That all my money's going down the drain and the drain won't even carry the dreck away?"

"Keep your hard-earned money, son. You're not keeping anything alive, you're keeping the dead from getting buried long after they started to stink. Forget about us. Go far away and live a decent life for once without us around your neck. I think about what we do to you, all day and all night, too, it drives me crazy. Forget you ever heard of us, bury us for good. It's the only way we'll ever be at home, in the ground with the worms, if we don't give them indigestion. This is the danger, the worms could dispossess us, how much poison can even worms take?"

A shuffling sound behind Simon. His father, doll-dwindled in the doorway.

'She's right, Simon, she gives good advice as a good mother should. I'm the stone around your necks, without me you both could have some kind of a life, throw me out and take care of your mother who's worked her fingers to the bones for both of us, take care of this good woman."

He was weeping, toy shoulders going like butterfly wings, there in the door-

"All right, Pop. I'm not blaming you, Pop. I'll put it this way. We know the diagnosis."

"Manical depressive," the old man wept. "Manical in the morning and depressive in the afternoon, how can you depend on such a changer?"

"You're a manic-depressive, yes, but you didn't make it your big work in life to be a manic-depressive. We simply have to assess this in terms of what's possible and what's reasonable and what can be lived with and what can't."

"Who could live with me, who could live with dreck?" the old man wept.

"You've been depressed for some time now. If you stay depressed you're no good to anybody. If you've got some of the manic left in you, that can make trouble, too, we know that from experience, you can get out of control, but at least you'd have some energy, maybe you could still do something in the world and feel like more than dreck, not a total lump. I don't know, be a janitor. sweep streets, something. Let's leave it this way. If you're up and out of here at daybreak to look for work, that'll prove there's an ounce of force left in you and 224 you can go on living here. If you're not

up and out, that'll mean you're one hundred percent down and will stay that way, no good to anybody, so you can't live here. If that's the case, I'll take you to Bellevue and commit you again. Whether the boss agrees or not, she doesn't have any more vote. You'll go back to the psycho ward, this time for good. I still won't blame you. I'm just trying to save the boss if you're past saving. The boss at least worked like a dog all her life. I owe her something for that. I don't owe you anything, though I have pity for you. Choose, if you have choice left in you. Meantime, maybe you can both get a little sleep, huh?"

The old man stood in the doorway, weeping. Simon went over and put his arm around those insubstantial shoulders.

"Pop, I hope you've got some choice left in vou."

He went to his mother, proud, fierce, agonized mite. He stooped before her and took her worked-out hands.

"Boss, what happened to the roach powder?"

"I threw it down the incinerator."

"I was afraid if it was around I would put it in his maple walnut."

He leaned forward, kissed her, held her for a moment.

Thanks for the maple walnut, boss, it was delicious. I hope if I have to take him away I won't be taking too much."

In the elevator his stomach was worse. He leaned against the wall feeling dizzy, hearing the churn from inside, breathing hard.

Outside he stood for a time on the corner looking up and down the river. South was the arthropod iron of the bridge crawling with delivery trucks: There would be ice-cream trucks as well as beer trucks among them, for the mouths not overwary. North was the Navy Yard, from which came a glow and a clanking: they were working round the clock outfitting demothballed vessels to carry roach-powder cargoes to Vietnam, where the maple walnuts were in short supply.

On the corner was an outdoor phone booth. He went into it, dropped his dime in, dialed his own number. In a moment Lee Abends' sleepy, combative voice came on.

"Lee, it's me, Simon, listen, I'm not feeling well, I'm quite sick, in fact, I just ate a big dish of maple walnut ice cream and my stomach's kicking up, it's all the ice cream on top of all the Scotch, daiquiris, Bodegas Bilbenas, Tuacas and, my God, stingers. Look, I don't think you should wait for me. No, I think it's much better if you go home. The fact is, I've got to get up early, family business, I've got to buy my father a big breakfast of ham and eggs with French fries and then take him up to Bellevue, I'm

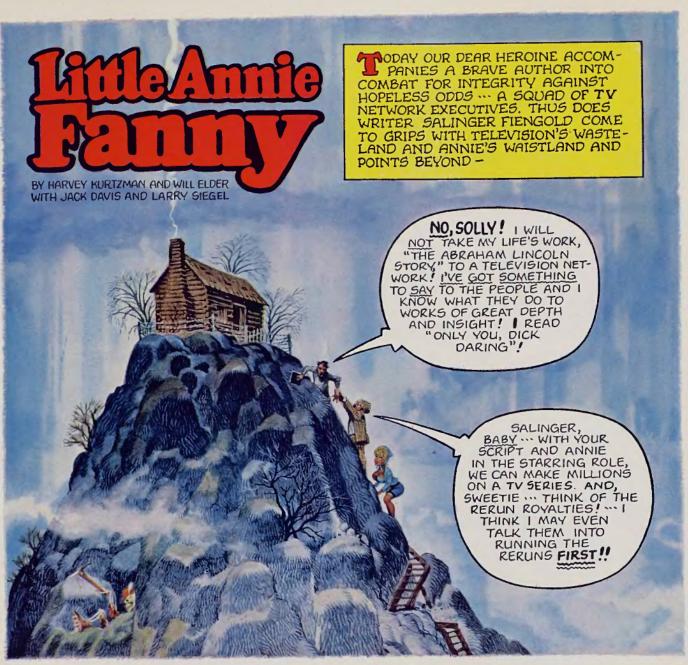
committing him again. That's one thing. Also, there's no sense to our trying again, that's my feeling after thinking it over. You want to ban the bomb, but you don't ban it from the beds you visit and that means where the biggest pacificism is needed you're the biggest warmonger. Bombs are one thing and orifices another and the bombs shouldn't be brought as close to the orifices as you bring them. I mean, an orifice should be a bomb shelter or it's nothing. I don't want to write any more confirming footnotes for Pandro Harlow, never mind what that means. My parents wrote enough. Go home, Lee, please. Go home and take that trip around the world. You can't fight the real roach powders in the world till you learn to tell them from the ones you invented inside you and smuggled out. There're still some uncontaminated maple walnuts here and there, maybe you'll see them in your travels. I know I'm not making sense, for Christ sake, but I'm just not feeling good, Lee, I'm really quite sick to my stomach, all that goddamn maple walnut tainted through and through-"

There was a devious poison in his guts, the subtlest cyanide, he was trying to spew it at her through the phone company's conduits, it wouldn't come, not the worst of it.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the klieg brightness over the Navy Yard, out of the corner of his ear he heard the clank from there, around the corner of his mind he thought: All the way to Tonkin Gulf for something to shoot at?

From the receiver, all the way from Tonkin Gulf, the gripe-tinned voice shooting at him: "You promised. 1 stayed because you promised."

"You listen now! I'm taking no more leaflets from you!" He was shook to hear these cyanide words bulleting from the Tonkin Gulf down his own distressed gullet. "I just came from a house of champion self-extrapolated losers and I've had it with that game, see! You all put the locks on your minds, locks all over, then yell about the shortage of locksmiths! Goddamn it, can't you get it through your heads you're the biggest establishment-proppers around! Establishment people lock up all their parts and throw away the key and you lock yourselves up and scream false arrest and call for nonexistent wardens to spring you! You don't fight the establishment! You're the establishment's biggest copycat! You're stalled! Sure you're stalled! You put up the roadblocks yourselves, nobody but you! No! Nothing doing! No more you-did-it-tome games, understand! Get out of my bed, goddamnit, I will not have my parents fouling up my bed, get out of my house---'

















MY ASSISTANT'S ASSISTANT READ IT. MR. AUBREY AND CUT IT DOWN TO A ONE - PAGE OUTLINE, THEN MY ASSISTANT CUT ... THIS IS SALINGER THAT DOWN TO A ONE-PARAGRAPH OUTLINE. THEN MY SECRETARY CUT THAT DOWN TO ONE WORD. "ABRAHAM"! FIENGOLD, AND THIS IS THE STAR I READ THAT WORD, AND I LIKE IT. OF OUR PRO-I SEE A GREAT, WARM TV SERIES BUILT AROUND THIS MAN ... HIS RISE POSED TV SERIES. I TRUST YOU TO GOVERNOR ... THEN SENATOR READ HIS FROM CONNECTICUT, AND THEN -MASTERPIECE.





















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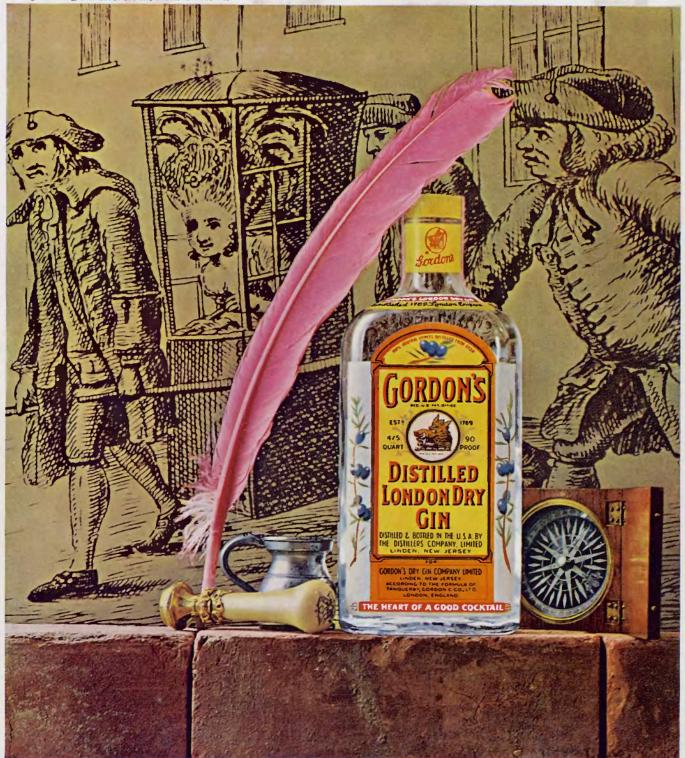
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