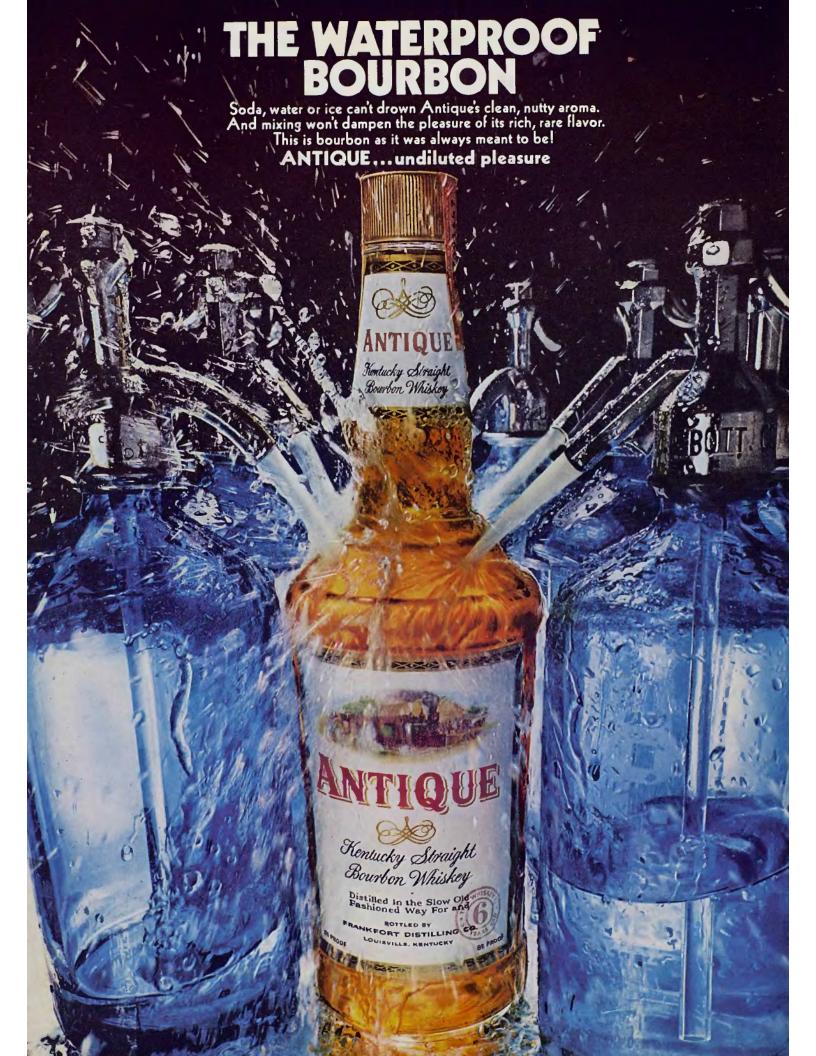


## HOW THE NEATNIKS GOT THEIR STRIPES







PLAYBILL THOUGH OCTOBER oft calls up such bucolic images as fat harvest moons and romantic hay rides, autumnal visions this year have taken on a sunny, Latin flavor for millions of spectator sportsmen. From the 12th through the 27th, the wide world of sports will be centered on the Olympic games in Mexico City; and as a fact-filled complement to the event, Travel Editor Len Deighton presents ¡Mexico!, a selective Baedeker to the 19th Olympiad's capital city and wise words plus a detailed chart designed especially for aficionados of the tropical pleasures and sybaritic resorts that beckon south of the Rio Grande.

Games of another sort—the psychosexual games we all play and their pervasive influence on all aspects of our lives—come under analytic scrutiny this month. If you've ever wondered exactly where you stand in the spectrum of sexual types that range from Don Juan to Walter Mitty, What's Your S. Q. (Sexual Quotient)? will satisfy your curiosity about the matter. After taking this in-depth, psychometric test, compare your results with the accompanying analyses for an illuminating insight into your libidinal personality.

A good part of the Western world's budding affair with Eastern culture may be traced directly to the influence of one man: India's master sitarist Ravi Shankar. Herein, the internationally acclaimed musical guru to the Beatles demonstrates his literary talents with My Music, My Life-a backward glance at his demanding apprenticeship and an assessment of the current musical scene, which will be part of his forthcoming Simon & Schuster book of the same title. Founder of the Kinnara School of Indian Music, Ravi now divides his time between frequent concert dates and teaching in the school's Los Angeles branch (the other is in Bombay). A full-

length documentary movie about him—called Messenger Out of the East—is due for release early next year.

Ralph Nader tells it like it is—as he sees it—in October's Playboy Interview. In outspoken conversation with interviewer Eric Norden, the author of Unsafe at Any Speed continues his single-minded, singlehanded consumer crusade against the industrial establishment and the culpable Government agencies it manipulates.

A tender evocation of a French boy's amorous initiation into manhood by his English governess, *Rite of Love*—this month's lead fiction—is slated to become part of J. P. Donleavy's sixth work, *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.* Due for publication by Delacorte Press/A Seymour Lawrence Book, we believe *Beatitudes* rivals—if it does not surpass—his previous works, including *The Ginger Man.* A rollicking, ribald sequel, featuring Balthazar as an undergrad, will lead off next month's issue. Brought up in New York City and educated at Dublin's

DONLEAVY SHANKAR













LEY MC MAE

Trinity College, Donleavy now lives with his family on the Isle of Man.

October fiction's varied fare also includes Ken W. Purdy's Shall We Go Under the Ice Together?, the ironic tale of a traumatic night shared by two college students and remembered in their maturity. Jeremiah McMahon gives a funny and fantastic twist to the suburban problem of oddball neighbors when he pits a respectable hippie family against Mr. Swift and His Remarkable Thing. McMahon reports that he spent 15 years in the theater (once sharing the stage with a young unknown named Julie Andrews) and another ten years painting before he turned to writing. Right now, he's putting the finishing touches on a novel called Not in Our Stars and has several more stories about his hippie brood in the works. Less fanciful but no less risible is William Melvin Kelley's The Dentist's Wife, an unheroic saga of a smalltime hood hired to help out a Harlem D. D. S. who's tired of filling the same old cavity. Kelley, author of four books -dem, A Drop of Patience, Dancers on the Shore and A Different Drummer-which he calls "chapters in one as-yet-incomplete big book," now lives in France. "I'm learning French and the French," he says. "At the same time, I'm trying hard to learn English."

Situation ethics ranks as a popular behavioral gambit these days, but it's often difficult to select the ethic that best matches the situation. In The Perilous Plight of Sir George, Kandron the Dragon and the Twenty Delectable Virgins, Alexis Gilliland takes a lighthearted whack at the problem and shows how we can stay on the angels' side of the wobbly moral fence. Though this is Gilliland's first sale to a consumer magazine, several of his articles have appeared in The National Bureau of Standards' Journal of Research.

Also on hand in this bright autumn issue: Fashion Director Robert L. Green previews avant seasonal attire in our Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast; singer Barbara McNair makes her debut as a sex star in nude scenes from If He Hollers Let Him Go-her first film-and as a model in a special PLAYBOY shooting; Dutch treat Phil Bloom, who achieved a television first last year by appearing on screen in the altogether, thereby adding a new dimension to the term boob tube, is presented here clad in the same costume; we travel to Sun Valley for a glimpse at High Life in the Round, a multileveled Playboy Pad and ski lodge that's rugged stone on the outside but solid comfort within; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario looks at the eggsotic side of gourmandise in Eggspo '68; and the ballot for our annual Jazz & Pop Poll once again gives you a chance to name the best in the business. All of which-plus a most unmelancholy Dane, Playmate Majken Haugedal-makes for a sure winner of an entertainment package in this Olympic month.

## PLAYBOY



Mexico!

P. 127



Ravi Shankar

P. 110



Reel McNair

P. 143



Forecast

P. 91

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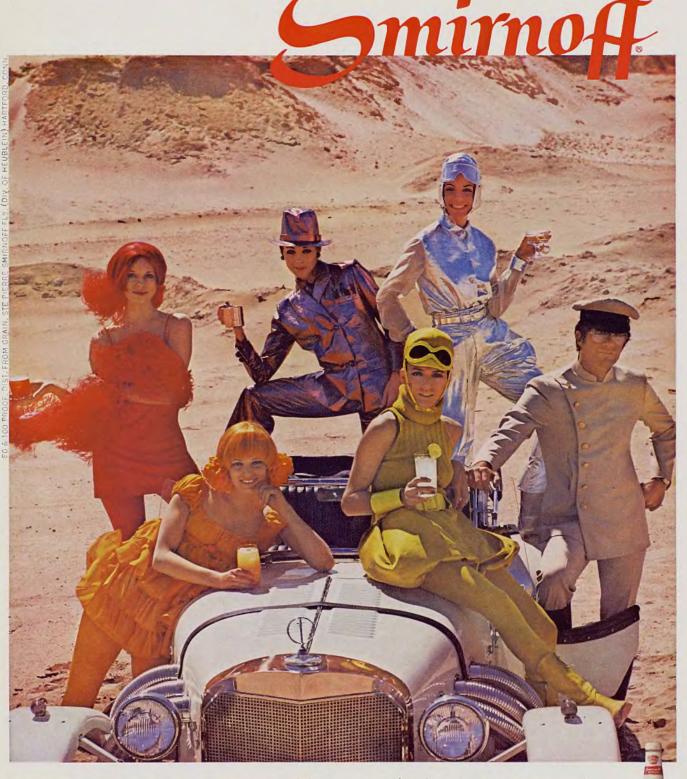
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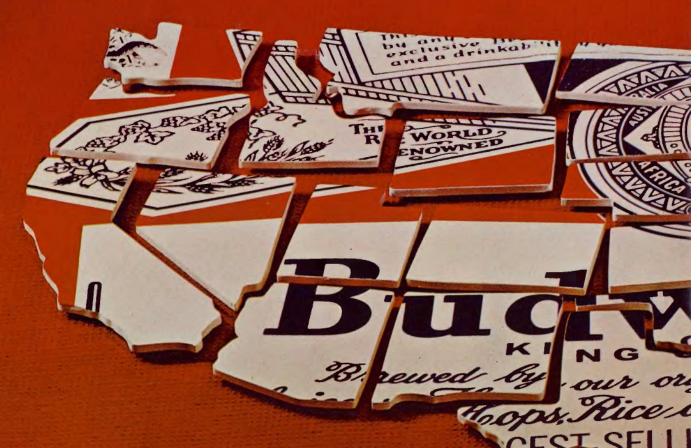
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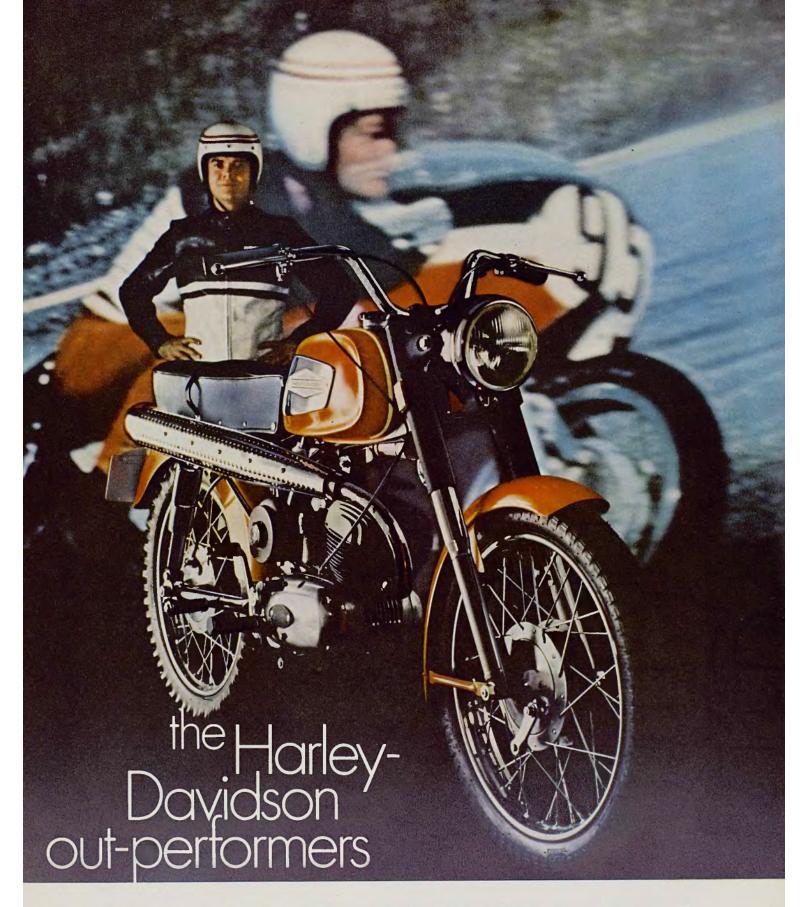
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#### DEAR PLAYBOY

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#### FULBRIGHT'S NEW ORDER

Senator Fulbright's extremely important article (For a New Order of Priorities at Home and Abroad, PLAYBOY, July) revealed in detail the dilemma facing our nation both at home and abroad. His arguments are beautifully made; his logic is irrefutable. The article leads to the inescapable conclusion that the United States, once the most revolutionary nation in the world, is now the most unrevolutionary. Unless we clearly define our national priorities, abandon the arrogance of our power and the present betrayal of our cherished ideals, our nation will become an empire of the traditional kind, destined to leave what Fulbright calls "a legacy of dust."

Even if strength of numbers and firepower finally were to overcome the Viet Cong, and even if Ho Chi Minh would surrender or die, our American commitment, as seen by President Johnson, would not be ended. We would still be the sole military and economic support of a weak Saigon regime (probably even weaker than the present militarist regime) at a cost of from 10 billion to 15 billion dollars a year-for many, many years to come.

PLAYBOY has performed a real and needed public service in publishing Fulbright's outstanding article. Let us hope that dramatic changes in our national commitments will be made next year. Even then, it may be too late.

> Senator Stephen M. Young United States Senate Washington, D.C.

After reading the article by Senator Fulbright, I can only wonder why more of our leaders do not share his views. His was a most eloquent statement of what America should strive to be.

Charles C. Naddeo Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

How strange to read an article by a politician and find oneself agreeing with every word. Senator Fulbright's article on new priorities was moving and impressive. Stranger yet, how is it possible that we do not heed his advice? When will we realize that our greatest potential for constructive influence in foreign affairs lies in the principle of democracy

and the practice of it here at home? I hope your sane, thoughtful, superb magazine is being read where it will do the most good: in the homes of middle-class America. This is where the thinking must change if we are to fulfill America's promise.

> Robert J. Bevans Unalakleet, Alaska

Senator Fulbright's article on the new priorities needed in this country is a masterly summation. I would add only one point: It isn't that the problems we face are so mysterious-many are perfectly open to rational attack. The difficulty at this moment in our history is that both political parties have become hermetically sealed off from the common sense of the people. The parties are the property of professionals, hacks, hangers-on, gravel merchants, ambitious courtroom loyalists, etc.

Of the close to 6,500,000 Democrats who voted in the recent primaries, the 80 percent who voted for McCarthy and Kennedy chose programs for change. Yet the remaining 20 percent seem to control the party apparatus. Anyone desiring to change the way things are-both in our cities and in our foreign policycan no longer avoid facing the greatest single barrier to change: party control by political bosses. The very least that we had hoped for was an open Democratic Convention, at which challenges to Administration policies would be debated. I hope Senator Fulbright will begin a movement in the Senate to support Mc-Carthy's demand for just such an opening for a new politics.

We will breathe a little hope when the political system begins to reflect the realities that the controllers of both parties are resolved to keep to themselves. Fulbright is a great public servant.

> Arthur Miller Roxbury, Connecticut

Best known for his "Death of a Salesman," playwright Miller recently added "The Price" to his impressive list of credits, and campaigned for McCarthy.

I agree with Senator Fulbright, but I cannot help holding him-and others like him-responsible for most of the social ills he describes. His article sold

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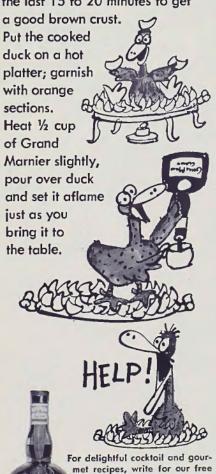


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Hedley S. Berger Corpus Christi, Texas

J. William Fulbright's article is a brilliant, low-key, persuasive diagnosis of the mental ills that afflict our Government and our society. He is not a carping critic nor a pessimist. His is a constructive image, and his vision of a return to noblest. American traditions—updated for contemporary application—is the sole guarantee that we will have a future.

David Schoenbrun New York, New York award-winning "The

Author of the award-winning "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle," Schoenbrun is a correspondent for CBS.

Senator Fulbright's article contained a number of subtle innuendoes about our American system and policies that would make Lenin, Stalin, Mao Tsetung and Ho Chi Minh proud of him. His claim that the Armed Services and the defense industries form a giant socialist concentration is grossly deceiving. Fulbright is pointing the "Red" finger at the one segment of our society that will prevent communism from gaining a strong foothold in our country. At the same time, he asks the legislature to promote huge socialistic programs under the guise of the civil rights movementand aid for the poor. It is obvious that the Senator knows little of military life and even less of the American skills required in the defense industries. He sounds a great deal like Soviet Communist Party chief Leonid I. Brezhnev, who was quoted by The New York Times News Service as follows: "Monopolist America is decaying, but it inevitably will be replaced by another America, an America of the working people. We see it growing and rising. We see the growing civil rights movement. We hear the voice of the working class, the future master of the United States, which is sounding ever louder." Is this Fulbright's new order of priorities?

David W. Kelley Framingham, Massachusetts

The Senator is probably closer in his views to those expressed by former President Eisenhower when he publicly warned the nation against the military-industrial complex.

I was shocked to hear that an opponent of Senator Fulbright in his race for re-election condemned the distinguished Senator for his article in the July PLAYBOY. Opponent Bobby Hayes said he didn't think Fulbright should have been associated with PLAYBOY, because "That magazine makes me sick to my stomach." Because of this statement, Hayes may capitalize on the votes of a few narrow-minded people who believe

that PLAYBOY is pornographic—people who are too busy condemning it to ever bother to read it.

Robert Smith State University, Arkansas

Bobby Hayes' attack on Senator Fulbright is so ridiculous that it will no doubt gain votes for Fulbright-instead of having the reverse effect desired by the assailant. The deplorable thing is that the Hayes blast will travel out of the state and reinforce the old ignorant/ fundamentalist/hillbilly image that Arkansans have come so close to overcoming in recent years-thanks largely to Fulbright and certain other members of our Congressional delegation. If wouldbe Senator Hayes could forget his obvious prejudices and examine the real nature of PLAYBOY, he would, of course, discover what informed, open-minded people already know: that PLAYBOY is a popular, sophisticated and intellectual magazine.

Reuben R. Thomas Fayetteville, Arkansas

Apparently, there are more informed, open-minded voters than Hayes imagined: Fulbright easily won the Democratic primary, polling 208,882 votes to Hayes' 48,664, an unexpectedly vigorous vote of confidence. However, in the general election next month, the Senator faces stiff opposition from Republican Earl Bernard, who has the support of Governor Winthrop Rockefeller.

#### HAVENLY DAYS

I have just finished reading Ollie Hopnoodle's Haven of Bliss, by Jean Shepherd (PLAYBOY, July). The ride to Clear Lake with the delightful Shepherd troop was both witty and down to earth. It brought back fond memories of vacations past, right down to the chicken trucks and crippled Oldsmobile.

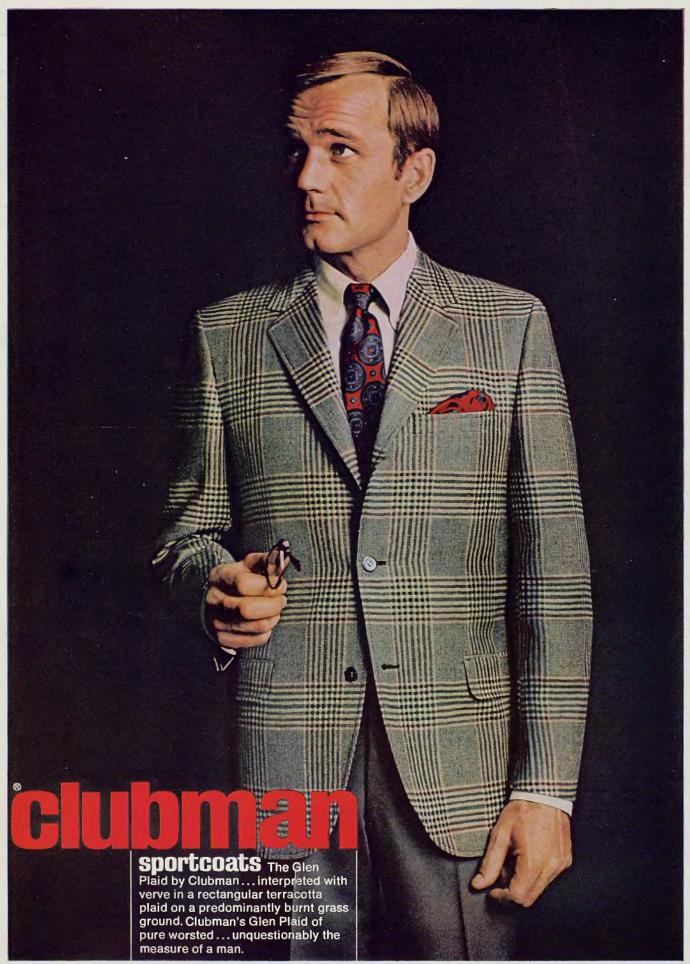
Nancy Williams Portland, Oregon

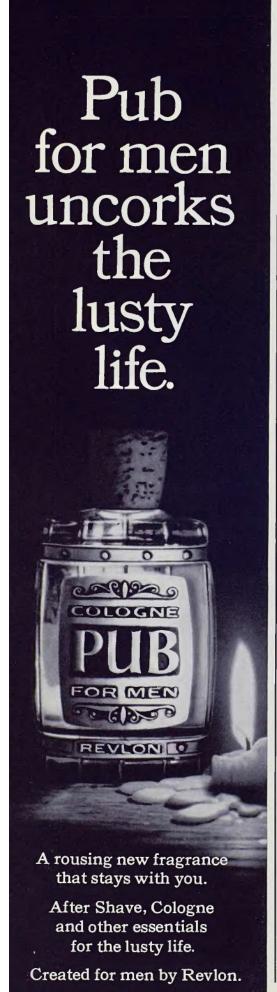
#### TELEVISIONARY

In his illuminating article Must the Tedium Be the Message? (PLAYBOY, July), Newton Minow has ably and imaginatively assayed the promise of public television and put its role in perspective. Public television, as Minow so rightly puts it, has a brilliant potential—and one thoroughly compatible with commercial television. The two services need not and should not be at odds. One should supplement the other. That is why CBS is a firm supporter of public television.

Frank Stanton, President Columbia Broadcasting System New York, New York

I was fascinated by Newton Minow's Must the Tedium Be the Message?. He observed that a major project for TV





should be a series on American history, substantial "dramatic productions portraying America's past—the most definitive, honest history ever produced—using the best writers, historians, directors and film crews." Quite a coincidence—that exactly describes a series I am now working on. I couldn't have described it better.

Walter Schwimmer Chicago, Illinois

Producer Schwimmer is the man behind such television series as the "World Series of Golf," "The Cisco Kid" and "Championship Bridge."

I stand to applaud Newton Minow's article, A deep examination of our society's basic roots is desperately required—and an honest, televised American history is a vital first step.

Ted Ball Richmond, California

As has been proved so often in the past, no one has a greater sensitivity to the total role of broadcasting than Newton Minow. More than that, he has the capacity to point the way for the future. Must the Tedium Be the Message? makes this clear—and should encourage discussion and then action.

Louis G. Cowan New York, New York

Mr. Cowan was president of CBS from 1958 to 1959,

#### PLAYING FOR KEEPS

The generation gap seems to be a permanent piece of psychological geography, but I'm certain John Cheever's Playing Fields (PLAYBOY, July) shortened the distance a bit. His story of a young man's frustrations and rebellion against the adult world was a fine piece of writing and reaffirms that Cheever is among the best authors around today.

Jim Ferguson New Orleans, Louisiana

#### FAR RIGHT OR WRONG?

I just finished reading Ralph Schoenstein's brilliant My Country, Far Right or Wrong in the July PLAYBOY. The satire in this account of the Second Constitutional Convention was excellent and pointed up with painful eloquence one of our greatest contemporary political tragedies: the frenzied anticommunism that has thrived in America, in various forms, since the Bolshevik revolution. The greatest irony is that anticommunism has proved to be a most ineffectual means of dealing with our adversaries. An old piece of advice is, "Know thy enemy"; but at the slightest mention of the word "Red," many Americans will run screaming in the opposite direction. Hiding from communism is hardly a

sensible way to combat it. I hope Schoenstein's article alleviates this state of affairs, and I thank you for publishing it.

Steven Shabad New York, New York

After reading Ralph Schoenstein's My Country, Far Right or Wrong, I found myself going into hysterics—all the while agreeing quite vehemently with him. The article is a satirical masterpiece.

Sp/4 William Noecker Hanksville, Utah

All Ralph Schoenstein left out was Lester Maddox opening the parley by reading the *Pickrick Papers*, then clubbing the waiters with an ax handle. Otherwise, hilarious!

> Sol Weinstein Levittown, Pennsylvania

A tip o' the hat to Ralph Schoenstein's witty insights into right wing America. Extreme conservatism, to be sure, is suffering from acute paranoia. Daffy deportment seems endemic to the movement.

> Jerry M. Lerman Toronto, Ontario

My Country, Far Right or Wrong really made me sad. I am a conservative who spends half his time trying to convince fellow "right-wingers" that PLAYBOY, The New York Times and Eugene McCarthy are not all part of some satanic plot on the part of international Jewish bankers to pollute the white race—and then you have to go and publish an irresponsible smear like that.

Seriously-how would you like an article that put PLAYBOY in the same bag as the hard-core, sadomasochistic pornography mags; that lumped you with the heroin pushers and the gang rapists? You'd resent it, right? And yet, that's just what Schoenstein's article amounts to: implying, even in jest, that Senator Dirksen, William Buckley, Ayn Rand and advocates of the Liberty Amendment are of the same stripe as the neo-Nazis, the "nigger stompers" and the Dr. Strangelove types. Admittedly, some of the irresponsible characters on the outermost fringe of the right wing make equally ridiculous allegations, but two wrongs don't make a right. The technique they are practicing, however, is usually decried as guilt by association -as well it should be. And by using the same techniques. Schoenstein lowers himself to the level of these characters and further weakens the chance for meaningful debate between liberals and sincere conservatives-a debate this country desperately needs, if we are to unite and pull ourselves out of the mess we're in.

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Government encroachment on our individual rights, censorship, conscription, wire tapping and totalitarianism. The conservative has simply chosen a different way to confront these problems. By implying that anyone who opposes socialism and communism or favors laissez-faire capitalism is a racist, a mad bomber or a fascist. Schoenstein becomes an apologist for the lunatic Left.

David F. Nolan, Associate Editor Freedom Magazine Winchester, Massachusetts

Schoenstein's article reflected an attitude shared by many people today-that all "right-wingers" are so ridiculous that they can be dismissed as a group without further consideration. I am a student and admirer of the philosophy of Objectivism, created by Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden. Their political ideals are total, principled respect for individual rights and pure laissez-faire capitalism. What these particular authors advocate is different in form and in content from every statement suggestively attributed to them in Schoenstein's article. Such careless misrepresentation makes Schoenstein's already feeble humor no laughing matter.

> Jonathan Carriel, Jr. Ridgewood, New Jersey

Any author who associates Ayn Rand and Nathaniel Branden with Nazism or fascism shouldn't be allowed pen and paper-or sharp instruments. Happily, it does not matter that Schoenstein despises irrefutable logic-it will exist quite well without him.

> Frank Toplitsky Willowdale, Ontario

#### KNIGHT PEOPLE

Damon Knight's July story, Masks, was the most chilling work of science fiction I've read in a long time. We seem on the verge of creating people that have more artificial organs than real ones, and Knight's probing of the psychological problems involved is important-and darn good reading.

Carl Moore Chicago, Illinois

Masks is splendid-because, damn it, it's a theme I've had in my notebooks for about five years. It's a very serious one and not just fantasy. Good for Damon-he saved me the trouble and probably did a better job of it.

Arthur C. Clarke Colombo, Ceylon

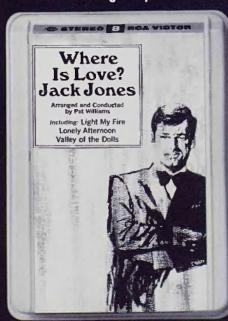
#### SHEL'S A STONE GAS

Shel Silverstein rules supreme among satirical artists. I particularly like his wacky looks at various cults and crazesand July's Silverstein Among



# HACK IN THE IN OX.

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REAL Stereo 8
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Hippies is the best to date. Shel has an unsurpassed ability to find the true color and humor of any way of life.

James B. Burton FPO San Francisco, California

Even though Silverstein *must* be too old to be trusted, you'd never know it from reading his cartoon bestiary of life in hippieland. His humor homed in on every quirk and eccentricity in Hashbury. The piece was a stone gas.

Ingrid Miller San Francisco, California

#### KECIAN KUDOS

Bravo! The Cover Girl Uncovered pictorial in the July Playboy was stunning. Kecia is an elegant, sophisticated girl and Bruno Bernard's photography was great. A winning combination.

Peter Morgan Baltimore, Maryland

It's good to see a small-bosomed girl— Kecia—in your July issue. And I'm glad you picked a *Cosmo* cover girl as your model.

> Helen Gurley Brown, Editor Cosmopolitan New York, New York

#### GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PAUL

Your July interview with Paul Newman showed him to be a sincere and dedicated person, whether he's acting, directing or campaigning. He is not afraid to voice his opinions, even though our "advanced" society may frown on them. It's a shame that so many responsible adults don't have Newman's open mind. And, contrary to what Newman says, I think he'd be a good man in office. PLAYBOY is to be applauded for providing such a provocative interview.

Jeffrey W. Bersh Wilson, North Carolina

Your interview with Paul Newman was vital and refreshing. Certainly, he deserves respect as an actor and also as an individual deeply involved in the theater of humanity. His diligent and time-consuming activities in civil rights, and his campaign work for Senator McCarthy, show this clearly. I think Newman will be remembered just as he wants to be remembered: as a human being who tried.

Matthew K. Gwynne III South Boston, Virginia

Since Paul Newman mentions the somewhat disappointing trip he made to Gadsden, Alabama, several years back—in an attempt to help local people fight for their civil rights—I thought your readers would like to know that the journey wasn't in vain. His stimulus for us to keep pushing was like a bolt of beneficent lightning.

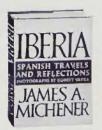
My office and the Negro-owned motel



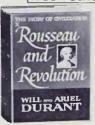
"Mixable" because it's light bodied, smooth and dry. Send for free Bacardi Party Kit and learn how to use Light Bacardi for subtle flavor, Dark Bacardi for more flavor, Bacardi Añejo for ultimate smoothness, Bacardi 151 for exotic drinks. © BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 2100 BISCAYNE BLVD., MIAMI, FLA., RUM 80 & 151 PF.

### WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU

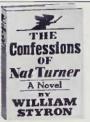
1968 PULITZER PRIZE AWARD WINNERS



414. IBERIA: Spanish Travels and Reflections
by JAMES A. MICHENER Photos. (Ret. price \$10)



381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION by WILL and ARIEL DURANT Illustrated (Retail price \$15)



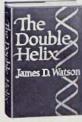
376. THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER by WILLIAM STYRON (Retail price \$6.95)



379. MEMOIRS 1925-1950 by GEORGE F. KENNAN (Retail price \$10)



411. THE PHILBY CONSPIRACY by PAGE, LEITCH and (Retail price \$5.95)



409. THE DOUBLE HELIX by JAMES D. WATSON (Retail price \$5.95)



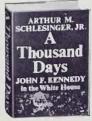
168. OR I'LL DRESS YOU IN MOURNING by LARRY COLLINS and DOMINIQUE LAPIERRE. Photos (Retail price \$6.95)



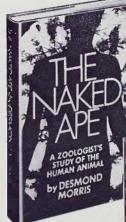
291. IN COLO BLOOD (Retail price \$5.95)



279. KENNEDY by THEODORE C. SORENSEN (Retail price \$10)

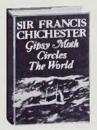


278. A THOUSAND DAYS by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. (Retail price \$9)



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PHILOSOPHY

BY WILL DURANT

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THE-LIVES



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401. GREAT TRUE SPY STORIES. Edited

ALLEN DULLES

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by Eric Berne, M.D.

343. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY by ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price \$5)

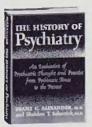




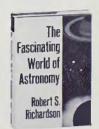
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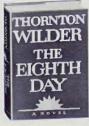
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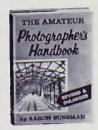
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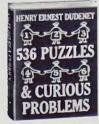
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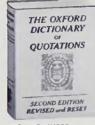
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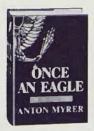


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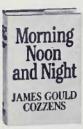
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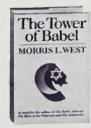
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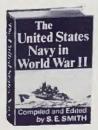
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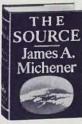
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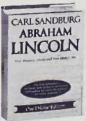
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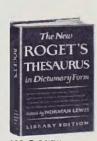
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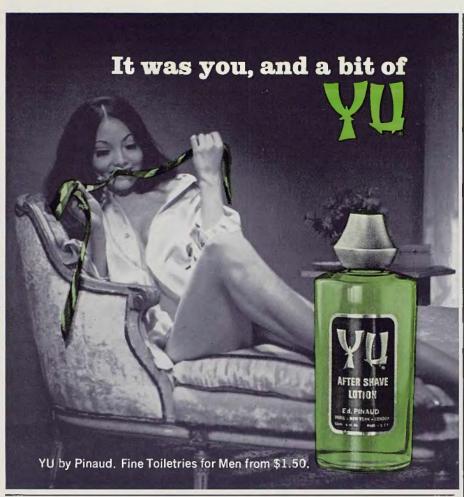
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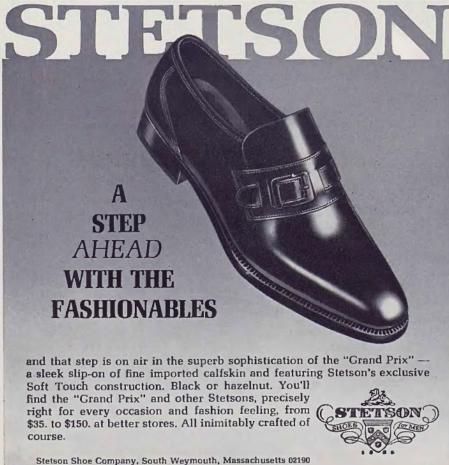


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at which he stayed are no longer surrounded by the 50 state patrol carsthey are now busy trying to help our former governor dispense his "racist tonic" in the North and the West. The schools, hospitals, hotels, motels, swimming pools and buses are fully integrated, and Negroes even have better jobs at the steel and rubber plants (hand labor, of course). We can even hear an occasional "Mr." and "Mrs." And, believe it or not, a Negro can actually sit at a lunch counter in the dime store and eat a hamburger and drink a Coke (that started the whole thing, you know). To top it off, we can see the latest movies on the main floor of the theaters. Of course, the church and minister situation is still as Mr. Newman stated-no change, no hope for change. I enjoyed reading the interview, Mr. Newmanyou all come again.

J. W. Stewart, M. D. Gadsden, Alabama

Newman says: "Now it's a popular position to be a dove, to oppose our Vietnam policy. Suddenly we're considered patriots and humanitarians." Might I inquire on what he bases that conclusion? Certainly, he does not speak for me. To me, Newman, Spock, Kennedy, McCarthy, Coffin, et al. will always be remembered as traitors.

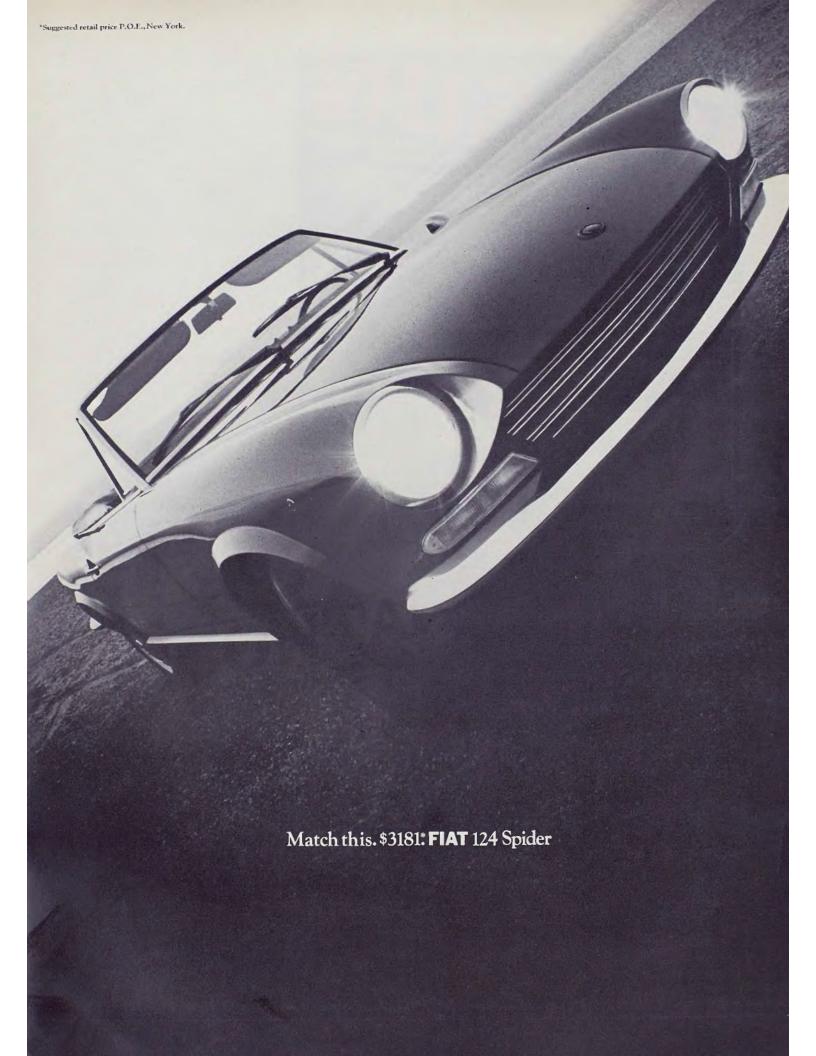
William F. Smith Temple, Pennsylvania

As faithful followers of Senator Eugene McCarthy and longtime admirers of Paul Newman's acting, we feel that Newman has betrayed us. In his and Martin Balsam's analysis of types of sexual intercourse, they have dishonored a noble and juicy profession. To class librarians with spinsters as appropriate recipients of "mercy fucking," we find insulting.

Newman, Mr. Balsam and Governor Wallace think in stereotypes that could lead to serious civil disorders. Newman's remarks may force the American Library Association into organizing a mass sleep-in on the White House lawn. At any rate, librarians, their husbands, wives and sweethearts are not going to take this sort of thing standing up (except for the sake of variety)! Newman should know that an intimate relationship with books does not preclude other delectable intimacies.

Mildred Sutton, Fay Davis Librarians John F. Kennedy College Wahoo, Nebraska

I thought the interview with Paul Newman was the most lewd, licentious, lascivious, filthy, dissolute, obscene in-







terview PLAYBOY has ever published. But it sure as hell was good reading.

> Robert W. Ruble Stewartville, Minnesota

#### COMPUTER DATING

The Fully Automated Love Life of Henry Keanridge (PLAYBOY, July) by Stan Dryer gave me new hope. I'd just about given up having several simultaneous girlfriends, because it always gets too damned complicated—it's impossible to keep that many versions of reality straight in your head. But now—thanks to Dryer's short story—I'm going to take a course in computer programing. Thanks for the tip.

Tom Corcoran Cleveland, Ohio

#### CARTOONIC COINCIDENCE

I was amused by the Interlandi cartoon in your July issue depicting a guy carving his and his paramour's initials—and a drawing of their recent activities—on a rock. I immediately spotted the initials "B. C." and, endowed as I am



"Couldn't you just let it go at initials?"

with lightning reasoning, I figured out who that could be (although the possibilities of Bennett Cerf or Bing Crosby are not to be discounted). But the other initials—"M. S."—who did they represent? I ran through virtually every actress and every girl I've known over the past three decades. Couldn't think of a single one who fit. It was only an hour later, when my gorgeous wife called me to dinner. I remembered that when I married her, six years ago, her name was Mary Slater. I intend to sue you and the artist, if I can stop laughing long enough.

Barnaby Conrad

San Francisco, California Among many other works, authorartist Conrad, a onetime matador, wrote the well-known "Encyclopedia of Bullfighting."



If you think you've noticed that cigars are getting slimmer these days, it isn't your imagination at work. It's today's younger smokers at work.
Maybe it's because slimmed-

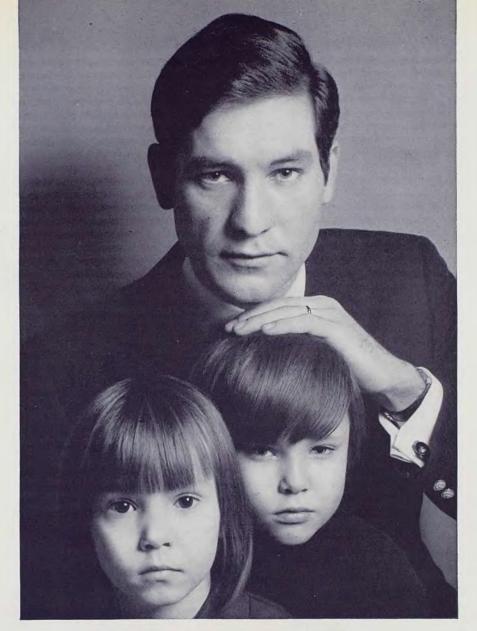
down clothes.

Maybe it's because slim cigars are easier to carry around.

Maybe it's because slim cigars

We don't really know, But these gentlemen just may be on to something.

Maybe you ought to see what it's all about. The Cigar Institute



## Revlon's great gift to 20th Century Man may be his hair

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

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

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ZP<sup>11</sup>. From the Men's Division of the famed Revlon Research Laboratories.

LARIO ROBUS

#### PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In the interest of setting before our readers a viable alternative to the Republican and Democratic Parties' nominees for the Presidency, we contribute this editorial space, as a public service, to a mini-Interview with the darkest of dark-horse candidates-Pat Paulsen. He is a man whose fearless Sunday-night editorials on The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour have opened the door to a grass-roots Presidential draft; a man who has dared to tell the voters, "I never met a bigot I didn't like"; a man about whom the term "credibility gap" could be applied only to the space between his ears. Competing against such formidable opposition as Snoopy (the World War One flying ace), the ever-popular Mrs. Yetta Bronstein, Lar ("America First") Daly, Mrs. Lucy Mayberry (a 62-year-old greatgrandmother from Sacramento) and Louis Abolafia (the Love Party candidate), among others, Paulsen-nominated by acclamation at the recent Stag Party convention in Tijuana, Mexico-has far outdistanced his adversaries by being willing to meet "any time, anyplace" with the press.

Taking him at his word, we asked Paulsen to meet us at 4:25 A.M. in the stock room of a Chicken Delight shop in beautiful downtown Burbank. Entering the service entrance precisely on time, we found the candidate ready for ussurrounded by campaign placards and standing behind a flag-draped lectern. Licking his fingers, he swept a mound of chicken bones onto the floor, took a swig of Diet Dr Pepper from a bottle on the lectern, bent over to release a few balloons, tapped one of the microphones in front of him to make sure it was "live" and, without any further ado, invited us to "fire away."

PLAYBOY: As a show-business personality entering the political arena, do you want to be thought of as something more than just another pretty face?

PAULSEN: Not really. With my kind of drag-'em-under-the-sheets animal magnetism, it would be pointless to fight nature. PLAYBOY: During the campaign, how do

you intend to handle the issue of your notoriously promiscuous sex life?

PAULSEN: I'll carry a purse, mince and talk with a lisp—but it probably won't work. I'm on Governor Reagan's black list of known heterosexuals.

**PLAYBOY:** How is it that an ultramasculine stud such as you has a first name of such unspecific gender?

PAULSEN: How would you like a slap in your face?

PLAYBOY: In a speech at Yale, Governor Reagan said, "Anyone would have to be out of his skull to want to be President." Do you feel Reagan's assessment of a Presidential aspirant's mental qualifications is accurate?



**PAULSEN:** Yes, particularly in his case. **PLAYBOY:** Why do you want to be President?

PAULSEN: Because I want to alleviate the suffering of the poor, strengthen the dollar and curtail inflation, improve foreign relations, beef up our balance of payments—and because my daughter wants a date with George Hamilton.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't your inexperience in public life place you at a disadvantage over some of the other candidates?

PAULSEN: Well, I've never been a songand-dance man or a romantic lead, but, hell, I'm a television star. I think I could be our greatest President since Millard Fillmore.

PLAYBOY: From what voting blocs have you received the most support?

PAULSEN: White racists, big money, the military-industrial complex, the K. K. K., the Mafia and a smattering of Birchers. I also got \$1.65 from Mergenthaler Waisleywillow of Walla Walla, Washington.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think you might have a better chance of winning the Negro vote if you didn't keep referring to them in your speeches as "darkies"?

PAULSEN: Those are just ethnic slips of the tongue. Actually, Negroes are more brown than black, so I really think they should be called "brownies." I can't call them "blackies," because that reminds me of those chewy licorice drops I used to eat when I was a kid.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the black militants who label all Caucasians "whitey"?

PAULSEN: I deplore it. If you want to be accurate, whitey should be called "pinkie." PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who feel that "uppity" Negroes should be shot to maim and rude ones shot to kill? PAULSEN: No. I'm for sending all the Negroes back to Africa and all the whites back to Europe; then we should start over and make this place into a state park. All of the problems we face today can be traced to an unenlightened immigration policy on the part of the American Indian.

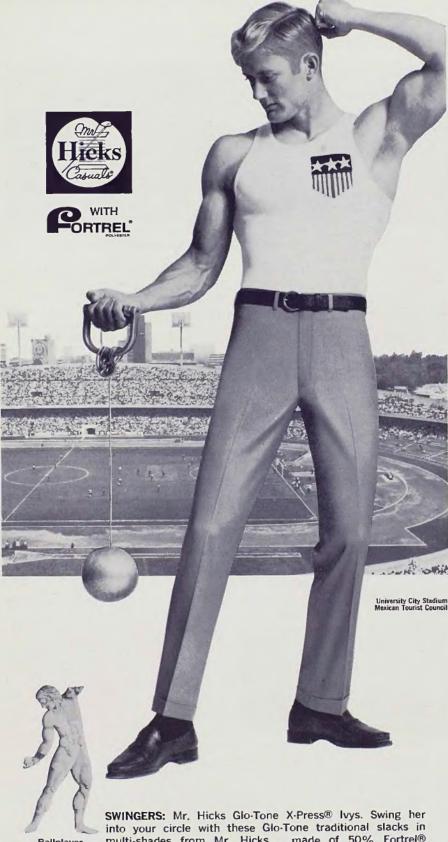
PLAYBOY: Do you feel that recent Supreme Court decisions have rendered law-enforcement officers helpless in their never-ending war on crime?

PAULSEN: No. I agree with those who have been applauding these new restrictions. If you haven't heard the applause, it might be because the applauders are all wearing handcuffs.

PLAYBOY: If elected, how do you plan to handle crime in the streets?

**PAULSEN:** We've got to bring it back into the home, where it belongs.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to foreign policy. Do you pledge to go to Vietnam to end the



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war, as Eisenhower did during his Korean War campaign?

PAULSEN: Gosh, I'd like to go, but I accidentally shot my toe off in the living room yesterday, so I can't; but I'm with our boys all the way.

PLAYBOY: How would you handle the gold crisis?

**PAULSEN:** Bring in some alchemists and go on a lead standard.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of fluoridation?

PAULSEN: Let me say this about that. Some people believe that fluoride is poisonous. Back in 1822, the people of Cleveland, Ohio, put fluoride in their drinking water and not one of them is alive today. But let's look at the positive side: If it is poisonous, maybe it will kill all the garbage in the water. We don't really need it, though; our lakes and streams have never been fluoridated and I've never yet seen a herring with a cavity. PLAYBOY: Do you feel that marijuana should remain illegal, so that it will be kept out of the hands of teenagers?

PAULSEN: Yes. It's too good for them.
PLAYBOY: Do you take drugs yourself?
PAULSEN: No, not unless you count the five-pound bag of saltpeter I mix into my food every day to curb my sexual

appetite.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep yourself in such incredible physical shape, despite the vigorous nonstop campaign you've been conducting?

PAULSEN: I watch dirty movies.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the stag reels you're reputed to have made will have any effect on your candidacy?

PAULSEN: That's a vile aspersion. I've never starred in a stag movie. My part was always a walk-on—usually wearing a black mask and Argyle socks.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those conservatives who feel that the law should crack down on pornography for profit? PAULSEN: Yes, I do. I think pornography should be strictly for fun.

PLAYBOY: What's your position on free love?

PAULSEN: I favor the missionary position. Furthermore, I think we should pay for what we get. America has enough give-away programs already.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for the fact that your wife supports Louis Abolafia, the Love Party candidate?

PAULSEN: Well, we've been married a long time.

PLAYBOY: Whom would you consider for a running mate on your ticket?

PAULSEN: Possibly Jim Ryun. Or maybe Dr. Roger Bannister—he's older and more experienced.

PLAYBOY: Ryun was recently seen running in a Paulsen sweat shirt. Isn't it a fact that you own the companies that manufacture Paulsen sweat shirts, buttons,



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The honest sincere CITADEL CLUB way is quite simple. There are no hidden contracts, no obligation to buy any records at all, and you have your FREE choice of any record available today at discounts of up to 55%, with a minimum of 35% guaranteed. Here's how easy it is to start saving on the records you buy:

- 1 ANY RECORD, ANY ARTIST, ANY LABEL, ANY KIND OF MUSIC! What do you prefer? Popular? Classical? Broadway Show? Rock and Roll? Movie or TV themes? Order Elvis Presley, Arthur Fiedler, Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass, Doctor Zhivago, Bobbie Gentry, Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Bross and The Supremes, Aretha Franklin, Eddy Arnold, Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66, any original Broadway Cast... you name it, if it's in print, you have it at a guaranteed 35% off manufacturers list price... often as high as 55% Even includes imported labels and hard-to-find specialties.
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- 3 IRON CLAD GUARANTEE: FACTORY-FRESH RECORDS, MOST SEALED IN PLASTIC. Any record that passes our inspection team and is imperfect, is replaced without additional cost to you.

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Performer	Normal List Price	Citadel Special Price	Performer	Normal List Price	Special Price
FRANK SINATRA	3.70	3.19	HERB ALPERT AND		
MANTOVANI	4.70	2,59	THE TIJUANA BRASS	4.70	2.49
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AL HIRT	4.79	2.29	LEONARD BERNSTEIN	3.70	2.99
ARTHUR FIEDLER	5.70	3.19	NAT KING COLE	4.70	2,59
RAMSEY LEWIS	4.70	2.59	EDDY ARNOLD	4.70	2.29
BOBBY DARIN	4.79	2.29	HENRY MANCINI	4.70	2.59
TONY BENNETT	4.70	2.39	GUY LOMBARDO	4.79	2.29
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- 6 "MONEY-BACK" MEMBERSHIP—JUST LIKE A FREE TRIAL! In order to introduce you to the tremendous advantages of membership in The Citadel Record Club, we invite you to accept a three-month trial for just \$1. And—we will even give you a Record Bonus Certificate worth \$1 when you become a lifetime member...just like a FREE trial, AND—we'll even bill you later for the small \$1 fee. Remember—every Citadel Club membership is for the entire family. Your children can order and save. Any member of your family can order records ... and save. But—try us out. Mail the card or coupon for the special three-month trial for only \$1.

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hart skis



stickers and other campaign items?

PAULSEN: I would never stoop so low as to profiteer off of my own candidacy. I will retain only a 51-percent interest in these by-products. The rest will be sold in single shares to those who vote for me—first come, first served.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to the rumor that you plan, if elected, to appoint Tommy Smothers to your Cabinet?

**PAULSEN:** No. And I'd like to go on record right now as stating that if I'm elected, I'll drop Tommy Smothers like a hot potato. I don't trust entertainers in politics.

PLAYBOY: Are there any Cabinet appointments you'd care to reveal?

**PAULSEN:** Yes. Because of my concern for the beautification of America, I'm going to appoint one swish to a new position I'm creating—Secretary of Interior Decoration.

PLAYBOY: How do you plan to deal with graft and corruption in Government?

PAULSEN: I plan to stamp it out—by setting an example of personal integrity that will inspire others to follow suit.

**PLAYBOY:** Toward that end, what will be your first official act?

PAULSEN: To impeach myself.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, Mr. Candidate.

Elsewhere on the campaign trail, our man in Montana writes that the list of Presidential electors for the Prohibition Party on his state's ballot is headed by Harry Boozer.

Truth in Advertising Department, Sexual Revolution Division: An ad in The Wall Street Journal's Southwest edition offered a special for "weekend lovers" at the Hilton Inn in Dallas, adding "a sporting proposition—If love doesn't bloom in your Hilton Inn room, we deduct 15 percent from bill." In a second ad, the Hilton listed the names of some recent guests who asked for a refund, including a couple named Mr. and Mrs. John Doe.

A hand-lettered warning notice posted on the Yorkshire, England, moors—proclaiming: IT IS FORBIDDEN TO THROW STONES AT THIS SIGN—topped our list of whimsical public prohibitions by private pranksters, until we came across one that demanded: DO NOT READ THIS SIGN.

He Said It, We Didn't, Department: In H. L. Mencken's A New Dictionary of Quotations, the entry under "Ph.D." reads, in its entirety, "See Quack."

The Stanford Graduate School of Business' Ernest C. Arbuckle Award, given annually to the Stanford alumnus





## presenting soft-shelled turtles from the Kings Road Collection.

In case you haven't heard, going soft is what's going on. So what we've done is jersey knit our soft-shelled turtles in high-loft 100% virgin Orlon\* acrylic.

Which means they're smooth feeling, smoother fit-

ting and machine washable.

And definitely not for plodders.

You see, aside from being long on sleeves (short sleeve model available in warmer climes), these full-fashioned full-turtles are long on style. Like rib knit cuffs and waist, saddle shoulders, and colors—blue chip, tabasco,

tobacco brown, chamois gold and aspen green.

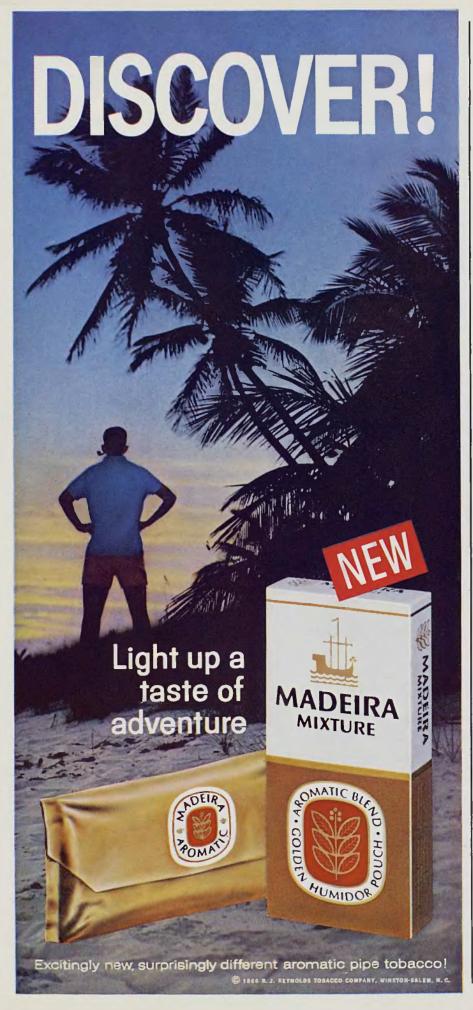
And if you like natural—

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At under \$12.50 for this rare species of soft-shelled turtle, you're not even sticking your neck out.

Matching crew socks under \$1.50. Charge them all on Sears Revolving Charge.





best exemplifying the qualities of Ernest C. Arbuckle, was won this year by Ernest C. Arbuckle.

The trend toward corporative conglomerates appears to be getting out of hand, to judge from this financial note in the New Rochelle, New York, Standard-Star: "Republic Corporation said it has signed an agreement to acquire Calif."

Red power: Bumper sticker seen in Phoenix on a car driven by American Indians—custer died for your sins.

Ontario's Kitchener-Waterloo Record ran an ad offering for stud service a male brown-and-white short-haired guinea pig "from a good Protestant home."

#### BOOKS

Che Guevara, 39 when killed in Bolivia, has become an icon for the rebellious young throughout the world-not only as a bearded face on a poster but also as a symbol of the revolutionary humanist who would and did commit violence to make possible a new liberated society. For all the books and articles that are being rushed into print by and about Guevara-including his diaries of the fatal Bolivian guerrilla campaignthe man himself has not yet been fully revealed. Venceremos!: The Speeches and Writings of Ernesto "Che" Guevara (Macmillan), edited and with an introduction by John Gerassi, is the most comprehensive collection in English (so far) of Che's own works; but while it may be useful for specialists in the Cuban Revolution, it reveals little of his private doubts, anxieties, triumphs and frustrations. There is a short biography by Gerassi of this son of aristocrats who became a destroyer of the established order-but it is only a slight prolog to the still unwritten story of Guevara's turbulent odyssey. The 35 pieces by Che himself comprise articles and speeches on guerrilla warfare, capitalism and imperialism, human values, economic theory and economic policy. Though reputedly a man of extraordinary charm and wit in conversation, he was hardly a distinctive writer, and it requires the dedication of a Gerassi to absorb the more than 400 pages in this textbookish assemblage. There are sections, however, as in the essays On Revolutionary Medicine and Man and Socialism in Cuba, in which Guevara's vision of a new socialist manpowered by an organic sense of community, freely engaged in work that simultaneously fulfills his own needs and humanizes his society-comes through with messianic force. Much more readable and considerably more revealing of



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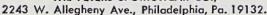


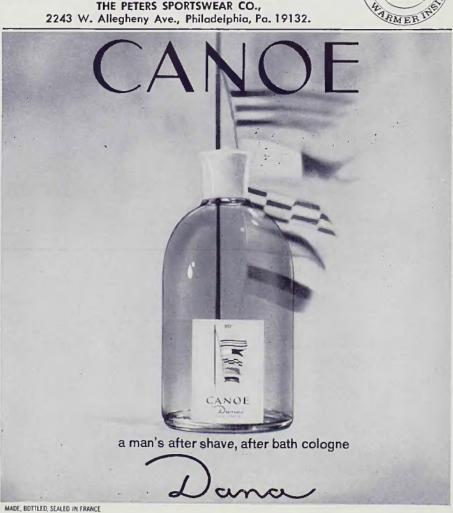
Guevara the man is My Friend Che (Dial), by Ricardo Rojo, an Argentine lawyer, who first met him in 1953. Rojo describes Che's restless search as a youth for a vocation that would help him end the misery of the Latin-American masses; his initial skepticism about and then total commitment to Castro; and his subsequent discovery of the complexities of assuring that power, once gained, remains both revolutionary and humanistic. In the process, Rojo also provides an instructive overview of Latin-American politics in the past two decades, particularly in terms of the drives and disappointments of such radical sons of the middle class as himself and Che. Rojo's account begins and ends in Bolivia. When he and Che were there in 1953, they found the peasants hostile and uncommunicative. Che found them the same 14 years later as head of a guerrilla band, betrayed by peasants who felt no bond with this outsider, foreign by nationality and by class. Can the Castro-Guevara kind of revolution, rooted in both violence and visionary idealism, be exported? The question remains open; but however it is answered, Che himself has become a revolutionary legend.

At the conclusion of Purity in Print (Scribner's), an earnest but pedestrian history of "the vice-society movement and book censorship in America" from the 1870s through the 1930s, author Paul S. Boyer foresees "an unending struggle between willing and wellintentioned censors and those who prefer . . . to defend full and untrammeled freedom for the printed page." The same note is struck at the conclusion of another book on the same subject, Tropic of Cancer on Trial (Grove), an equally earnest, equally pedestrian "case history of censorship." Author E. R. Hutchison quotes Henry Miller: "'This battle with negative forces will go on perpetually. You win here and lose there. After a few years it starts up again, on some other level." In sharp disagreement is lawyer Charles Rembar, the author of yet a third book on the subject, The End of Obscenity (Random House). In his final paragraph, he states that "obscenity, as the term has been commonly understood-the impermissible description of sex in literature—approaches its end. . . . I would go farther and add, so far as writing is concerned, that not only in our law but in our culture, obscenity will soon be gone." If Rembar's words have the ring of authority, it is hardly surprising. He is the lawyer who fought in the courtroom to secure the right to publish Lady Chatterley's Lover, Tropic of Cancer and Fanny Hill. Rather than attempting to defend these literary works as not being "genitally stimulating," and therefore meriting publication, Rembar took the MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

Coarse Weave canvas nylon. Light. Warm. Nimble. A Jacket to slip into and warm up with ... loosen up the muscles before getting down to brass tacks. It works.

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(One of the nice things about Jensen loudspeakers is that you have a choice. And no matter which price range you choose, you can be sure you are getting the most for your money.)

## jensen

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opposite tack. He argued that the books were, in fact, sexually stimulating and that such a reaction by the reader is a natural, healthy, human response to the creative act of the literary artist. Moreover. Rembar reasoned, the books had social value and could not, under the Constitution, be banned-a view echoed by Supreme Court Justice William Brennan in the Fanny Hill decision, which virtually ended censorship of sex on the printed page. In The End of Obscenity, Rembar writes with the cool logic of a successful lawyer, with a felicity of Ianguage that would do credit to a professional writer and with a sense of humor that partly makes up for the fact that his book is too long for what it has to say. While other lawyers may quarrel with some of Rembar's opinions, his lucid explanations of legal principles make The End of Obscenity instructive for laymen.

The end of obscenity may well mean unsluicing the floodgates for what a certain element will certainly call hardcover pornography. But if Billy & Betty (Grove), a new novel by Twiggs Jameson, is any example of the genre to come, we're in for some hot and uproarious times. Obviously, this is the stuff for which the Olympia Press of Paris was founded. Billy and Betty are a brotherand-sister act with problems. Billy has a small penis ("no bigger than a cigarette filter") and Betty has a large desire that is largely frustrated by a promise she made to their late mother never to marry until Billy's social future was assured. But, alas, underendowed Billy seems to have no future socially; and Betty's fiancé has threatened to give up the wait and, indeed, has vetoed sex until Betty is free of Billy. Author Jameson uses this Tillie the Toiler situation as a springboard from which to launch satiric barbs at a gamut of institutions and ideas ranging from Alcoholics Anonymous to Norman Mailer and his famous essay on "The White Negro." But what is most fun about this zestful book is the comic inventiveness Jameson displays in creating a completely new and vivid vocabulary with which to describe both sexual organs and their coupling relationships. Even a hard-core prude will have to fight back a smile at the fresh Jamesonian prose.

Black Rage (Basic Books) penetrates the grief, anger and rising pride of being black in America. Written by two black psychiatrists, William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, it explores the massive obstacles that American society places in the way of the achievement of manhood and womanhood for blacks, and analyzes the adaptive mechanisms, many of them torturously self-destructive, that blacks have created in order to survive. Black

### IF YOU LIKE A NICE, BLAND, DELICATE LITTLE DAIQUIRI...



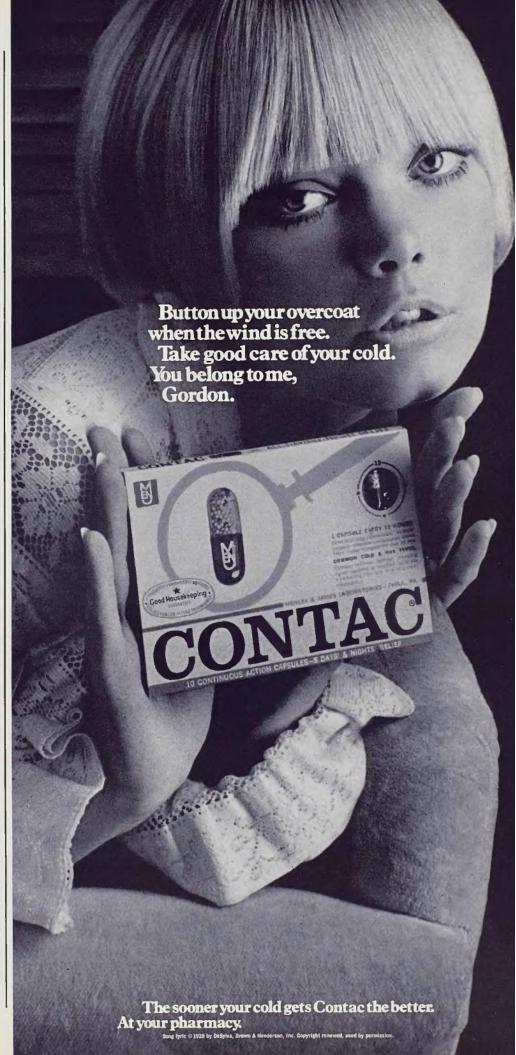
Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

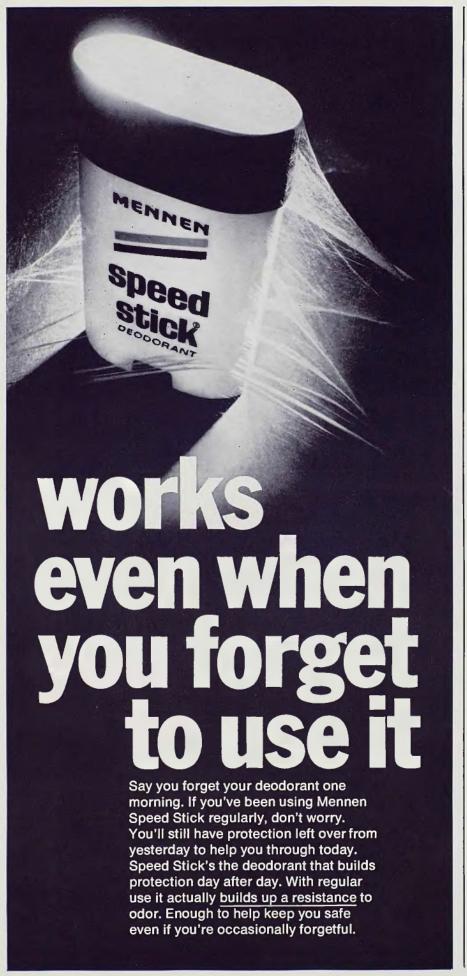
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For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 418, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022 Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

Rage, as the title aptly indicates, is no dispassionate, academic study. This is advocacy psychiatry, intended to provide support for black self-assertion and to make it viscerally clear to whites that there is not very much time before black rage becomes apocalyptic-if the treatment of blacks as colonials continues. Grier and Cobbs focus primarily on prescribing for black mental health in what they feel is a deeply sick society: "A black man's soul can live only if it is oriented toward a change of the social order. A good therapist helps a man change his inner life so that he can more effectively change his outer world." A good therapist, they continue, must also recognize-and this may shock many white psychiatriststhat a black man, for his survival, "must develop a cultural paranoia in which every white man is a potential enemy and every social system is set against him unless he personally finds out differently." The authors do not neglect the strengths and triumphs of many blacks, but they emphasize that "the overriding experience of the black American has been grief and sorrow." If the rage that rises from such grief is no longer directed at himself but against his oppressor, they conclude, the black man is moving toward health.

In The Pump House Gang (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Tom Wolfe joyfully soars through the "statuspheres" of cyclists, surfers, Mods, McLuhanites, mainliners, mainstreamers and Hugh M. Hefner. Statuspheres, says Wolfe, are what people live in who "feel uncomfortable with the old status system, inherited from Europe." Instead of playing the game of rank and snobbery, they prefer the game of sports cars, motorcycles, hi-fis and other gifts of a noisy technology. What they're after, says Tom, is "blissful liberation!" Our chronicler is indefatigable in his search for a subject sufficiently grand or grotesque to invite his hyperbolic talents. (If you organize a group of nude guitar players in Kalamazoo, the Wolfe will soon be at your door.) But few things in this world fly as high as Wolfe's enthusiasms; as a result, his style often overwhelms his subject. In The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), however, he has found the right subject, playing a dizzy Boswell to Ken Kesey's psychedelic Dr. Johnson. It is a sometimes brilliant account of how Kesey and his Merry Pranksters make LSD a household acidnym throughout America. In recent years, Kesey has devoted most of his time to being guru to a band of pioneer acidheads disporting among the redwoods of northern California. These folks think they have discovered something very special and they set out to bring the whole damn world "into their movie." They get hold of a





bus, which they festoon with cameras, loud-speakers, microphones, tape recorders and a fantastic tangle of wires. Then they all pile in and head hippily for the East Coast. The bus' destination sign says FURTHER. The film footage, like the book, keeps uncoiling and flashing gray images of American squarehood: confused cops, irate gas-station attendants, gaping pedestrians in their buttondown shirts. It's funny at times; Wolfe is fascinated by the weird mystique that pervades the atmosphere. "How to tell it! . . . the current fantasy . . . I never heard any of the Pranksters use the word religious to describe the mental atmosphere they shared after the bus trip . . . and yet-" And yet there is little doubt that Kesey thinks he's Christ or Gautama Buddha or Robin Hood, and the Merry Pranksters his faithful disciples. As for Tom Wolfe, he has cast himself here as apostle to the infidels.

David Wagoner is a leading American poet whose ventures into fiction have met with indifferent critical and commercial success. In his fifth novel, Buby, Come On Inside (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Wagoner comes face to face with a subject that can fully engage his poet's imagination—the world of show business. His protagonist is Popsy Meadowscrooner, much married, turning 50-who awakes in an alcoholic haze one day in a strange hotel in a strange city that turns out to be his home town. Peeling 20s off an endless roll of bills, he bribes and drinks his way through a two-day carnival, convoyed by an entourage of girls, stooges and has-beens. Popsy's voice is gone, victim of a lifetime of selfindulgence, and he is pursued by his own private furies, represented larger than life-size by his aging parents, who are authentic Grand Guignol American Gothic. It is a monstrous and at times monstrously funny novel that is not so much read as inhaled, like cigarette smoke. The poet's skills are put to good use in conveying the tactile ambiance of show business. Wagoner assaults the senses, inflames the nerve ends and, in so doing, has produced a book that defies rational criticism. Baby, Come On Inside gives one an acute sense of being hung over, but not drunk enough to stop drinking; of feeling that one's body is infested with strange bugs; of needing a shower and a shave, but knowing they will be a long time in coming. It is a cheap, nasty, unpleasant book, but such is its impact that these are terms of high praise, admiration and respect.

In The Last Landscape (Doubleday), William H. Whyte, who wrote himself a reputation for perceptive thinking with The Organization Man, has closed in on the struggle to prevent American cities and suburbias from choking on human

If you would like a professional stereophonic tape deck with an electronic brain that automatically reverses your tapes at the end of the reel, simply buy our Model 666D.

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stereo deck with a ServoControl motor that can be speeded up or slowed down to match the pitch of a musical instrument, we'd be delighted to sell you our Model 560D. It too, is just one of thirty Sony tape recorders you can buy right now priced from \$69.50.

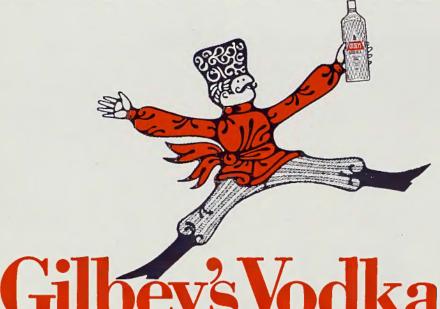
But...if you would like to buy our \$1,000 Model 760 illustrated below—that automatically changes, threads, reverses, speed senses and ejects tapes—forget it! It's only available on special order, and even then deliveries won't begin until early next year.

To wait or not to wait—that is the question.

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sardines and to save rural America from a fate of gas stations and crummy subdivisions. Not the least of Whyte's skills is his ability to demonstrate factually why plans to prevent choke-up 25 years from now had better begin gestating more or less instantly. And being the type who plunges brain-deep into his subjects, he has come up with a scheme that could well preserve some stretches of green and water-rich turf for our children's children to relax on and avoid going cuckoo. The idea, which with a number of variations is the kernel of a comprehensive review of people-and-space problems, centers on the ancient and often misunderstood legal device of the easement. Putting the proposition most simply, the public acquires from a property owner his assurance that his land will remain untrammeled. For money, we buy "his right to louse it up." Valleys and meadows do not become scarred by grubby developments and, together with adjacent streams and ridges, they remain available for the use and enjoyment of all. We gain because easements are cheaper than land purchases and, besides, the affected land remains on local tax rolls. And the landowner benefits because he continues to farm the property instead of watching automobiles and trucks roar over it. Turning from country to city, Whyte seems on weaker ground as he argues for more densitymore imaginative packing-in city housing; it is not that the idea is necessarily frightening but that its benefits are not as well documented as its dangers have been by others. All in all, however, he has given practical dreamers a view of the possible and some indications of how it might be achieved.

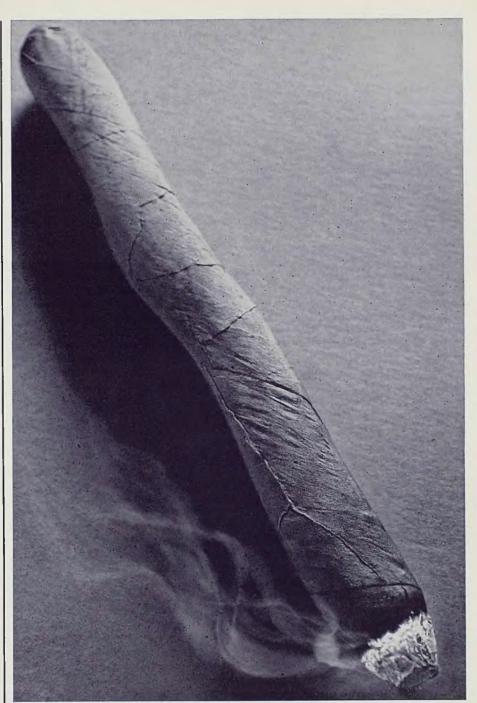
James Gould Cozzens has never been easy to read; but in his better books (Guard of Honor), he has generally proved rewarding in one way or another. Unfortunately, Morning Noon and Night (Harcourt, Brace & World), his first novel in ten years, is not one of his better books. The involuted story centers on Henry Worthington, a 60-year-old management consultant and writer manqué who retraces the twists and turns of his life in an attempt to discover its ultimate meaning. But before he even begins to get down to specifics, he ruminates at length about the general nature of memory, the importance of work, the influence of environment and the characters of some of his ancestors. Finally, he manages to examine two crucial incidents in his boyhood: one involving theft, the other sex; to recall a first wife who cheated on him and a second wife who cheated on life by accidentally on purpose committing suicide; and to deal with a daughter who has reacted so traumatically to watching his first wife cheat that she herself feels forever cheated as she runs through three

husbands. In the end, it is the reader who is cheated. For all of these skeletons in Henry's closet are as dry as old bones, and the New England-type morality-and-manners chowder Cozzens tries to cook out of them lacks all pungency. He argues for tradition and the old verities, but the effect is one of unredeemed irrelevancy.

The season brings us generous samplers of two of PLAYBOY's most esteemed contributors. With Nabokov's Congeries (Viking), editor Page Stegner serves his author loyally and his audience superlatively. He gives us some 30,000 words from Vladimir's memorable memoir, Speak Memory; the entire delightful Pnin; excerpts from other novels; and a selection of short stories, essays, critiques, translations and poems. It's a bounteous introduction to the master's oeuvres for those who have somehow missed making his acquaintance, and a surpassing treat for those who appreciate his worth. Welcome to the Monkey House (Delacorte) brings together some of the best and best-known stories and essays of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Included are the title story, originally published in PLAYBOY; his take-off on The Random House Dictionary; his celebrated fictional look into the future, Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow; and the tale of a chess game in which humans are the pieces and lost pieces are shot.

#### MOVIES

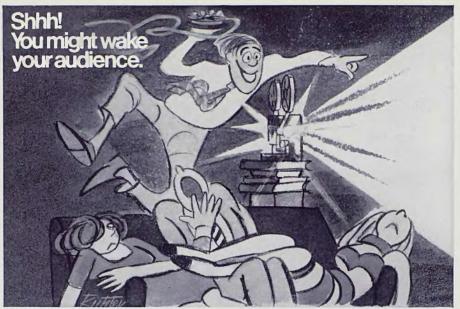
The title role of Isabel is a triumph for Geneviève Bujold, the bobbed and buoyant French-Canadian beauty who captivated Yves Montand in La Guerre Est Finie. Called upon to portray the most luminous movie heroine since Elvira Madigan, Geneviève radiates vibrant warmth and assurance as a girl haunted by the enigmas of her family tree. Much of her easy way with this complex role could stem from the fact that Isabel was produced, written and directed by her husband, Paul Almond, a former TV director making a feature-film debut that is superior on all counts: cool, fresh, searching, suspenseful and rich in psychological nuance. The story was filmed in color on the raw Atlantic coast line of Quebec's Gaspé Peninsula, where Almond passed his boyhood summers observing the folkways of farmers and fishermen. In effect, Isabel is a ghost story, though the ghosts Almond summons chiefly inhabit the mind of his heroine, a crisp Montreal office clerk who travels home for her mother's funeral and reluctantly stays on to settle the future of an aged uncle. She doesn't yet know it, but her unnerving hiatus in the bleak farmhouse where she was born is also a struggle to find her own



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identity amid the clutter of ancient brica-brac and faded family portraits-memoirs of a troubled Catholic girlhood. The long-ago deaths of her father and younger brother at sea obsess her, and she broods about rumors of "a phantom light" around the house, of skeletons in closets. Yet the mysterious face at the window and the footstep on the stair are Isabel's own inventions, like the nameless evil she perceives in the appearance of a virile, intuitive stranger (effectively played by Mark Strange), who bears a startling resemblance to pictures of her grandfather. Almond's use of natural sound and light are always strongly motivated rather than merely flashy or fashionable, while his shrewd handling of local folk as actors adds a dimension of truth that seems to affect even the professionals in the cast. The usual sequence of events takes a refreshing turn, for example, when the hero and heroine inexplicably start giggling a moment after she has been molested, and he has been badly clobbered, by a trio of rapacious drunks. This surprising little film is a big first-a cerebral thriller with soul.

Another husband-and-wife team shares the honors of Rachel, Rachel, produced and directed by Paul Newman, with Joanne Woodward in the starring role. 'This is my last ascending summer," says Rachel, a small-town schoolteacher of 35, still a virgin and afraidbut mostly of herself. Her spinsterish tale, adapted from a novel by Margaret Laurence, oozes the kind of anguish that keeps confession magazines solvent, and might be subtitled "She was only an undertaker's daughter, but oh, how she came to life!" Rachel is stifled by servitude to her widowed mother in an apartment upstairs from the funeral parlor. She seeks relief through her work at school, through imagined sexual encounters or masturbation and by attending a revival meeting with a colleague (Estelle Parsons), whose chummy eccentricity smacks of Lesbianism. The experience that hastens Rachel's emancipation, however tentatively, is her affair with a visiting teacher (James Olson) whom she's known since childhood-a callow stud home for a holiday and itchy to score. We'd rather not say where it all ends, but you can bet it ends sadder but wiser. That anyone cares does great credit to Joanne, whose precisely shaded portrayal makes Rachel both vulnerable and funny-whether she's primly getting stoned, daydreaming an overdose of sleepybye pills for Momma or awkwardly thanking her would-be seducer for his thoughtfulness in having a blanket in the car. While Newman's modest filmmaking debut blazes no new trails in cinema, he avoids self-consciousness most of the time-the most dangerous pitfall for a freshman director-and loyally

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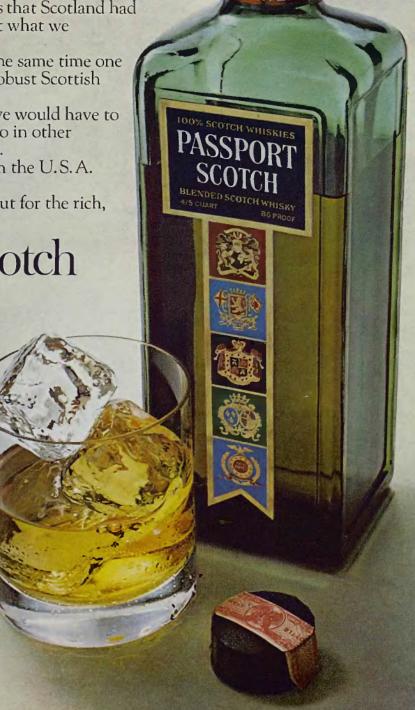
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Sophoclean tragedy is served up in a whole range of styles in Oedipus the King, directed by Philip Saville with painstaking emphasis on the sonorities of Paul Roche's new translation. Earnest and well spoken, but otherwise undistinguished, the movie comes off as the sort of summertime classic encountered in a university arts festival. It was filmed in and around the amphitheater of Dodona in northern Greece, with the action onstage spreading out past tiers of empty seats, only Zeus knows why, and occasionally spilling into the surrounding countryside—a method well calculated to keep a company of splendid actors as confused as its audience. The male chorus, intoning in unison, is Greek as hell. Lilli Palmer, as the wretched queen Jocasta, plays it for reel in a very low key -like any worldly upper-class matron who finds out she has married her own son-while Christopher Plummer renders Oedipus in a ringing style that is always intelligent yet never threatens to spatter real human blood and tears upon the stones of ancient Thebes. This Oedipus suffers the symptoms of incipient paranoia rather than the agony of a ruler who, in saving his city from pestilence, seals his own fate; and though the interpretation is original, it finally reduces epic tragedy to case history. Only Richard Johnson as Creon, and Orson Welles, with an impressively restrained bit of hamming as the blind seer Tiresias, perform Sophocles in proper size.

Hollywood conducted one of its periodic talent searches prior to the filming of The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, and the movie version of the late Carson Mc-Cullers' sensitive first novel consequently introduces one genuine talentnewcomer Sondra Locke. Her performance as Mick, the scrawny teenaged pullet whose growing pains are eased by the discovery of classical music and sex, almost atones for the fact that nearly everything else about the movie has gone awry. Though the book-a minor classic in the Southern Gothic modedealt primarily with the bizarre and tender relationship between a deaf-mute and a half-wit, miscasting renders that poignant duo dramatically null and void. The gross posturing of TV comedian Chuck McCann, as the feebleminded Antonapoulos, passes description; and Alan Arkin, as Singer the deafmute, appears for the first time to be working far beyond his depth. Without a line to utter, Arkin devotes himself to the mastery of sign language and brings little more than bemused mechanical proficiency to a role demanding intensity, stunted passion and agonizing insights into one man's frighteningly silent



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world. The actors are handicapped throughout by Thomas C. Ryan's diffuse script, which attempts to dovetail all the town's hardship cases-the suicidal alcoholic trying to straighten himself out, the proud Negro doctor dying of lung cancer—into a sprawling slice of life scarcely more subtle than Peyton Place. Photography by James Wong Howe is a wasted asset, because Hunter is ineptly cut and edited, as if some panicky trouble shooter had pulled it all apart and tried to put it back together again with a semblance of form. Whatever went wrong can be traced to the sudsy hand of director Robert Ellis Miller, whose last orgy of bathos was Sweet November.

The Death of the Ape Man expands its noble-savage theme into some highly original variations on the me-Tarzanyou-Jane movies. Made six years ago by Czech writer-director Jaroslav Balík, Tarzan is set in Germany during the early Thirties-and the time and place add a hemlock flavor to the film's spitballs of satire aimed at that battered target, man's inhumanity. Tarzan, played with touching Neanderthal innocence by Rudolf Hrušínský, finds that the law of the jungle works with pitiless efficiency in civilization. Reared by apes in darkest Africa, this German nobleman is shorn of his estates, his mate and his idealism, packed off to a circus freak show, where he ultimately freaks out and commits suicide. Though the comedy becomes rather attenuated in the unfolding, director Balík swings over the weak spots as airily as his daring young hero swings aloft on crystal chandeliers. There is a stylistic ease and lightness here that seem to characterize all the best films from Czechoslovakia, A prolog and an epilog sung by a philosophical clown are bold in the Fellini manner, while another memorable sequence -a horde of villains in top hats and flying tail coats ludicrously pursuing their prey through a sculptured gardensomehow suggests that Balik has brought out the beast in the Keystone Cops.

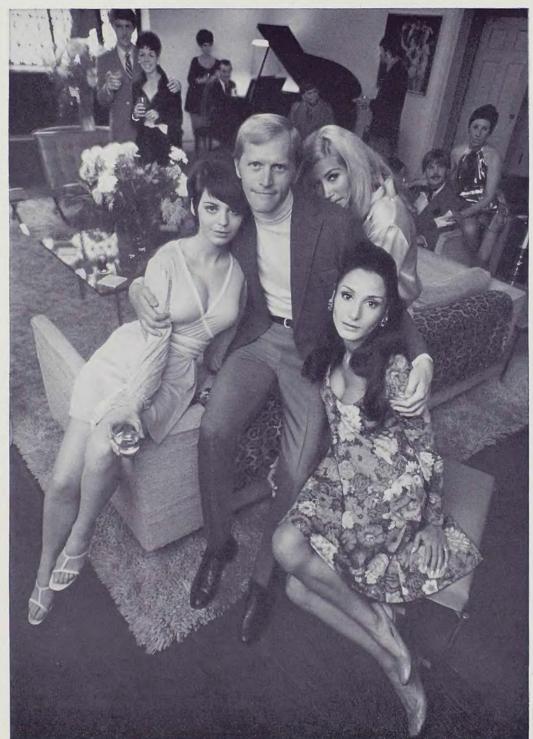
One's willing suspension of disbelief in that world of film fantasy that has been created to support the biological drives of private eyes remains intact until about halfway through A Lovely Way to Die, when it dies of plot failure. As this potboiler wheezes to a climax, the only workable equipment on view is a rescue helicopter and Sylva Koscina, a sex machine of striking design, as readers of this journal well know (see Sylvan Sylva, May 1967). Sylva plays a widow accused of shooting her millionaire husband, and the tough guy who thinks she probably did it is Kirk Douglas an ex-cop resigned from the force to defend his stubborn faith in police brutality. Opportunity knocks when a trial lawyer named Tennessee

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(Eli Wallach, drawling like a Bronx cabdriver who tells dialect jokes) calls Kirk away from his beds and broads—we lost count of both—to a very special assignment. Somehow, the details of the case are less easy to recall than the swimming pools and limousines, though memory lingers over a parlormaid in a miniskirt, a gang of unfriendly neighbors quick-freezing corpses in the mansion down the road and Sylva enjoying police protection on a bearskin rug.

Inasmuch as The Story of a Three-Day Pass is the first feature-length movie written and directed by an American Negro, Melvin Van Peebles, it's too bad that Pass turns out to be so square. Worse yet, if we may say so, the one thing the film hasn't got is rhythm. Van Peebles uses split-screen techniques and some tricks with mirrors (a hero talking out problems vis-à-vis his alter ego)both awkwardly. His hero, a naïve Negro GI (Harry Baird) in Paris, looks embarrassed by the progress of an adventure with a plain French girl (the late Nicole Berger), whom he meets, makes and loses after an idyllic weekend on the coast of Normandy. At moments, the film's sweetly sad artlessness, and even some of its artiness, is appealing, as when the loving couple try to express what they feel about the color of each other's bodies, or when they abandon themselves to fantasies-he seeing himself as a plumed French gallant, she imagining herself being taken by a painted aborigine. Promising but only semiprofessional in achievement, Pass also expresses attitudes that lack cogency today: a black man wooing a white maid does not, ipso facto, have to be transported all the way to Paris.

The Strange Affair focuses on a rookie British bobby named Strange (Michael York), whose bright future is destroyed during one hectic year in uniform. Turned on by a psychedelically painted teenager (Susan George), Strange is enticed into a luxurious bed strategically placed under a secret camera loaded for live-action pornography. Though such healthy heterosexual drives become him, that misstep leaves him vulnerable to some convoluted twists of plot involving thieves, murderers, sadists, drunks, on-thetake police and a Scotland Yard detective (played with fine ulcerous intensity by Jeremy Kemp) whose zeal for punishing wrongdoers is positively psychopathic. Though Affair's behind-thescenes melodrama veers toward flagrant sensationalism now and then, it never quite falls into the trap. And it has the advantage of pounding a fresh beat; London's cops don't get worked over on film all that often. It also has a sympathetic protagonist in York, an unselfconscious actor with a hump on his nose, more than the usual number of



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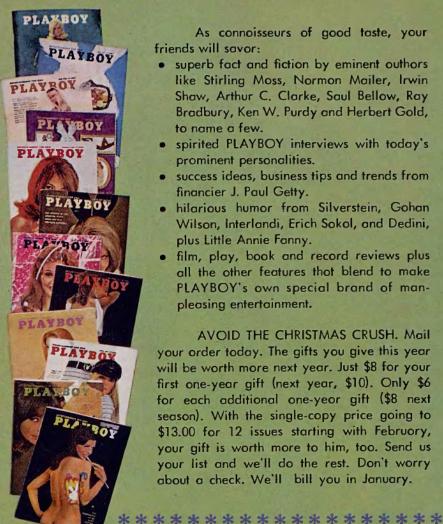




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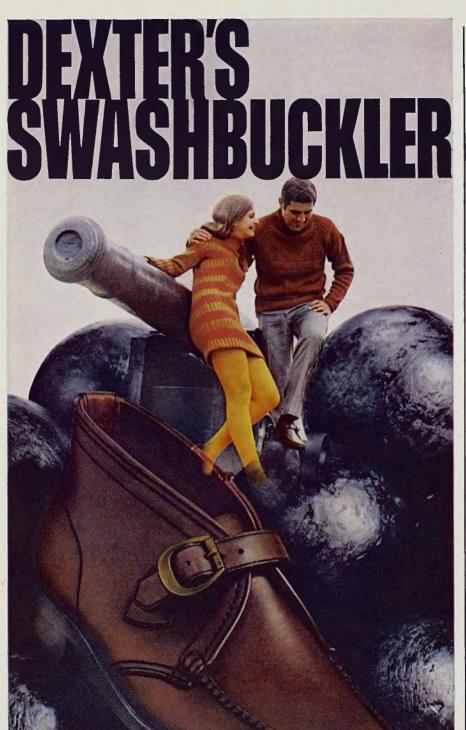
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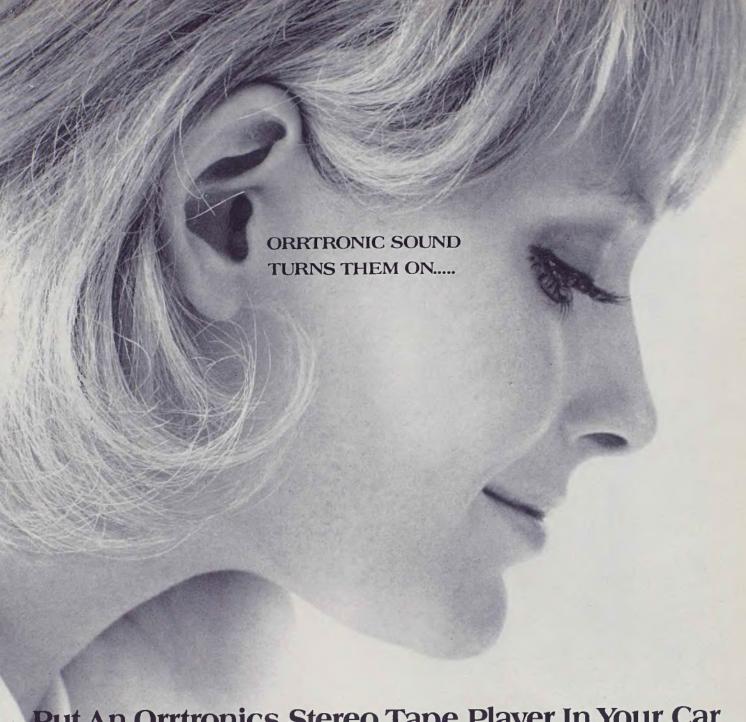


BOSTON, MASS. 02116

teeth and a homely-handsome air that movie cameras can make a lot of. The man bears watching.

The final sequence of The Legend of Lylah Clare is a gaudy world premiere dominated by a TV emcee who burbles about "how Hollywood carries on in the face of tragedy," then creamily segues into a dog-food commercial. Except for the tremendous put-down implied reel by reel, Lylah Clare resembles a dozen other big bad movies about movie stars. It is lurid and garish and frequently quite silly, but for once the silliness carries a sting of truth. Working with the usual set of preposterous characters, producer-director Robert (Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?) Aldrich appears to look upon movie stars as papiermâché dragons, all screaming and spitting fire and arching their backs against the specter of imminent extinction. Queening it on that lost continent called Hollywood, Kim Novak has a dual role as the mythic Lylah, a German-born superstar (Harlow, with a dash of Dietrich), whose tragic life and death may or may not become the subject of a movie biography, and as the upcoming starlet who gets the part and goes to pieces in the same tinselly style. The plot, which hangs mainly on the making of a big-money deal in Tinseltown, underscores the meanness and cynicism of all concerned, particularly where the issues are trivial ones such as art, or honesty-or the quality of the acting. On this killing ground, both good guys and bad guys are just out to make a buck. Lylah's Lesbian dialog coach (Rossella Falk) and onetime husband-Svengali (Peter Finch) face a piddling crisis of integrity against some colorful opposition. The most gloriously vulgar prototypes introduced are Ernest Borgnine as a studio chief, Coral Browne as a venomous lady journalist with a game leg, and Valentina Cortese, who etches an exceptionally sly, sharp caricature of a jaded costume designer. Too bad Lylah Clare as a whole never measures up to its cutting bits and pieces.

Purists are undoubtedly going to complain that Italian director Franco (The Taming of the Shrew) Zeffirelli wreaks havoc with Shakespearean verse in his breath-taking production of Romeo and Juliet. Those Bardolaters who criticize the cutting, rearrangement and reassignment of speeches-not to mention omission of nearly the whole celebrated potion scene-are also apt to point out that Zeffirelli's young British stars (Romeo is 17-year-old Leonard Whiting; Juliet, 16-year-old Olivia Hussey) look the parts but can't master the poetry. Yet such criticisms seem somehow irrelevant, measured against Zeffirelli's achievement in rethinking a masterpiece already brought to the screen twice since the



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advent of talking pictures. Blazing to life amid the antiquities of several timeless Italian towns, this R. and J. may claim poetic license because the talents in charge rarely lose sight of the fact that a movie camera is capable of its own inimitable poetry. The entire film is a poem of youth, love and violence in old Verona-reeled off at so headstrong a pace that young audiences may take Shakespeare's classic for a Renaissance recapitulation of West Side Story. Zeffirelli begins with a wild rumble between some feisty young Montagues and a gang of Capulets led by quick-tempered Tybalt (Michael York). Romeo's friend, the doomed Mercutio, is fascinatingly played (by John Mc-Enery) as a neurotic troublemaker who cannot keep his mouth shut or his sword sheathed for five minutes. The long, hot Verona summer reaches a climax when Romeo slays Tybalt during a spontaneous clash of fists, feet and flying steel that ranks with the best scenes of swordsmanship ever filmed. Pat Heywood, as the ribald nurse, and Milo O'Shea, as bungling Friar Laurence, head a supporting cast that speaks the play's language without a hint of affectation, while Zeffirelli's nubile Juliet and her Romeo exude an eloquence all their own. Both are beautiful, lyrical, impetuous and irrepressibly romantic-from their first encounter at the Capulets' ball to an exquisite, hard-breathing balcony scene played with pure circa-1968 passion.

#### RECORDINGS

The death of Billy Strayhorn, the Duke's good right arm, has undoubtedly left a vast void in the Ellington organization. ". . . And His Mother Called Him Bill" (Victor; also available on stereo tape) is an inspired reprise of Strayhorn compositions, some never before recorded. They indicate the scope of his talent. Rain Check and Day-Dream are most familiar, but the other less-well-known tunes are no less rewarding. Strayhorn will be sorely missed.

Joan Baez' Baptism (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape) looks at the human condition through the eyes of poets from Donne to Evtushenko. Miss Baez reads and sings passages from Whitman, Lorca and others to illustrate man's follies (war, etc.) and his resultant suffering; she also offers evocations of childhood and youth from such as Joyce and Rimbaud. While her readings, abetted by Peter Schickele's music, are always measured and clear, she hits a memorable peak in reciting the opening lines from Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. On Tope from California (A&M; also available on stereo tape), Phil Ochs also tries to view war, etc., from a poetic perch. but he sings only his own creations, which don't make it. New Left ideology claims to be rational, while surrealism is antirational; hence, the two do not readily mix in song. Of the nine selections, the panoramic When in Rome (13 minutes plus) has the most interesting content and receives the most careful treatment.

Pianist Keith Jarrett, who has helped make the Charles Lloyd Quartet the formidable foursome it is, heads his own trio on Life Between the Exit Signs (Vortex). Aided by bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Paul Motian, Jarrett is often avant-garde but always intelligible as he performs seven originals and the Cole Porter perennial Everything I Love with noteworthy sensitivity.

Those erstwhile trombone confreres Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson have renewed musical acquaintances on K. & J. J.: Israel (A&M) and it's a happy reunion. The cast varies throughout, as the bone men front a rhythm section, a string quartet and a full orchestra. We especially like the two items done with the string quartet-Catherine's Theme from Live for Life and a splendidly refurbished St. James Infirmary.

With Wheels of Fire (Atco; also available on stereo tape), Cream moves out in front of just about every pop group functioning today. One LP of this double set is a masterful studio production; its triumphs include the expressive structure of Passing the Time, the groove set by White Room, and As You Said, on which Jack Bruce plays everything but the percussion. The second LP, etched live at San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, contains an almost-17-minute version of Willie Dixon's Spoonful, on which the trio's togetherness is little short of amazing.

We've never heard Frank D'Rone in better voice, or showing more enthusiasm for his work, than on Brand New Morning (Cadet; also available on stereo tape). Maybe it's the charts of Richard Evans and Johnny Pate, who turned out the bulk of the arrangements, but whatever the cause, the effect is smashing. Dig the up-tempo Up, Up and Away and Bluesette, the lovely Somewhere and Lonely Girl. Dig it all; it's fine.

A pair of boss country-and-western sessions are preserved in Chet Atkins' Hometown Guitar and Don Gibson's The King of Country Soul (both on Victor; also available on stereo tape). Atkins' virtuosity comes to the fore in his gusty chording on Sweet Georgia Brown and his cascading arpeggios on Get On with It; Gibson offers a swinging What Now My

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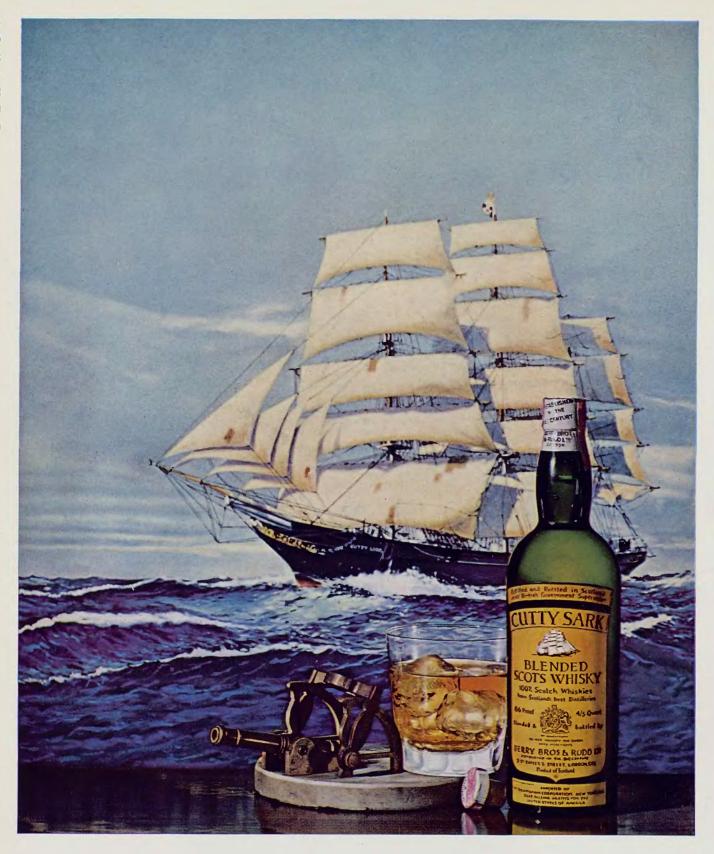
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Love and shows plenty of soul on ballads such as You've Still Got a Place in My Heart. Two c&w releases that are somewhat off the beaten track are Buffy Sainte-Marie's I'm Gonna Be a Country Girl Again (Vanguard; also available on stereo tape) and Ballads and Breakdowns of the Golden Era (Columbia). Backed by some of Nashville's best, Miss Sainte-Marie sings 11 original and two traditional songs; the collaboration, especially on He's a Pretty Good Man if You Ask Me and A soulful Shade of Blue, is an inspired one. The Columbia anthology contains 16 uninhibited recordings, circa Prohibition, by such rustic figures as Charlie Bowman and His Brothers, Charlie Poole and The North Carolina Ramblers, and Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers.

If your stereo rig can use a good workout, the Berlioz Requiem (Deutsche Grammophon; also available on stereo tape) -newly recorded in Munich under the direction of Charles Munch-is strongly recommended. For sheer splendor and weight of sound, there's no other piece quite like it. This German set succeeds in capturing the oversize chorus and orchestra with minimal distortion and keeps the vast forces cleanly separatedmost notably, in the "Tuba mirum" section, where the "stereo-minded" composer has contingents of brass braving lusty fanfares from the four corners of the hall. Since retiring from the Boston Symphony, veteran conductor Munch has been freelancing in Europe. This performance with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus shows that he is still a highly persuasive advocate of Berlioz' majesty and poetry.

On Waiting for the Sun (Elektra; also available on stereo tape), The Doors eschew the extended freak-outs that characterized their earlier efforts; instead, they present 11 well-knit numbers offering a variety of sounds. On My Wild Love, they chant like a chain gang; Spanish Caravan employs a flamencotinged guitar; Five to One finds the foursome in its heavy-heavy bag. However, it's when The Doors' touch is lightest, as on Love Street, Summer's Almost Gone and Wintertime Love, that they produce their heaviest music.

That wonderfully successful firm of Cain & Kral has done it again. The Electric Jackie & Roy/Gross (Capitol) is one of the best things the dynamic duo has ever put on vinyl. It's a beautifully engineered package, with Roy charting the way through such modern objets d'art as Winds of Heaven, Someone Singing, Lady Madonna and Most Peculiar Man. The effects achieved by the six-man crew working behind C & K are startling both in scope and in imagination. A must-hear LP.

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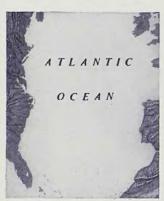
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#### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Thanks for clearing up the record on John Dillinger's penis (*The Playboy Forum*, April and August). Now would you straighten us out on his criminal record? Did he really rob hundreds of banks or only three or four?—R. S., New York, New York,

After his release from Michigan City Prison in May 1933, where he had served nine years for a stick-up, John Herbert Dillinger successfully robbed 20 banks, several stores and three police stations before he was shot dead in July 1934. Although the profit motive was undoubtedly behind the bank and store jobs, the police stations appear to have been art for art's sake.

For almost three years, I've dated a wonderful girl and we intend to be married on my return from Vietnam. In a recent letter, she told me of her plans to drive to Nogales, Mexico, for a weekend. She's going with her girlfriend who also lives in Phoenix, Arizona, and that's OK. But her girlfriend invited two guys along to share driving expenses. My girl said she doesn't like it, but she's going anyway. I can't understand how a girl intelligent in every other way would agree to a thing like this so close to her wedding, and it bugs me. Should it, or have I just been away too long?-Sp/4 B. G., APO San Francisco,

We think her gesture imprudent, but if you have confidence in her ability to deal with the situation, you shouldn't sweat over it. On the other hand, if you continuously feel suspicious and untrusting of her conduct, you might have a rocky marriage ahead. We suggest you plan some additional time after your return to reaffirm, or reassess, your relationship with your girl.

recently noticed that some of my LP record jackets carry this phrase: "For best results, observe the R. I. A. A. high-frequency roll-off characteristic with a 500-cycle crossover." Frankly, the records sound fine to me, but I've begun to wonder if there's something I should do to get the best possible sound out of my new—and expensive—stereo outfit. Just what do these instructions mean?—G. W., San Francisco, California.

Some years ago, hi-fi systems incorporated low- and high-frequency equalization controls so the listener could tailor his set's frequency response to the characteristics of the record being played. Since not all recording studios in the early days of hi-fi used the same frequency-response curves, album jackets had to specify which control settings to use. Nowadays, virtually all U.S. record companies and hi-fi manufacturers follow a standard curve set by the Record Industry Association of America (R. I. A. A.), making such instructions—and controls—unnecessary.

Though I'm only in my late 20s, I'm rapidly growing bald. I'm intelligent and sociable, but girls tend to like me as a friend or a brother. I get into relationships in which I sense the girl doesn't want a pass from me, and so I never make passes and never get past the platonic stage. I have concluded that my dates aren't falling because my hair is. Should I buy a toupee?—J. S. L., Brooklyn, New York.

If you think it will make a difference, sure. But the man who tries to "sense" whether or not a girl wants a pass, rather than finding out what she wants by actually throwing one, is usually simply afraid to act. Don't blame your problem on externals; give some thought to the possibility of excessive timidity on your part and try overcoming it with direct action. Even if you can't prevent baldness, you can develop a bit more boldness.

After the first few months of marriage, my husband seemed to lose interest in our sex life, limiting his activity to once every six weeks or so. For a long time, I felt there was something wrong with me and then I began to suspect he had a girl on the side. Every attempt to discuss my fears and concerns met with an outburst so violent that I no longer dare raise the question and the subject has become taboo in our home. I discussed our problem with a doctor, who suggested that we try to work it out together with competent psychiatric help. But my husband refuses to see a doctor of any kind. What do I do now?-Mrs. P. D., Winnetka, Illinois.

Your marriage being what it is, you have little to lose by putting it on the line. Tell your husband either he sees a doctor or you'll see a lawyer.

plan to buy a set of wineglasses soon. Price is no object but quality is. Do you know of any reliable way of testing crystal, short of chemical analysis?—H. M., Freedom, Pennsylvania.

One common test consists of tapping a glass and listening to the ring. The more bell-like the tone, the better the crystal. Weight and color, however, are better indicators. Fine crystal, which contains at least 19 percent lead, is heavier than standard glass; furthermore, it should be "crystal clear," with a brilliance lacking in ordinary glass and with no bubbles



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or other imperfections. In judging cut crystal, one should look for a slight prism effect and a uniformity in the cutting (allowing for hand-blown variations, of course), though the best glass for wine is a simple, uncut vessel, since the wine—not the container—should be the center of attention.

Vy roommate and I frequently doubledate in his car. We both have steady girls and we all have a good time together, but a problem is growing that threatens an end to the fun. Neither he nor his date drinks; and while they may occasionally neck a little, they are inclined to engage in intellectual discussion as a means of keeping themselves physically away from temptation. Inasmuch as it is my buddy's car, and my gal and I have no driving responsibility, we see nothing wrong with a few drinks and some back-seat groping. My roommate is getting quite vocal about his objections to our back-seat activities. He feels that as long as we are in his car, we should conform to his standards to avoid embarrassing him and his date. I'm looking for a solution that will enable us to continue to enjoy the double-dating. Can you help?-H. B., Charlevoix, Michigan.

As long as your host and his date make automatic transmission of intellect, with no clutching, standard equipment, it seems ungracious of you to try to convert it into four-on-the-floor. We suggest that after your programed evening of fun for a quartet, you make another arrangement to be alone with your girl.

Why in most watch ads do the hands point to approximately 8:20? Doesn't this have something to do with the hour of Lincoln's assassination?—A. H., Champaign, Illinois.

A popular U.S. legend holds that this commemorates the moment of Lincoln's death, while English clock watchers have been led to believe that it was the time when the explosive Guy Fawkes planned to blow up King James I. Both tales are interesting but apocryphal. At 8:20 (as at 10:10), the hands of a clock form a symmetry that is not only pleasing but offers an unobstructed view of the brand name.

Can you tell me if it is physically possible for a man living a normal workaday life to ejaculate during intercourse three or more times a day for 30 consecutive days? If it is, are the glands able to function to produce semen at a consistent rate?—J. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

While it is not common, there are case histories of individuals who have performed at this frequency or higher for more than five years. The testes continue to develop sperm and the prostate continues to produce seminal fluid,

though the sperm count is low and the volume of fluid is reduced to 1.5cc to 2cc, as opposed to the usual 3.5cc to 5cc.

On TV, somebody mentioned that 1969 would be the Chinese Year of the Rooster. What's the origin of these annual animal monikers?—T. C., Barstow, California.

An honorable Chinese zodiacologist created the Chinese zodiac in 2637 B.C.; it contains a dozen animal symbols, each of which repeats itself every 12 years. For your information, 1970 will be the Year of the Dog, followed by the Pig, Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Ram and Monkey. Then, back to the Rooster in 1981.

Wy friends and I date girls from a neighboring college, but my behavior is very different from that of the other guys. They seem to have no compunction about having sexual intercourse with their dates, while I rigorously abstain from it. In my view, their behavior is very immature, since the mature person recognizes that love is a once-in-alifetime proposition, forgets his own carnal desires in favor of the one he loves and will not allow his enjoyment to incur costs that the one he loves may have to bear. My friends say I'm all wet and that I'm wasting the best years of my life. I know PLAYBOY has a permissive attitude toward premarital sex, but don't you think, in view of the fact that I have my own philosophy on the subject, that I should stick to my guns?-J. R. P., New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Essentially, we agree with your friends that you're all wet. But if your personal philosophy makes you feel more comfortable with abstention than with fulfillment, then, by all means, stick to your guns. (As Warren Beatty demonstrated in "Bonnie and Clyde," they sometimes work as a substitute for sex.)

The other night, a group of us were playing blackjack, and since I was sitting to the right of the dealer, I was offered the cut before the deal. The first time I cut the cards, an ace was the top card, which was to be buried; the cards were reshuffled and I was given the cut again. Another ace! Next came another shuffle and yet another ace. This occurred seven times in a row. What are the odds of this occurring and how does one go about figuring these odds?—B. S., Seattle, Washington.

Your initials notwithstanding, the odds of your picking an ace on the first cut are 1 in 13, or 4 in 52. The odds of a second ace being cut after a reshuffle are  $\frac{1}{13} \times \frac{1}{13}$ . Seven in a row would be calculated as  $(\frac{1}{13})^7$ , resulting in odds of 1 in 62,748,517—somewhat on the long side. Hope you won the hand.

am attending a university on the West Coast and my boyfriend (my relations with whom are friendly but not serious) is at a university on the East Coast. He wants me to come and spend a weekend with him. I can afford to pay my way and would be happy to; but does protocol demand that he foot the bill for the air fare?—Miss C. V., Berkeley, California,

If he can afford to, it's the proper thing to do. Practicality, however, should take precedence over protocol in shaping your plans. If paying for your trip would reduce your friend to living on bread and water for the rest of the semester, there is no reason why you couldn't pick up part —or even all—of the travel cost.

Wy current girl is lovely in all respects but one-her choice of friends. The one who really bugs me is her closest friend, who has been competing with me for my girl's time ever since we began dating steadily eight months ago. She always wants to go out with her on weekends, which is the only time I, as a college student, can move away from the books. Further competition is shown by her showering my girl with gifts (two dozen roses, a gold I.D. bracelet, etc.). She is constantly complimenting my girl on her good looks, on the way she smells, and everything! She even says she'd like to hold my girl's hands because "they're so cute." What I found most offensive was when this girl boasted to me that she had seen more of my gal's body than I have. A few mutual friends agree that there is something unnatural in this friendship. I hope I'm not blowing it up out of proportion, and I wonder if you think there's something I should say or do about it?-K. L., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We sure do. Have a talk with your girl and tell her you think her friend's obsessive interest in her is something more than platonic, and that there's a risk of contagion in a close relationship. If her response is not reassuring and she makes no move to change the basis of friendship with the girl, then do yourself a favor and look for a new girlfriend. But do your girl a favor, too, and quit discussing her with "friends."

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

## Why did over 3/4 million record collectors pay \$5 to join

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and see	COLUMBIA Record Club (as advertised in TV GUIDE Mar. 30, 1968)	CAPITOL Record Club (as advertised in TV GUIDE Feb. 10, 1968)	RCA VICTOR Record Club (as advertised in THIS WEEK Feb. 25, 1968)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHDDSE FROM ALL LABELS?	NO	NO	NO	YES Choose any LP on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 die ferent manufacturers includ- ing CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, LONDON, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECOROS? HOW MANY?	12	10	5	NONE! "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TD FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	\$47.76 to \$59.72	\$39.80 To \$49.80	\$19.90 TD \$24.90	ZERO You don't have to spend a penny – because you're not DOLLARS "legally obligated" to buy even a single record!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF —GUARANTEED never less than a third! No exceptions.
DD YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent — and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG Your order processed same WAITS! day received.
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This is the way YOU want it—a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels—usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records a year—at full price—to fulfill your "obligation." And if you forget to return their monthly card—they send you a record you don't want and a bill for \$5.00 or \$6.00! In effect, you are charged almost double for your records.

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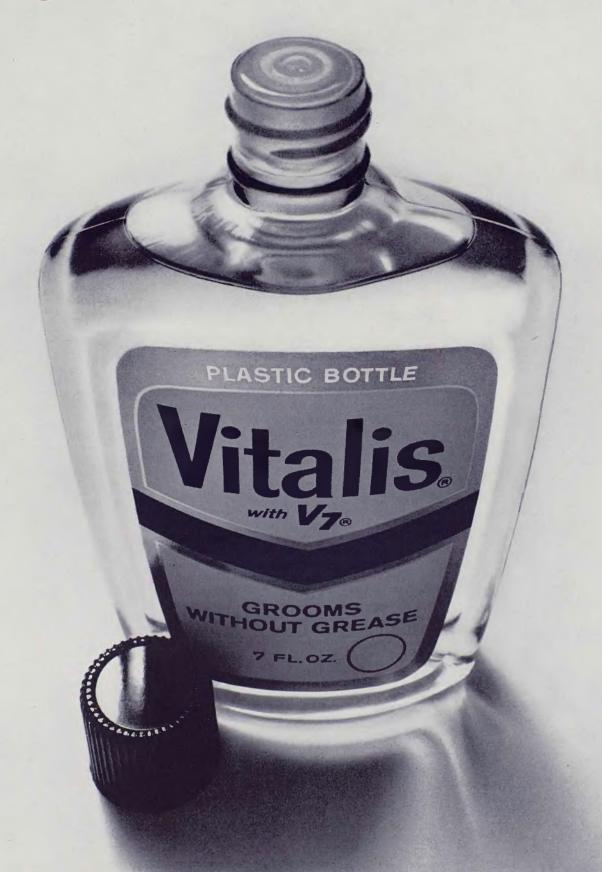
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#### THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

#### MARITAL SODOMY

My hat's off to you in the matter of Charles O. Cotner (*The Playboy Forum*, July). You couldn't be more blessed than you already are, but I'll guarantee that fate has to be more than kind to you for your intervention. The original verdict in this case was absolutely astounding.

Rudy Vallée Hollywood, California

#### SEX LAWS

Recently, *Time* magazine, in its section on "The Law," recounted the Charles O. Cotner case. *Time* described Cotner's arrest, conviction and two-to-fourteen-year sentence for having had anal intercourse with his wife, and it pointed out that "the same thing could have happened to Cotner in most other states." The Playboy Foundation was credited with helping underwrite Cotner's habeas-corpus petition.

I am pleased to see this coverage of the Cotner case, because it indicates not only that PLAYBOY is making a dent in such undesirable laws as the sodomy statutes but also that other major U.S. publications are discovering this area, where PLAYBOY led the way. Another hopeful sign of the times is a recent discussion in The Wall Street Journal of the inequitable, archaic and downright silly persecution of individuals under ancient statutes governing sexual behavior. The front-page story prominently refers to an article by Hugh Hefner-"The Legal Enforcement of Sexual Morality" -in the Colorado Law Review. Thus, the public beyond PLAYBOY's enlightened readership is being made aware of the way antiquated sex laws invade personal liberty. In addition, it's a sign of increasing intelligence in American attitudes toward sexual subjects when such relatively conservative periodicals feel they can discuss sodomy with their readers. Today, Time and the Journal march on. Tomorrow, Reader's Digest?

> Lee Rubini New York, New York

#### LASCIVIOUS CARRIAGE

I can testify from personal experience that Hugh Hefner is correct in describing the sex laws of many of our states as ludicrous and archaic. About two years ago, my boyfriend and I were arrested in New Haven, Connecticut. The police burst into the room about

one minute after we had finished sexual intercourse and demanded to see our marriage license. Having none, we were driven to the police station, where we were charged with "lascivious carriage." (At first, I thought the policeman said "lascivious characters.") Two Yale law students got us out on bail and—since we were technically guilty of the crime in question—we forfeited our bond.

After escaping, we concluded that the only way the detectives could have caught us was for them to have been on their hands and knees looking under the window shade while we made love.

I wonder how many New Haven taxpayers realize that they are paying to have these men wander the streets at night and snoop into bedrooms. Also, since my boyfriend and I were not dressed as hippies and were not drunk or boisterous on the street but, rather, looked and behaved very circumspectly, I wonder how and why we were singled out as victims. Is it possible that the fuzz up there make random fishing expeditions into random windows? Or was it just that the rooming house we went to was "on the wrong side of the tracks"?

By the way, what is "lascivious carriage"? I never did find out,

T. Britton

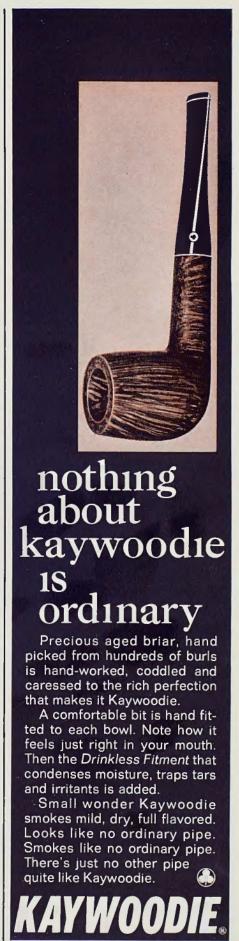
Los Angeles, California

According to Connecticut Statute 53-219, "lascivious carriage" is "carriage or behavior between persons of different sexes" when such conduct "is wanton, lewd, lustful and tending to produce voluptuous or lewd emotions and includes wanton acts between persons of different sexes flowing from lustful passions, which are grossly indecent and unchaste, which are lewd and lustful and which tend to produce lustful emotions and desires." The penalty is a fine of no more than \$100 or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both.

We reported in "Forum Newsfront" last month that the Connecticut legislature is considering a revision of the state's criminal code, including those laws that forbid "private sexual behavior between consenting adults." With statutes such as this on the books, the reform is obviously long overdue.

#### PRURIENT INTEREST

PLAYBOY has printed some good discussions of the U.S. Supreme Court ruling that obscenity must appeal to "prurient



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interest," but no one has asked what's wrong with prurient interest.

The dictionary defines prurient as "inclined to or characterized by lascivious thought." It defines lascivious as "inclined to lust, wanton or lewd." The last three, when defined, lead one in a circle—back to prurience. When disentangled, the Court's language merely seems to condemn sex and the pleasure it affords.

I think that those who don't, or can't, think pruriently when the occasion calls for it are sick. Instead of encouraging these up-tight characters to legislate their own illness into a law for the rest of us, the Government should try to cure them. The size of the job calls for a large effort, possibly under the Health, Education and Welfare Department. The mildly disabled who are under 30 would probably respond to re-education. Hard-core cases, with more complex hang-ups, would probably need a full range of psychiatric services. We treat parapiegics humanely; why not do the same for the sexual basket cases?

> R. M. Bentley Signal Hill, California

#### SIN IN ST. PAUL

Your readers might be amused, and appalled, by the outbreak of morality that our city government has been undergoing for more than a year. According to St. Paul's Assistant Corporation Counsel Daniel Klas, it began when he received a complaint from a woman about alleged pornography for sale at the local Wabasha bookstore. That was in April 1967. In July, the police raided the store and carried away eight large bags full of books and magazines. The store's co-owner, Robert Carlson, was subsequently indicted for selling six obscene photographs to a plainclothesman two days before the raid. Carlson's trial was set for August 21; but without waiting for the trial, the police raided the store again on August 3, once more seizing eight bags of literary matter. When the trial on the original obscene-photo charge came to a close in October, the judge ruled that the photos were not obscene by U.S. Supreme Court standards; therefore, Carlson was found not guilty. A few weeks later, his second trial again ended in victory for the bookstore, when the court ruled that police had entered the premises illegally. The police thereupon arrested Carlson's partner, Joseph S. Lee, for selling an obscene book to a detective. And so it has gone: arrest after arrest, court dismissal after court dismissal. Finally, after no fewer than nine such arrests, the city scored four obscenity convictions (two currently being appealed).

God knows how many tons of books and magazines have been seized in these raids, how much money in legal fees this has cost the store's owners and how many man-hours of policework and

#### FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### JAIL FOR BLASPHEMY

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND-A 20-yearold Army veteran with a wife and infant daughter served a 30-day jail term for "taking the Lord's name in vain in a public place." Police officers testified that when they approached the young man after a scuffle to arrest him for disorderly conduct, he yelled, "Take your goddamn hands off me." He was charged with "shouting profanities and using the Lord's name in vain." The sentence was meted out under a Maryland blasphemy law that predates the U.S. Constitution, having been enacted by the Lord Proprietor of Maryland in 1723. Originally the law called for a first offender to be "bored through the tongue," a second offender to be branded on the forehead with the letter "B" and a third offender to be "put to death without bene-fit of clergy." In 1819, the Maryland legislature softened the penalties but let the law stand. Offering a justification even more obscure than the statute itself, the judge said: "Sometimes an obscure law like this is the only way we have to solve some of these problems."

#### TAKE A GIANT STEP

ROME-The Roman Catholic Church is considering a reversal of its condemnation of the astronomer Galileo Galilei, found guilty of heresy by the Holy Inquisition in 1633. Although Galileo's teachings were specifically declared false in the strongest language possible— the Inquisitors stating that "the first proposition, that the sun is the center and does not revolve about the earth, is foolish, absurd, false in theology and heretical, because expressly contrary to Holy Scripture" and that "the second proposition, that the earth is not the center but revolves about the sun, is absurd, false in philosophy and, from a theological point of view at least, opposed to the true faith"—the Church recanted in 1820 and accepted the new astronomy. Galileo himself, however, has remained under a cloud for his sins of arrogance and disobedience. A new trial for the archheretic will take place soon, and hints dropped by the Vatican indicate that the stubborn old scientist might finally be forgiven for believing what he saw in his telescope rather than what he read in the Holy Scripture.

#### WORDCRIME

WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS—English anthropologist Sir James Frazer—who once explained the belief in magic spells and curses by asserting that "savages" are "unable to discriminate clearly between words and things"—would have

been amused, and perhaps amazed, at the uproar in Wellesley when high school officials and the Wellesley Committee on Racism staged "The Slave," a drama of racial tensions by black poet LeRoi Jones. Eight faculty members were arrested by the police after the performance of the play, which contained several words under taboo by local shamans; and a school meeting, called to discuss the case, broke up in shambles when a 17-year-old student who uttered one of the forbidden words in a speech opposing censorship was promptly busted himself. A subsequent attempt to restage the play at the Wellesley library was prevented by the board of selectmen, who voted unanimously to ban the production or reading of the drama in any Wellesley public building. The selectmen said they acted in the interest of "public safety and welfare."

#### UP WITH MINISKIRTS

That short shift, the miniskirt, is giving short shrift to a pair of highly dissimilar laws. In Britain, girls who buy minis don't have to pay a 121/2 percent purchase tax imposed on skirts by British law. The regulations define a skirt less than 24 inches in length as a child's garment, not taxable; and as anyone with an eye for measurements can see, the anything-but-childish minis fall into that tax-free category. In New Jersey, a county court judge ruled unconstitutional an ordinance under which a man was arrested for wearing a miniskirt on the main street of an oceanside resort town. The law prohibited a person's wearing clothing "not belonging to his or her sex," but the judge agreed with the defense lawyer's contention that "the city cannot dictate what a person can or cannot wear. . . . There are a substantial [number] of women wearing men's clothes and dungarees."

#### STRIP TEACH

FLINT, MICHIGAN—The board of education of a Flint suburb ruled that it would not fire a young lady who reportedly removed all her clothing before an all-girl junior high school sex-education class. The action, intended to illustrate a point under discussion, provoked some parents to demand that the girl and her principal be fired. However, the school-board president declared that the teacher's intentions were "in the best interests of her students," and the case, not the teacher, was dismissed.

#### NUDISM VS. PRUDISM

NEW YORK—Anthropologist Margaret Mead has endorsed limited nudism as a possible antidote to the shame and anxiety that characterize American attitudes toward the body. In an article in Redbook, Miss Mead suggests that the acceptance of nudity in appropriate social situations such as swimming and sunbathing might be a means by which "everyone could learn relaxed acceptance of the human body as it really is." She said that "this could mean a reduction in puritanism and prudery that would ultimately lead to a decrease in neuroses and certain kinds of crime."

At the same time, Miss Mead noted that nudism as "officially" practiced in this country generally involves very explicit rules and taboos; e.g., against touching and body contact; thus, freedom is purchased at the expense of the ability to express affection in public. She also pointed out that in place of Victorian obsessive prudery, today's culture has substituted an emphasis on exhibitionism and transparency that goes beyond dress to such manifestations as picture windows, transparent officebuilding walls, plastic chairs and the view of inner organs given us in museumexhibit transparent women. In her opinion, the ideal society would be one in which the body was neither hidden nor flaunted, simply accepted, and in which we had "both freedom from prudery and the freedom to express our feelings."

#### FAILURE OF FORCED MARRIAGES

LOS ANGELES—Psychiatrist B. T. Mead urges that single girls who get pregnant should not marry the father, on the grounds that such marriages usually fail. Quoted in the New York Post, Dr. Mead states that forced marriages seldom last longer than "two or three or four years" and that the baby has a much better chance of happiness if the mother bears him out of wedlock and offers him for adoption. "A family that wants a child," Mead stated, "is much more likely to give it what it needs than a family that was created just because the baby was on the way." Since the onus of having a child out of wedlock has decreased in recent decades, Dr. Mead suggests that young women "in trouble" should seriously consider this alternative.

#### POLICE WITHOUT GUNS

BOSTON—Sheriff John Sears of Suffolk County has ordered his 200 deputies to lay down their guns in the hope of creating an American "prototype of a peacekeeping force that relies on anything but weapons." Following the practice of the English police, Sheriff Sears says that his men will be allowed to go armed only on "rare" occasions. "Frankly, I don't believe that weapons are necessary," he told the press, adding that the deputies will spend enough time on the shooting range to be expert marksmen in the special cases when they need pistols.

#### VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The United States ranks 40th in the world on a collective violence scale developed by Dr. Ted R. Gurr, an assistant professor of politics at Princeton University. Dr. Gurr's scale measures such variables as the proportion of the population taking part in the violence, the number of casualties and the relative duration of the conflict. The nations of Latin America, Asia and Africa lead the world in all these respects; the United States does, however, rank first in collective violence among the world's most economically advanced nations. Dr. Gurr added that a common factor in violence-prone nations "is the existence of minority groups or the presence of a class society.'

#### ALCOHOL AND ACCIDENTS

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY-Rutgers University's Center of Alcohol Studies has published a report on drinking and driving that indicates that a person who drinks moderately is no more likely to get involved in an accident than is a sober driver. The real danger of accidents caused by drinking, the report states, arises in the case of alcoholics. A five-year study of drinking and highway accidents showed that liquor causes accidents only when it reaches a concentration in the blood of one tenth of one percent-a level that would require at least one drink every ten minutes for an hour. These facts suggest, the report concluded, that campaigns to end alcohol-caused accidents should be aimed at the "problem" rather than the social drinker.

#### ROCKY VETOES POT BILL

ALBANY, NEW YORK-Reversing his previous tendency to escalate the penalties for use of marijuana, Governor Nelson Rockefeller has vetoed the harshest antipot bill ever passed by the New York legislature. In 1966, it was Rockefeller himself who recommended raising the maximum penalty for selling grass to minors from 15 years' imprisonment to 20 years'; and in 1967, the governor approved the legislature's further increase of the maximum penalty to 25 years. This year, however, the solons in Albany decided to raise the maximum to life imprisonment. Rockefeller balked, quoting opposition to the bill by various lawenforcement officials, including New York City District Attorney Frank Hogan, and pronounced the new law "absurd." Since "sale" in the New York narcotic laws means to "sell, exchange, give or dispose of," the bill could have resulted in life imprisonment for a college student who gave a single marijuana cigarette to a friend. Apparently, the governor felt that 25 years is sufficient for such a heinous crime.

of courtroom time have been wasted. Three books have been found obscene; the store still has thousands of others in stock. "Calculating roughly," Dave Hill, a local reporter, wrote, "it will take about 10,000 years to put [Wabasha bookstore] out of business at the snail's pace at which the war is now progressing in the courts." When the Minneapolis Morning Tribune suggested editorially that police time might better be devoted to the 4000 burglaries that occurred in St. Paul last year, an irate clergyman wrote to them: These other crimes will be small, indeed, in comparison with the huge destruction that this smut literature will cause over a long period of time." Recently, a local eccentric entered the long-suffering bookstore and began disrupting business by throwing the books off the tables onto the floor. Now the Y.M.C.A., which holds the lease on the store, has announced that the lease is terminated and the premises will have to be vacated, "because of circumstances which have recently come to the attention of the Y.M.C.A.," and the city is attempting to have the store closed permanently as "a public nuisance."

If Saint Paul was actually the first Puritan, as historians suggest, then this town is well named.

> (Name withheld by request) St. Paul, Minnesota

#### SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

The following is an excerpt of an article that appeared in the San Diego Evening Tribune:

Three strippers from the Hollywood Theater, 314 F Street, told police a partially undressed man approached them at 1:40 A.M. yesterday as they were window-shopping on their way home from work. They said the suspect approached them as they were standing on the sidewalk in the 1300 block of Fifth Avenue. They called police, who arrested the man, 25, in the 500 block of Ash Street. He was taken to city jail in connection with indecent exposure, a violation of the state Penal Code.

The moral of this story is that if you show it off for pay on a lighted stage, it is legal; but if you show it off for free, you get arrested. Apparently, turnabout is not fair play.

Robert G. Kaplan, Ph.D. Consulting Psychologist San Diego, California

#### SINE QUA NON

I find it increasingly difficult to preach meaningful sermons to my congregation, to prepare relevant lectures for my college students or to write on contemporary issues without reference to PLAYBOY.

Rabbi Reeve R. Brenner Princeton, New Jersey



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#### AGAINST RELIGION

PLAYBOY has done a magnificent job in liberating America from superstitious and degrading puritanism, in freeing man to look honestly at his true nature and, especially, in emancipating woman. No longer "the vessel of sin" and "the tempter of man," the modern Eve is a warm human creature to be wanted, cuddled, pampered and loved. As PLAYBOY's influence spreads, women become companions with whom men can share their intimate thoughts and pleasures. No longer will they be trolls for use in the hot kitchen, to spin and sew or to reproduce new hands for work in the fields. Today, females are becoming women.

PLAYBOY's influence, however, is spreading rather slowly and will continue to do so, because you attack only the symptoms and neglect the disease. The disease is religion. Supernatural beliefs have been the cause of many wars and presently remain a major obstacle to East-West reconciliation; they have retarded science, education and the full development of man; they require us to reproduce more babies than we can feed; they spread hate instead of love.

PLAYBOY will make its most progressive assertion when it "exposes" religion, the greatest fraud ever perpetrated.

Gerard Martin Forestville, Maryland

#### "CHRISTIAN" COLLEGES

I am a minister at a secular university, Purdue, where I find the atmosphere much more honest and congenial than at the so-called Christian college where I formerly served as chaplain. My experience there confirmed the impressions of the unfortunate girl whose dean virtually consigned her to hell without a hearing, on the basis of rumors that the girl was a Lesbian (The Playboy Forum, July). That such a place can cloak bigotry, hostility toward sex, contempt and injustice for the accused and a total lack of respect for individual freedom under the label "Christian" is appalling, if not incomprehensible.

The Rev. H. Richard Rasmusson University Presbyterian Church (All Student) West Lafayette, Indiana

#### ANOTHER OTHER WOMAN

Three cheers for the "other woman" who replied in the June Playboy Forum to the injured wives of America. I, too, am an other woman and I know that my man's wife resents me. But I would like her to try to put herself in my place for a minute.

I am not really very different from her. But has she ever really been lonesome for him? Has she ever waited for the phone to ring, though it didn't because he couldn't get away? (I worry about him as much as she does, when he is away from me.) Has she ever been awake at two A.M. feeling so alone that she ached inside? Has she ever considered how little of him I actually have? My life consists of a daily phone call and a few hours a week with him. How does that compare with what she has? Has she ever considered what I must give up in this situation? I have sacrificed the right to a home and a family and the right to turn to him for comfort when I'm upset or sick. I cannot express any personal needs nor make any claims on him, nor even expect him to acknowledge me in public with more than a nod.

I would gladly give half my remaining life to trade places with her. But if things were turned around, would she play my role? I think not; she could never put his needs and desires ahead of her own. She is too busy pushing him and planning his life to consider what goes on inside him or to listen to his problems and dreams. I am far less demanding and much more willing to put his happiness first. I will give him all that I can, in all ways, without the luxury of a wedding ring. And for this I am condemned by society.

(Name withheld by request) St. Louis, Missouri

I have just read "The Other Woman Speaks" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) and I feel the need to say one word to the woman who wrote it: Baloney!

Having been both the offended and the offending party more than once, I feel qualified to speak on this subject. The first time I became pregnant, my husband started cheating immediately. I tried being all the things "the other woman" says American wives are not-"patient, understanding, loyal, devoted, affectionate, available and grateful." It didn't work. He didn't dig pregnant women. Alas, he also didn't dig contraceptives (this was before the pill). Result: I became virtually a brood sow, being impregnated time after time and then rejected for some slim young thing as soon as I began physically to show the pregnancy. After several years of this, I decided that as a person in my own right, I could use some extracurricular activities myself. There was a shortage of single men in our suburb, so my affairs were with married men. I heard the same story from all of them-the story that other woman repeats. I began to wonder if there were that many selfish and stupid wives in the world or if this was just the standard line all philandering husbands use.

Somehow, our marriage staggers along, although we have been on the verge of divorce countless times. Meanwhile, the chief victims are our innocent children. I am trying to hold the family together for their sake, not for the "consumer goodies" that the other woman claims hypnotize us. And, unlike her, I am not proud of my adulterous carryings-on; I

would much rather be faithful and monogamous. But I am not going to sit home biting my nails in frustration while my husband is out bouncing some young chick in a cheap motel.

(Name and address withheld by request)

### OTHER WOMAN'S COMPENSATION

The June Playboy Forum letter from "the other woman" was very moving. But, without being patronizing or expressing moralistic disapproval, I would like to know what she gains from what must be one of the most self-destructive of human relationships. How can she tolerate such a relationship, knowing that it must end unhappily? How does she put up with the lack of freedom resulting from the constant need for secrecy? In short, she makes it clear in her letter what she gives to the relationship, but how can a woman as intelligent and as articulate as she seems to be dedicate a large part of her life to masochism?

> Mrs. Fay Cooper London, England

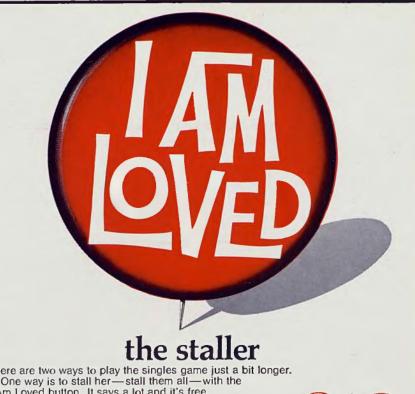
#### SEX AS COMMUNICATION

As a Methodist pastor, I am constantly expected to uphold the present moral system, which. I feel, prescribes stereotyped behavior, labels conduct mechanically and is motivated by fear, unnecessary guilt and conformism. Our concept of sexuality needs to be redefined; I believe that sex is an instrument for communication. What is communicated is worth, sensitivity, affection and approval; these things add up to love. Sex is a dialog in which a male and a female exalt each other's person to the maximum. It is most enjoyed when it is spontaneous, when coercion, smooth talk and guilt are absent, when there is only the feeling of joyful fulfillment. So understood, this relationship can be universally approved for all who want to express love; with our contraceptive devices, there is no reason why its premarital or extramarital forms should be disapproved. Regarding extramarital sex, it is wrong to think that going to bed with someone other than one's spouse in any way damages the marital relationship; this would be the same as saying that a man should not talk to any woman other than his wife. Extramarital sexual communication harms marriage no more than does extramarital verbal communication. It is time we freed our understanding of marriage from its property-rights attitude. It is time a number of our penal laws were revised. It is time we updated our sexual ethics to a level that enriches human life.

> (Name withheld by request) Syracuse, New York

#### TRIAL MARRIAGE PLAN

The high number of divorces in this country is a national tragedy and something ought to be done about it. The surest way to cut down the number of (continued on page 180)



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For more information on the beauties pictured above, please read the fine print at right. Or, visit Portable People Land at your Toshiba dealer's and ask about the famous Toshiba warranty!

(On the gate, left to right) 1. Spectrum II. Toshiba portable Color TV, 69 sq. inch picture. \$289.50.\* 2. The Porta-Corder. Solid state battery/plug in cassette tape recorder, \$99,50.\*3. The Sun Valley. "Sun Screen" portable TV, 75 sq. in. picture. \$99.50.\*4. The ConverTable. Solid state FM/AM combination portable/table radio. \$94.50.\* (Background, left to right) 1. The Londonaire. World's thinnest solid state shirtpocket FM/AM. \$34.50.\*2. The Touch-A-Tune. Touch tuning solid state FM/AM portable. Battery/plug-in. \$59.50.\*3. The Nassau. 12 transistor FM/AM 2-in-1. \$79.50.\*4. The Batton. Solid state 100 mw. transceiver. \$59.50.\* "Manufacturers suggested retail price.



THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RALPH NADER

a candid conversation with the zealous consumer crusader and wave-making author of "unsafe at any speed"

Ralph Nader, whose headline-making indictments of auto safety angered Detroit, prompted one car company's abortive investigation of his private life and finally spurred passage of the 1966 Traffic Safety Act, would seem at first glance an unlikely nemesis for the auto-or any other-industry. Nader's parents emigrated from Lebanon to the United States in 1925 and gravitated to the small town of Winsted, Connecticut, a WASPishly conservative community of 10,000, where Ralph was born in 1934. His father, Nathra, transformed a seedy diner into a prosperous restaurant, the Highland Arms, and with Shaf, Ralph's 40-year-old brother, threw himself into local politics and such civic issues as banning parking meters from Main Street and creating a community college. Nader's parents also imbued him with a deep sense of the individual's responsibility to improve society. Ralph learned this lesson well, and a pattern of passionate idealism and uncompromising individualism was ingrained in him at an early age; by the time he was admitted to Princeton University in 1951, Nader was already a dropout from his "silent generation."

His first brush with Princetonian shibboleths came when he refused to succumb to what he called "white buckism—the unspoken rule that everybody has to wear white-buck shoes, white tennis socks, khaki slacks, etc., all of which are really just a symbol of Princeton's rigidly conformist behavioral code." Nader also opposed the inflexibility of the Princeton curriculum and the administration's right to arbitrary suspension and expulsion of students; but when he attempted to involve his classmates in a struggle for student rights, he was met with indifference; in 1953, as he puts it, "Berkeley was not even a gleam in Mario Savio's eye." While tilting at such academic windmills, Nader majored in Oriental studies and now speaks fluent Chinese, as well as Spanish, Russian, Portuguese and the Arabic he learned in childhood.

While at Princeton, Nader engaged in his first public controversy, a campaign to end the spraying of trees with DDT, which was killing off the campus songbirds-but Nader was dismissed by faculty and students alike as a harmless crank; this was eight years before the national furor over insecticides sparked by Rachel Carson's "Silent Spring." It was also at Princeton that Nader grew interested in a problem that still absorbs him -the dehumanization and exploitation of the American Indian. On his vacations, he traveled to Indian reservations in Montana, New Mexico, Arizona and California and wrote a long paper condemning the Department of the Interior, state governments and private industry for ignoring the Indian's problems "when they did not act in collusion to steal his land." Nader graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Princeton in 1955 and entered Harvard Law School, which he found "just a high-priced tool factory." He believed the institution's main function was to produce "cogs for the corporate legal machinery." But it was at Harvard Law that Nader first became absorbed in the

issue of auto safety that would subsequently propel him to national prominence. It was also at this time that Nader disposed of the only car he has ever owned, because of its safety defects.

After receiving his LL.B. degree from Harvard in 1958, he stayed on as a research assistant, then served a six-month stint on active duty in the Army (most of it as a cook at Fort Dix), and left the Service to take a budget version of the grand tour, traveling from the U.S. to Ethiopia, eastern Europe and across Latin America before returning home to join a private law firm in Hartford. Nader handled accident-claim cases in court, continued his research on auto safety, wrote magazine articles and indignant letters to the editor, addressed civic and professional groups and testifiedwith little effect-before Connecticut. New York and Massachusetts state senate committees on auto safety. He succeeded in winning the support of some voluntary organizations-junior chambers of commerce and women's groups -but their resolutions were not followed up by action and had no impact. In 1964, despairing of progress on the local level, Nader decided to move to Washington and apply his efforts at the heart of what he terms "the power complex." "I had watched years go by and nothing happened," he explains. "Before that, decades had gone by. I decided that it took total commitment."

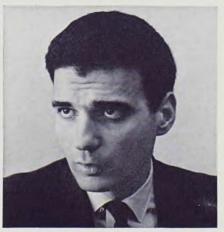
Nader's campaign against the auto industry began quietly and, at first, inauspiciously. Urban-affairs authority Daniel



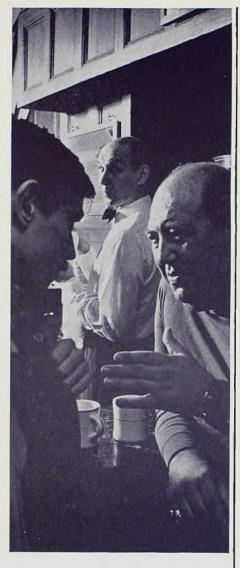
"A safety car would not be a lumbering monster with a top speed of 30 mph, fit only for 80-year-old grandmothers; it would be just as sleek, just as handsome and just as fast as current models."



"I place the needs of our society above my own ambitions; this seems to baffle people. Is it so implausible, so distasteful, that a man would believe deeply enough in his work to dedicate his life to it?"



"Ethical standards in industry are distressingly low. We're always hearing about 'crime in the streets' today, but crime in the executive conference room affects far more Americans."



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P. Moynihan, then serving as Assistant Secretary of Labor, had corresponded with Nader ever since the two men wrote almost simultaneous articles on auto safety in 1959-Nader's in The Nation, Moynihan's in The Reporter-and he gave his young ally a job as consultant on traffic safety in the Labor Department's Office of Planning and Research. Nader continued writing and lobbying from his Washington beachhead, but made little headway until one of his letters reached Senator Abraham Ribicoff, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization, who invited him to serve as an unpaid consultant on auto safety. Nader eagerly resigned his position in the Labor Department to prepare wellreasoned and exhaustively researched position papers for subcommittee members and worked tirelessly to initiate hearings on auto safety. Finally, Ribicoff announced an investigation of the "fantastic carnage" on the nation's highways, and extensive hearings began in the summer of 1965. The first salvo in Nader's barrage against Detroit had been fired.

In late 1965, he issued his second blast: "Unsafe at Any Speed," a carefully documented exposé castigating Detroit for building "deathtraps" that kill 50,000 people annually and maim or injure 4,500,000 more. It was instantly hailed as a major contribution to auto safety. The Wall Street Journal called it "powerful and persuasive," and Road Test magazine termed it "required reading." "Unsafe" hit the best-seller lists and stayed there for 15 weeks; it has since sold over 450,000 copies in hardcover and paperback editions, been translated into Dutch, French, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Danish and Japanese, and earned Nader \$53,000 before taxes-money that he promptly poured back into his fight for auto safety. The book also won Nader a citation from the ultraprestigious Nieman fellows at Harvard, and even inspired a cartoon in The New Yorker, depicting a used-car salesman zeroing in on a buyer with the caption, "I happen to know Ralph Nader's mother drives this model."

The commercial success of "Unsafe at Any Speed' had an instant and profoundly traumatic impact on the auto industry. "In Detroit," Life reported in early 1966, "practically every auto executive has a copy of Ralph Nader's book on his desk [and] when they discuss it they can rarely avoid raising their voices." But Detroit's anger was not restricted to executive board rooms. With new hearings on auto safety coming up, General Motors hired a small army of private detectives, led by ex-FBI agent Vincent Gillen, to dig deeply into Nader's background. Gillen's investigators interviewed 60 of Nader's friends and relatives, always under the pretext of a pre-employment investigation, and inquired if he were a homosexual, an alcoholic, a drug addict or an anti-Semite.

Gillen was also ordered to keep Nader under surveillance-a move that eventually blew the whistle on the entire operation when two of Gillen's agents lost track of Nader in the New Senate Office Building and incurred the suspicion of guards, who took their names and asked them to leave. News of the incident reached Congress and Senator Ribicoff instructed GM officials to appear before his subcommittee to explain their actions. Under Senatorial crossexamination, GM President (now board chairman) James Roche made his famous public apology to Nader and pledged that "It will not be our policy in the future to undertake investigation of those who speak or write critically of our products." One Senator expressed an opinion prevalent on Capitol Hill when he told a New York Times reporter: "Everybody was outraged that a great corporation was out to clobber a guy because he wrote critically about them. At that point everybody said, 'The hell with them.'" The resultant Traffic Safety Act required the establishment of Federal safety standards for all vehicles sold after January 31, 1968. President Johnson termed the act "landmark legislation," adding that "for the first time in our history we can mount a truly comprehensive attack on the rising toll of death and destruction on the nation's highways.'

Nader has not been content to rest on the laurels won in his auto-safety crusade. While he still keeps Detroit under close critical scrutiny, he has added a number of other consumer issues to his list, including sanitary conditions in the meat and fish industries, the dangers of radiation overexposure in the course of medical and dental X rays, industrial safety conditions, gas-pipeline safety and environmental hazards such as air and water pollution. Nader's corporate enemies, along with their Congressional and journalistic allies, have multiplied commensurately with the widening of his own horizons. Syndicated columnist John Chamberlain, writing in the conservative National Review, has charged that "Mr. Nader's anticapitalist bias is apparent when he urges a general encroachment of government on the old managerial prerogatives of big corporations," and warns that "Naderism . . . could turn out to be a positive danger." And another critic, talking to a reporter for the New York Daily News, characterized Nader as "an egghead, even a fuss-budget."

When Nader testified on auto safety before the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, pro-Detroit Representative Glenn Cunningham challenged his qualifications and charged he was engaged in "a clever way of representing trial lawyers, so-called ambulance chasers, by picking on big industry." (Nader replied quietly: "I am not concerned with ambulance chasers. I am concerned with the people in the ambu-



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PRECISION CRAFTEO IN GREAT BRITAIN BSR (USA) LTD., BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913 lances.") Rumors are continuously floated in Washington that Nader is salting away fat profits by referring accident-claim cases to a private law firm or is being secretly subsidized by labor unions. The lobbyists are particularly incensed by Nader's personal asceticism. "That \$80-a-month room of his must be just a front," one lobbyist grumbled. "He's got to have a deluxe hideaway somewhere." Almost plaintively he added, "Doesn't he?"

He doesn't. Nader lives monklike in his drab furnished room in a boardinghouse on a tree-lined street near Washington's Dupont Circle, surrounded by magazines, newspapers. Government reports, technical and legal journals and copies of the Congressional Record. Working 20 hours a day, he also maintains a dingy \$97-a-month office in downtown Washington, but keeps the address and telephone number a closely guarded secret. ("If people knew where to find me, I'd never get any work done.") Nader's efforts are underwritten solely by his own earnings-which, in Newsweek's words, "by the standards of most of Washington's lobbyists . . . would support perhaps one medium-sized cocktail party at the Shoreham." Royalties from "Unsafe at Any Speed" are now petering out and the main sources of Nader's income are speaking engagements and an occasional article for The New Republic. His biggest expense is his telephone bill, which runs an average of \$250 to \$350 a month; to meet it, he eats in cheap caseterias, wears inexpensive off-the-rack clothes and often walks long distances to save on cab and bus fare.

This ascetic way of life-which Nader's critics explain as a deep-seated disapproval and mistrust of affluence-fits in with their view of him as a puritan whose self-righteous conscience will not let him or his corporate enemies rest. They label him a zealot deluded into believing that his reformatory motives are purely altruistic. Nader sees himself, according to one industry spokesman, "as a lone Saint George protecting the lamblike consumer from the ravening dragon of big business." What his admirers consider crusades, his detractors call vendettas; in either case, both concede that his effectiveness in waging them is remarkable, indeed. Seldom, if ever, in official Washington has one man done so much with so little. "Many others have shared his dim view of corporate America," comments The New York Times, "and have expressed their doubts in more detail and more persuasively. What sets Nader apart is that he has moved beyond social criticism to effective political action." One secret of Nader's success lies in his ability to work smoothly with such influential Senators as Ribicoff of Connecticut and Magnuson of Washingtonoften behind the scenes. Nader frequently digs up the information on a consumer issue and then allows a particular Congressman to take all the credit. "A reformer can't afford to have an ego." he says. "That's not modesty, just tactics. If I can get three Senators to say something. it's better than for me to say it." Nader has also developed a good working relationship with the press; and when he feeds a newsman a story, it is almost always printed. One reason is that Nader has established an untarnished credibility record. "When I get a story from Ralph," one reporter says. "I don't have to double-check his facts." Upon examination, concedes The New York Times, "Nader's allegations almost always prove to be based on Government reports . . . or on expert opinion."

As a result, when Nader speaks, Congress listens. Almost singlehandedly, he has induced a new Congressional receptivity to consumer issues. When President Johnson signed the Flammable Fabrics Act at the White House in 1967, he exhorted the assembled Congressmen: "You better get with it, because women are tired of meat with worms in it, blouses that burn and pipelines that blow up under their houses." It could have been Ralph Nader speaking-and perhaps it was. The New York Times Magazine recently summarized Nader's career as super-Ombudsman: "When Ralph Nader came to Washington in 1964 and began a one-man crusade for automobile safety, he was widely regarded as a high-minded crackpot. . . . Today, as he moves quietly about town as a self-appointed lobbyist for the public interest, he shows signs of becoming an institution."

In order to explore his motivations and aspirations, and probe more deeply into the issues he has articulated in the past and plans to raise in the future, PLAYBOY interviewed Nader in his furnished room in Washington. The interview, conducted by Eric Norden, began with a question about the results of Nader's crusade for safer cars.

PLAYBOY: How effective has the 1966 Traffic Safety Act been-and how much real progress has there been in auto safety since the Congressional hearings? NADER: There has been genuine progress. The passage of the Traffic Safety law has created the scaffolding within which a truly safe car can be built. Basic safety features that have been technologically and economically feasible for several decades have finally been taken off the shelf by the industry and added to cars: safer windshields, collapsible steering columns, seat belts and safer dashboards, shorn of many hazardous knobs and sharp edges. The basic progress, however, is that auto-safety issues are now public issues and not the private domain of the auto manufacturers: there is now research and development



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outside the industry, by Government, universities and institutes. The forth-coming establishment of Federal vehicle inspection standards and the reporting of defects to the Government by the industry are similar forward steps, which mean that issues affecting millions of Americans are no longer decided behind closed doors in a Detroit board room.

This is all good, but it isn't nearly enough. We will have to allocate far more resources to traffic safety-at least several hundred million dollars a year in the immediate future. In this fiscal year, the Government is spending only \$46,000,000 on traffic safety-a virtual pittance in light of the gravity of the problem and its billion-dollar-a-month cost. So there has been limited progress, but there's a long way yet to go. There is still a level of slaughter on our highways that strains credulity; if it continues at the present rate, one out of every two Americans will be either killed or hospitalized by auto crashes. So this is a problem that obviously touches all of us and cannot simply be delegated to a few timid bureaucrats and then forgotten. The fight doesn't end with the passage of a law; it just begins there. Without daily concrete support from the private sector, the law could be rendered a dead letter.

PLAYBOY: Until recent years, the auto industry did not disclose to the public its recall of cars discovered after sale to be defective; but the Traffic Safety Act requires the manufacturer to notify the National Motor Vehicle Safety Bureau whenever a recall campaign is initiated, thus subjecting the repairs and the original hazard to Federal supervision. Does the act place an obligation on the buyer to return his car to Detroit once he has been notified of the defect?

NADER: No, it doesn't. In fact, the recall law doesn't even require the car's return to the automobile dealer for correctionand if the defect is complex, a local franchised dealer may not do the job adequately or receive the parts from the manufacturer without long delays. Unfortunately, many motorists are negligent and do not return their vehicles to their dealers after the manufacturer sends them a certified notification of the defect. Therefore, we should amend the law to provide penalties for noncompliance, either by fining the owner or by deregistering the car until it's repaired. PLAYBOY: Let's take a look at some specific vehicle features. The 1968 standards issued by the National Traffic Safety Bureau require Detroit to improve the crashworthiness of windshields. Is windshield glass now shatterproof?

NADER: No, but it's substantially im-

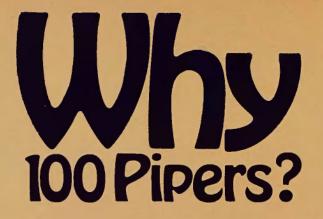
proved. Windshields now have a double vinyl layer between the glass that stretches on impact and thus attenuates energy force and lessens the chance of the glass smashing if you hit it with your head. But if hit with sufficient force, the windshield will still shatter, and in such a jagged manner around the edges that it can severely cut the occupant around the neck as his head retracts, once the collision force subsides—the so-called windshield collar. So the situation is far from perfect; but I'm hopeful that we will see substantial improvements in the next few years.

PLAYBOY: You've also been critical of tinted windshields. Why?

NADER: Because while ordinary glass reduces light transmittance by roughly 12 percent, fully tinted windshields reduce it by 30 percent or more. The driver faces enough problems on the road without such a reduction of his visibility, which is particularly serious at dusk and night or in bad weather or in the case of older drivers. Of course, no salesman ever mentions reduced visibility when he makes his pitch for a tinted windshield; he peddles it because it gives that cool, soothing greenhouse aura. He also claims it's an adjunct to air conditioning, since it allegedly reduces heat absorption, although the preponderant amount of heat is actually absorbed through the roof of the car. It's become almost impossible to buy an air-conditioned car without a tinted windshield. The dealer frequently tells a buyer that unless he accepts a tinted windshield, he will have to wait several weeks or mouths for his car to come through. The ironic twist to all this is that, since tinted windshields are sold as extras, the consumer is paying more for less visibility-and thus less safety.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said that power windows are still a safety hazard. In what way?

NADER: When power windows first came on the market, they operated with excessive force. This force has been reduced in most models, but the power is still sufficient to cause strangulation. I've had cases brought to my attention of children who would be playing in a car parked in the driveway or garage with the ignition turned off, and a playmate presses the power button while another child is looking out the window; the child will be hoisted up, strangled and left hanging out of the car. In early April of this year, a two-year-old boy was strangled in West Los Angeles as he played with his one-year-old sister in their father's 1967 Lincoln: the ignition was off and the boy had his head out the window when his sister accidentally pressed the button. In late



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April, an eight-year-old boy in Dunsmuir, California, was strangled when one of his playmates accidentally pushed the button activating the rear window of his family's station wagon. I know of one case where a woman was sitting in the front seat smoking and reached out the window to tap away some ash just as her husband hit the power button; the window snapped shut and chopped her finger off. These are hazards that can be remedied by a simple engineering modification that will stop a window whenever it encounters an obstruction, such as an arm or a hand. But that hasn't been done. And many models still allow such windows to be operated on the driver's side with the ignition off, and the rest of the windows can be operated by turning a special switch. The National Highway Safety Bureau recently warned the public about power-window dangers and urged motorists to have a "mechanic or dealer adjust the wiring so that the windows cannot operate unless the ignition switch is on." This is a fairly simple and inexpensive modification, yet the manufacturers are still allowed to produce cars without it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you satisfied with the padded dashboards added to all the new models?

NADER: This is one area where improvement has been encouraging. There are still, however, dangerous interior features in many cars. For example, in numerous models, the ignition key still juts out at knee level, and upon even low-speed impact, can stab through the driver's kneecap. Many cars also have sharp coathooks that can cause serious injuries in a crash. And the over-all energy absorption or yielding qualities of dash panels could be much more effective in diminishing the severity of injuries. The 1969-model standards will offer little new, except for head supports to diminish neck injuries in rear-end collisions. I also know of one case-a 25mile-an-hour collision-in which a little girl was virtually decapitated when the glove compartment sprung open on impact and, in effect, guillotined her. This type of hazard is easily avoidable by the simplest and least expensive alteration of engineering design-a change the auto companies have never bothered to make. PLAYBOY: A crucial element in any car's handling is its suspension. How good-or bad-is suspension in American cars? NADER: A car's suspension system, which determines how the vehicle interacts with the shocks produced by road travel, has a twofold function; directional and shockabsorbing. As you point out, it performs a critical role in the car's handling and is thus an important factor in auto safety.

Unfortunately, suspension in American cars is still quite poor and not as stable as in many European cars; compare the handling of a better European car with an American station wagon and you'll feel the difference. American auto manufacturers have opted for the soft, squishy ride, as exemplified by advertising that promises that driving a particular car is like floating on air. This type of suspension is associated with serious handling and high-speed cornering problems for drivers, particularly in quasi-emergency situations. Suspension must be improved, and I hope sufficient research and development will be done in this area so that by 1970, the first Federal safety standards on suspension can be issued.

PLAYBOY: Do sports cars tend to be less safe than standard four-door models?

NADER: Well, you certainly wouldn't want to be driving one in a collision; the smaller the car-and this applies to the smaller European sedans as well as to sports cars-the less the protection for the driver on impact. And even apart from size, they're pretty low on the scale as far as general crashworthiness goes, But some sports cars handle very well and have the added advantage of maneuverability, which is the one plus factor for a small car. In a collision between a small car and a heavier car, the generally larger, heavier American car will prove considerably safer. Certain specific features-dashboard design or brakesare better in some models than in others; tires and braking systems on European cars, for example, are generally superior, relative to the demands made on them. But about the only way to be informed of the superiority or inferiority of such features, and thus to make an over-all decision on any car, is to read the test studies and commentary published in Consumer Reports or an independent auto magazine called Road Test. But this is far from enough. Eventually, the Federal Government is going to have to institute a computerized autorating system under which each model is exhaustively tested, a comparative analysis made and the public then told which is the best and which is the worst. Dr. William Haddon, head of the National Highway Safety Bureau, has said that this is the ultimate objective of the Federal Government.

PLAYBOY: Some auto-industry critics have alleged that Detroit's resistance to safety innovations stems from the fact that obsolescence is built into cars and that a truly safe car would also be a longer-lasting one. Do you agree?

NADER: The primary reason the industry has been against safety is that it has always found it easier to sell visible style than engineering substance. But there is

## the thirst slaker

Falstaff-brewed clear to drink fresh. The one that wets down a thirst with cold. foaming flavor. Falstaff. a correlation between safety and durability, and there's no doubt that the manufacturers build their cars to deteriorate after three or four years and thus increase the market turnover. The current spate of safety accouterments-seat belts, padded dashboards, etc.-hasn't yet affected durability; this will be the case, however, when real brake, handling, tire and structural crashworthiness standards are mandated. But to really understand why the industry never voluntarily introduced safety features such as collapsible steering wheels and shatterproof windshields, you've got to ask the question: From their perspective, why should they? What incentive did they have to change? Only an ethical incentive. Big corporations seldom, if ever, act out of altruism.

PLAYBOY: Of the 53.000 people who die in auto accidents each year, has it been possible to break down the percentage who die from vehicle defects, as opposed to carelessness, drunken driving, bad weather conditions or poor roads?

NADER: No, we don't have that kind of precise statistical analysis and perhaps we never will, since there are so many contributing factors leading to accidents, deaths and injuries. You should also remember that not only are the occupants buried in the wreckage but evidence of the specific vehicle defect is hidden or destroyed. Of course, the problem is compounded by the fact that in the past 40 years, nobody has pored over the remains to determine if or how faulty construction caused the accident, unlike the situation in aviation, where Government and company investigators sift through every bit of debris to see if mechanical malfunctions were responsible. There have been some studies in this area recently; a report from a research team at the Harvard Medical School concluded that vehicle defects and deteriorations were the number-one cause of deaths in the accidents that they investigated over a five-year period. However, drunken driving is definitely a very serious problem; an exhaustive study by a professor at Indiana University reveals that if you eliminated all drunken driving, you'd reduce fatalities by at least 13 percent, which is a very significant figure. So it would appear that better detection of and harsher penalties for drunks behind the wheel are also needed. But controlling drunks is much more difficult than controlling the safe design of vehicles, which will protect you and your family against drunks or any other cause of vehicles going out of control.

PLAYBOY: You appear, here and elsewhere, to place what many consider a disproportionate emphasis on vehicle as opposed to driver safety. Why do you stress the necessity of so-called safety cars but virtually ignore the problem of the driver? Couldn't much tougher

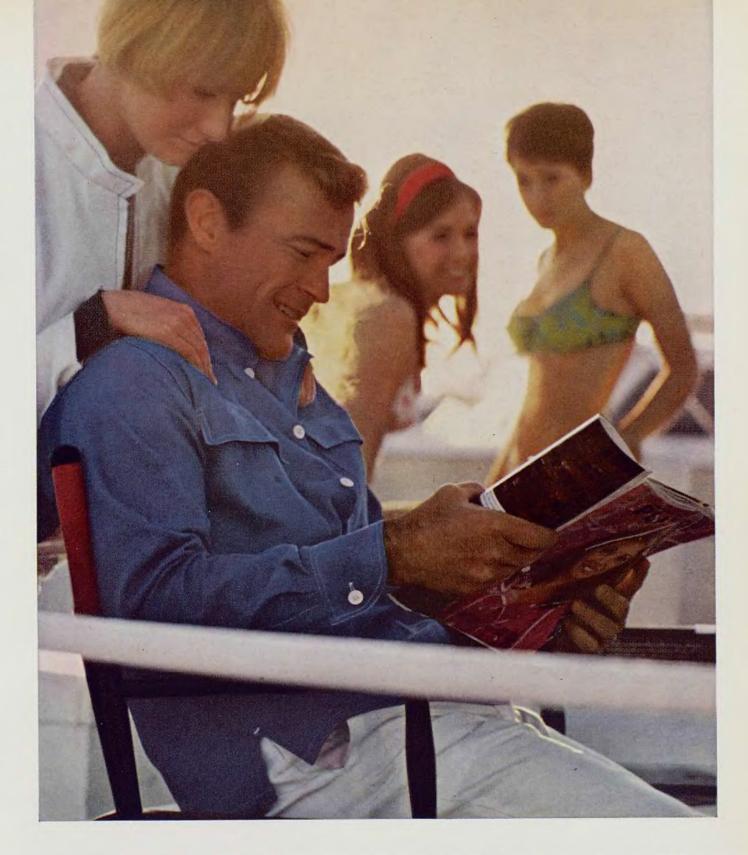
licensing requirements, perhaps Federalized and made uniform across the country, ensure that potentially lethal cars are more expertly and soberly driven? NADER: I'm all in favor of tougher licensing tests and improved driving skills; the concepts of driver and vehicle safety, far from being mutually exclusive, are actually complementary. But for 40 years, all the emphasis in the area of auto safety has been placed on the driver, and still the death and injury rate spirals upward every year. At our present level of technological proficiency, it's much easier to make a safe car than it is to create a safe driver, and it's far more feasible to change the engineering to adapt to the needs of vehicle safety than to expect drivers to behave properly at all times and under all conditions-particularly when operating a vehicle that is often unstable and unsafe. I certainly don't mean to minimize the very real problem of poor driving; but if your objective is to reduce deaths and injuries on the highways, then we must develop the most practical and effective remedy. Whatever causes accidents and casualties, vehicle safety is the most sensible and efficient means of preventing them. If you wish to avoid the locking of brakes, for example, you could subject 95,000,000 drivers to training courses that would teach them how not to lock their brakes, particularly in emergency stops on wet and slippery pavement. And after they have learned all this in a special driving school, you can hope that they will remember it five weeks or five years in the future. But if you take the engineering approach, you could easily build an antilocking brake system into the vehicle so that the driver can't lock his brakes even if he passionately desires to do so.

I also can't stress enough that with proper design, accidents can be safe. A car can skid off the road, crash head on into a tree and be constructed in such a way that the occupants are not injured. What we are confronting in this area is a Pavlovian-type advertising indoctrination over the past two generations that has brainwashed the public into believing it is the driver who must adapt to the vehicle and not the vehicle that must adapt to the driver. I'm all in favor of good driving, but even a race driver like Graham Hill couldn't escape unscathed if his brakes failed at high speeds because of an engineering or structural defect. Let's have good drivers-but above all, let's have good cars for them to drive. We'll always have accidents and, human nature being what it is, we'll always have bad driving-but with a safer car, there is no reason the two must converge in the death or maining of the driver or of those in another car.

PLAYBOY: New York State has subsidized

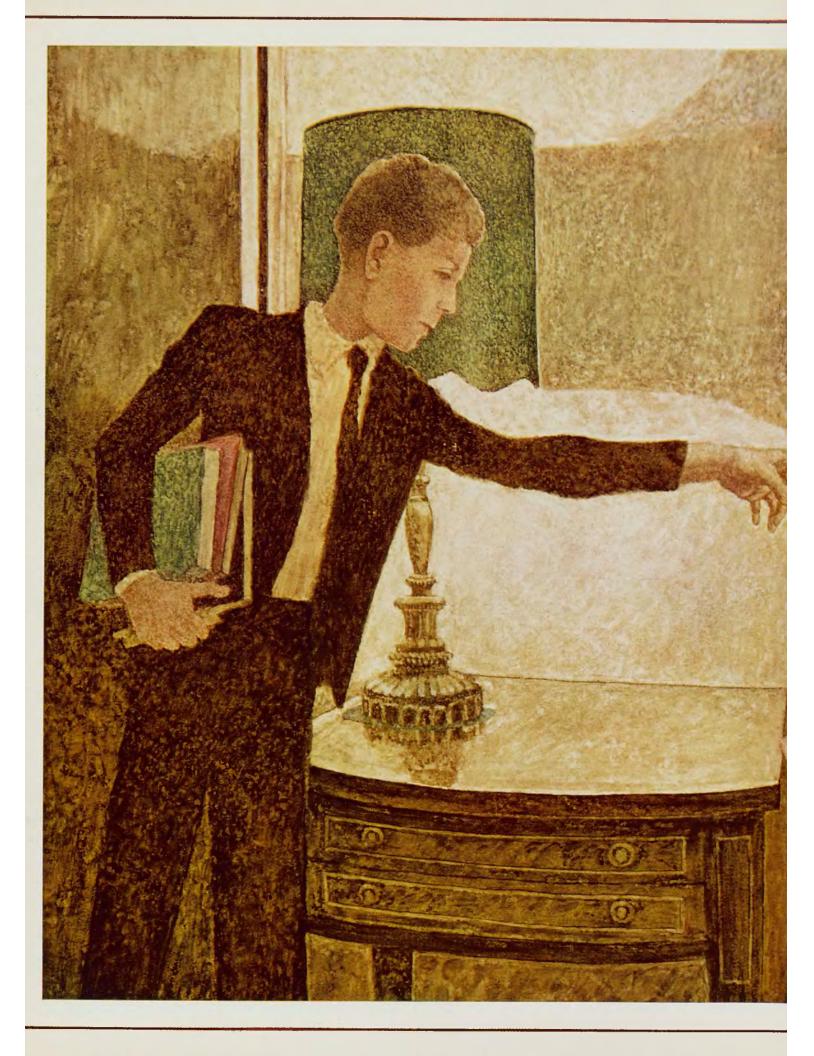
the feasibility study of a prototype safety car. How successful has this effort been? NADER: The progress has been very encouraging-but it has largely stopped. The subcontractor, Republic Aviation, has completed two engineering feasibility studies that conclude that a safe, attractive and reasonably priced car suitable for mass production can be developed-one that would protect the driver from almost any injuries at collision-impact speeds of up to 50 miles an hour and make higher-speed collisions at least survivable. Just how significant this is can be seen by the fact that about 70 percent of all motorist deaths and serious injuries occur at impact speeds of 55 mph or less. So this is extremely good news. What is rather discouraging is that New York State will no longer fund the project, which was originally planned to cost \$5,000,000 for research, development, construction and testing of about 15 prototype safety vehicles, and the Federal Government has granted only \$70,000 for its continuation. This is particularly unfortunate because New York authorities estimate that such a research project could have been completed in 18 months if the \$5,000,000 had been available from the outset. And yet the U.S. Government, which spends three billion dollars every month in Vietnam, which spends \$120,000,000 for an atomic submarine, which spends \$6,000,000 for one F-111 jet plane, which spends at least \$200,000,000 a year for a civilian supersonic-aircraft project, which spends \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000 a year for highway beautification, which spends \$40,000,000 a year for the safety of migratory birds, cannot invest \$5,000,000 in a vehicle vaccine that could prevent the deaths and injuries of millions of Americans every yearmany times the number of those killed in any of our wars. What a tragic distortion of priorities! But the exclusive control of automotive technology by the auto companies is nevertheless being gradually broken down, and the future funding of many projects in design safety by the Federal Government may speed up the arrival of an age of exciting automotive innovation-and safety. PLAYBOY: Despite your claim that complete automobile safety would not be inconsistent with good design and high performance, many of your critics suspect that your proposed safety car would have all the style, speed and maneuverability of a tank. How would you answer them? NADER: The concept of attractive design and good performance and the concept of a safety car are far from incompatible. Various prototype feasibility studies on a safety car show that it can be every bit as attractive stylistically and have just as smooth performance as the current models. There isn't an automotive

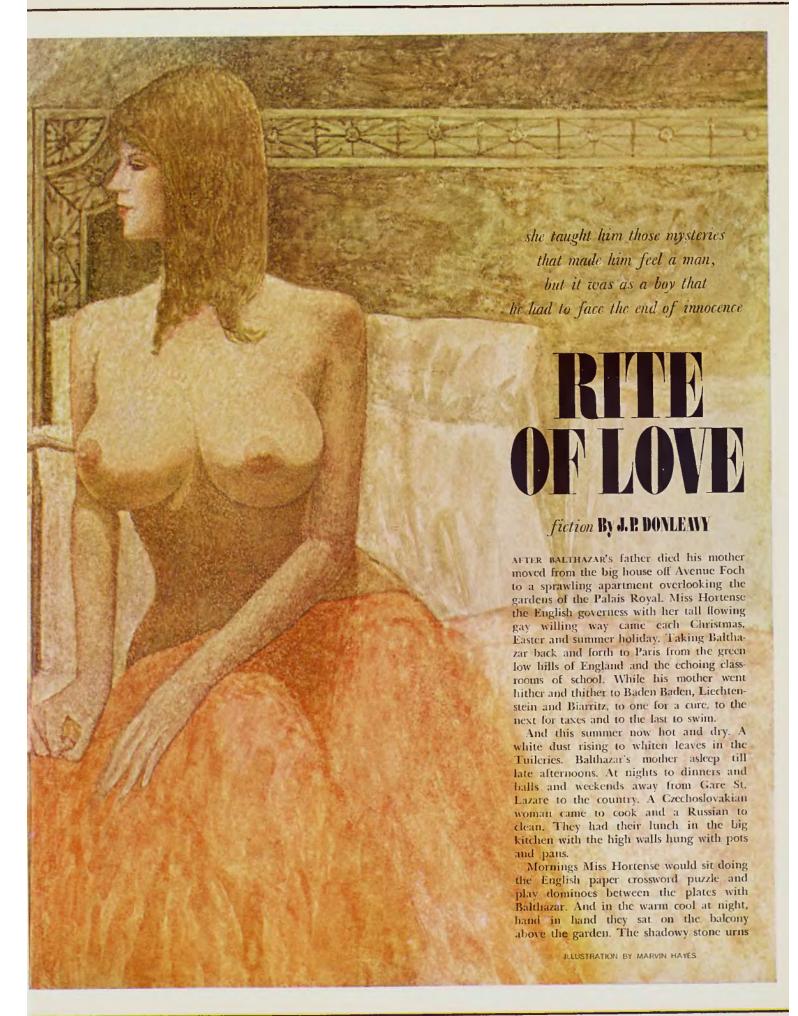
(continued on page 196)



### WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

An insider. The kind of guy who knows where to find what he wants—from the loveliest playmates to the liveliest parties. And PLAYBOY is his guide to the good life. Facts: PLAYBOY leads the magazine field as the most avidly read publication among young men today. More than 7,000,000 of them spend five days reading a typical issue with an average of three hours in reading time. To turn the insider out, look into PLAYBOY. He does—and often. (Source: 1967 W. R. Simmons Report.)





with upturned 17 spears, and four fish hook prongs to keep out intruders. And one year ago Miss Hortense said I think it's time you called me Bella.

Each day to laugh down the steps and out across the gardens. To sit a while where the solemn little children played under the thick chestnut trees. Or watch the marionettes in the Tuileries. And the favorite hours to quietly read away an afternoon on the sentinel pale green chairs. Miss Hortense to be seated with her pillow, her elegant long legs crossed in the hot sunshine. By a bed of pink roses while the sparrows pecked and scratched and bathed.

The mornings at dawn Balthazar heard the keeper open the gates. And sometimes alone and dressed, Bella asleep, to go down and skip along the brown and black tiles of the arcade and pirouette on each four leaved shamrock. Bella said it was good for Irish luck. Then pause to read the garden rules which said no writing on the walls, no sound instruments and no games which can bring trouble to the tranquillity of the pedestrian.

And on this soft summer Saturday night. As Balthazar and Bella walked hand in hand past the black fence bars topped with golden spears. By the stamp shop and where the old strange watches stood in the window with colored pictures on their faces. And near to me was Bella. The close up of her gray eyes was green. And her breath as sweet as roses. When she told her secrets in wide eyed words. And whispered dreams. And laughed when she lost at chess.

"Balthazar,"
"Yes my Bella."

"You know something."

"What."

"I am going away."

"Where. What do you mean."

"I am going away from you."

"Why."

"It is too complicated to explain."

"Has my mother told you to."

"No not yet."

"Then why. Don't you enjoy coming to Paris anymore."

"Yes."

"Then why."

"Because this is all very foolish."

"What is foolish."

"You are growing up. You're getting tall. A full inch above my shoulder last year. And now, see, You come right to the top of my ear. When first we met you were only up to here. Soon you will be thirteen. You don't need me anymore,"

"That's rather an unfortunate thing for you to say Bella. I don't understand why you've chosen to discuss this at all."

"Because it is ruining my life coming here three times a year."

Passing the windows of the red carpeted theater. And into the peristyle courtyard. Crossing between the stone pillars, they stood near the restaurant with the golden walls and carved and painted ceilings and the mirror you could look up at from the courtyard and see down from the restaurant ceiling on to tables where customers were leisurely lavishly eating. To see now this moment a gentleman's hand with gold rings, his fingers opening and closing upon a glass stem which he raised to swirl a wine beneath his nose. On the restaurant window it said Sherry Goblers and Lemon Squash. Miss Hortense took a deep breath and raised her eyebrows and bent forward as she walked.

"Bella, I did not know I was ruining your life."

"It was unfair of me to sav."

"You told me it was nice these holidays like this. And you could give all the gentlemen about Kensington a merry dance. And you had your nice little change of situations."

"O God what a mess. Don't you see I love you. And you are far too old to be loved like that."

A strange shiver comes upon the back of the head and goes down the spine and lingers between the legs. The sound of our slow feet passing over the waves worn in the tiles. The lace shop. Rooms alight behind curved shiny windows above under the roof of the arcade. And through all the black muddy months there loomed her middle parted brown long hair. And how she bent each thumb backward on her wrist and could spin her skirt high up over her knees and always forgot to castle her king.

To come now through to the empty street and back to the little bell and great dark green enamel door. Climbing up these stairs. The incense smelling vestibule.

"Bella I am fond of you too."

"Don't you see that is the trouble."

Feeling a tender trembling and shaking. Her summer tanned back and the cool brown across her shoulders. The white skin under the straps of her light blue summer frock. My breath seems pushing up against the back of my eyes.

Miss Hortense swept into the salon and went quickly from table to table to turn on all the blazing lights.

"Why have you done that, Bella."

"I don't know. I think it's as well. Your mother is away. There's no one here the whole weekend. I've turned on the lights that's all."

"You're awfully upset."

"The fact of the matter is I'm twenty four and should be married."

"But every man will have you."

"That does not mean I want one of them. There's little to choose between a cunning solicitor and a rich dunce, except my choice would be neither of them."

"If you marry the cunning solicitor he's sure to be very rich one day."

"And his heart and soul completely poor."

"But Bella you said yourself that only money matters, and for a woman it's better even to have her own."

"Yes. I said that and it's true. I'll be cured next week when I buy a new hat."

"Shall we play chess."

"I don't feel like it tonight."

"It is not too late to go to the theater."
"No."

"Do you want me to go away and leave you alone."

"For heaven's sake no."

"I am awfully sorry that I have made you so unhappy."

Miss Hortense against the edge of the high gray marble table where she put back her arms and pressed the heels of her hands. And her fingers whitening as they tightened around the cold hard

stone.

"O God it's crazy. It's crazy. In fact it's far too funny. Here I am, good Lord, in love with a twelve year old boy."

Miss Hortense turned from where she leaned and slowly rolled herself over the arm rest and fell deep into the green brocaded sofa of eider down. This still night the end of June. Faint horns honking along Rue St. Honoré and the memory of an afternoon three years ago when I went down into the Métro of the Palais Royal, past the blue smocked woman at a desk with her plateful of centimes and stood to wee wee elbow high to a nearby man. Upon whose gleaming patent leather shoe I peed. And he reared backward stamping his foot, his own pee crazily sprinkling his trousers and tiled floor. I quickly buttoned up and ran. Out past the phalanx of dark brown cubicles and up into the street into Miss Hortense's arms. And when she asked what did you do I said I peed on a man and there he is now with his black briefcase shaking his umbrella. And Miss Hortense turned and smiled and made him a fluttering curtsy.

"Bella why do you say this when I have told you that I love you too."

"Balthazar it's not your fault. I can't expect you to understand. What could you ever know about women."

"I want to learn. I have read some most unseemly books."

"God you're so sweet. And I mustn't say I could kiss you."

The tinkling 8:30 chime of the gold mantel clock. Miss Hortense's brown long legs shooting akimbo on the gleaming parquet. Her big toes upturned from her sandals. A great heaving sigh whispering out her lips.

"I don't like you staring at me like that Balthazar. Do you think you should go and find something to do."

"Why."

"Because I think it would be proper."
"Why."

"Don't ask me why."

(continued overleaf)



"Well now, that's the kind of art form I'd like to get into!"

"Then I will not go and find something to do."

"Don't."

"I won't."

"I don't care if you don't."

"And I don't care that you don't care that I don't."

"Then don't."

"I'm not."

"Then I am going to go and sew."

Miss Hortense standing. Her sandals making a flapping noise on the floor. Passing by Balthazar as he stood near the door. His blue jacket closed and his flannel trousers long and white. Miss Hortense went by the fruit basket on the dining table and snatched out a pear. The strong muscles in the backs of her legs. And the thin tapering ankle and tendon down into her heels. Her bedroom door closing. I tremble and my heart thumps. Tight and hot in my head above the eyes.

Balthazar turned off the lights of the salon, save one by the window and bookcase where he knelt and pulled volumes from the shelves. A faded green spine which faintly read The Neighborhood of Dublin. His father's large scrawled signature inside the cover. Tales Uncle Edouard told. Of the noble and splendid blood of the Celt flowing through our veins. After the battle of the Boyne our ancestor fled in the Flight of the Wild Geese from Ireland to France. They were brave men of unquenchable principle. And he was one brilliant fellow, a Royal Astronomer of Ireland. He knew much of ether and even electricity. And from this great house he watched by telescope out into the solar system. It was only because of the clouds that he did not get much chance to see the stars. Remember always you are of Irish kings as well as of France, and all Irishmen are kings but not all kings are Irishmen.

With four tomes under arm and Paris bells tolling 11 o'clock Balthazar passed along the dark hallway to his room. The dry creaking of the boards beneath the feet. Miss Hortense's door with a bright dot of keyhole. To pause to knock, And no. She may never like me anymore. And tomorrow we were going to go to Sèvres. To see the porcelain in the museum. All our splendid days we wandered here and there. Along the banks and bookstalls of the Seine. In and out the alley darkened streets, Huchette, Suger, St. André des Arts, passing under gray peeling walls, buildings like full old bellies, buttons bursting and washerwomen's eyes staring sullenly down. Often they stopped at St. Germain des Prés for citron pressé and all the young gentlemen giggled at Miss Hortense's horsy elegant beauty, twitching their shoulders as they went by and laughing in their little groups to catch Bella's cool gray green eye. She would rise up tall between the café tables. Her white

beaded summer bag tucked neatly beneath a breast. And with the other cool hand to throw her hair back upon her shoulder and putting aloft her head, the tiniest smile across her lips, she stepped out on the boulevard, her hips gently shifting to and fro. A grin on her face as a cry went up from the café table, long live mademoiselle so magnificently callipyge.

Balthazar bent an eye to the keyhole. A yellow light and golden drapes at the end of the room. To be shut out from all her warmth and love. Across the polished floor and Persian carpet hangs her light blue dressing gown from a chair. And a night three summers ago I awoke to rumbling thunder to stumble afeared out into the corridor. To say outside this door. Nannie, o dear I am most frightened. But not loud enough for her to hear. Too shy to knock and too shy to show my fear. And suddenly her door opened and lightning whitened her window and flashed behind her. Her body so long and slender and outlined against the light through her sleeping gown. She held me there and then said come, get into bed with me, put your head on my pillow and I will tell you why there is no need to be afraid. Because they are playing skittles in the sky and when they want to throw a ball, it's only that God puts on the lightning so that they can see. And then there's the big boom and the rain comes down to wash away all the mess. And in sleep I snuggled and clutched to her and dreamt I flew on a white horse up steps right into the sky and jumped over clouds and put my fingers into soft crushed berries and cream. And at morn to wake and see her brown long hair streaming across the pillow. As the triangle of sunlight rose up the green wall. And the clutch of deep dark small freckles on her back and I put a finger there to rub one away and she rolled over and smiled, her eyes so gaily alight and sparkling and she slowly withdrew one of her long long arms from under the covers and reached out and pushed me on the nose and said hey you, you must get out of here now.

'Balthazar, Is that you out there."

"Yes."

"What are you doing there."

"Looking through your keyhole."

"What can you see."

"Nothing."

"Come in then."

Balthazar turning down the handle on the door. Opening it into the soft light and blinking his eyes. Miss Hortense in her bed. The blue linen counterpane drawn to the bottom and up into the soft peach blanket stuck her knees and toes. The pillows piled high, a book clipped open by her elbow and shiny needle in her hand.

"Goodness Balthazar what are you doing with that awful pile of books."

"Reading."

"Sit down. Reading what."

"This one is about tunnels and railways. And this, it's a book about Dublin. Have you ever been there."

"No. My father has, he was born in Belfast."

"What is that."

"That's a city in the north of Ireland. Where they march and beat great drums and say they are up to their knees in Catholic blood and up to their necks in slaughter."

"That's not awfully nice."

"No. It's not."

"Did he ever talk of Dublin."

"Yes he liked it there. And the pints of stout and chunks of cheese that he had in the mornings in a pub. He read Divinity at Trinity College. He said it was the happiest time of his life. And he always said, that there in Dublin, the sun shone in on our lives."

"Bella, you're not cross at me are

"No. Of course not, why should I be."

"I don't know. I feel awfully badly when I think you're cross with me. And now I feel much worse that perhaps you might be going to go away."

"You're such a silly boy."
"You know I'm not silly."

"Yes I know you're not silly. I'm silly I suppose. And really you're old enough to know. That I am going to have to go. Aren't you. But it's not that I want to. It is nice to be with you. And we do like so many things together. And so you know don't you that it's not that I want to. And that it has been the happiest time of my whole life. That I've ever had. Don't hang your face down like that."

"I'm not."

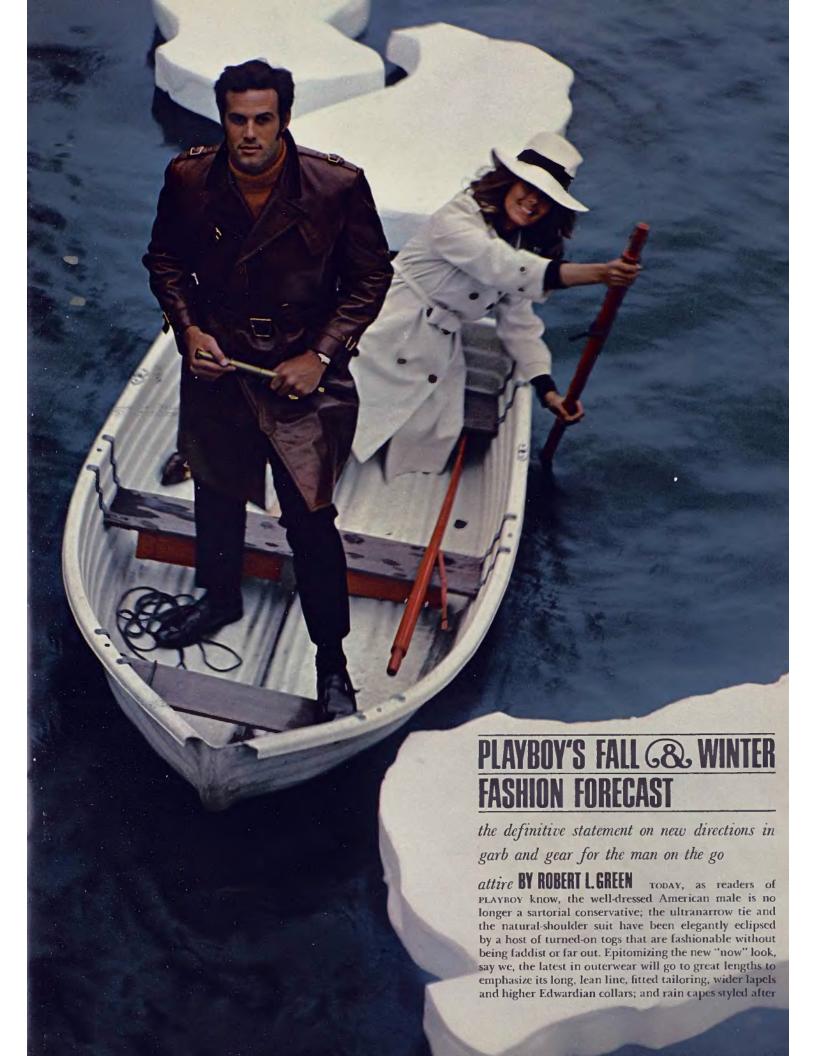
"You are. Come sit over here on the bed."

Balthazar put his tomes on the floor. And crossed to Miss Hortense's bed. Where the light shone down on the white folded sheet and her slender arms sat in cushioned little white cloth valleys. She lifted up an embroidery frame. Its streaming blue and green and yellow threads.

"Do you think this is nice."

"It looks such a bore to do."

"After all my work that's what you say. Anyway this is what I want to tell you. That this is not good for either of us. Soon you will want to be with girls your own age, And God knows I ought to be putting a rope around some gentleman and tying his ankle to my stove. You see Balthazar when I'm not with you. Well I don't know what I'm going to say. Many men have asked me to marry. It may be me or my little money. They all seem to get to know rather too quickly for my liking that I have a small income. But each time something always goes wrong and either I hate them or they hate me."





those worn by London bobbies will be donned by an avantgarb minority. Also expect to see suede, fur and polished-leather outerwear in trim waist-length and trench-coat models.

Last April, we predicted that the Mao coat—with its stand-up collar and lapelless front—would open new fashion directions and strongly influence suits, sports apparel and formalwear. Judging from the revolutionary array of tunic-type innovations that has, indeed, appeared in the past six months, our prognostication was right on the button. For the months ahead, we aver, you'll be able to choose from an increasing abundance of tunic-inspired items, ranging from pajamas and bathrobes to overcoats and rainwear.

While making your fall and winter selection of shaped suits and sports jackets, consider acquiring at least one or two with wide lapels, to be worn with a wide, Windsor-knotted tie and a medium-spread or long-pointed-collar shirt, in such shades as pumpkin, apricot, chocolate or navy blue. We also predict that suit and sports coats with greatcoat and pointed-style collars will gain increasing acceptance during the next (text concluded on page 96)

To copture the switched-on look of today's pacesetting fashions, we've focused our comeras on men in motion, fast movers who've donned on elegant orroy of supercontemporary attire. Opening page: Shipshope bootswain maintains his military bearing in an oye-catching ontiquedleother belted trench coat, by Cortefiel, \$175. These pages, left: Wellshoded hot-shot responds to four firehouse belles who are turned on by his wool twill belted suit with pointed collar, by Pierre Cardin U.S.A., \$175, worn with mesh cotton shirt, by Lew Wold, \$18, and woven silk tie, by Rolph Lauren for Polo, \$10. Sportive swinger is pushed to the fashion foreground wearing a cotton voile fly-front shirt, by Anthony Calardo for Clotheshorse, \$20, textured topestry cotton slacks, \$35, and velvet sash, \$3, both by Dunlee. Traffic-stopping skateboard champion makes his move in a worsted rib twill suit with greatcoot collar, by John Hompton Ltd., \$150, Docron and cotton spread-collor shirt, by Van Heusen, \$8, ond wide silk tie, by Rolph Lauren for Polo, \$12.50. High-stepping gentlemon is head and shoulders above the modding crowd in a broadtoil evening jocket, by Allen Case, \$850, crepe shirt with front ruffle, by Palacio, \$40, and worsted broadcloth slocks, by Poul Ressler, \$19.

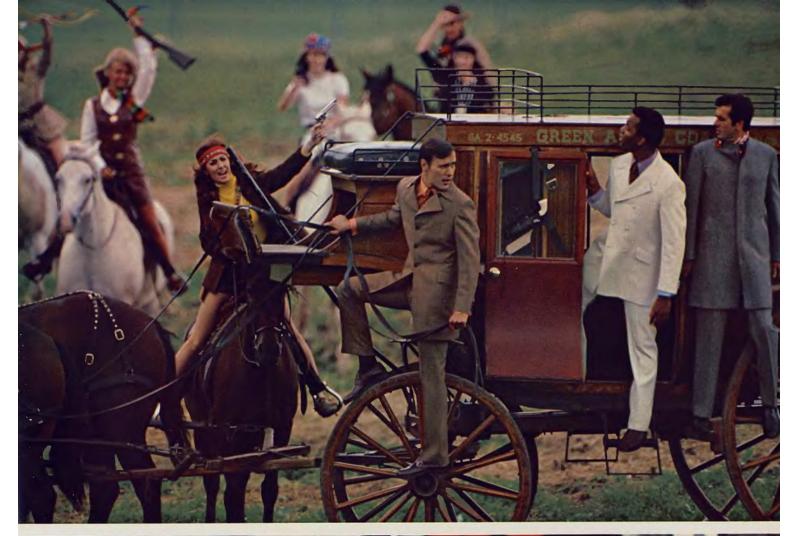






Three high-flying tripsters aboard an Oriental airliner take to the wild blue yonder togged in far-aut apparel. Below, left ta right: Male mocha drinker gets service with a smile attired in an imported cotton floral-print shirt with balloon sleeves, \$39.95, and wool twill slacks, \$55, both by Jax. Hookah holder is hooked on his French cottan tapestry tunic jacket with fabric-covered buttons, stand-up collar and deep center vent, \$165, worn aver polyester and wool whipcard slacks with wide-cut legs, \$27, both by Europhilia. Casual gentleman maintains scholarly interests while wearing an English worsted and silk belted floor-length robe with trumpet sleeves, by Turnbull & Asser, \$125. A trio of fashionable frontiersmen has no reservations about sartorially upstaging a band of hard-charging Annie Oakleys and sweet Sioux. Take-charge chap with the reins comes on strong in a worsted twill suit with windowpane overplaid that features a greatcoat collar and angled flap pockets, by John Hampton Ltd., \$150, minicheck Dacron and catton permanent-press shirt with pointed collar and barrel cuffs, by Creighton, \$B.50, and wide silk grenadine tie, by Ralph Lauren for Polo, \$12.50. Lad at center stage goes for a Tetron and viscose twill six-button double-breasted suit with greatcoat collar and flared leg bottoms, by Franklin Bober far Clinton Swan, \$80, striped cotton broadclath pointed-collar shirt with French cuffs, by Gant, \$12, and Italian pebble-weave silk tie, by Oleg Cassini, \$8.50. End man keeps his cool in a wool herringbone tweed suit with no-vent jacket, \$450, topped off with a matching fly-front outercoat with Mao collar, \$300, both by Guy LaRoche, and silk neck scarf, by Jean Casanave, \$8. Adventuresome execs head officeward in first-rate gear. Running-board chairman up front prefers a Trevira and wool twill four-button double-breasted suit with peak lapels, by Oleg Cassini, \$165, striped cotton broadcloth spread-collar shirt, by Gant, \$12, wide silk twill tie, by Hut, \$4, and Italian silk pocket square, by Handcraft, \$3. He's backed up by a buddy who wears a cavalry wool twill six-button double-breasted suit with deep side vents, by Hardy Amies U.S.A., \$150, striped Dacron and cotton broadcloth shirt, by Creighton, \$8.50, and wide silk tie, by Turnbull & Asser, \$15.







with suppressed waists and roomy patch pockets. And while you're buying, also look for both single- and double-breasted woven knit blazers; they make a great wrinkle-free traveling companion, even when packed into an overcrowded suitcase.

Regardless of the fashion direction you take, remember that personal style is of paramount importance. If you're under five feet, ten, for example, think twice before purchasing an ultralong overcoat, despite the fact that it's making fashion headlines. And if you're losing the battle of the bulge, cross both tight-fitting doublebreasted suits and stovepipe slacks off your list and round out your wardrobe by concentrating on clothes that will flatter your physique.

All in all, the fashion prospects for the coming fall and winter are alive with dash and flair: Tired sartorial clichés are giving way to bold new combinations of colors and fabrics, and such classics as belted leather coats are enjoying a comeback. For an illustrative look at what on-the-go urbanites with a gift of garb will be wearing this season, check the action on these and the preceding pages.

six months, along with Norfolk and modified-Norfolk belted jackets Sidecar suitar favors waol and polyester chalk stripes, by Elegantissimo, \$115, warn with cotton braadcloth shirt, by Schiaparelli, \$20, and velvet bow tie, by Turnbull & Asser, \$7.50. Three dressed-right urbanites make graund contact with a comely oviatrix. Chap closest to cockpit likes a buffalohide jacket, by Ericson af Sweden, \$120, and Shetland turtleneck, by Drummond, \$17, over plaid wool slacks, by Contact, \$12. Guy in the passenger seot prefers an antiqued-calf jacket, by Cortefiel, \$100, and plaid wool slacks, by Carbet, \$22. Traveling man digs a corduroy Norfolk suit, by Stanley Blacker, \$BO, bulky-weave cotton shirt, \$11, and matching tie, \$4, both by Creighton. Good skate sprints in a Shetland cardigan, \$50, and matching muffler, \$30, worn with cotton turtleneck, \$25, and corduroy slacks, \$45, all by Bill Blass for PBM. Handcar-riding get-out-of-tawnsmen are on the right track with, left ta right: Cotton corduray tunic-type jacket, by D'Avenza Roma, \$110, worsted and mohair evening trousers, by After Six, \$45, and silk ascot, by Palacio, \$10; velvet evening suit, by Stanley Blacker, \$95, worn with ruffled silk shirt, by Meledandri, \$65; and sari silk evening suit with flyfront snap closures and a deep center vent, by Lino Lentini, \$350.









### RITE OF LOVE (continued from page 90)

"I want to marry you."

"Balthazar."

"You mustn't laugh. You are only twelve years older.'

"But your whole life, what you are going to do, where you are going to go." "I think I am going to go to Dublin."

"Ah, that is something nice."

Miss Hortense's arm fell slowly and her hand touched Balthazar's blue serge sleeve. As she always did when she was pleased, reach out and touch me gently. With a closed mouth smile.

"And you know Bella how awfully rich I am. And when I am of age I can too."

"Yes."

"To go on big ships. To Africa and America. Will you wait for me to grow up. Will you please, Bella."

That is the most wonderful proposal

I have ever had."

"Will you then. Will you please. When I finish school before I go to college we could be married."

"You're so serious aren't you. And I will then be over thirty."

"I would not care."

"Yes you would. Your eye would be seeking out the young ladies.'

"I would never want anyone else."

"Heavens, heavens. And what am I to do then from now till you become of

"Three times a year you would be here with me in Paris. We could go to Bucharest and from there to St. Petersburg. We could go to Dublin, And have cheese like your father did and the sun would shine in on us.'

"You rascal. You are. You have more daring than on a trapeze. God how girls are going to waste their tears on you.'

Balthazar slowly stood up from the bed. Miss Hortense laid her embroidery away at her side. Her dressing table with her ivory brush and mirror and comb. The crimson lining of her open pigskin writing case with envelopes blue and pink. A lone bottle of scent and toilet water. Where his mother's bath was shelved high with colognes and sweet essences of faint colors and perfumes in all their tall fat crystal bottles. To bend now to pick up these tomes.

"O please don't go away like that."

"I will. Because at least I have told you of what is in my heart."

"Don't go away like this Balthazar."

"I am. Why should I not."

"No. Don't. Come back here."

Balthazar turned and laid the books on the chair. He walked back to the bed. And as his knees touched the edge, Bella's hand reached out and switched off the table light. And her hand felt and took his hand and she pulled him gently down. Her fingers up through the

out O God come to me. Her kisses over my mouth. On the cheeks and eyes. Her tongue along the side of my neck and deep into my ringing ear. All the bells of Paris. And stormy choirs sing when it is not yet Mass or Sunday but her silky long slender arms, smooth wrists, and soft slim hands. She breathed her breath catching in her lungs. And I can hardly breathe at all. Her hard teeth as she bites into my mouth. Her hand at my throat to undo my tie. Pulling herself up go where I want and you can come , out of the sheets. Hair strings of shadow hanging round her head. I watched in the gardens once her fingernails as she sat and scratched her thigh and they made big long white marks on her sunny skin. Distant fingers unbuttoning my shirt one by one. And close by lips kissing me upon the breasts. Bella tell me what to do. Nothing nothing. Just take off your clothes. And so strange to wonder. Of all these years of dreams. To reach one day in the laundry room to secretly touch her drying underthings more close to her than I ever hoped to be. And now lie side by side all along her body and feel it pressed to mine, like two bodies all of your own. One here and one you reach around. Bella is what we're doing love. Yes yes. Hurry tell me how. You'll see you'll see. And I see. Bella on top of my mind chewing a cashew nut. Bella what do I do. Nothing nothing now. Like that flush of jealous courage two days ago. Waiting for a seat on the back of the bus to Place du Pont Neuf, When the conductor pinched her on the bottom and Miss Hortense widened her eyes, squared her shoulders, raised her brows and parasol and said in English keep your hands to yourself you miserable little man and the conductor laughed and as they returned once more to alight, he reached to pinch again and her parasol came slashing down across his wrist. It was an unfriendly time. To reach and gouge out his grinning eyes. Or wait one day till I was big enough to slap his cheek and shake his molars. For now I touch. All of this most precious prize. Here from the top of her head to the tip of her big toes. Can I touch and put my hand running over you you're so smooth. Yes you can you can and come on top of me. Bella Bella it's coming out of me. It won't stop. All over you. O darling you mustn't mind, sweetest and dearest, let it come out over me, you must not mind. Bella tell me what did I do. It's all right now. It should have been inside you. Yes but it's all right, you mustn't mind. I know it means you'll never marry me. And I hope I haven't been vile.

short hairs on the back of my head, and

cool they touch in behind my ear. Tum-

bling down into her arms she whispers

Balthazar it's really all right, really it is. I feel all ashamed and all awful inside. You must tell me, Balthazar, tell me if you do. All around in me it's going very strange indeed, you're not a servant or a town girl in the street but if I've done this I can't be in love. O God what are you talking about, love is for everybody wherever it may be no matter what you are. You're so young you see, full of all those tall tales of all those little boys. It's not vile, it's not that at all, but what I'm doing to you is so wrong. Why do you say it's wrong. Because it's my duty to take care of you. But isn't this the best care there could be then. Balthazar you're asking such damn questions and knowing answers too damn fast, but nothing can be answered here, just lie now with your silly sad little face, and maybe a devil too, you know don't you that we should never do this again. If anyone found us I would be in an awful mess.

"But there's no one here but us. And if we never do it again you'll never teach me."

"You know enough already you little rabbit."

"What have you done with men Bella." "And what have you done with girls

"Please Bella, what have you done."

"You mustn't ask me questions like that."

"I must know."

"Why must you know."

"Because if you did I may never

speak to you again."

"O dear. Turn around your head. Come on. Turn around. You're quite spoiled you know. Look at me. Are you jealous. A little aren't you."

"I'm not discussing it. Do you do this. Without your clothes and be in bed with other men."

"And I'm not discussing it."

"If you've been like this with other men I will kill myself. With arsenic."

"O Lord."

"I will."

"Snuggle up close and comfy to me. Don't let me hear you say that again. Or I will be off to Bristol or something like that and go on a ship. To the south seas."

"Bella I love you so much. So awfully awfully much."

"There you mustn't cry. You really mustn't."

"And I never want you to go away for ever and ever."

"I'm here now. You crazy little rabbit. I'm here."

"If you don't stay with me I don't want to grow up at all."

"But you little rabbit you can't stop growing up. You'll know all sorts of girls. Through a whole bunch of years. Innocent and smiling ones who would (continued on page 187)



### THE PERILOUS PLIGHT OF SIR GEORGE, KANDRON THE DRAGON AND THE TWENTY DELECTABLE VIRGINS

article By ALEXIS A. GILLILAND a miniguide to ethical relativism, replete with lessons and instructive microfables, to help you tread the good-guy side of the line between moral behavior and that other kind

MORALITY IS A USEFUL GUIDE to behavior; and, like the law, it consists of principles that must perforce be illustrated with specific examples. Some of the cases in law are pretty farfetched, such as who owns a dead whale that A found floating with B's harpoon in him. Nevertheless, these cases—dead whales, escaped foxes and reasonable men—form the basis on which the law rests. Observe that the English separated law from equity at a fairly early date, since it was obvious that the proper working of the law excluded equity.

Now, law is to equity as morality is to practicality; and while moral behavior should ideally be practical as well, logic demands the separation of the two—particularly since practical behavior has very little to do with morality.

Much of this trouble derives from the very root source of morality, which is, of course, the moral class. The moral class being a set of people who loudly respect one another's good judgment and who, for a fee, will extol your necessities as virtues. Moral behavior therefore comes to be of advantage to the rich. To illustrate this point, let us examine a few cases. Answer true or false.



chas b slackman



fresh ideas for transforming nature's most perfect shape into man-made culinary delights

### EGGSP0'68

food By THOMAS MARIO

TALENTED EGG CHEFS who've mastered and outstripped such breakfast clichés as ham and eggs or bacon and eggs, who've graduated to eggs at night rather than in the morning, take pride in owing allegiance to no pat formula. Every man whose culinary hobby is egg dishes seems compelled to draw up his own rules, to use or to cast aside as he pleases any meat, poultry or seafood,

any sauce, garnish or spice within arm's reach.

Egg dishes are especially apropos for bachelors entertaining before or after the game, the theater, the movies or the concert. All bachelors have an appetite for improvising or they wouldn't be bachelors. Like Louis XIII, whose historical claim to fame was that he could cook eggs in a hundred different ways,



the man who can compose novel egg dishes will be able to keep both himself and his guests in fine fettle.

In this country, hard-boiled eggs are normally oval. In Japan, they're triangular, as in the recipe below that calls for poached eggs cooked in water. In the first dated cookery book, De Honesta Voluptate (Venice, 1475), a description is given of eggs poached in wine rather

than in water, as they still are in the Burgundy region of France. As a cook, Alexandre Dumas, who wrote the Dictionary of Cuisine, was as adventurous as some of the heroes in his novels. He must have encountered the Italian frittata, an omelet folded not into the conventional pocketbook shape but flat like a sumptuous pie, tender as an angel's breath, chock full of purple onions,

spinach, potatoes, grated cheese, fresh or dried herbs, chopped fillets of anchovies or anything else edible and suitable at the moment to the frittata chef ranging uninhibited through his larder. The frittata is cut into big pie-shaped wedges at the table; and though it takes no time to make, it's notorious for taking even less time to disappear after it's served. Talk about throwing rules to the 101

wind, there's the French omelet panachée, in which a modest two- or threeegg omelet, colored either red or green with the addition of tomatoes or spinach, is tucked inside a big six-egg omelet, the whole production surrounded by a rich ribbon of brown, white or tomato sauce.

Many an egg dish not always listed in the egg repertoire turns out to be wonderful grist for midnight feasting For instance, the great but dated food philosopher Brillat-Savarin is credited with a fondue. It contains Swiss cheese and is listed as a cheese dish in cheese cookbooks. It's voluptuously rich, and one can't imagine anything smoother coming out of a chafing dish. But when Brillat-Savarin's recipe is examined, it turns out to be not really a cheese dish so much as an egg dish; the weight of the eggs is three times that of the cheese. Unlike the standard Swiss-cheese fondue that bubbles on and on till the last molecule of cheese is wiped up with the last chunk of French bread, Savarin's fondue must be snatched off the flame as soon as the eggs are cooked. Here again, the egg dish lends itself to delicious, unending variations. It may be spooned onto fried bread, split toasted brioche or tartlet shells, onto plain buttered toast or toast spread with anchovy butter. It may be ladled over grilled thin ham slices, grilled Canadian bacon or crisp bacon slices, or over grilled tomatoes, fried eggplant or artichoke bottoms. It may be mixed with sautéed minced mushrooms, shallots, black or white truffles. It can be eaten ice cold the next day during the cocktail hour as a canapé spread on melba toast.

Another French dish, called pipérade, for some reason or another finds its way into the vegetable sections of cooking tomes. A pipérade is essentially a scrambled-egg dish; and for its lightness, it depends upon adding the eggs to the pan in a small quantity at a time, while beating constantly, until each new batch is scrambled. Generally, it's scented with garlic and peppers or pimientos, along with other vegetables, and is made fluffy with eggs; but the fluff turns out to be its delicious substance rather than its shadow.

Even quiches, such as quiche Lorraine, although rich with cream, flavored with bacon or cheese or crab meat, are really dependent on eggs for their personality. You can take away the bacon or cheese or crab meat and still have a quiche; you can't take away the eggs. In the land of the franc and the home of the quiche, the pastry shell in which the egg mixture is poured has straight sides and is called a flan. In this country, the rim of the dough, for greater conven-102 ience in baking and serving, is spread out just like a pie shell; the flan is flanged. The number of prepared pie shells ready for the oven that are now offered in food shops is increasing all the time. Many are unexpectedly tender and delicate in flavor. Quiche fillings may contain anything from cooked squid to snail to smoked turkey.

No man is a host unto himself. One of the best ways to make guests feel at home is to invite them to join you at the range. Egg cookery is perfect for playing this seemingly reverse-hospitality game. Do you need some cream for the sauce, someone to drain the spinach, to mince the onions, to make the toast snippets? Invite a congenial companion to share in the fun.

The flavors of both table wines and egg dishes are such stuff as dreams are made on. With almost all egg dishes, the most likely of all wines to serve is the driest of dry champagnes—the blanc de blancs of either France or California. If this seems like flying too high, then a French graves or a carefully chosen California pinot blanc, chilled but not biting cold, works beautifully. Another key to the problem is to think not of the eggs but of the garnish that goes with them. If, for instance, you were serving omelets with creamedchicken hash, glasses of young Pouilly-Fuissé would be right on target at the table. With poached eggs in red wine, beaujolais would be very congenial. If the garnish were lamb kidneys or chicken livers in a rich brown sauce, beaujolais, again, or a Napa Valley rosé would cast a proper spell over the table. In some cases, you might pass up the wine entirely. If, for instance, in the wee hours of the morning, you were serving a platter of scrambled eggs with anchovies or grilled salt mackerel, a perfect libation would be glasses of ice-cold aquavit taken neat, Scandinavian style.

There are certain rules in cooking to which every chef must bow. When the recipe calls for two tablespoons of flour in a cup of medium sauce, you must use two and not four, or you'll face a minor disaster in your saucepan. But there are other options without end: You can substitute zucchini for spinach, yellow peppers for green, seafood for poultry. chives for scallions, basil for tarragon, white wine for red and, in each case, you'll be creating rather than merely copying. The following dishes are designed to egg you on to culinary heights.

### BRILLAT-SAVARIN'S FONDUE (Serves four)

6 extra-large eggs 1/4 lb. natural gruyère cheese or natural Swiss emmentaler cheese 2 ozs. butter Salt, freshly ground pepper

For this preparation, be sure to use a chafing dish over simmering water or the top section of a double boilernot the conventional fondue dish over a direct flame. Beat eggs until whites are no longer visible as whites. Force cheese through large holes of metal grater or cut into extremely small dice. Put butter, cheese and eggs in top part of chafing dish. Cook over barely simmering water, stirring constantly with spoon, until fondue is thickened but creamy. Add salt to taste and season generously with pepper. Remove from heat. Makes fine midnight collation with white wine or champagne.

### SPINACH FRITTATA (Serves four)

6 eggs 10-oz. package frozen leaf spinach, cooked

3 tablespoons olive oil

1/2 cup diced onion 1/2 cup diced celery

1 large clove garlic, very finely minced

1/4 teaspoon dried basil

1/8 teaspoon oregano

2 medium-size boiled potatoes, small

Salt, pepper

3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese

3 tablespoons butter

Preheat broiler. Drain spinach well and chop coarsely. Heat oil in a saucepan, add onion, celery, garlic, basil and oregano and sauté over low flame until onion is yellow. Add spinach and potatoes and sauté only until all vegetables are heated through. Season with salt and pepper. Remove from fire. Beat eggs with 3 tablespoons cold water and parmesan cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Add vegetables to eggs. Heat butter in a 10-in, heavy iron pan or omelet pan. When butter is hot, pour egg mixture into pan. As egg cooks on bottom, lift sides from time to time to let uncooked eggs flow to bottom. When bottom is brown but top still uncooked, place pan under broiler flame until top of frittata is cooked. Avoid browning egg under broiler. Remove from broiler and invert frittata onto serving platter.

### TRIANGULAR EGG AND SHRIMP SALAD (Serves four)

4 eggs

1 lb. (cooked weight) boiled shrimps, peeled and deveined

1/4 cup water chestnuts, sliced thin 1/4 cup sliced pimiento-stuffed olives

I tablespoon minced fresh chives

1/2 cup mayonnaise

I teaspoon lemon juice

Salt, pepper

4 long strips pimiento, 1/4 in. wide 1/2 cup canned consommé madrilene, cold but not jelled

(concluded on page 108)

## MR. SWIFT AND HIS REMARKABLE THING

mommababy and daddybaby were psychedillies, but little frankiebaby achieved the ultimate freak-out

### fiction By JEREMIAH McMAHON

MOMMABABY WAS IN THE KITCHEN making another version of psychedelic stew. "Be inventive," urged the author of the recipe. The creative cook had responded to an advertisement in *Hallucination*, a West Coast periodical. "Psychedelic stew and other way-out items! Send 98 cents in stamps. No Beads!" The recipe and extras arrived in a plain brown wrapper; the latter included seeds for an indoor Marijuana patch, plans for a Love-in Bash and a photograph of Doctor Timothy Leary in the Nude.

Daddybaby was in town making scratch, without which no one can cook anything—not even an ordinary, square, \$35-to-the-ounce golden layer cake. Frequently, he brooded on the good old days at Haight-Ashbury, where first he had made it big with Mommababy. That was the scene before she misplaced her pills. B.C., as they referred to the time before cop-out.

Frankiebaby, their five-year-old son and the result of Mommababy's absent-mindedness, was floating on a striped mat at the far end of the swimming pool. He was well within the orbit of Mommababy's eye.

Mommababy's eye.

"Frankiebaby," his mother shouted,
"stay away from that end of the pool.
Play over here. I don't want you sneaking into Mr. Swift's pad again—d'you hear?"

If only she'd leave the kitchen, he could slip through the thick wall of hollyhocks. Then he and the old man could finish the project on which they had been intently working for almost six weeks.

The boy aimed his Anti-Establishment Laser Ray at his mother. "POO. . . . WOW. . . . Pfftsing!" he muttered. He slipped into the blue-green water and dove to the bottom to think about things.

Mommababy noticed this adorable little hostile gesture. She rushed to the slate blackboard over the stove and erased her shopping list. REBELLION IS MATURING, she



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT LOSTUTTER

wrote in large bold letters. Yes, indeed! Frankiebaby was expressing exactly the proper amount of hostility and she was determined to balance it with well-calculated permissiveness. Not too much, though! Erwin, her unfortunate little brother, had been a victim of that sort of excess.

"Don't think of nasty things. Think of flowers," she trilled aloud. However, just one peep at those hollyhocks jolted her back into cruel reality. How much they bugged her! Such a loathsome pink! The color ruined the effect of the black-and-orange-tiled walk around the swimming pool. Much worse was the giddy, towering contraption behind them. She found herself staring at Mr. Swift's "thing." When she and Daddybaby had moved into their brand-new, completely decorated, split-level, ranch-type Colonial, there had not been a trace of this scabrous tower of junk.

On that very afternoon, three months ago, Mommababy had sauntered down to the rickety fence now so resplendent with sassy-faced, grinning pink blossoms. She had wanted to be friendly. She waved to her neighbor. Mr. Swift was much too engrossed to notice her. He stood in the center of what appeared to be an octagonal plot of ground, pipes, planks, orange crates, small rocks and garlands of string indicating this peculiar shape. The eight corners were marked by rusted pikes driven into the hard earth, each one covered with tattered red, white and blue bunting. Mr. Swift walked along the borders, stopped occasionally to look at the sky or to scratch either his bare pate or his covered bottom. Mommababy called again. He looked up, gave her a blank stare and continued his computations. She heard him say, "Is the missing factor X?" This query was addressed to the big toe of his left foot, which, after wiggling and digging in the ground, came up at last, apparently without the answer, for the old man uttered, "Damnation!" He began hopping around on his right leg with surprising agility for such an old bird. Really quite a sight! His clothes hung on his slender frame. He wore an antiquated cutaway, no longer black but rather iridescent. Around his waist there hung a silver chain and hooked to this odd belt were hammers, chisels, a screwdriver, a battered copper kettle and an empty bottle of Dr Pepper. Bare feet at right angles to torn striped trousers seemed clownwhite against the dark earth. The shiny top of his head reflected the bright sunshine and a tiny cloud of pink hair nestled over each ear.

The house behind him was a sagging waterfall of Victoriana. Gingerbread moldings swooped and sagged; cupolas tilted and leaned into the April wind; dormers toppled and chimney pots blackened by time huddled together like old hobos along the track of the spiked roof. The back

porch groaned under piles of papers and magazines; enormous stacks of them rose up over broken railings and spilled into the yard. Three refrigerators, an old icebox and a moosehead clothes rack sat beside the Model T under the portecochere. A row of early-vintage radios littered the back steps. As for the windows, every single one was crammed and packed. In one, a mannequin wearing a lavender boa, a lace shawl and a huge, flowered hat surveyed with hauteur and elegance the antics of the old man. In another, an old Victrola with a fluted flowerlike speaker sat surrounded by stacks of warped records. Bird cages, hatboxes, bouquets of faded silk flowers, fringed and beaded lamp shades, bicycle wheels, handle bars and thousands of empty cartons of Baby Ruths, Hershey bars and Jujubes threatened to burst through the glass of other windows. The whole house seemed ready to explode at the seams and the shingles ached from the inner pressure.

"Up, up and away . . . how bee-ootiful, how bee-oo-tiful," Mommababy sang in a high soprano. She checked the oven temperature and saw that her stew was bubbling away. She tried not to look at the weird assemblage that hovered over the pool. It was fascinating. What in the name of the Maharishi was it supposed to be?

This companion piece of Mr. Swift's Victorian Gothic house was nearly 20 feet high. Struts, old rusted pipes, stacks of books, umbrellas and bits of wood and gingerbread molding had been stuck together to form an appalling, octagonal edifice. On the top, the old man was completing what looked like a bird's nest made of old clothing, straw and candy wrappers. Over this, metal hangers had been straightened out and intertwined to form a dome over which plastic sheets were stretched. Yesterday, he'd hauled up an incredibly heavy, battered Stromberg-Carlson Superheterodyne radio cabinet to the aerie. Earlier this morning, he'd ascended the peculiar scaffolding with an archaic gramophone strapped to his back.

The strains of *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen* sung by John McCormack scratched over the flower fence, across the pool and sent Mommababy fleeing from the kitchen. She hurried into the living room and turned up a long-playing record of *Sounds to Freak Out By*. She did a few steps of the new Dahomey Dig, the latest dance craze. Feeling less up tight than she had all morning, she sat on the floor and practiced her yoga exercises.

Frankiebaby rushed through the fence the minute his mother ran out of the kitchen. He stood in front of his own smaller version of the octagonal tower. It was not as high as the hollyhocks, therefore not visible unless one were actually in Mr. Swift's yard.

The old man climbed down to greet him. "The missing factor is Y." "Did you say 'why'?" asked the child.
"No, laddiebuck, I said 'Y,' Mr.
Swift corrected him.

Frankiebaby continued to stuff small pieces of wool and straw into the smaller bird's nest atop the miniature replica of Mr. Swift's creation. "What happened to X?"

Mr. Swift picked up an empty box labeled CHEMICO SET. "Old buckaroo, I found X in this box. In fact, we're all set now. Here, here, old pal, old kid, straighten out these hangers." Mr. Swift tidied up one side of Frankiebaby's dome-shaped plastic cover. "Be certain that everything is scientifically sound—we don't want any trouble with this, my last and most ingenious invention."

"Is this old thing any good?" The child offered a dead mouse to Mr. Swift.

"Most remarkable! Nothing is wasted. Not one thing. Science does not allow for a vacuum. Don't ever forget N-the nitrogen factor. For what other reason have I saved everything? The accumulation of a lifetime now ready for utilization. You've seen it all, kiddo. From the first issue of Popular Mechanics to the latest, my erector set given to me fifty-five years ago by my great-aunt Matilda, sixty years of Collier's, not one issue missing, and a kitchen full of Blue Stamps . . . my house a treasuretrove of priceless objects . . . now finally assembled and ready. Aha, yes! Utilize, that's the U factor."

"But I like to know why," the boy persisted.

The old man scratched his head. "Buddyboy, that makes two of us."

"My mother's calling me. I gotta go now." Frankiebaby looked up at the old man. "When are we going to try . . . our . . . you know." He put his finger to his lips.

Mr. Swift patted the child's head. "Tonight is Z. . . ." Then he whispered, "Zero hour."

Mommababy had almost reached the far end of the pool as her son came scrambling through the low shrubs under the hollyhocks.

"Frankiebaby, I tol' you, and I tol' you. There's something funny going on in there! Now you've asked for it. This time, I mean business. Go right to your room and get into bed. No supper for you tonight, Mr. Smartass!"

"That's OK by me, if you're making that crazy stew again."

She smoothed out her miniskirt. "Cool it, baby. You go to your room. Do you understand what the doctor is saying?"

"Oh, man, are you going to blow your mind again?" He dodged the blow his mother aimed at him and ran into the house.

Mommababy tingled with irritation. She must reread the Reverend Flonk's little pamphlet titled "Bringing Up Your Child in the Space Age." No one knew (concluded on page 186)





PHIL BLOOM is a name to reckon with—not only because its unlikely owner is a girl but because of her favorite pastime: shedding her clothes in public. Shown on the preceding page in her least and most familiar guises (dressed and undressed), Phil appeared nude last season on Dutch television—a video first. But she's equally famous for a photo showing her all in front of Het Lieverdje—Amsterdam's statue of an urchin where the Provos (Holland's hippies) frequently hold Happenings. A parttime Provo herself, actress-model Phil staged her own Happening at the City Theater of Eindhoven when, in the buff, she played a few notes on a grand piano. This Dutch doll's ambition is "to spread happiness." The naked truth is, she's off to a good start.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY EO VAN OER ELSKEN



Left: Holland's Protestant Broadcasting Company highlighted a televised Happening with this unexpected Dutch treat: Phil lounging au naturel behind the network's call letters and address. Right: A believer in "natural nakedness," she relaxes with the photographer's children. At his studio, Phil tries her hair up, jettisons the jewelry for a boa and finally settles for a fun fur and jeans. Below left: In a friend's apartment, she looks at TV from the other side of the screen.





### EGGSP0'68 (continued from page 102)

Fold 4 sheets regular-size typewriter paper in half. Fold in half again. Holding open ends to top and left, fold the first facing sheet diagonally to make a triangular pocket in front. Balance of paper behind pocket may be stapled to hold pocket in place. Place 4 narrow custard cups in a large pot. Place paper pockets in cups, point down. Break an egg into each pocket. Fill pot to rim of custard cups with boiling water. Cover pot with tight lid and boil 8 to 10 minutes or until eggs are firm. Remove eggs, still in paper, to refrigerator and chill. Cut shrimps crosswise into diagonal slices about 1/9 in. thick. Combine shrimps with water chestnuts, olives, chives, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Toss thoroughly, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper. Spoon shrimps onto 4 coquille shells or onto 4 lettuce cups placed on serving plates, Remove eggs from paper. Trim edges to make as symmetrical as possible. Place eggs top-side down on salad. Place a pimiento strip lengthwise on top of each egg. Spoon just enough madrilene on top to coat eggs lightly. Place in refrigerator until madrilene is jelled.

#### PIPÉRADE WITH HAM (Serves four)

8 eggs

- 4 round slices ham, 1/4 in. thick, 4 to 5 ins. in diameter
- 2 large fresh beefsteak tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- l large sweet red, green or yellow pepper, small dice
- 2 large cloves garlic, very finely minced
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 3 tablespoons butter

Salt, pepper

- 8 slices French bread, fried in oil or butter
- 2 tablespoons minced fresh parsley

Grill or fry ham. Set aside; keep warm. Lower tomatoes into boiling water for 20 seconds. Hold tomatoes under cold running water and remove skins with paring knife. Remove stem ends and cut tomatoes into quarters; press to remove seeds and juice. Cut tomatoes into small dice. Heat salad oil in heavy saucepan. Add tomatoes, diced pepper, garlic and sugar. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until juice in pan has evaporated. Add butter. When butter melts, remove pan from fire. Beat eggs in mixing bowl. Add 1/4 cup cold water (not milk or cream) to eggs. Season with salt and pepper. Add a small quantity of beaten egg (equivalent to about 1 egg) to the pan containing the tomatoes and pepper. Return pan to low flame and stir until egg is scrambled. Continue to add eggs in this manner, stirring constantly, until all are scrambled. Place fried bread on platter or serving plates. Place ham on bread, spoon eggs on top and sprinkle with parsley.

### POACHED EGGS IN RED WINE (Serves two)

4 eggs

21/2 cups dry red wine

1/4 cup very finely minced onion

2 large cloves garlic, very finely minced

I small bay leaf

1/8 teaspoon dried thyme

I packet instant bouillon powder

3 tabléspoons butter at room temperature

2 tablespoons flour

Salt, pepper

4 slices French bread, fried in olive oil or toasted

In a shallow saucepan about 8 or 9 ins. wide, simmer wine, onion, garlic, bay leaf, thyme and bouillon powder for about 5 minutes. Open each egg into a saucer (to make sure yolk is intact) and lower eggs one by one into pan. Cover pan with tight lid and simmer 3 to 31/2 minutes, or until eggs are poached. Remove eggs from pan with slotted spoon or skimmer and keep them warm until serving time by placing them in a pan or bowl of very hot water (not over flame). Strain red-wine mixture and return to saucepan. Mix butter and flour to a smooth paste. Bring wine to a boil, add butter-flour mixture and simmer 2 to 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. Drain eggs and place on French bread on serving plates. If sauce seems too thick to flow easily, it may be thinned with additional wine. Pour sauce over eggs. If desired, they may be served with grilled ham, bacon or small link sausages. (The first time you try this dish, there may be a natural delay between steps; the second or third time, the routine will be smooth and brief.)

### BREADED EGGS, CURRY SAUCE (Serves four)

8 hard-boiled eggs, shelled

Salt, pepper

1 raw egg

Salad oil

1 tablespoon lemon juice

Flour

Bread crumbs

3 tablespoons butter

I medium-size onion, very finely minced

1 tablespoon curry powder

11/2 cups hot milk

2 tablespoons green Chartreuse

1/8 teaspoon Tabasco

Cut hard-boiled eggs in half lengthwise. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat raw egg with 1 tablespoon salad oil and lemon juice. Dip hard egg halves in flour, coating thoroughly. Dip in raw-egg mixture, then in bread crumbs. Pat crumbs onto eggs to coat thoroughly. Melt butter in saucepan over very low flame. Add onion and curry powder and sauté until onion is soft. Stir in 3 tablespoons flour. Slowly add hot milk, stirring constantly. Simmer slowly 5 minutes. Add Chartreuse and Tabasco and stir well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Keep sauce warm until serving time or reheat just before serving. In a large skillet, heat 1/4 in. oil until it begins to smoke. Fry breaded eggs, turning to brown on each side. Pour sauce onto serving plates. Place 4 egg halves on each plate. Serve with rice and chilled chutney, passed separately at table.

### CANADIAN BACON AND EGG QUICHE (Serves six)

9-in. prepared piecrust, unbaked

I hard-boiled egg

1/4 lb. sliced Canadian bacon 2 ozs. cheddar cheese

I cup light cream

2 egg yolks

I raw egg

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon white pepper

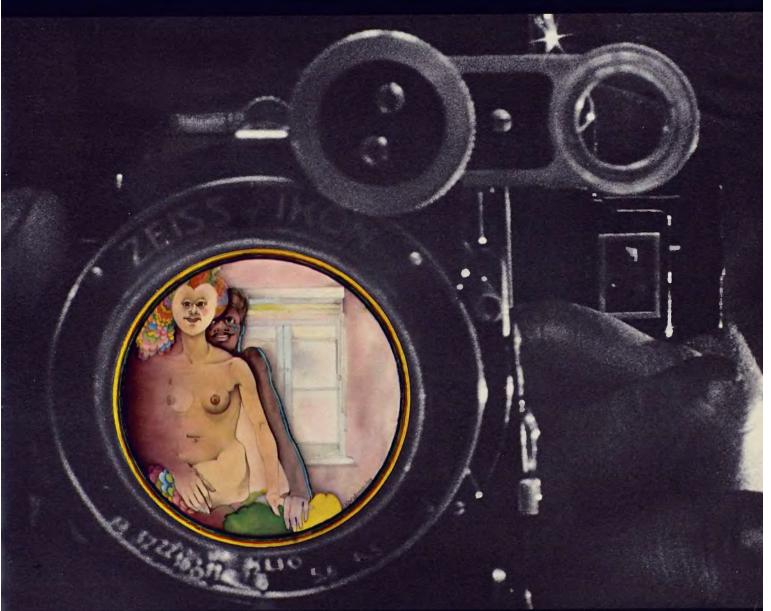
Paprika

Preheat oven at 400°. Thaw piecrust, if frozen. Pierce sides and bottom of crust with fork at 1-in. intervals. Bake shell 15 to 20 minutes or until light brown. If dough "bubbles" at any spot during baking (check it several times). pierce the bubble with a fork. Remove crust from oven. While dough is baking, cut hard-boiled egg into 1/4-in. dice. Cut bacon into 1/4-in. squares. Force cheese through large holes of metal grater. Beat cream, egg yolks, whole egg, salt and pepper. Strain into top of double boiler. Cook over simmering water, stirring frequently, especially in corners of pan, until mixture coats the back of the spoon. Put diced egg, bacon and cheese into pie shell. Pour egg-cream mixture into pie shell. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until top of quiche feels firm when lightly touched with fingers. Serve warm. If quiche is made beforehand, it may be reheated in a slow oven just before serving. Quiche may be cut into 12 portions as an hors d'oeuvre rather than a supper item.

There's an ancient and somewhat scurrilous gag line to the effect that all Romanian recipes begin with "Steal two eggs." We recommend no such drastic measures. But with eggs as your basic ingredient and the preceding recipes as springboards for your imagination, you'll be able to steal the culinary show.

# THE DENTISTS:

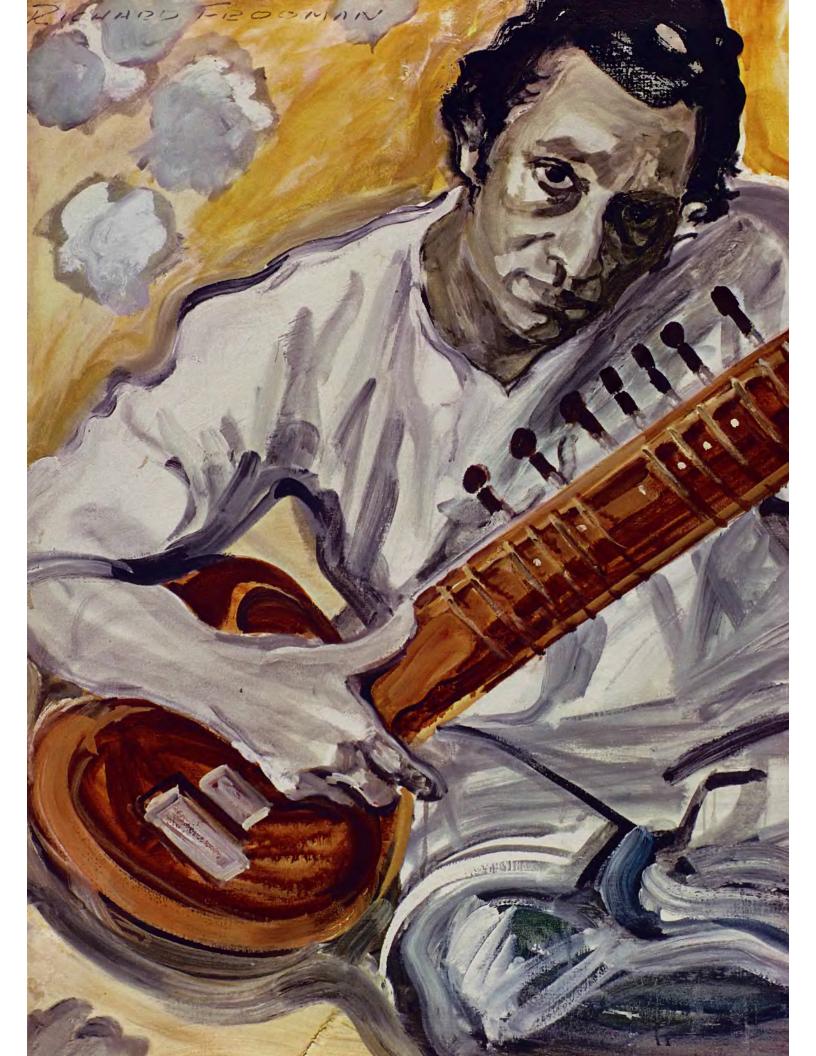
a thousand bucks and free dentalwork for an easy roll in the hay—it should have been a good deal, but seduction really wasn't his racket



fiction By WILLIAM MELVIN KELLEY IN HARLEM, there once lived a dentist who didn't love his wife. In fact, he was sure she was insane. Even though he'd given her a fantastic wardrobe, a brownstone on the Hill and a cottage on Long Island, she still wasn't satisfied. She wanted one more thing—to cruise around the world. And so he asked her for a divorce.

She refused to give it to him.

He kept asking; she kept refusing; he began to feel trapped. He imagined himself cutting her face up or pouring lye under each eyelid while she slept. He imagined ridding himself of her in many ways, but realized finally only one way was open: He (continued on page 140)





india's sitar virtuoso recalls his arduous apprenticeship and appraises the current western involvement with eastern culture

# My Music, My life memoir By Ravi Shankar

TWO INDIAN ARTISTS made me what I am. These were my older brother, Uday, one of the greatest proponents of all things Indian and especially of our classical dance; and Allauddin Khan, called Baba, the master musician, who became my guru. When I was ten, in 1930, I joined a troupe of dancers and musicians that Uday had just formed. I was to dance in Paris and then around the world-including the United States-for the next eight years; but my progression to the sitar did not begin in earnest until I was 15, when Baba joined the troupe.

Our father had just died and Uday and I were back in India at that time. Baba himself decided at the last moment not to take his son, Ali Akbar, with him on the next tour. The day came that we were due to sail. My mother was going to remain in India and she and I both had the premonition that we might not see each other again. While we stood on the pier in Bombay, she took my hand, put it in Baba's and told him, "I'm not going with you, and I don't know if I'll ever see my child again. So please take him and consider him as your own son." We all had tears in our eyes as we said goodbye. As

it happened, it was the last time I saw my mother.

Baba stayed with our troupe for nearly a year. During all those months, I was his guide, helper and special companion. I suppose he missed Ali Akbar very much, and so he gave me all the love and affection that would have gone to his son. While we were traveling, especially, I used to take care of Baba, finding the right restaurants and the proper kind of food for him. One day, I remember, I wanted to do something special to please him and, recalling that he occasionally enjoyed smoking, I went out and bought him a pipe, a pouch for tobacco and a lighter. When I presented the gifts to him, instead of being pleased, he flared up in one of his unreasonable, furious angers. "I'm not one of those gurus you can buy," he stormed at me.

But most of the time, he was very gentle with me. He knew how interested I was in seriously learning instrumental music, and I got him to begin teaching me the basics of sitar and voice. Sometimes, he would become upset and grow angry when I was learning, because, although I was a good student, he felt that dance was uppermost in my thoughts. It angered and hurt him that I should be "wasting my musical talent" and living in glitter and luxury. Baba insisted that this was no way to learn music from him, not in these surroundings, and he swore I would never go through the discipline required to master the technique of the sitar. He made some very cruel remarks about my constant girl chasing, my dandy's tastes in clothing and all my other interests outside music-painting, writing and reading. He often said that if you do one thing properly and very well, all other things will come easily later; but if you start with too much, you will end up with nothing.

In the summer of 1936, we spent a few months at Dartington Hall in Devonshire, England, a beautiful, open place, where Uday planned to work on a few new ballets. I had a great deal of time to practice on the sitar and have lessons with Baba. This was the first time I played scales and exercises and not just whatever pleasing melodies came into my head. All summer I worked on the exercises and fixed compositions and learned many songs. Inside me, I sensed something new and very exciting; I felt I was coming close to real music and that this music was what I was meant to devote my life to. But then in the fall, Baba had to leave us a bit earlier than expected and go back to India.

It was a year and a half before I saw him again. Throughout that time, I was filled with worries and questions and indecision, and there was really no one I could talk to about it. Uday was quite convinced that I should keep up dancing as my primary interest, but he 112 thought a few months with Baba wouldn't do me any harm. At that time, Uday was planning to disband the troupe and establish a center for the performing arts in India. He thought I could get a solid musical background with Baba, then come back and assist him at the center.

We finished our last tour and the troupe returned to India in May of 1938. I went immediately to a house that had been built for my mother just before her death. There I thought of a religious event I had neglected for many years and decided that was the time to go through it. This is the sacred-thread ceremony that initiates a young Brahman boy into the religion. Usually, it is performed between the ages of 7 and 12. Although I had turned 18, I wanted to have the ceremony performed. In the month of June, I had my head shaved and prepared for the initiation into Brahmanism. Each initiate must spend a few months living like a monk, eating special food and abstaining from all material things. I spent nearly two months living this way, free of worldly matters, before I returned to my family.

When my religious duties were over, I prepared to leave for an indefinite stay with Baba in the little village of Maihar, about a day's journey away. My brother Rajendra accompanied me to the village on a day in July. As we traveled, I was all in a turmoil inside. I felt as though I were committing suicide. I knew that I would be reborn, but had no way of knowing how the new life would be.

When I arrived, Baba was shocked to see me so transformed. My head was still shaved and I wore simple clothes of very coarse material. I had brought one tin suitcase with a few belongings and two blankets with a pillow rolled up inside them. I had changed myself to the opposite extreme from the boy Baba had known in Europe, partly because I sincerely felt that I had to give up a great deal if I wanted to devote myself to music and partly because I felt this new self would please Baba. In a way, there was some play acting on my part, leaving behind my dandy's habits and living as I thought I should. But I could see right away that Baba was pleased with me.

I stayed in a little house next to Baba's. In the beginning, it was very difficult for me. Alone at night in my house, I was frightened when I heard the howling of the jackals and wolves nearby and the deep croaking of the frogs and all the racket of the crickets. After eight years of luxurious living in Europe, it took me months to accustom myself to sleeping on a cot made of four pieces of bamboo tied together with coconut rope. Every morning, I remember, a maidservant used to come in very early to tidy up, put the water on for tea and prepare a little breakfast. After I'd been in Maihar for some time, another student came and stayed with me, but Baba beat him on

the second or third day and he ran away. At least 30 boys came to share the little house with me, but none of them ever stayed longer than a week or ten days, because they could not bear Baba's temper and strict discipline.

I was quite lucky to have already spent a year with Baba when he was traveling with Uday's troupe. In that time, I had gotten to know him quite well-all his little weaknesses and the peculiarities of his nature. Normally, he was the most humble and gentle person imaginable, filled with the spirit we call Vinaya. But often, when he started teaching, he became violent and irascible and would not tolerate one little slip from the student. He even used to beat the maharaja who employed him in his service!

But Baba has never once struck me or even raised his voice to me. Well, just one time: When I had first gone to him and he was teaching me an exercise. I was not able to play it correctly. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "You have no strength in those wrists. Da, da, da," he cried, as he smacked my hands. I was trying my best and felt terrible that he should be angry with me. From my childhood, no one had ever spoken angrily to me, although I was quite spoiled and sometimes behaved badly. So when Baba raised his voice to me, I began to get angry myself, rather than frightened. "Go," he taunted me, "go, go and buy some bangles to wear on your wrists. You are like a weak little girl! You have no strength. You can't even do this exercise!" That was enough for me. I got up, went next door, packed my bedding and belongings, marched off to the railroad station and bought a ticket home. I had just missed a train and had to wait awhile for the next one.

In the meantime, Ali Akbar came running up and, seeing my bags, asked what had happened. "I won't stay," I told him. "He scolded me today."

Ali Akbar looked at me incredulously and asked if I were mad. "You are the only person he has never laid a hand on. We're all amazed by it. Why, do you know what he's done to me? He's tied me to a tree every day for a week and beaten me and even refused me food. And you run away because he gives you a little scolding." Ali Akbar persuaded me to go back to the house with him and I temporarily set my bags down again in my room.

By then, he had told his mother what had happened and she had told Baba. Ali Akbar came to tell me they wanted me to have lunch with them, and when I went into the house, Ali Akbar's mother said to me, "Come. You are leaving soon, but just come in and sit with Baba for a few minutes." I went over to him and saw that he was cutting out a photograph of me and putting it into a

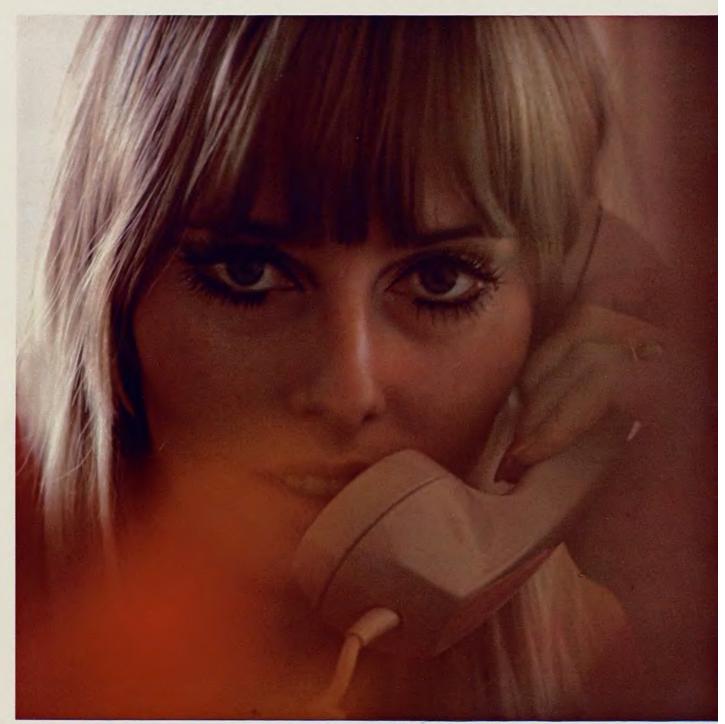
(continued on page 142)



"At one time this airline was noted for its friendly stewardesses."

# DANISH IMPORT october playmate majken haugedal makes

october playmate majken haugedal makes the most of her scandinavian beauty by bunnying and modeling in montreal



canada's erstwhile image this side of the border as a land of few surprises—a notion once and for all contradicted by the success of its swinging Expo and the panache of its new prime minister—should be put to rest by Montreal Bunny Majken Haugedal, a transplanted Danish beauty whose current life epitomizes the international Sixties' style. Mike—"It's so much less confusing than Majken"—immigrated with her family to an exurb of Montreal when she was 13, and a year ago last summer, after modeling school and a stint as a cosmetics demonstrator in a Montreal department store, began the busy routine that has made her one of the Quebec capital's most popular Bunnies and most sought-after mannequins. "Except for the fact that my days seem about five hours too short," Mike says, "the two



Montreal Bunny and model Majken ("Mike") Haugedal starts her day with a midmorning visit, below, to her parents' nearby apartment for an hour of play with her five-year-ald brother, Lars. "First, Lars had to try out his new toy stethoscope; we wound up having a good old-fashioned rib-tickling session," she recalls. "It was all supposed to be a plot to get him in a good mood for a haircut, but he still had enough spunk to put up a struggle at the door of the shop."



careers have been wonderfully compatible. The sort of outgoing personality you have to develop to be a really good Bunny has helped me project myself in ads, too." Montreal lensmen have been concentrating on Mike's face, which in at least one case has proved almost too picture perfect to be true: "The art director for Avon here," Mike recalls, "sent my agent a photo of a green-

"Once he got in the chair and had a few reassuring wards from the barber, Lars was more like the goad-natured kid he usually is," Mike continues. "So after the haircut, I rewarded him—and myself—with a French pastry from a little gracery store around the corner." After drapping Lars aff at home, Mike calls on her madeling agent, Canstance Brown, to display some additions to her partfolio and ta cansider possible assignments.





eyed, blonde, sweet-and-innocent type, saying that she had the look he wanted. It was *uncanny* how much she looked like me; my agent said it was the easiest request she ever filled." As the modeling jobs have become more frequent, Miss October has cut back to just two or three nights of Bunnying a week. "I'd be too tired to be my best self at the Club if I



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Another of Miss October's typical stops—even on a day without any assignments—is at the salon of Montreal beauty consultant Corrado Di Genova. "I think the best thing about my current life," says Mike, in a voice engagingly accented with both her native Danish and Montreal's second language, French, "is the incredible variety of roles I'm asked to play. As a Bunny, I'm pretty much myself—a girl everyone but my very closest friends considers a real kook—but as a model, I have to be everything from the sweetest teenager to a sultry sexpot. It's a lot of fun as long as you keep it in perspective." After Corrado rearranges Mike's own hair, she tries on three new wigs: "Like most models, I'm a natural ham at heart; give me a wig and I just have to mug. That hamminess makes me wonder if I could make it in films—but I don't want to jinx it by talking about it!" During the afternoon, still another appointment finds Mike dashing through Montreal's skyscraper-crowded downtown.



worked more than that," Mike says. "It's not so much the photo sessions themselves that make modeling so hectic, but all the preparations, like test shots and hair appointments." Headquarters for Mike's two careers—and for her dinner-and-dancing social life—is a slice-of-pie apartment in a cylindrical Montreal high-rise. When not plying guests there with a favorite fondue or  $sm\phi rrebr\phi d$ , she's apt to be found on off-evenings at the ballet in Montreal's gleaming new Place des Arts or dancing herself in an out-of-the-way discothèque. "I think it's part of the city's Frenchness," says Mike, "that our discos are tinier and much more intimate than those in New York or Chicago. Even on a night when you know no one but your date, it seems like a private party." Miss October plans to satisfy her admitted





The first home-grown Bunny to earn a place in the gallery of color transparencies adorning the wall behind the Montreal Club's Playmate Bar, Mike—who started as a Gift Shop and Daor Bunny—now works mast aften in the Club's Living Room (below). Dressing for work one evening following a few days aff, she discovers tangible evidence that she's no Twiggy when the Club's wardrobe mistress tries to help her into one of her older costumes. ("Too many of those French pastries, I guess!" Mike laments.) But then she tries on a new psychedelic costume that fits her, obviously, just fine.



penchant for things Parisian with a leisurely European trip this winter. She'll start with a visit to relatives in Denmark, fly south—"probably to Greece"—for a rest and then alight in the City of Light, where she hopes to keep in posing practice. "I've never seriously considered trying my luck in New York, where the girls are all tall-tall," says our 5'5" Miss October, "but I think there's a chance I'll have good luck in Paris." Chances are it's the Parisians who'll consider themselves lucky.

### PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You certainly have to hand it to the American woman, which is why so many guys prefer European girls.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines motel as a love inn.

Gimme a double whiskey!" the little boy yelled to the barmaid as he entered the saloon.

"Do you want to get me in trouble?" she asked.

The lad replied: "Maybe later; but right now, I just want a drink.



hen there was the lady barrister in London who dropped her briefs and became a solicitor.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines virgin bride as a right-ring extremist.

Have faith and ye shall be healed!" intoned the evangelist at the revival meeting. A woman on crutches and a man came forward. The evangelist asked, "What is your name, my

good woman?"
"I'm Mrs. Smith," she answered, "and I haven't been able to walk without crutches for twenty years."

"Well, Mrs. Smith," he said, "go behind

that screen and pray." Turning to the man, he asked, "Now, sir,

what is your name?" "My name ith Thamualth," he answered,

"and I have alwayth thpoken with a lithp."
"All right, Mr. Samuals," the evangelist said, "go behind that screen with Mrs. Smith

and pray." After several minutes had passed, the revivalist announced: "I think the time has come. Witness these miracles. Mrs. Smith, throw your left crutch over the screen." The audience gasped as it sailed over. "Mrs. Smith, throw your right crutch over the screen." The crowd cheered as the second crutch appeared.

Encouraged, the evangelist commanded: "Mr. Samuals, say something in a loud, clear voice,

so we can all hear you."

Samuals answered: "Mithuth Thmith jutht fell on her ath!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines bigamist as a man who has loved not wisely but two well.

You should be ashamed of yourself," the re-proachful mother told her daughter. "All your girlfriends are divorced already and you're not even married.'

The sweet young thing and her handsome escort for the evening became embroiled in a heated discussion on the subject of rape. The young man contended that any normal male could win a girl's favors by assault, whether she was willing or not. The young lady was equally certain that no woman could be won without her consent.

To settle the argument, they decided to conduct an experiment. They began to wrestle and, though the girl fought valiantly for her cause, the young man eventually proved his

point.

Although conquered, the girl was undaunted. "You didn't win fairly," she exclaimed. "I lost my footing on the carpet. Let's try again."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines puritan as a man who noes what he likes.

I'm in love with my horse," the nervous young man told his psychiatrist.

"Nothing to worry about," the psychiatrist consoled. "Many people are fond of animals. As a matter of fact, my wife and I have a dog

we're very attached to."

"But, doctor," continued the troubled patient, "I feel physically attracted to my horse." "Hmmm," observed the doctor. "Is it male

or female?"

"Female, of course!" the man replied curtly. "What do you think I am, queer?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines immaturity as knowing where it's at-but not what it's for.

Have you heard about the girl who was so ugly that Peeping Toms would reach in and pull down her shades?



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines salesmanship as making your girlfriend feel sorry for the chick who lost her bra in your car.

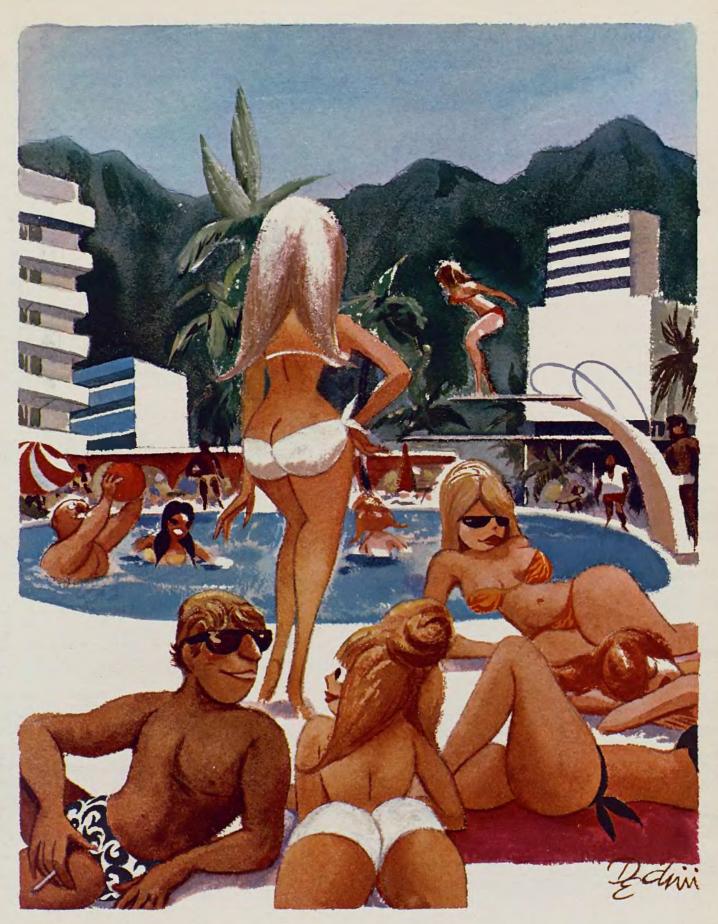
A hippie news dealer was questioned by one of New York's finest for peddling dirty pictures. "But you're mistaken," said the hippie. "These

pictures aren't dirty.'

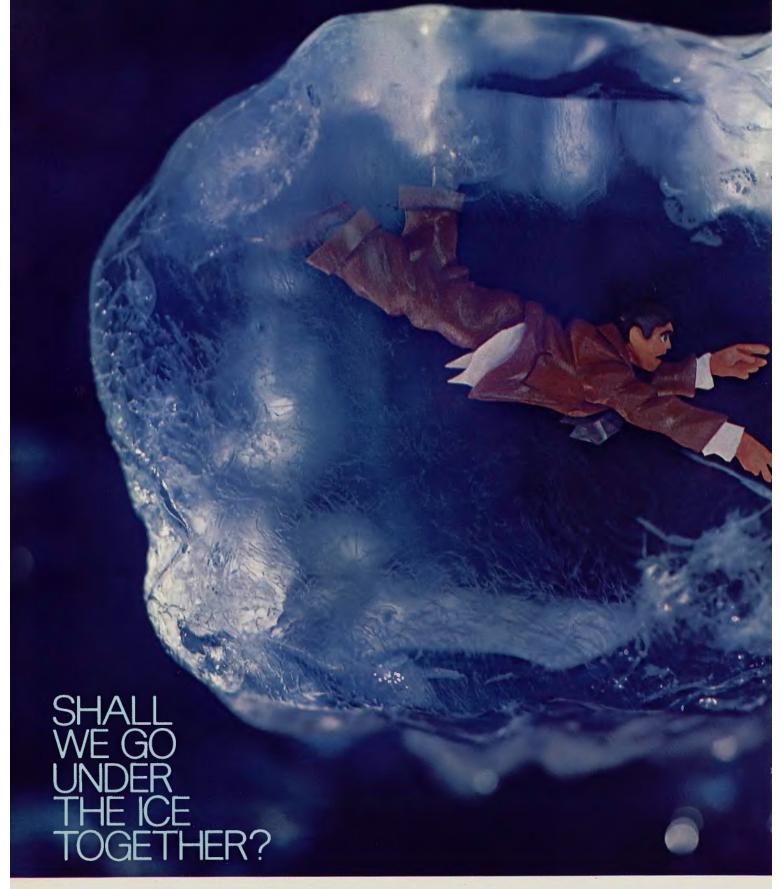
Selecting one, the policeman said: "Do you mean to tell me this isn't a dirty picture?"

The hippie shrugged. "Don't be square, officer. Haven't you ever seen five people in

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



"I feel that our fundamental democratic institutions and faith are on trial in the world today. That's why I'm here resting up for the supreme test."



after all the long years, each was still haunted by the memory of that one traumatic night

### fiction By KEN W. PURDY

THE MAN STUMBLED boarding the airplane; Wengell caught his elbow, held

"Thanks," he said. "Damned bifocals." Wengell said don't mention it or 124 something of the sort. Afterward it came

to him that he knew the man, the idea seeping, drifting into his mind, tantalizingly, in the way many memories, many ideas had begun to do in the past few years. When the stewardess had finished the oxygen-mask demonstration, Wengell leaned into the aisle and caught her

eye. She came to him, a child of 22 or so, flat-bellied, tanned, cool.

No, she was terribly sorry, there was no passenger list aboard.

"The man in B2," Wengell said. "I'm next to positive he's an old friend, someone I haven't seen in years. But I need to be sure, before I speak to him.



Would you just check his ticket? If I'm right, the name will be Samuel Cole."

"You're right," she said. "We know him. Mr. S. T. Cole. Cambridge, Mass."

He smiled his thanks. When she came back with the drink wagon, he asked for bourbon and water. He took half the drink in two slow swallows, placed the glass carefully in the middle of the tray,

lighted a cigarette. He waited in contented patience for the ease, the slowdown, the balancing. He looked at the tall glass, the whiskey, dark-brown here, tea-tan there against the ice lumps, the surface shimmering in microwaves under the infinitesimal vibrations of the engines. The window seat beside him was empty. An ocean of cloud, snow-bright

in the sun, and, a long way off, a contrail quartering their course.

Sam Cole. Short. Fatter, but still strong; when he'd caught his elbow, he'd felt his forearm, hard and beefy still. Sam Cole. He has as much to do with my being alive today, Wengell thought, as my mother. Ah, an exaggeration, but not by much. There was a 125 story in his family, going to Billy Wengell's curiosity, so marked, his mother had always said, even when he was six months, a story that he'd leaned from a window of the apartment on Belmont Street, ten floors up, to see his father park the car, leaned to wave, standing on the window seat, his mother had caught him by an ankle-"a pitcher of martinis in the other hand," she always finished, "and I never spilled a drop." Sam Cole had done that much. No, he'd done more.

Wengell took another drink. The icecold of the glass delighted his finger tips, as the stuff it held was delighting his mind and his body. Watching a film, a Western, some unremembered night, the scene, regular in the folk drama as the shoot-out, two cowpunchers in off the trail, six weeks from the last drink, grabbing the bottle of white mule, upended, shuddering, gasping, eye-popping, what does it taste like? the other one said and his buddy, Damned if I know, and in the row behind someone saying, I'll never understand why a man would drink something that does that to him! No, Wengell thought, you never will, a good thing or a bad, damned if I know.

Sam Cole. Staring at the seat back ahead of him, Wengell saw the frozen lake again, the narrow sheet of blue water 30 feet from shore, the little brown dog. It was a Saturday morning, very cold, bright sun, crystal Minnesota air. Behind him, up the long slope, the house, red brick and white wood trim, a big house, fat and solid on the ground, seven chimneys sprouting off the roof. It had been built 40-odd years before, around 1900, built for what it was, a fraternity house, dormitory on top, 15 bedrooms, complete to the chapter room opening secretly behind the cannedgoods shelves in the basement. The dog, puppy, the cook's dog, Mrs. Melvin's, had followed Wengell down the lawn, shaking its paws in the snow, and it was nosing now along the pebbled shore. Ears up, sniffing, it padded onto the ice, skidded, sat down, levered itself up again. Wengell smiled. He made a little snowball, bowled it down the hill. It rolled three or four feet onto the ice; the puppy ran for it, skidded again. Wengell rolled another, bigger; and perhaps because it was bigger, it ran the whole way, all the way to the open water. Four or five feet away, the puppy saw the water, braced his legs, locked everything up and slid, slowly, most comically, into it. He came up immediately, turned himself, hooked his front feet over the ice. No good. He wasn't strong enough, the water weighed him down, whatever, clearly he could never make it. He was for drowning. Run back to 126 the house? Rope? Ladder? The dog wouldn't last that long. Yell? Who'd hear, through double windows and over the radio, volume knob up against the stop as always? Wengell edged out on the ice. Halfway, it popped, a sharp snapping sound. He stood rock still, holding a big breath, but it held. He went flat and crawled to the puppy, crawled halfway back, shoving the shivering, skinny-looking thing ahead of him. Then he picked it up, wrapped it in his jacket and ran for the furnace room.

It was a party night, that Saturday. Late in the afternoon, in the big living room, a couple of freshmen rolling two gallon jugs of gin and vermouth back and forth from one couch to the other. Tradition, running back to the years before Roosevelt killed Prohibition-1932? -when the jugs held straight A, distilled water, juniper essence. Four-foot logs in the fireplace. A cribbage game, louder than usual, in the cardroom, Petey Jensen, half-stoned already, winning as usual, easily, negligently, never counting the holes as he pegged, just dropping it in, no one ever challenged him anymore, or counted after him. Bing Crosby on the box, where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day, serene and liquid over the frying-pan crackle of the record, probably 500 plays behind it. At the window-it must have been 20 feet long, that window, Wengell thought-Tony Braccio, blue-black and squarelooking, silhouetted against the orange sunset glowing on the lake, dusk sifting down like blue sand to snuff it out. Braccio was not, Wengell knew, watching the sunset. He was thinking that in a couple of hours he'd have to go to a sorority house, pick up a blind date, bring her here and, in cold sobriety, push her around the floor, dancing like a bear, the lumps of muscle on his back tensed stone-hard under her hand. Well, it had been like that, Wengell remembered, a whiff of roast beef from the basement kitchen, somebody bragging how much date dope-vanilla ice cream and gin beat up on a malted mixer-he was going to pour into his girl, and then . . . nothing, 19 times in 20, in those days.

The party, when it came on the screen of his mind, was vague and edgeless for Wengell. Black tie, pastel, shining, silky evening gowns, beautiful girls, they really would be beautiful or at any rate terribly good-looking, maybe two semipigs in the whole crowd, blinds, or somebody's sister. Kappas, most of the rest, or Gamma Phis. If you were a sophomore, as Wengell was then, and you brought a girl from outside the circle, from one of the dormitories, God forbid, or even from a fringe sorority like Sig Delt, an upperclassman, or maybe a

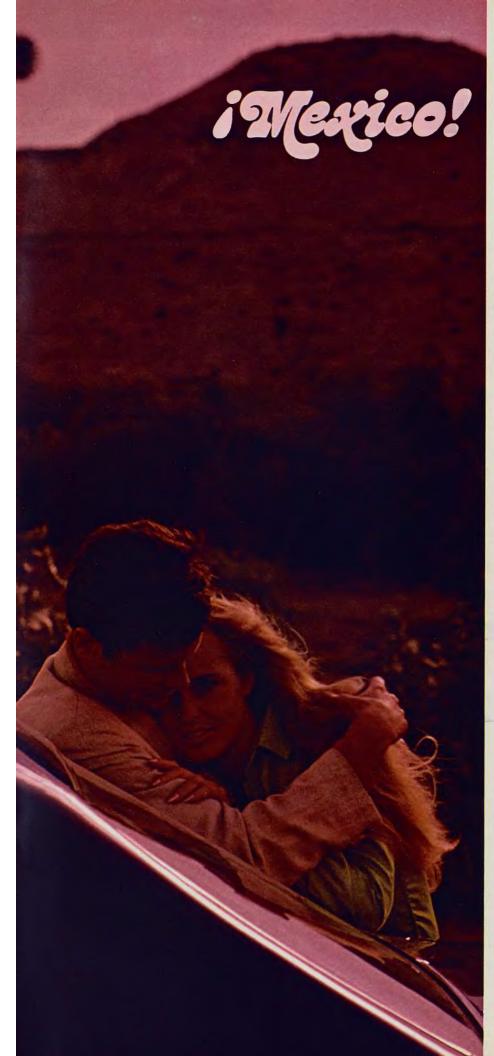
couple of them, would have a little chat with you next day. Nothing would be said directly, you'd just be offered help. There'd be someone for you to meet, that sort of thing.

At the window end of the room, grouped around the big Bechstein, a five-piece band, skinny-looking jokers, working their way through school on the sax or whatever, and waiting on table somewhere. A chaperone couple, usually old Something Thompson, a professional alumnus, the kind who knew all the words to all the verses of all the songs, red-faced and happy, and his wife, worrying behind him, smiling, when he hit the punch bowl. Noise. Seventeen kinds of tremendous noise, it seemed to Wengell. Everybody smashed. That was the main idea. You took a run at the evening like someone going for the broad jump, the whole point and purpose was to get smashed and have it to brag about in the morning. Maybe three wouldn't: Braccio, who lived for his muscles, Pete Elsworth, who genuinely hated the stuff, and Mike Down, ulcer.

Wengell's date bored him and he bored her. She had been set up for him, as in a brokered marriage. She was a Gamma Phi, like him a sophomore, and she was his date because she'd been told to be. Two times was the deal, maybe three, and then she'd be free to turn him down and say yes to somebody who rated her: white-blonde, violet eyes, a great shape-well, a little flat, but that was before big ones counted so much. The thing to do was dance a lot and, if you had to talk, get into a group and shout at each other, and drop a few martinis or whatever was going. It wasn't that Wengell didn't have a girl of his own, he did; and not only that, he was laying her, which was more, he knew well, than most of these aces were doing with theirs; but she was a barbbarbarian-and she lived in a dorm, so she might as well have been a Zulu with a chicken bone in her nose. For lowerclassmen, a formal party was a must: You could be in the infirmary or you could be at the party. And he had brought her to the fall formal, and next day he'd had the word. Still. . . .

Sam Cole had been a junior that year. Wengell didn't know much about him. He laughed a lot, he kept himself in shape, he drank only on parties, an odd beer other times. He got good grades, stylish, say Bs and -Bs. A practical, solid man. Plainly, much money; for one thing, he drove a Chrysler roadster. He seemed to be kind, and not abrasively and condescendingly, as was the form with some upperclassmen. Wengell had thought, as a freshman, that he owed Sam Cole a great deal, owed him his membership in the fraternity. At the

(continued on page 148)



### travel By LEN DEIGHTON

playboy's guide to the capital of the october olympiad and the surrounding sybaritic resorts that beckon south of the rio grande

MEXICO CITY is a world apart, a world unto itself. Never mind that the map locates it on the North American continent; the rules that govern the progression of daily urban life elsewhere simply do not apply to this huge and exuberant metropolis. Other cities lend themselves to generalities-they are sophisticated, brash, aloof or warm; but the capital of Mexico refuses to take a label, for it is all these and more. Like its electric power supply, which ebbs and flows with an irregularity that suggests a demented gnome is manning the master switch, Mexico City swoops from peak to abyss, playful one moment, sullen the next, often outrageous but always engaging. It is seldom the same city two days in a row, its mood being one of kaleidoscopic, even manic unpredictability, not to be trusted for any consistency save that of a sort of pulsating delirium, which gives the impression that somehow everything has gotten delightfully or dreadfully out of control-a notion reinforced by the knowledge that year by year, inch by inch, the city itself sinks lower and lower into the lake basin on which it was founded centuries ago.

It is a storehouse of extremes; and as



The Teotihuocón pyramids, neor the copital, recall Mexico's post; Mexico City's Osteria Romana café evokes the nation's stylish present. 127



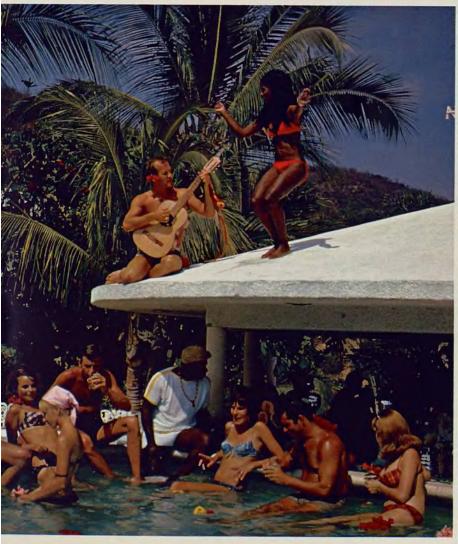
Mexico City's innovative architecture hos long made it an olluring metropolis; above, the copper-domed Olympic Sports Palace. Below left, ofter visiting the Pyramid of the Sun, two turistas rest nearby in an excavated amphitheater. Just outside the capital, the Cortijo La Morena restaurant features a miniature bull ring, where patrons receive instruction in the taurine art before facing a cape-able baby bull.



a market place in which to browse, buy or just ogle, it is beyond comparison with any American city except, perhaps, New York. Added to these permanent enticements and distractions is the fact that this month, Mexico City is host to the Olympic games. No amount of foreknowledge can adequately prepare the visitor for what he will find, for he will find much that wasn't there yesterday and won't be there tomorrow. A restaurant that might be excellent at lunchtime becomes lethal for dinner. A hotel that provides an hour's drycleaning service on Monday will take a pair of socks on Tuesday and return them a week later with the toes still damp. There are scheduled events that do not take place, unscheduled ones that do. It is a form of nonfatal Russian roulette, played on a scale that defies understanding or logic. Mexico City—México, D. F., for Federal District, like your own D. C.—can charm and it can infuriate, but it can never bore.

The three principal locales covered in this report—Mexico City, Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta—can all be reached by direct jet service from the United States. (To enter the country, American citizens need only a tourist card, which will be issued when you present proof of citizenship—birth certificate, passport or voter-registration card. All the major airlines flying to Mexico—American, Braniff, Eastern, Air France, Pan-Am, Aeronaves—as well as local Mexican tourist offices, issue tourist cards good for a 180-day stay.) This region represents only a small part of the country; but, like every other corner of Mexico, it is an area prolific in sights and experiences, from the futuristic skyscrapers whose shadows fall across (text continued on page 132)

Action-oriented Acapulca likes its sports wet and wild: Para-sailing across Acapulco Bay is the resort town's latest turn-on. At Teddy Stauffer's exclusive Villa Vera Racquet Club, below, Mexican singer Joy Ribera moves while TV's Tommy Smothers grooves on guitar.





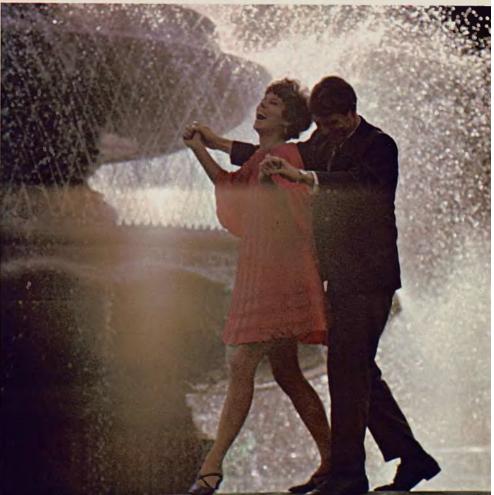
### Playboy's Capsule Guide to a Mexican Holiday

	WHERE TO STAY	WHERE TO DINE	WHERE TO PLAY	WHAT TO BUY	DON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU
MEXICO CITY	Alameda: efficient and bustling; rooftop pool. Ask for suite overlooking park. Camino Real: opened in July. Mexico's biggest—720 rooms, five pools, several bars, restaurants, tennis, riding stables. De Cortes: converted 18th Century convent in the heart of town. El Presidente: fast, attentive service; centrally situated. Try to reserve a corner suite with balcony. Maria Isabel: poshest glass skyscraper in town; central location for smart shops and night life. Tecali: 26 duplex suites, each with bar, dressing room, two baths; handsomely appointed, masterfully managed.	Ambassadeurs: fine French food, regal ambiance; a favorite with seasoned visitors. Circulo del Sureste: exotic Yucatecan cuisine in unpretentious surroundings; the suckling pig is succulent. La Cava: mainly French, good escargots and steaks. Formal, friendly. La Playa Bruja: informal setting for seafood; try the pink clams. Meson el Caballo Bayo: 30-minute drive out of town to magnifico Mexican fare. Muralto: international dishes on 41st floor of Latin-American Tower. Perro Andaluz: rustic Spanish decor, central location, Mexican- Continental cuisine. Restaurant del Lago: lakeside in Chapultepec Park. International menu, dancing.	Belvedere and Maya Bar, Continental Hilton: two orchestras, city-wide views from Belvedere; Maya Bar number-one cocktail stop-off. Can-Can: boisterous revue, Gay 90s style, lots of high kicking and garters. Champagne A Go-Go: rock groups lay on an electronic avalanche in a black-light environment. El Camichin and La Diligencia, Alameda: featuring, respectively, pop groups and exuberant mariachis. El Señorial: three rooms of best dance music in town, from hard-driving rock to Latin. Las Musas: small coffeehouse, university students. Music ranges from Peruvian folk songs to American jazz, according to who's in town. Informal.	Nearly everything, especially silver, leather, menswear, liquor, watches, jewelry and handcrafts. Established stores charge set prices, but bargaining is recommended elsewhere and in markets; beware of guides who offer to get you anything you're interested in at a lower rate—they're usually working on commission.	drive out to the pyramids at Teotihuacán for the evening light-and-sound show, "City of the Gods"; tour the Anthropology Museum in Chapultepec Park: attend a corrida at the Plaza Mexico, largest bull ring in the world; see the Ballet Folklorico; browse through the Bazaar Sábado. a Saturday-morning arts-and-crafts market a few minutes' drive away from the mural-bedecked buildings of the University of Mexico; stop by Sullivan Park for the art fair and La Lagunilla for antiques, both on a Sunday morning.
ACAPULCO	Acapulco Towers: 21 exclusive and expensive apartment-hotel suites. Hollywood jet set likes the away-from-the-beach location. Garden, hammocks, pool. El Presidente: balcony suites overlooking the bay are best. Private beach, pool; top service. Las Brisas: two big salt-water pools, plus 200 minipools for its 250 casitas. Spectacular views of the bay, attrac- tive accommodations. Villa Vera Racquet Club: small, select and quietly lavish. It swings.	Aku-Tiki: Polynesian and Oriental cuisine, on the beach. Chesa Veglia: Swiss specialties; Acapulco's most attractive restaurant. Chez Guillaume: French dining affresco. Elegant newcomer. Dino's: Acapulco's opulent oasis for Italian dishes. Opposite La Condesa Beach. Picalagua: muy informal spot for seafood. Rivoli: open-air dining with a French accent.	Aku-Tiki: spectacular light show, go-go girls, nudie flicks. Armando's Le Club: beautiful disco for the beautiful people. Dali Bar: paintings, sketches and murals by Salvador Dali; music by a spirited Latin combo. Where the girls are. Palacio Tropical: night-club revue features unique "flying pole" dancers. Tiberio's: offers Acapulco's best live rock music for disco dancing.	Resortwear for her at Emi Fors, Lila Bath and Vicki's; for you at Royer and Jaime's; silver at Antonio Pineda; jewelry at Los Castillo. Traditional handcrafts are generally overpriced in Acapulco—buy them elsewhere.	para-sail around Acapulco Bay; see the famed Acapulco divers at La Quebrada; charter a boat for sailfishing; go on one of the nightly three-hour moonlight yacht cruises; play a round of nighttime golf at the arclit Club de Golf de Acapulco; view the unique brothel scene, a favorite late-night sight-seer's stop, even for straight couples.
CUERNAVACA	Casa de Piedra: reserve one of the luxurious duplex cottages. Casino de la Selva: Cuernavaca's resort minicity; shops, three pools, tennis courts. Posada Jacarandas: its treehouse, Nido de Amor, makes for a memorable love-in.	Casa de Piedra: chicken mole! Olé! Las Mafianitas: Mexican dining on a lawn adorned with peacocks, parrots and flamingos. Posada Arcadia: outdoor Sunday buffets are epicurean extravaganzas. Terrazas Majestic: would you believe Japanese specialties?	Papa's Mustache: Cuernavaca's action- central; disco during the week, rock groups on weekends.	Lacquerwork, serapes and rebozos (knitted scarves) at Tianguis; straw crafts and pottery at Trini-Artes Populares and Artesanias Casino de la Selva.	visit the Palacio de Cortes, originally built in 1530, which now contains many of Diego Rivera's most famous murals; dig the scenic Salto San Anton waterfalls and stroll through the tiny potters' village of San Antonio, built on a ledge above the falls.
GUADALAJARA	Camino Real: a motel with the mostest; gardens, tennis, two pools, night club, etc. Fenix: Spanish decor; rooftop suites are superb. Guadalajara Hilton: extremely comfortable, if a bit impersonal. Roma: friendly and informal, centrally situated.	El Tyrol: for Mexican food in general, Carnes a la Tampiqueña— Tampico-style steak—in particular. Focolare: plushest Continental dining in town. Superior service and wine cellar. La Red: seafood from Mazatlán flown in daily. Parador Germano: lieb' a little.	Belvedere and Rondalla Rooms, Guadalajara Hilton: cabaret and dancing. Mariachis Plaza: for a late nightcap and brassy serenade.	Huaraches (distinctly Mexican sandals) at Huaraches Gualo; leather goods, pottery and handcrafts at Casa de las Artesanias de Jalisco; just about anything you can think of at the enormous Mercado Libertad.	witness at least a week of the city's annual Fiestas de Dctubre—a monthlong nonstop celebration of sport, music, dance, religion, art, fashion and tequila. Guadalajara's proudest and happiest invention.
PUERTO VALLARTA	Dceano: bright and cheery gathering place for dining and cocktails. Playa de la Gloria: beach-front bungalows with kitchenettes; pool, tennis court. Posada Vallarta: ultramodern suites and cottages; fine seashore location.	El Patio: great steaks, classical guitar music. La Iguana: Chinese food, dancing to Yucatán ensemble. La Margarita: romantic courtyard setting; Mexican specialties, mariachi band. Los Cuatros Vientos: Continental dining overlooking the ocean.	La Isla: Polynesian mood; music and cabaret. Margaritas Disco: the only one in town; no Arthur, but packed solid every night in season. Piano Bar Colonial: noisy and cheerful, good company.	Paintings by local artists at reasonable prices—at La Fuente, Galeria Pepe, Felipe Sanchez Gallery.	attend one of P. V.'s Friday-night dusk-to-dawn beach parties, which begin with music and dancing and end with cockfights and fireworks; on Saturday nights, the Posada Vallarta hosts a similar nightlong fiesta.
TAXCO	Hotel de la Borda: town's biggest; terraced rooms have great views of city. Posada de la Mision: huge suites; O'Gorman's stone mural makes the pool one of the city's must-see sights. Rancho Taxco-Victoria: adjoining hotels with top-rated facilities, cliffside gardens.	La Cumbre Soñada: northern-European specialties; you'll be the only gringo present. Santa Prisca: American- owned, mostly American food—a pleasant change of pace.	Berta's, Paco's: alfresco headquarters for cocktails and mariachi music; on the Plaza. Cantaranas: music for relaxed dancing, intimate atmosphere. Rancho Taxco-Victoria, Hotel de la Borda: the best hotel entertainment (Mexican style) in town.	Silver—at William Spratling (ten miles outside of town), Antonio Pineda, Los Castillos, Emma, Sigi, Casa Borda Margot de Taxco, Hector Aguilar and Uxmal, to name just a few.	spend at least a day walking through town; Taxco, a city of red-tile-roofed homes, has been officially designated a national monument to protect its colonial-style architecture and narrow, cobblestoned streets.



Mexico—beyond as well as within its most sophisticated cities—is alive with alfresca adventure. Just minutes away by automobile from Acapulco's urbane pleasures, the beach brawser will discover miles of unspoiled Pacific Ocean shore line. In Mexico City, below left, amorous visitors enjoy an operitivo at a sidewalk taberno. Late in the afternoon, the capital's Diana Fountain is an elegant setting for a romantic romp.





the crumbling pyramids of dead cultures to the ghost towns left from the silver booms of more recent days. It is an area that provides comparatively easy access, and sharp contrast to scenes, scenery, people and modes of living. The traveler passes from arid plains to dense jungles, from snow-capped volcanoes to blindingwhite beaches, along mountain highways that are rarely free from clouds and beside broad lakes in which men fish with nets like the wings of monstrous dragon-.

There are small towns where the only form of transport is the horse, and South Pacific-style villages from which messages are pounded on drums made from hollow trees. There are markets that need a week of exploration-and there is Acapulco, which for variety of vacation activity, excitement, climate, beauty and luxury has few rivals anywhere in the world. Acapulco is like no other resort, certainly not like Puerto Vallarta, which was, until the filming of The Night of the Iguana, an isolated fishing village. It has since been incorporated as a city, a premature promotion, since Vallarta, as the locals call it, is still little more than a rudely awakened hamlet, and not a particularly tidy one. There are no massive hotels there; there are only four telephones in town and the one discothèque has a sound system that might have been cobbled up from a small transistor radio-but Vallarta grows fast. By contrast, Acapulco is a boomtown; and if it is sometimes known by the cynics as Sodom and Gomorrah, it is not an entirely perverted paradise. The coast road from Acapulco winds northward and southward over a suicidal and spectacular route that no practical engineer would tolerate. At the highest point on this road, people sometimes stop their cars to look out across Acapulco Bay, preferably on a fine evening, when the dying sun casts a blanket of red and purple across the sky and voluminous clouds hang low on the Pacific, a pale gray tinged with blood. This is the most silent time of day. The sea lies still and dark; a white cruise liner with yellow lights from stem to stern slips into the evening haze. Tiny figures can be seen under the edge of the afterdeck's canopy and there is a faint tinkle of music from the ship's orchestra.

At night, a line of lights marks the wide main boulevard, and about halfway along this, the hotels begin. Their architectural flavor is Miami Beach, but they are spaced much farther apart, so that great patches of darkness lie between each vertical slab of brilliant light. About a mile or so beyond is the town proper-turbulent, vigorous and seething with a life that many rubberneck tourists would neither comprehend nor wish to experience. Not many stran-132 gers wander unescorted away from the town's main streets; and at night, the roads that lead up into the hills are deserted, except for the taxis that carry parties of men from their hotels to the big brothels. Beyond the town is the rest of the state in which Acapulco lies, Guerrero. It is still fittingly described as the last real frontier of the wild West.

"He who tells the truth doesn't sin, but he causes inconvenience," declares an old Mexican proverb. Truth, along with time, geography and urgency, are all concepts that must be abandoned or at least drastically re-evaluated when traveling in Mexico.

I told a hotel clerk in Mexico City that I wanted a direct, nonstop flight to New York, the first available. He picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "I have a very important friend at Aeronaves, señor; he will take care of everything; don't worry." There was a lengthy burst of Spanish; the clerk wrote the name of his important friend on a piece of paper and banged down the phone. "You are very lucky, señor. Everything was booked, but my friend fix for you. Three o'clock this afternoon, nonstop to New York."

Arriving at the airport, I found that the important friend was a baggage handler who had never heard of the hotel clerk and that no such flight existed. It is this sort of trivial fantasia that lends an air of nightmarish farce to Mexican travel, a sense that one is being drawn into a play written by Kafka and Graham Greene and performed by the Marx Brothers and innocent bystanders. The adventurous traveler in Mexico-by which I mean the visitor who prefers to delve below the surface of what he sees, rather than skim along from one luxury hotel to another, cocooned in taxis, nourished by familiar comforts and insulated from the everyday life that goes on about him-will be alternately horrified and enchanted by the encounters that are the inevitable surprise and reward of traveling around Mexico. He will be bewildered by the peoplebroody and silently hostile one moment, overflowing with warmth and hospitality the next, with only the subtlest signals to indicate which mood may be imminent at a given time.

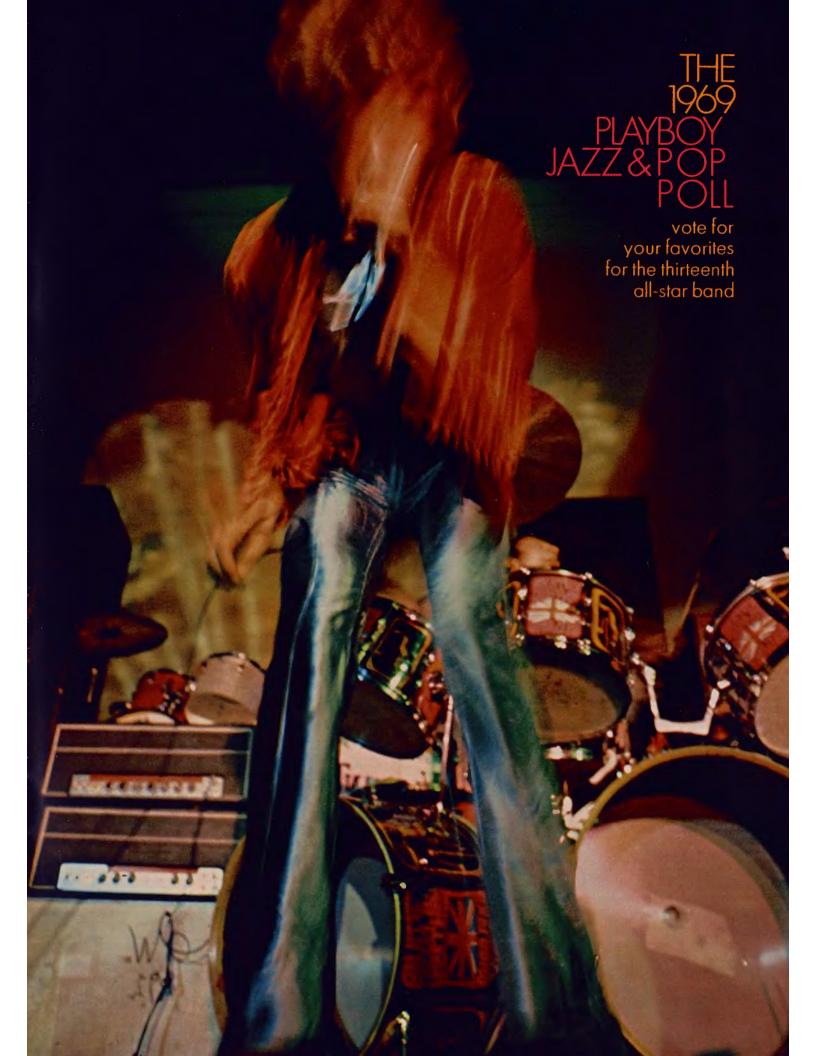
Mexico is an unusually violent country, as a quick scan of its tabloid press will confirm. In his excellent personal narrative, One Man's Mexico, John Lincoln tells of a man who shot a friend in a bar. Both men were sober. After the murderer had pulled the trigger, he fell sobbing across the body. Asked why he had done it, he said it was because of the expression on his friend's face.

At this point, the ordinary traveler, the man whose sense of adventure is tempered by prudence and a strong instinct for survival, might wonder whether he should go. Yes. Foreigners rarely get mixed up in violent crimes in Mexico, unless they are very careless or they go out of their way to look for trouble. A tourist has the formidable protection of the Mexican government; with it, the law-abiding foreigner is virtually an untouchable.

But why visit Mexico? For a hundred reasons, any one of which would justify the effort. To see the old churches that squat in the corners of broad, sun-baked plazas; for the wildly exotic landscapes, the shapes, sights and sounds of the jungle, the raucous shriek of parrots that swoop through the shadows and the heavy plop of an alligator as it drops from the riverbank; for the markets, ablaze with florid colors and filled with new smells; for stalls and blankets heaped with strange foods and unfamiliar fruit; for pottery in a thousand styles, crude, simple and miraculous in conception; for walls adorned with saddles and spurs, and cases of silver and gold, hammered and carved into the most delicate jewelry; for the sight of a somnolent colonial town, lying between a cleft in bare mountains and approached during the early evening, when an oncoming storm casts a filigree of lightning across the darkening sky; and for the fiestas that abound throughout the year, transforming torpor into turmoil. To gape at the soaring architecture of the new, modern capital and to sit at one of its bustling open-air cafés, watching a traffic cop throw a spectacular tantrum in the middle of the street. To marvel at the epic murals and the treasures of the museums and art galleries, to bargain for an antique that may or may not be worthless, and to bask in the steady warmth and intoxicating luxury of the beach resorts, watching the talent that came in on the morning plane.

Sport and gambling? Everything from cockfighting to soccer, race track and bull ring; and if you don't like blood, you can always buy a ticket for the national lottery. There's hunting for big game, from the afterdeck of an oceangoing sport fisherman rigged for sailfish, or on horseback in the coastal jungles by the Pacific. It can all be found in the area covered by this report; and even if the skipper of the cruiser turns out to be a boozy con man or the hunting guide is afraid of jaguars, there is always the prospect of a new journey tomorrow and a different set of surprises to compensate.

When planning your trip, it would be wise to work out your itinerary to avoid carrying purchases from city to city, which can run into considerable expense in excess-baggage charges and porters' tips. If possible, confine all bulky shopping to one or two cities (Mexico City and the Guadalajara market should provide everything you'll want) and try to (continued on page 226)





THE BOUNDARY LINES separating the various forms of contemporary music continue to fade as jazz, rock, folk, country-andwestern and pop meet and merge in the musical mainstream to form an eclectic whole. Last year, PLAYBOY recognized the rapidly accelerating fusion and broadened the scope of its poll to encompass as many facets of this emergent art form as possible. The response from readers was enthusiastically approving.

To vote in the 1969 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite artists and fill in your choices for The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame and for Playboy's Records of the Year, where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us. The musicians chosen by the readers to make up the 1969 All-Star Band will each receive the coveted Playboy Medal. Results of our thirteenth annual Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll will appear in our February 1969 issue.

1. Your official ballot is on the foldout facing this page. A Nominating Board composed of music editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations for the Playboy All-Star Band should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for any living artist.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Band, so in some categories you should vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trombones, two alto saxes, two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as designated on the ballot, because too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who

has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has not been nominated, write his name on one of the lines provided at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1969 Playboy All-Star Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or fewer musicians.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Any instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead, is eligible for the Jazz Hall of Fame, except those previously elected: Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, John Coltrane, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman and Frank Sinatra. The top three choices of our readers will be installed in PLAYBOY's music pantheon.

7. Cut your ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1968, in order to be

counted, so mail yours today.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannanball Adderley, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrang, Chet Atkins, Dan Barbour (Faur Freshmen), Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brawn, Dave Brubeck, Petula Clark, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranca, Paul Desmand, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Henry Mancini, Paul McCartney (Beatles), Charles Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Petersan, Boots Randalph, Buddy Rich, Ravi Shankar, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding, Si Zentner; Nat Hentaff, Jazz Critic; Dan Morgenstern, Editor, Down Beat; George Wein, Independent Recard Praducer; Michael Zwerin, Jazz Critic; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; David Axelrod, Capital: Tea Macera, Calumbia; Lester Koenig, Cantemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Bernard Stollman, ESP-Disk; Robert Thiele, Impulsel; Alan Mink, Mercury; Don Schlitten, Prestige; Brad McCuen, RCA Victor; Richard Perry, Reprise; Stan Cornyn, Warner Bras.-Seven Arts.

	LEADER		Johan Jones		Fank Clawloid		Harold Land
	(Please check one.)		Thad Jones		Sonny Criss		Harold Land
_	Count Basie		Hugh Masekela		Paul Desmond		Yusef Lateef
	Louis Bellson		Howard McGhee		Lou Donaldson	_	Charles Lloyd
	James Brown		Blue Mitchell		Bunky Green		Steve Marcus
	Les Brown		Lee Morgan		John Handy		Eddie Miller
	Ray Charles		Ray Nance		Joe Harriott		Hank Mobley
П	Ray Conniff		Joe Newman		Johnny Hodges		James Moody
	King Curtis	300	Jimmy Owens	П	Paul Horn	П	Brew Moore
	Johnny Dankworth	_	Shorty Rogers		Robin Kenyatta	_	Vido Musso
			Ernie Royal		Eric Kloss	_	"Fathead" Newman
	Buddy DeFranco		The state of the s			=	Sal Nistico
_	Les and Larry Elgart		Doc Severinsen		Lee Konitz	_	
	Duke Ellington		Charlie Shavers	_	Byard Lancaster		Art Pepper
	Don Ellis		Jack Sheldon		Arnie Lawrence		Bill Perkins
	Gil Evans		Alan Shorter		Walt Levinsky		Boots Randolph
	Richard Evans		Marvin Stamm		Fred Lipsius		Sonny Rollins
П	Dizzy Gillespie		Clark Terry		Charlie Mariano		Pharoah Sanders
$\overline{\Box}$	Benny Goodman	П	Joe Wilder		Jackie McLean		Tom Scott
	Lionel Hampton				Charles McPherson	П	Archie Shepp
1000	Lennie Hayton				James Moody		Wayne Shorter
					Ted Nash	1	Zoot Sims
_	Ted Heath				Anthony Ortega	1	Sonny Stitt
	Skitch Henderson	П				=	
	Woody Herman				Art Pepper		Buddy Tate
	Harry James		TROMBONE		Gene Quill	_	Lucky Thompson
	Quincy Jones		(Please check four.)		Jerome Richardson	_	Stanley Turrentine
П	Thad Jones / Mel Lewis		Milt Bernhart		Marshall Royal		Harold Vick
ī	Stan Kenton		Harold Betters		Bud Shank		Ben Webster
	Rod Levitt	-	Bob Brookmeyer		Sonny Simmons	П	Frank Wess
		_	Garnett Brown		Zoot Sims	_	
	Henry Mancini	_			James Spaulding	The same of	200 100
П	Charles Mingus		Lawrence Brown			П	
	Oliver Nelson		Georg Brunis		Sonny Stitt		DIRECTION OF THE
	Duke Pearson		Jimmy Cleveland		Frank Strozier		BARITONE SAX
	Sun Ra		Buster Cooper		Paul Winter		(Please check one.)
	Buddy Rich		Cutty Cutshall		Jimmy Woods		Pepper Adams
П	Johnny Richards	П	Vic Dickenson		Phil Woods		Ernie Caceres
	31.1 milli	_	Bob Fitzpatrick		Leo Wright	П	Jay Cameron
	Eddie Sauter	П	Carl Fontana				Frank Capi
		_	Curtis Fuller				Harry Carney
100	Doc Severinsen						Ronnie Cuber
	Clark Terry		Tyree Glenn		TENOD CAY		
	Tommy Vig	_	Bennie Green		TENOR SAX		Charles Davis
_	Gerald Wilson	_	Urbie Green		(Please check two.)		Chuck Gentry
	Si Zentner		Al Grey		Georgie Auld		Jimmy Giuffre
			Slide Hampton		Albert Ayler		Frank Hittner
			Bill Harris		Gato Barbieri		Bill Hood
	TRUMPET		Wayne Henderson	П	Don Byas		Artic Kaplan
	(Please check four.)		J. C. Higginbotham		Al Cohn		Gerry Mulligan
	Nat Adderley		Quentin Jackson		George Coleman	_	Jack Nimitz
10. 10	Herb Alpert	_	J. J. Johnson		Bob Cooper		Cecil Payne
					Corky Corcoran		Jerome Richardson
	Louis Armstrong		Rod Levitt	1000			
П	Don Ayler		Melba Liston		Jay Corre		Ronnie Ross
			Albert Mangelsdorff		King Curtis		Clifford Scott
	Dud Bascomb		Grachan Moncur III		Eddie Daniels		Lonnie Shaw
	Ruby Braff		Turk Murphy		Eddie Davis		Sahib Shihab
	Billy Butterfield		Dick Nash		Sam Donahue		Butch Stone
	Donald Byrd	П	Benny Powell		Teddy Edwards		
	Conte Candoli		Frank Rosolino	П	Booker Ervin		
H	Pete Candoli		Roswell Rudd	ī	Frank Foster		CLARINET
1	Don Cherry	-	Dickie Wells	_	Jimmy Foster		(Please check one.)
1							
H	Buck Clayton	_	Kai Winding	_	Bud Freeman	닏	Alvin Batiste
П	Jacques Coursil		Truminy Young		Stan Getz		Barney Bigard
	Miles Davis		Si Zentner		Benny Golson		Acker Bilk
	Wild Bill Davison		- Zentriei		Paul Gonsalves		Buddy Collette
	Kenny Dorham				Dexter Gordon		Eddie Daniels
	Harry Edison				John Griffin		Kenny Davern
	Roy Eldridge				Eddie Harris	П	Buddy DeFranco
1	Don Ellis	-			Coleman Hawkins	I	Pete Fountain
1	Art Farmer		ALTO SAX		Jimmy Heath	1	Jimmy Giuffre
10						][	
	Maynard Ferguson	_	(Please check two.)		Joe Henderson		Benny Goodman
	Dizzy Gillespie		Cannonball Adderley	_	Bill Holman		Jimmy Hamilton
	Bobby Hackett	_	Al Belletto		Illinois Jacquet		Woody Herman
	Al Hirt		Marion Brown		Plas Johnson		Paul Horn
	Freddie Hubbard		Benny Carter		Richie Kamuca		Peanuts Hucko
	Harry James		Ornette Coleman		Roland Kirk		Rolf Kuhn

George Lewis	☐ Jimmy Rowles	☐ Les Spann	DRUMS
☐ Herbie Mann	☐ George Shearing	☐ Gabor Szabo	(Please check one.)
☐ Joe Muranyi	☐ Horace Silver	☐ George Van Eps	Rashied Ali
□ Dave Pell	Martial Solal	☐ Al Viola	☐ Dave Bailey
- 4 - D	Otis Spann	☐ Muddy Waters	☐ Donald Bailey
Russell Procope	☐ Jess Stacy	Doc Watson	Ginger Baker
	☐ Billy Taylor	Chuck Wayne	☐ Danny Barcelona
Perry Robinson	= 0 11 75 1-1		
Pce Wee Russell	☐ Cecil Taylor	Zalman Yanovsky	Louis Bellson
Tony Scott	Bobby Timmons	☐ Attila Zoller	☐ Han Bennink
□ Bill Smith	Ross Tompkins		_ Dick Berk
□ Phil Woods	Lennic Tristano		Art Blakey
☐ Sol Yaged	☐ McCoy Tyner	BASS	☐ Willie Bobo
	_ Mal Waldron	(Please check one.)	☐ Larry Bunker
	☐ Cedar Walton	☐ Don Bagley	☐ Frank Butler
PIANO	☐ Randy Weston	☐ Norman Bates	☐ Frank Capp
(Please check one.)	☐ Mary Lou Williams	☐ Joe Benjamin	☐ Kenny Clarke
Monty Alexander	☐ Roger Williams	☐ Keter Betts	☐ Cozy Cole
Mose Allison	☐ Valdo Williams	Ray Brown	☐ Bobby Colomby
Count Basic	☐ Jack Wilson	☐ Monty Budwig	☐ Joe Cusatis
Paul Bley	☐ Teddy Wilson	☐ Joe Byrd	Alan Dawson
Dollar Brand	Mike Wofford	Red Callender	☐ Jack De Johnette
Dave Brubeck	☐ Joe Zawinul	☐ Ron Carter	Frankie Dunlop
	Denny Zeitlin	☐ Buddy Catlett	Bobby Durham
☐ Jaki Byard			
Barbara Carroll		Paul Chambers	☐ Al Foster
☐ Ray Charles		Gene Cherico	☐ Vernel Fournier
Cy Coleman	GUITAR	☐ Buddy Clark	☐ Jimmy Gordon
Chick Corea	(Please check one.)	☐ Joe Comfort	☐ Milford Graves
☐ Duke Ellington	☐ Laurindo Almeida	☐ Bob Cranshaw	☐ Sonny Greer
☐ Bill Evans	☐ Chet Atkins	☐ Bill Crow	Chico Hamilton
☐ Gil Evans	☐ Billy Bauer	☐ Art Davis	☐ Jake Hanna
□ Don Ewell	☐ George Benson	☐ Richard Davis	☐ Louis Hayes
☐ Victor Feldman	☐ Mike Bloomfield	☐ George Duvivier	☐ Roy Haynes
Clare Fischer	☐ Luiz Bonfá	☐ Richard Evans	☐ Billy Higgins
☐ Tommy Flanagan	☐ Sandy Bull	☐ Pops Foster	☐ Red Holt
Russ Freeman	☐ Kenny Burrell	☐ Johnny Frigo	☐ Stix Hooper
Don Friedman	Charlie Byrd	☐ Jimmy Garrison	Phil Humphries
		☐ Eddie Gomez	Al Jackson, Jr.
Red Garland	☐ Eric Clapton	Charlie Haden	
☐ Erroll Garner	☐ Eddie Condon		Oliver Jackson
☐ Dave Grusin	☐ Larry Coryell	☐ Bob Haggart	Ron Jefferson
☐ Vince Guaraldi	☐ Duane Eddy	Percy Heath	☐ Elvin Jones
☐ Herbie Hancock	☐ Herb Ellis	☐ Milt Hinton	☐ Jo Jones
☐ Roland Hanna	☐ Tal Farlow	☐ Major Holley	☐ Philly Joe Jones
☐ Hampton Hawes	☐ Barry Galbraith	☐ Chuck Israels	☐ Rufus Jones
Skitch Henderson	☐ João Gilberto	☐ Chubby Jackson	☐ Connie Kay
☐ Eddie Heywood	☐ Freddie Green	☐ Sam Jones	☐ Gene Krupa
☐ Earl "Fatha" Hines	Grant Green	☐ John Lamb	☐ Don Lamond
☐ Dick Hyman	☐ Buddy Guy	☐ Bill Lec	Pete LaRoca
Ahmad Jamal	☐ Jerry Hahn	Cecil McBee	Stan Levey
Keith Jarrett	☐ Jim Hall	Ron McClure	☐ Mel Lewis
		☐ Al McKibbon	Shelly Manne
Pete Jolly	Bill Harris	Charles Mingus	☐ Mitch Mitchell
Hank Jones	George Harrison	= n 1 1C+1 11	Charles Moffett
Roger Kellaway	Al Hendrickson	Red Mitchell	
☐ Wynton Kelly	☐ Jimi Hendrix	Monk Montgomery	☐ Joe Morello
☐ Steve Kuhn	☐ Lonnie Johnson	Sebastian Neto	Sunny Murray
☐ John Lewis	☐ Danny Kalb	☐ Gary Pcacock	☐ Sandy Nelson
☐ Ramsey Lewis	☐ Barney Kessel	□ N. H. Pedersen	Sonny Payne
☐ Mike Longo	☐ Albert King	☐ Howard Rumsey	☐ Walter Perkins
☐ Junior Mance	☐ B. B. King	☐ Eddie Safranski	Charlie Persip
Toshiko Mariano		Arvell Shaw	☐ Bill Quinn
	□ Robby Krieger	_ , , , , , , , ,	☐ Buddy Rich
☐ Les McCann	☐ Mundell Lowe	☐ Andy Simpkins	
☐ Marian McPartland	☐ Pat Martino	☐ Slam Stewart	Max Roach
☐ Sergio Mendes	Oscar Moore	☐ Al Stinson	☐ Mickey Roker
Dwike Mitchell	☐ Tony Mottola	☐ Steve Swallow	☐ Zutty Singleton
☐ Thelonious Monk	☐ Joe Pass	☐ Steve Tintweiss	☐ Jack Sperling
☐ Bud Montgomery	☐ Les Paul	☐ Leroy Vinnegar	☐ Ringo Starr
	☐ Joe Puma	Miroslav Vitous	☐ Bob Stone
☐ Marty Napoleon		☐ Wilbur Ware	Grady Tate
Peter Nero	☐ Jimmy Rancy		☐ Ed Thigpen
Phineas Newborn, Jr.	☐ Howard Roberts	Chris White	
☐ Bernard Peiffer	☐ Sal Salvador	☐ Reggie Workman	Charlie Watts
Oscar Peterson	☐ Bola Sete	☐ Gene Wright	Tony Williams
☐ André Previn	Sonny Sharrock	☐ El Dee Young	Sam Woodyard
□ Sun Ra	☐ Johnny Smith		

	MISC. INSTRUMENT	Jeremy Steig, flute		Bernard Ito		FEMALE VOCALIS
	(Please check one.)	Clark Terry, Flügelhorn		Walter Jackson		(Please check one.)
E	Roy Ayers, vibes	Jean Thielemans, harmonica	100	Mick Jagger	-	Lorez Alexandria
	Dave Baker, cello	Cal Tjader, vibes	_	Johnny Janis		Amanda Ambrose
	Paul Beaver, Moog	Art Van Damme, accordion	_	Antonio Carlos Jobim		
	synthesizer	Tommy Vig, vibes	_	Lonnic Johnson		
	Booker T., organ	Walter Wanderley, organ	_	Jack Jones		
	Ray Brown, cello	Julius Watkins, French horn		Tom Jones		
	Jack Bruce, electric bass	Mike White, violin		Todd Kelley		La Vern Baker
E	Larry Bunker, vibes	Larry Young, organ				Mae Barnes
	Gary Burton, vibes		_	Frankie Laine		Clea Bradford
E	Don Butterfield, tuba			Steve Lawrence		Joy Bryan
C	Paul Butterfield, harmonica	MALE VOCALIST		Julius Lester		Jackie Cain
	Candido, bongos	(Please check one.)		Trini Lopez		Lana Cantrell
	Ornette Coleman, violin	David Allen		Dean Martin		
	Buddy Collette, flute	Mose Allison		Al Martino		Diahann Carroll
	Miles Davis, Flügelhorn	Herb Alpert	Ö	Hugh Masekela		Betty Carter
	Buddy DeFranco, bass	Ed Ames				
	clarinet					D 1 01 1
	Bill Doggett, organ	Louis Armstrong		Paul McCartney		61 . 6
	Bob Dylan, harmonica	Charles Aznavour		Scott McKenzie		
	Don Elliott, vibes,		1000	Rod McKuen		
	mellophone	Tony Bennett	-	Roger Miller		Jackie De Shannon
	Art Farmer, Flügelhorn		_	Chad Mitchell		m.t . m .
	Victor Feldman, vibes		_	Matt Monro		
	Denny Gerrard, electric bass	Bobby Bland	_			Marianne Faithfull
C	Terry Gibbs, vibes	David Blue		Mark Murphy		Ella Fitzgerald
	Barry Goldberg, organ		_	Johnny Nash		
	Earl Grant, organ	Richard Boone		Fred Neil		
	Tommy Gumina, accordion	James Brown	-	Anthony Newley		Judy Garland
E	Lionel Hampton, vibes	Oscar Brown, Jr.		Phil Ochs		
	Rufus Harley, bagpipes	Tim Buckley		Roy Orbison		
	George Harrison, sitar	Eric Burdon				Astrud Gilberto
	Groove Holmes, organ	Glen Campbell				Lesley Gore
	Paul Horn, flute	Johnny Cash	_	Gene Pitney		
-	Bobby Hutcherson, vibes	Ray Charles		King Pleasure		
	Milt Jackson, vibes	Wayne Cochran			- 0	
_	Ali Akbar Khan, sarod	Leonard Cohen		The second secon		Lurlean Hunter
	Roland Kirk, manzello,		_	Lou Rawls		
	stritch, flute	Perry Como		Jimmy Reed		Mahalia Jackson
	] Al Kooper, organ	Arthur Conley	_	Little Richard		Etta James
	Steve Lacy, soprano sax	James Cotton	-			Janis Joplin
	Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe	Vic Damone	_	Smokey Robinson		Sheila Jordan
		Bobby Darin	_	Tom Rush		
	Charles Lloyd, flute	Sammy Davis Jr.		Jimmy Rushing		Beverly Kelly
	Johnny Lytle, vibes	Johnny Desmond		Mitch Ryder		Morgana King
	Mike Mainieri, vibes	Fats Domino				Teddi King
	Herbie Mann, flute	Donovan				Eartha Kitt
	Ray Manzarek, organ	Frank D'Rone		Frank Sinatra		Peggy Lee
	Paul McCartney, electric bass	Bob Dylan		Pat Sky		Abbey Lincoln
	Gary McFarland, vibes	Billy Eckstine		Percy Sledge		Julie London
L	Jimmy McGriff, organ	Eddie Fisher		O. C. Smith		
	Bud Montgomery, vibes	John Gary				Gloria Lynne
	James Moody, flute	Marvin Gaye		Billy Stewart		Miriam Makeba
L	Joe Mooney, accordion	João Gilberto		7 (8)		Grace Markay
	Ray Nance, violin	Bobby Goldsboro		Tiny Tim		Big Maybelle
L	Red Norvo, vibes	Buddy Greco				Marilyn Maye
L	Don Patterson, organ	Arlo Guthrie		Bobby Troup		Spanky McFarlane
L	Dave Pike, vibes	Roy Hamilton		Joe Turner		Barbara McNair
L	Jean-Luc Ponty, violin	Tim Hardin		Jerry Vale		Carmen McRae
L	Nocl Redding, electric bass	Richard Harris		Frankie Valli		Liza Minnelli
L	Emil Richards, vibes	Johnny Hartman		Adam Wade		Anita O'Day
L	Jerome Richardson, flute	Richie Havens		Muddy Waters		Odetta
L	Shorty Rogers, Flügelhorn	Clancy Hayes		Junior Wells		Patti Page
L	Willie Ruff, French horn	Bill Henderson		Andy Williams		Sandy Posey
L	Mongo Santamaria, conga	Tour IVen Juicke				Suc Raney
L	Shirley Scott, organ	Jimi Hendrix				Della Reese
L	Earl Scruggs, banjo	Woody Herman		Steve Winwood	_	Ann Richards
L	Bud Shank, flute	Al Hibbler		Jimmy Witherspoon		Mavis Rivers
E	Ravi Shankar, sitar			Howlin' Wolf		
	Sonny Simmons, English horn		1000	Stevie Wonder	L	Annie Ross
. [	Jimmy Smith, organ	Lightnin' Hopkins		Glenn Yarbrough	L	Diana Ross
	Lonnie Smith, organ	Engelbert Humperdinck		7 77	. 🗆	Buffy Sainte-Marie



"My, but it's good to get away from those smoke-filled rooms for a while and back to the old grass roots."

would have to catch her committing adultery.

Not that he was certain she was cheating on him. But he was certain she might be; long before he asked for his divorce, he'd stopped making love to her. Common sense told him that if he was not between her legs, then some other black man could be.

But he could not catch her at it and so decided to hire someone to get under his wife's clothes and to have pictures taken of the event. Someone was Carlyle Bedlow.

Carlyle was sitting in the dentist's chair-two small leather pillows messing his straightened hair-when the dentist made his proposal. Carlyle's mind said yes immediately, but he wanted to see if the dentist was serious and just how much he was offering. He pretended reluctance and also that such a job was beneath him. "Man, you must be crazy. I don't do no shit like that." He pretended to be someone else so well that, for a moment, he forgot the dentist had just pulled his tooth.

"You didn't let me finish." The dentist stood over him, Carlyle's molar clamped between the prongs of his silver pliers. He inspected the tooth, held it so Carlyle could look into its black hole. "You got to take better care of your mouth, Carlyle," He shook his head. "This is a disgrace." He put the pliers and the tooth into a metal dish. "Look, I'm in a spot and it's my only ex-cape. Besides, I ain't mentioned money yet.'

"You're hurting me, man, but don't mention it. I don't go in for that kind of stuff. I stick to numbers and warm fur coats." He leaned forward, as if to get up, but the dentist pushed him deeper into his great chair, fingered Carlyle's wound and inserted fresh cotton between cheek and gum.

"The bleeding's stopping." He paused. "Did you ever realize I ain't asking you to do nothing illegal?" He smiled now; the dentist himself had a good dentist. "It's got to be done by somebody and I was just throwing the money your way. All you do is get her clothes off and someone to break in and take pictures."

"Why don't you just ask her for a divorce?" Of course, Carlyle knew, the dentist had already done that.

"You think I hasn't? She won't hear nothing like that. Look, man, I'm in prison with a crazy warden, trying to get me to do all kinds of crazy things." Then he told about his wife's obsession with sailing all around the world.

Carlyle agreed. That did sound crazy. But he still pretended hesitation. "Suppose she really ain't got nobody else? Some women wait. I heard about them. Besides, it ain't my thing."

"She ain't waiting. She's getting some 140 from somewhere. You don't understand

how bad it is." He went to the glass door and opened it. "Jean, come in here, will you, baby?"

Entering the office, hand against jaw, Carlyle had noticed Jean's legs even through his pain. He had tried his smile on her, but her lips had not softened, had remained stretched across her teeth, Now she came in almost suspiciously, but smiled at the dentist after she'd closed the door.

"This is my girl."

"Pleased to meet you." Her eyes were black. She was younger, darker and much better built up than the dentist's wife, whom Carlyle had seen once or twice, with the dentist, in Jack O'Gee's Silver Goose Bar and Restaurant.

"I want to marry Jean." The dentist sat down. "And I thought you might help me, out of friendship."

Carlyle nodded, leaned into the small basin beside him and spat. He did not consider the dentist his friend. He did not even have his home phone number. And if he'd had it, Carlyle would never have listed it among his first five choices as a number to call when he was being arrested. He and the dentist met two or three times a month, by accident only, in the Silver Goose.

The dentist waited for Carlyle to straighten up before he continued. "Now I found me a sane woman and can't live with a crazy one no more. I need those grounds!"

Carlyle glanced at Jean to see if the scheme was new to her. She leaned against the wall near the door, her face empty except for make-up, which was lighter than her skin. "How much you paying?"

"We ain't got no kids." The dentist hesitated and Carlyle knew this, too, was part of the trouble. Carlyle wasn't married, but already he had two children and visited their mothers when he had some money. "That means no support," the dentist hadn't stopped, "and if I get her on adultery, I can cut the alimony down low. So it's worth a thousand if I get my pictures."

It was a better offer than he had expected, but he didn't tell that to the dentist. "Will you throw in my teeth?"

The dentist agreed.

Carlyle climbed out of the dentist's leather chair. "Then, I guess I'll turn legal for a while."

They agreed to meet that night in the Silver Goose. The dentist would bring his wife. Carlyle would sit at their table. After that, they could only hope that the dentist's wife was ready for another new

Carlyle was standing at the bar, over his second drink, when they came in. He had seen her only a few times before and

his memory had been kind: She looked even less appetizing than he remembered her-in a dull pink dress that hung loosely from narrow shoulders, drowned high, hard breasts and sharp-edged hips. Her face was the color of milk mixed with orange juice, the features squeezed into its center.

Passing by him on the way to the booths at the rear of the Goose, the dentist had not spoken or nodded. But after helping her into a seat and ordering her drink, he returned to the bar and Carlyle. "Bitch didn't want to come, but I told her I sure didn't want to stare at her all night.'

Carlyle looked beyond the dentist at his wife. The glass in front of her, a brandy alexander, was already half empty. "What happens to her when she gets drunk?"

"She cries."

Carlyle told the dentist the truth: It couldn't hurt him. "I like your money, but we'll never make it."

"Well, go ahead and try. One thousand dollars is a lot of money.

"You're right." He pushed away from the bar, leaving his drink, which had been stinging the dentist's work, and started toward the booth, the dentist close behind him.

She looked up at them, light-brown eyes in her light-orange face, but she did not speak.

"I ain't seen this nigger in years, Robena." The dentist suddenly pretended great excitement. "We was in the Army together." He introduced them.

Carlyle smiled. "Pleased to meet you." Her hand was cold, filled with tiny bones.

"Have a seat." The dentist motioned him into the booth, next to his wife. As Carlyle was getting settled, she finished her drink, pushed the foamed glass a few inches across the table.

"You want another?" After she nodded, the dentist went on selling Carlyle. "We was in Asia. Right, Carlyle?"

"That's right." But so far, Carlyle had been lucky enough to avoid wearing any uniforms.

She looked at him now, seemed not to believe him.

"So how you been, Carlyle?" The dentist did not let him answer. "You do want another drink, don't you?"

She nodded, continuing to study Carlyle.

"What you been doing, man?"

"A little of a lot of things." He reached for his cigarettes, wishing he had smoked for this meeting, trying to decide what to say if she wanted a more precise definition of his livelihood. But then she turned away.

The dentist did not give up. "Carlyle was a male nurse in the dental corps, even pulled some teeth when we had lots of work. He was pretty good at it. I remember the first time I asked him to swing the hammer while I held the chisel.

(continued on page 170)

## ATAVARIBA

I FIRST SAW HIM as I climbed into the patrol wagon. He was sitting well toward the back, all drawn up into a tight knot-head sunk between his shoulders, arms wrapped around his body, knees pressed together and pulled up toward his chin. He was wearing a trench coat several sizes too large that hung in loose folds around him, the bottom dragging on the floor, and a misshapen black felt hat with a wide brim pulled down over his forehead. He was thin-almost skeletal-and of a pale jaundice yellow color. His face was skull-like, with enormous eye sockets. The eyes were large and black brown, glazed and staring straight ahead. He was shivering and as I settled into my seat, he began shaking and shuddering, while his whole body jerked convulsively. Tears glistened at the corners of his eyes. His nose was running, a thin drop of mucus hanging from the tip. He was emitting a strange, almost waillike sound, occasionally groaning, babbling to himself in Spanish interspersed with broken English. The words "I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick" were all I could understand. Suddenly, he vomited, regurgitating globs of green bile, falling back afterward onto the seat, moaning.

We were going down to police headquarters to be fingerprinted, photographed, put through the showup, formally booked and charged with our respective crimes, examined and thoroughly frisked, interviewed, sent through a cold shower and finally assigned to a floor and a cell in the city prison to await trial. I couldn't help but speculate about how they expected to get the man through the entire procedure-which is an ordeal when one is in good healthwithout his collapsing completely.

We were the only prisoners in the wagon. The cop who was sitting guard over us kept making remarks to me about how disgusting it was to see anyone in such a condition. "The poor son of a bitch would be better off dead. I ain't got no sympathy for you guys. Why do you do it? There ain't nothing worse than junk. How come you ain't like him? You're a junkie, too, ain't vou? Oh, well-you'll probably get like that later."

The ride downtown seemed interminable and I was glad when we stopped and the cop said, "End of the line, let's go. Come on, no stalling." I was still feeling fairly good and had no trouble stepping down from the wagon, but my companion had to be dragged and cuffed alongside the head before he could manage to stagger and half fall out of the wagon down the stairs, past the newspaper reporters and photographers, into headquarters, where we were





separated. At headquarters, things move slowly, and it wasn't until much later in the day that I saw him again.

I was assigned to a temporary cell, where I waited until they called me out to be printed and photographed, after which I was taken upstairs to the showup and then down to the courtroom, where I appeared before a judge who decided what bail was to be set; then over to the city prison.

Sometimes, if a junkie is very sick, or if the detective handling the case is afraid the junkie is apt to get sick in the courtroom (something the judges frown on), arrangements are made for the junkie to have a shot. Such must have happened with the fellow who had ridden down with me, because he was certainly in much better shape when they led him into the bull pen, where we were to wait until assignment to our regular cells. Finally, our names were called and we were led over to the shower room, where we stripped, our clothes left in a pile, each piece closely examined-seams carefully felt for concealed needles or stashes of junk, the shoes banged on the floor and inspected for false heels or soles-while we stood in a shower of cold water or waited.

an eyewitness account of a junkie's cold-turkey battle against addiction

> article By HERBERT HUNCKE

shivering, until the frisk was over. After dressing, we were led before a doctor and given a cursory examination. We were asked how long we had used junk and what kind. The sick man was behind me in line and while talking to the doctor, asked for a fix. He was told. "There will be no fix for you. This is jail, not a sanitarium. You kick-cold turkey."

We were both sent to the eighth floor; they try to keep the junkies all together and his cell was two down from

The cells in the city prison were originally designed to accommodate one, but in the past few years have been used to hold two. Each cell now contains an upper and a lower bunk, a toilet, a small washbasin, a stool or seat that lets down from the wall and a small square metal shelf or ledge that serves as a table. Each prisoner is issued three blanketsnot always clean-a sheet, a pillowcase and a towel. The bunks consist of a set of springs. There are no mattresses or pallets and sometimes no pillows; therefore, it is necessary to use at least one of the blankets as a sort of pad over the springs. Before there were two springs in each cell, when it became necessary to put two men together, one or the other was forced to sleep on the floor.

Each floor is broken up into four sections, alphabetically designated A, B, C and D. In each section there is what is called a flats, the main-floor row of cells, and a tier, or the row of cells immediately above those on the flats. There are approximately 50 cells to each section. The cells face a sort of well that runs the full length of each row, extending as far over as a catwalk surrounding the entire floor. Panels of small. opaque glass run around the perimeter of each floor; one can see daylight but never a glimpse of the outside. The cells are opened early in the morning, usually shortly after breakfast, which is served on trays and brought to the cells by trustees. Regardless of how one feels, it is required that they gather out on the flats and remain there until it is time for the midday meal, when they return to the cell for an hour, coming out again for what is termed afternoon recreation. This routine never varies and is additional discomfort for addicts who are sick and weak, in most instances unable to stand for long, who must sit with head bowed over a long table flanking the side of the catwalk-if lucky-or end up sitting on the floor. The cells are closed and one can't get back in to lie down until the next lockup.

I had (concluded on page 179) 141

### my music, my life (continued from page 112)

frame. Neither of us said a word, but I saw that he was moved.

After a little while, I finally said, "I am going today."

Slowly, he looked over at me and asked, "Is that all? I mean, I just told you to wear bangle bracelets and it has hurt you so much that you are going to leave?" I had tears in my eyes. I had never seen him like this. He stood up and came over to me and said, "You remember at the pier in Bombay how your mother put your hand in mine and asked me to look after you as my own son? Since then, I have accepted you as my son, and this is how you want to break it?"

Naturally, I didn't leave Baba after this scene. And after that, whenever he felt angry because of something I had done, he would get up and go beat someone else.

It took a few months, but I got used to the quiet, disciplined life with Baba, Usually, I would wake up about four o'clock in the morning and have a quick wash, not the regular bath, and fix a cup of tea. I took my sitar and practiced the basic scales as I drank my tea until six o'clock or so. Then I had my bath, did the morning worship that we are taught from our childhood and ate two boiled eggs and a piece of Indian bread. After the little meal, I practiced the exercises or whatever I had learned the previous day so I could play it well when I went to Baba later on. Everything had to be memorized, of course, because we don't write anything down -not the notes or any of the formal instruction, except for some small reminders for ourselves about the music. It must all be absorbed right away by the hands and the mind. A little after seven, I took my sitar, trembling and apprehensive, and crossed the garden to Baba's house, where we would work for two or three hours. Sometimes he gave me a very difficult thing to learn. Then the lesson would take only half an hour and I would go sit for another hour or two, practicing and trying to learn it. Baba realized immediately that, mentally, I was quite advanced in the music. But my hands were far behind, because I had spent so little time learning the basics. I used to hate the scales and exercises; it was a spiritual torture to me, because my hands could never catch up with the idea of the music inside my head. I went through months of depression, when I felt I was getting nowhere; but when my technique improved, I learned extremely quickly. Then Baba would be inspired and a half-hour lesson often lasted three or four hours. Although Baba knew all the techniques of playing sitar, he did not play the instru-142 ment himself. He therefore taught me mostly by singing what he wanted me to play and learn. This is often done with our music, because by imitating the voice, one can get a deep insight into the raga and a better understanding. Often, too, Baba sat with his sarod and played what he wanted to teach me; but this was difficult, because the sitar and sarod are tuned to different keys. Eventually, I devised a way of adjusting my tuning so that the two instruments could work together.

In the beginning, although I had great respect for Baba, I didn't completely understand what he wanted from his disciples. He is a teacher in the old style, demanding total humility and surrendering to the guru on the part of the student—a complete shedding of the ego. The disciple is only the receiver and what he is being taught is all he should consider; he must make no judgments of the guru and no criticisms. Sadly, this feeling of Vinaya is lacking today in many young people, in the East and West alike. The Western student, especially, seems to have an excessively casual attitude toward his teachers and toward the process of learning. The teacher-student association is no longer patterned after the old father-son relationship. The two now are encouraged by prevailing attitudes to act as friends and to consider each other on an equal level. This system, of course, has its benefits, but it is far from ideal for studying Indian music and for understanding our traditions. The Indian teacher finds this casualness disturbing, even in so small a thing as the position the student takes when he sits. Often the student will try to sit on the floor like an Indian; but since he is not accustomed to this (poor thing!), sooner or later he stretches out his legs and shows the soles of his feet to the guru. To us Indians, the feet are considered the most ignoble part of the body, and this position is one of extreme irreverence.

Among our legends, there is a story that illustrates very well this quality of Vinaya. Long ago, it is said, the great rishi (saint-sage) Narada was convinced that he had gained complete mastery of the art of music-in both theory and performance. The wise Vishnu decided to teach Narada a lesson to shatter his pride. So he took him to the dwelling place of the gods; and as they entered one building, they saw many men and women with broken limbs, all weeping over their condition. Vishnu went up to them and asked what was the matter. They told him they were the spirits of ragas and raginis created by Shiva. They said a certain rishi named Narada, who could neither perform nor understand music properly, had twisted and broken their limbs through his singing.

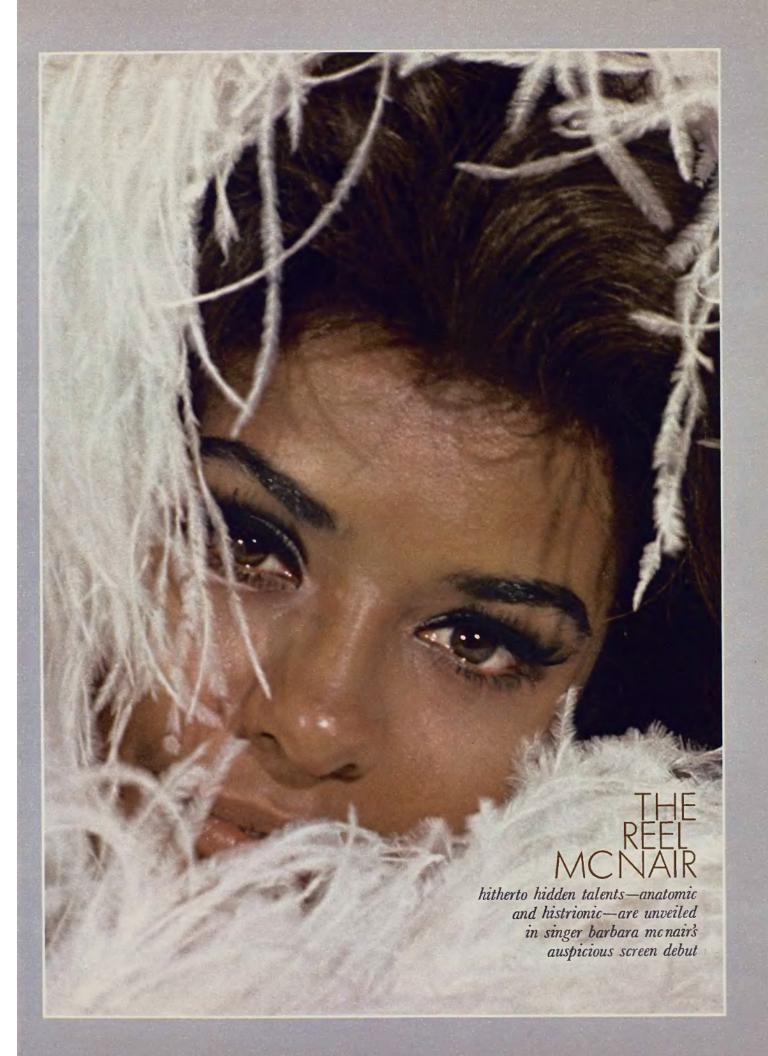
And they said that unless some great and skilled musician could sing them again correctly, they would never regain their unmarred wholeness. When he heard this, Narada was deeply ashamed and, in all humility, knelt before Vishnu and begged forgiveness.

Most often, Baba taught me alone; but later, Ali Akbar and sometimes his sister Annapurna would join me for the sessions. Ali Akbar and I became very close, even though I was two years older than he. When I went to Maihar and saw him after nearly three years (he had been in Bombay with us before we left for Europe in 1935), I was greatly surprised and pleased at the progress he had made in his music. Before, he did not seem to me to have much enthusiasm for playing the sarod, and I knew the almost incredible degree to which Baba carried his strictness with him. Ali Akbar told me he had been compelled to practice for 14 to 16 hours every day. Ali Akbar was born with music in his veins, but it was this constant rigorous discipline and riaz (Urdu for "practice") that Baba set for him that has made Ali Akbar one of the greatest instrumentalists alive.

Early in 1945, I left Baba after seven years and went to Bombay. Although my intense training was finished, I returned to Maihar for two or three months a year until 1949 and, after that, went to see him as often as an increasingly busy schedule permitted. In Bombay, I entered a period of private study, composition and increasing recital work. One of the accomplishments from that period of which I am most proud is my scores for the films that make up Satyajit Ray's Pather Panchali film trilogy. I also composed several hundred classical and folk pieces for the All-India Radio during a long stretch as its musical director. All through the period, my urge to spread Indian music to the West was growing, as were the audiences during my more-and-morefrequent Western tours. One of my closest helpers in this mission was the great violinist Yehudi Menuhin.

Yehudi went to India for the first time in 1951. Soon after his arrival, a friend of mine held a musical soiree for him and asked me to play. I had seen Yehudi in Paris in the early Thirties, at his rehearsals, but had never met him.

I had never before seen a Western classical musician respond as emotionally to our music as Yehudi did that night in Delhi. And the response was emotional, not just a matter of interest in the music's technical aspects. His reaction to the music and my own reaction to his personality formed the basis for a beautiful friendship. While he was still in India, I heard him give a concert of











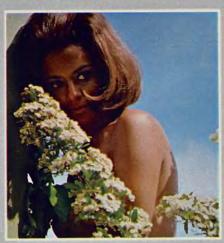
IT'S NOT UNCOMMON these days for performers to reach the room at the top by express elevator; but for Barbara McNair, the trip has been anything but fast or smooth. Though she's now established as one of the most sought-after night-club singers 144 in the country, and has just launched

a new career as a film star in If He Hollers Let Him Go, Barbara has more than paid her dues on the long way up. Starting out in Racine, Wisconsin, she got her first break from her parents-a foundry worker and a housekeeper at a retarded-children's institute-who saved their money and

sent her to study music at UCLA. But after a year there, Barbara decided she needed experience more than theory and headed for New York, where countless auditions led finally to a monthlong singing stint at the Village Vanguard and a booking on the Arthur Godfrey Show.





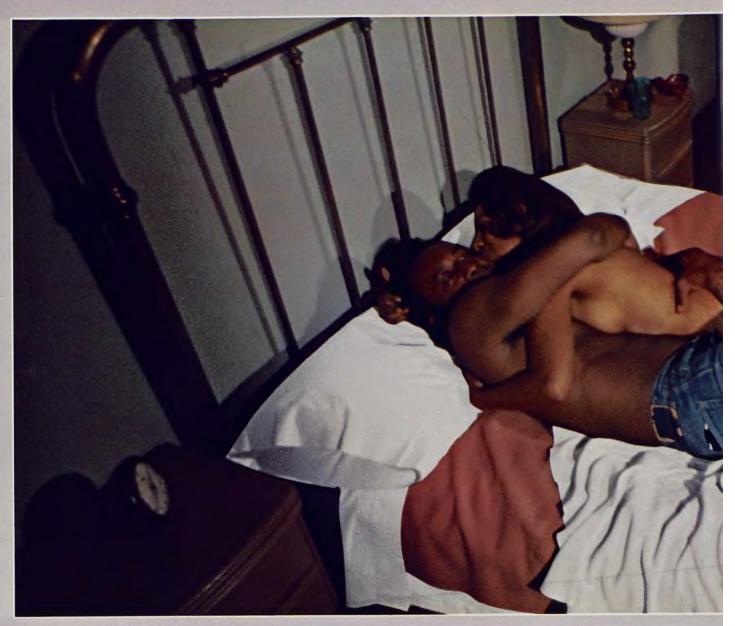




After that, and a brief go at a Broadway show, she began crisscrossing the country on the night-club circuit, worked in the national company of No Strings and interspersed frequent television appearances with dramatic roles in such shows as I Spy and The Eleventh Hour. But making If He

Hollers, due for release later this month, has turned her on more than anything she's done. "I'm hooked," she explains. "I love singing, but it's hard to really develop a mood in a song; it's too short. Somehow, I feel freer in front of a movie camera; I can get down to the bottom

pit of emotion." We couldn't agree more, as her nude love scene for If He Hollers—exclusively previewed on the following pages—amply dem-onstrates. We asked Barbara, as a bonus, to further mix her media credits by posing for a special PLAYBOY shooting, above, off the set. Barbara 145





sees If He Hollers Let Him Go-a tense account of the escape and capture of a Southern Negro convictas an important advance in the civil rights of film making. After finally dumping the Stepin Fetchit stereotype, she feels, Hollywood created an equally false and condescending



image: the Negro as an asexual automaton, virtually devoid of romance. "Negroes never seemed to kiss and hug," says Barbara. But If He Hollers changes all that-and then some. As the fugitive condemned murderer, Raymond St. Jacques is not just black but human; during the relentless



chase, his mind flashes back to happier —and more amorous—times with his night-club-singer girlfriend, played by Barbara. "This picture really socks it to all those other film makers who wouldn't allow love between a black man and woman," she declares. "The Indians win this time, baby." Barbara





admits having had some reservations about doing the erotically explicit love scene shown on these pages: "I had already experienced public nudity at Esalen Institute's sulphur baths in Big Sur. It was there that I realized I had kind of been brainwashed, and I was mad at myself for being hung



up about it. But I had to consider the possibility of sensationalism in the movie. Then the director explained that he wanted to contrast the tenderness of the remembered love scene with the brutality of the present, and I forgot my objections. Besides, screen nudity goes along with a lot of other



things that are happening today. This country is finally coming around to the sort of freedom Europe's had for a long time. Things are opening up, in films, music, politics—everywhere. People are looking for a more honest approach to life, and that includes a more honest approach to the body."

## UNDER THE ICE TOGETHER?

(continued from page 126)

end of initiation, three days and nights of it, no sleep and some quite unpleasant happenings, the pledges were taken, singly, blindfold, into the chapter room, for, they were told, the final ceremony. In candlelight, and in the buzzing recitation of much Greek ritual, the pin was fastened to whatever the pledge was wearing-a shirt, usually. He was called brother, and brothers swarmed around to congratulate him. And just then, one, shouting No, by God, he was goddamned if he would stand for it, this son of a bitch was going to be sworn over his dead body, this one would rush the pledge, grab the pin and tear it off, the front of the shirt with it. General horror and dismay. A fight would start, three or four brothers would hustle the poor pledge out, give him a drink, console him, put him in a room alone while they hurried back to the basement to straighten things out. It had been Cole who'd fought for Wengell, and until his sophomore year, when he'd been told, of course, that the pin-ripping happened to every pledge, was merely the final refinement of Hell Week, he had truly thought of him as brother. He knew they couldn't be friends. Money stood in the way, for one thing, and politics for another. Cole, like practically everybody else in the house, was a straight-up Hoover Republican. Anyone for Roosevelt-in his view, a New Dealer-was even money to be C. P. So, you didn't talk about it. The fraternity code of courtesy was iron-hard. An occasional crack-"What's the late word from Moscow, Billy?"-was OK, but anything serious was dead out. Wengell might be a longhair, oddball, but he wore the pin, and his father had worn the pin, and that was that. Still, and knowing all this, Wengell sometimes wondered what he was doing there, much as he liked the place, much as it meant to him, an oasis of security for him, a stranger among people who believed utterly in everything he did not, people he was meant to love and who were meant to love him.

Looking back, Wengell could remember Cole taking over the drums for a set, and he could remember bumping into him at the bar, making room for him to come out with three glasses in each hand, but that was all. Everything happened afterward. It was the thing, after a party, to go to a bar, Terry's, a famous speak-easy in the old days and still run like one. Sign-in time for the girls was 12:30, so it would be around one when everybody had got to Terry's and sunk a couple of her beers. (For good friends, she'd still drop in an ounce of A, 148 scooping it out of a round-bottomed bowl

next to the sink.) Saturdays, the place was solid, practically back to back, a tight mix of the fraternity crowd, barbs, town people, an occasional instructor, usually economics, truck drivers, cops off duty, a few hustlers and a few more who might be.

As nearly as he could remember after-

ward, Wengell had been standing some-

where around the middle of the room.

his back to the bar, half a beer in

his right hand, talking to no one, look-

ing at nothing in particular, when he felt a hand jammed inside his starched tight collar; instantly he was swung so hard the beer glass flew out of his hand, the collar popped, he spun, slid along the floor, turning, until he thumped against someone's knees. He got up fast, half-sobered by fear and fury. Sam Cole, glass of beer in his left hand, the collar in the other. They told Wengell, next day, that he'd gone out of control on the street, while they were trying to put him into the car; but he knew it had happened then, when he saw the collar, because that was when the blackout started. What happened then, they said, he ran at Cole, yelling, hit him twice, got knocked down instantly and was getting up when everybody swarmed in to stop it. It took four of them to get him into the car, a green Plymouth touring car with side curtains up. They carried him into the house, undressed him, shoved him into a shower-he slumped in a corner of it-and turned it on full cold. When he began to shiver, they took him out, rubbed him dry, put him in pajamas and bathrobe. Halfway through this process, he tried to dive over the railing into the stair well. He didn't remember any of it. When he picked up the thread, he was sitting on the couch in the music room and Sam Cole was sitting at the other end. Sam was talking. He seemed stone sober. He was speaking softly, placatingly, persuasively, he was saying, "Look, Billy, I'm sorry, but you can see how it happened, can't you? because after all . . . look, I'm really sorry. . . ." After a bit, Billy began to think about the dog, Mrs. Melvin's dog. He turned off Sam Cole entirely. He was trying to remember when he'd gone out on the ice for the dog, how many days ago. When he had worked it out, one day, that day, that morning, he turned toward Sam Cole, who was looking down at his bare feet, and jumped for the door, the far side of the living room, just past the piano. He hit it running, it opened out, and he was on the porch. A hard turn left, and he came out from under the roof, there was ice on the floor there, he fell, crashed into the railings, but caught one of them, pulled hard, and was on the steps with-

out having stopped at all. He felt marvelously strong and quick. At the bottom of the six steps, another turn, he fell again, up in the same motion, bouncing almost, jumped the other three steps and was on the lawn, the downslope straight to the lake, maybe 100 feet. He halfturned for one look, Cole was six or seven feet behind him, he'd known somebody was there, he'd heard him fall twice, but Sam's arm, reaching, was nowhere near getting him, and the others, behind Cole, were hardly on the lawn. He could see the ice now, and the strip of open water, black as coal in the moonlight; he was going to make it, he knew just where he was going to leave his feet and dive, flat, he'd come up 20 feet out, under solid ice and snow, they'd mill around, yelling for shovels, but no hope, all done, and that notion, a happy one it seemed at the instant, was the last he remembered.

He woke on a bottom bunk in the dormitory. It was morning, early, pale light. He was lying on his back. He raised his right hand to his face, or tried to: a loop of clothesline around it, under the bed, to his left wrist. A big freshman, John Mellaston, sat on the next bunk, looking at him gravely, blankly.

"Good morning, John," Wengell said. "Good morning, Billy."

"You can untie me now, John. I'm all right now."

Mellaston shook his head, "I'm sorry, I can't," he said. "We have to wait for one of the seniors to get up. Seven o'clock, Joel Kellogg said he'd be up. Can I get you some orange juice or anything?"

"No, thanks."

Joel Kellogg came around at seven. stretching, yawning, tying a bow in the belt of a mouse-gray bathrobe.

"Are you all right now, Billy?" he

"I've got a hangover that would kill a Siberian goat," Wengell said, "but I'm all right.'

"No more of this foolishness?" Kellogg said. "I've got your word? Because I'm responsible.'

"No more," Wengell said. "I must have been out of my mind."

Kellogg nodded gravely to Mellaston. He couldn't untie the knots. He went off and found a knife somewhere.

"Do you know what happened?" Wengell asked him.

"Well, just at the end I do," Mellaston said. "Sam saw he wasn't going to catch you, so he dove for your knees, a real old-fashioned flying tackle; and when you hit the ground, you were knocked out cold. You never did come to, but they got some med student from next door to look at you. He said you were OK, so they tied you in bed. Jerry

(continued on page 176)



a self-administered psychometric test to help you assess your libidinal personality



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM LARSON

SEX IS NOT ONLY THE MOTOR but also the navigator of the human psyche. A man's love life-whether he be single or married—is intimately related to his business career, to his social pastimes and even to the car he drives. In the current jargon of the social sciences, it can be said that the games you play in bed are structurally similar to the games you play in every arena of your life. Thus, your sexual profile approximates the contours of your entire personality. The purpose of this self-scoring questionnaire is to give you a better knowledge of your

sexual self and, through that, a deeper insight into your total self.

These questions set up what are technically known as interpersonal transactions. In every case, you are given three choices, and each choice can be considered a move in the game of your life. The types of choices you make will indicate the kind of "game" you are playing most of the time.

Be sure to answer every one of the 54 multiple-choice questions by checking one of the answers, and ignore the apparently inconsistent order of a's, b's and c's that precede the choices; their

significance will be explained at the end of the questions in a series of three profiles, which should not be looked at before you complete the test. The reason for the seemingly random order of questions, which jump back and forth among various subjects (such as job, sex, money, etc.), is to keep you just a bit off balance, so that your responses will have a spontaneity they might lack if you were "preset" for a batch of questions on a single topic. Of course, as in all such tests, you will often find that none of the three choices seems (continued on page 152) 149



THERE WAS ONCE a young woman whose generous nature caused her to be more

loving than discreet.

She was also very beautiful, and this fact was observed one day by a handsome stranger, who came upon her as she was bending over to lift her brimming pitcher from the well.

The sight of her charms inflamed him, but he spoke softly and insisted on helping her with her load, which surprised her greatly, since it was not the custom of her country for men to help women with their burdens, but rather to strive to give them a new burden to carry that no man can bear for them.

This, too, the stranger in due course contrived to do-but only after dalliance of such pleasure that she asked herself if he were, indeed, a man or a god.

Then he disappeared, as if by magic; but whether this proved him to be a spirit is open to question, for it is true that ordinary men have also disappeared swiftly, leaving many a maiden in just

such a plight.

Be that as it may, when she bore a son, she proudly set out to bring him up by herself, telling him only that his father was no ordinary man, and he, therefore, no ordinary boy. Nevertheless, she was surprised and dismayed when he proved to her how far from ordinary he

Now, many men came to court her because of her beauty. And the woman, whose name was Hripsima, greeted them with eagerness. "I have slept alone too

long!" she thought.

One man was greatly entranced by the curve of her full hips as she bent to tuck the boy in his bed. When she turned, he placed a pendant around her neck and gazed at the spot where it swayed between her snowy breasts.

"As soon as the boy is asleep," he thought, "I will put my lips where the pendant hangs!" And the swift rise and fall of Hripsima's bosom told him that surely he would not be forbidden.

But the boy's voice came from his trundle bed. "Why do you not give my mother the matching ring you took from

the goldsmith's daughter?"

"What ring?" blustered the man, but so much discomfited was he by the question that he rode away and never

The next man who came was tall and lusty and claimed to have eyes for no one but Hripsima. Hripsima's breath came quickly, for she remembered the delight she had known with the man who had seemed like a god. "This man is built in the same way," she thought, "and if I do not test his powers, I will surely die!"

But the boy refused to go to sleep. "Why do you visit the baker's wife when the baker is away?" he asked the man. "Is it not dangerous? For one day the baker will return home and catch you in bed and he will be very angry."

"This boy knows too much!" thought the man. "He would always give me away!" And deflated in spirit and in fact, he rode away, never to return.

Then Hripsima suffered as a young

Ribald Classic

## the mysterious lover

from an Armenian folk tale



and lusty woman must when her desires have been aroused and the remedy at hand has been snatched away. "Will I have to lie alone forever?" she wondered, tossing in bed; but to the boy she said only, "Am I never to have a hus-

band? Alas, you know too much!"

Then the boy tried to comfort her. "I can't help it, Mother," he said. "Just be patient and one day there will be a

man who is not afraid.

One day the Lord Chamberlain himself came to woo her. He was almost as rich and as handsome as the king himself, and the mother thought, "Oh, be silent, my son! For perhaps this is the one for me!"

But the boy could not be silent. "Why do you not marry the lady in waiting who is expecting your child?"

"What lady in waiting?" blustered the Chamberlain, for he believed no one suspected his liaison. The lady had retired to the home of her parents.

"The one who will bear a son in three weeks," said the boy, "with a crooked

toe just like yours.'

Now, the Chamberlain knew the boy had never seen him with his shoes off, so he was much perplexed. "This is no stepson for me!" he thought. Though he longed to hold the beautiful Hripsima in his arms and could see how she longed to be held, he, too, was afraid and returned to the palace. But he could not stop thinking of the boy's words. "We shall see," he said.

Sure enough, in three weeks' time his former mistress bore a son; and when he stole to her house at night to see the baby, he saw that the child had one crooked toe just like his. He went back to the palace filled with amazement.

"How could the boy know that?" he marveled.

Now, that day a fisherman in the town caught a very beautiful fish and, because it was so unusual, decided to take it to the king. The king, seeing the fins like golden wings, ordered his servants to take it to the queen. So the fish was placed on a golden platter, and the servants knocked on the queen's door

and said, "We have a fish the king has asked us to bring to you."

The queen, who was not ready to open her door, sought delay. "Is it a male or a female?" she asked.

Then the servants were amazed to see the fish jump up and down on the platter and roll with laughter. They ran with it to the king, who called in all his wise men and asked them what this meant. "Tell me why that fish is jumping up and down and rolling with laughter!" he demanded.

The wise men had no answer, but the Lord Chamberlain stepped forward and said, "Your Majesty, I know of someone who might answer your question." And he said he knew of a young boy who seemed to possess rare knowledge—but he did not say what that knowledge

"Send for him at once!" ordered the

king

The boy walked boldly into the king's throne room, but his mother, hearing where he had been taken, came rushing after him, terrified that his strange gift was about to bring doom upon him. She looked so beautiful, with her scarf pulled too hastily across her heaving bosom, that the king almost forgot about the antics of the fish.

The king's Chamberlain stepped forward. "Tell us why this fish is acting so

strangely," he demanded.

"I will certainly tell you," said the boy to the king, "but my mother is dis-tressed, for fear you may become angry with me. Can you promise not to get angry, no matter what I do or say?

The mother fixed her melting eyes upon the king and he agreed.

Very well, then," said the boy. "Send guards to the queen's room and bring forth the queen's forty maids."

This was done. "Now unclothe them," said the boy. The guards hesitated, for surely they had never before been told to disrobe 40 maidens in public. But the king nodded and they began to unclothe the maids. All the people of the court gasped and watched eagerly. What was their dismay when they saw that the maids were not maids at all but handsome young men! Then the anger of the king was a terrible thing to behold.

"Your Majesty," the boy said calmly. "the fish laughed and rolled from side to side because it is only a fish and it does not really matter which sex it is. But the queen already had forty males in her room; and this being so, was it not ridiculous for her to be concerned with the

sex of a fish?"

The mother trembled, for fear the king's anger would turn on her son. But his rage lasted only while the queen was led away to meet the fate ordained by custom for an unfaithful royal wife. Then he turned to the boy's mother.

"The gods are good," he said, "that they deprive me of a false woman only when they have brought a true and

beautiful one before me.'

Then he made Hripsima his queen and proved to her many times over, to her ever-increasing delight, that he, too. could play the part of a god.

—Retold by Kenneth Marcuse 151

SEXUA QUOTIENT (continued from page 149)

suitable to you. The reason is simple: We are all, in the final analysis, individuals; and a test of this sort is only capable of pinpointing psychosexual prototypes. When you encounter such a question, accept the answer that seems least unlikely. If all three still seem unacceptable, look at them again; you'll probably find that one is a little less alien to you than the two others. Choose it by checking its letter designation.

1. You generally think that sex:

a. Is for enjoyment, and there is no reason to deny it.

b. Is like playing with dynamite, and you have to be careful.

c. Is a sacred act that should be reserved primarily for procreation.

2. You've just lost your job, and the mortgage on your condominium will be foreclosed if you don't find another job immediately. You have two offers of equal salary and interest. In choosing between them, your chief concern would be:

a. Which one offers more power and

prestige.

b. Which one is more compatible with your personal abilities, so that you could fit into it snugly for long-term security.

c. Whether one of them might compromise important moral principles.

3. You have been hired and now you must submit your first important piece of work to your supervisor. While you wait for his response:

c. You feel some resentment that you are being judged by a man who might be, in fact, less capable than you.

b. You are afraid that he isn't going to be very satisfied with what you have offered.

a. You wait for him to be pleasantly surprised with the outstanding job you have done.

4. You've been on your new job for about a month but you haven't yet been invited to lunch by your co-workers. You find yourself thinking:

b. "What have I done wrong? I must

have goofed somewhere.'

a. "They're probably afraid of me. My abilities and accomplishments threaten

c. "I should care. Who needs them, anyway?"

5. At home alone, you turn on your FM set and hear a love ballad by a sultry female singer.

a. You imagine that she is singing to you and think happily of the times women have been in love with you.

c. You hardly listen to it, because this kind of sentimentality is a little too syrupy to be palatable.

b. You feel an inexplicable sense of 152 loneliness and sadness.

6. You've just gotten home from work and have a half hour to get ready to pick up your date for dinner. You look in the bathroom mirror and:

c. You do whatever has to be done (wash up, comb your hair, shave, etc.), without thinking much about your basic appearance.

b. You wish you were more handsome and a little thinner (or heavier).

a. You are satisfied that you're betterlooking than most guys.

7. You are attending a reception at the opening of a modern art gallery, where most of the guests are prominent members of local society or strangers to you.

b. You try not to appear pushy or conspicuous.

a. You are eager to make a good impression and show them what a witty and brilliant conversationalist you are.

c. You feel that these people are rather shallow and not really very interesting.

8. When you share a bed with a member of the opposite sex:

a. You sleep in the nude, because this maximizes the possibility of repeated coitus. Besides, the body is not meant to be covered up all the time.

b. You wear pajamas. You always have and you always will. Don't most

c. You sleep in your underwear. This way, it is easier to get going the next morning.

9. You are at a party and your date walks out on the balcony with a male guest. You see her in animated conversation for a long period of time.

a. You wonder what she sees in the

c. It doesn't bother you too much.

b. You feel somewhat deserted and console yourself with a few extra drinks.

10. When another man backs his big sedan into the space where you had planned to slip your sports car:

c. You are disturbed by the injustice, but refuse to make a public spectacle by quarreling about it.

b. You move on, because he may have started turning in before you did.

a. You immediately protest and demand that he move on.

11. Modern sex manuals emphasize the importance of foreplay in maximizing the woman's sexual pleasure.

a. You consider this a challenge and look forward to further elaborations in your sexual repertoire.

b. This emphasis makes you feel some-

what anxious, since it places tremendous responsibility on the male partner.

c. You sometimes resent this kind of pressure, convinced that the capacity of a woman to reach orgasm has as much to do with her as with you.

12. You're in an automobile showroom, trying to make up your mind about buying a new car. Your primary concern is:

a. How smart and sporty the car

looks.

b. How much it costs.

c. Whether or not you really need a new car.

13. When you're ready to settle down, you will pick your wife primarily on the basis of:

a. How well she stands out in the crowd and can rise with you as you climb the ladder of success.

b. Whether you think she will take good care of you and your children.

c. Whether she thinks seriously about the important issues of our time.

14. It's your first date with an attractive girl. When you take her back to her apartment, she invites you in and then changes into "something more comfortable," making it very clear what she has in mind. Your first thought is:

b. You are pleased but wonder if she's

really a sincere person.

a. You are delighted at this proof of your own sex appeal.

c. You feel a little uncomfortable, because a woman shouldn't make the first overture.

15. When you think of your childhood, you find it most pleasing to remember that:

b. Your parents usually let you have your own way if you insisted.

c. You were always appropriately rewarded by your parents when you were a good boy.

a. You were usually the center of attention at home.

16. On the night before an examination, there is a power failure throughout your area. There is no way in which you can finish preparing for the exam, but the next day you take it anyway. You don't do a very good job. Afterward, you think to yourself:

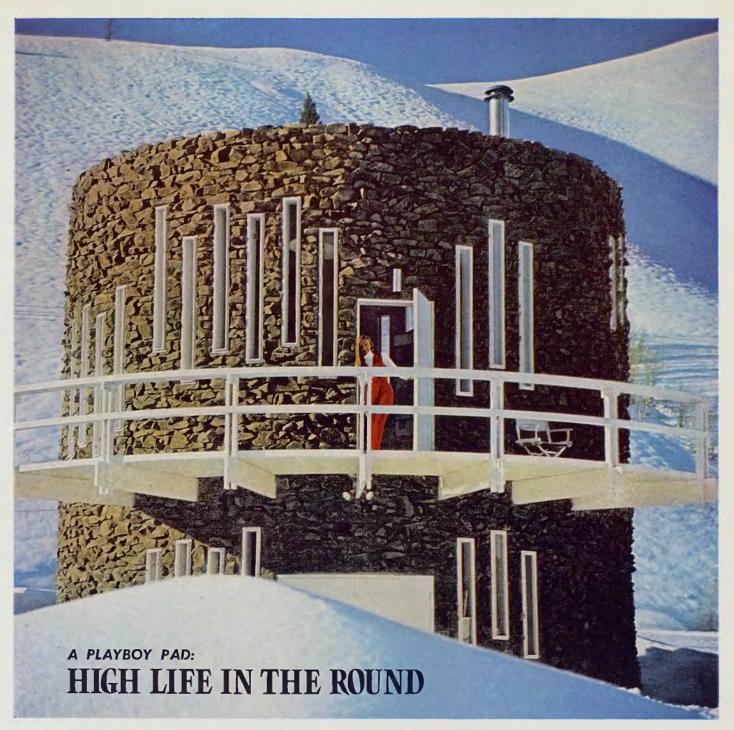
c. "The power failure is no excuse. I should have studied harder throughout the semester."

a. "Obviously, I would have done much better if it hadn't been for circumstances that were beyond my control."

b. "Even if there had been no power failure, I don't suppose I would have done that much better."

17. During sexual intercourse, you are concerned that:

(continued on page 158)



perched midst sun valley's slopes, this skier's minicastle also serves as a summertime retreat

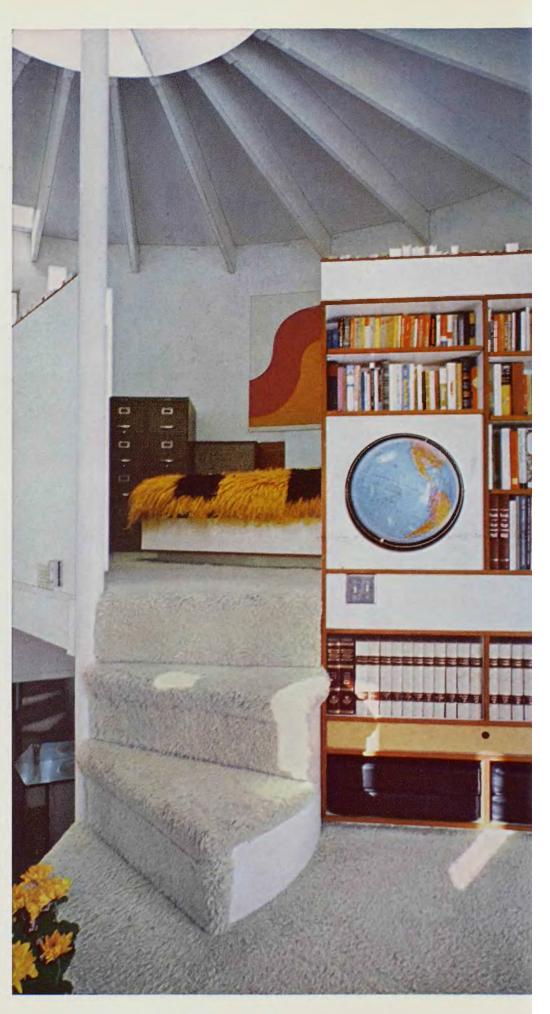
modern living FOR MOST SKI ENTHUSIASTS, a trek to their favorite slope is an undertaking that should be planned weeks or months in advance; for bachelor John Koppes, the lifts are but a two-minute walk from his front door. Koppes, who is president of the Precision Ski Pole Manufacturing Corporation, tried most of the major runs in Europe and North and South America before deciding to build his dream pad in Sun Valley, Idaho, at the base of Baldy Mountain. Seen from nearby Warm Springs Road, Koppes' rock-bound domain has the formidable look of a medieval keep; seen from inside, it's a masculine, five-level hideaway that houses a surprise at every turn of its spiral staircase. The front door is at the second level: inside, one sees three pie-shaped tiers, separated by low built-in storage units, winding skyward to a Plexiglas dome that floods the tower with light during the day and becomes a romantic focal point at night. Additional light filters through 26 fortress-style window slits set at random heights in the wall.

Skis, poles, coats and boots are stashed in compartments by the front door. "I keep the place a no-shoes house," says Koppes, who has carpeted the rooms above with thick, white pile from wall to wall. At the bottom of Koppes' castle is a ground-floor study with double doors that can be left open in summer to catch the mountain breezes. But the heart of the house is the fourth-level living room, with its adjoining cantilevered sun deck, which offers a spectacular view of the Sawtooth Range. Up three steps from here is the bedroom and down three steps is the kitchen. "I designed the house so that built-ins would serve a dual purpose," Koppes points out. "Cabinets in the kitchen are just the right

Koppes' pad winds upward through five levels to a domed Plexiglas skylight. Mounted in it is a rheostatoperated indirect light controlled from a bedside switch. The house's heating system is as unique as its shape. Hot water, piped in from a nearby natural spring, runs through a network of tubes embedded in the walls, roof and ground floor—radiating warmth throughout all the levelsthus eliminating any cold spots. The hot-water pipes in the roof also melt snow. A Marimekko fabric has been mounted on the wall over the bed as a color accent. A world traveler, Koppes installed a lighted globe in the living room's bookcase. At the base of the case, he stores cushions that guests use in place of chairs. Draftsman-type lamps are mounted to builtins, eliminating the need for unsightly electric cords. Housekeeping is supersimple; the tower has an in-the-wall vacuum-cleaner system that empties into a bin located on the ground level.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY FLETCHER MANLEY





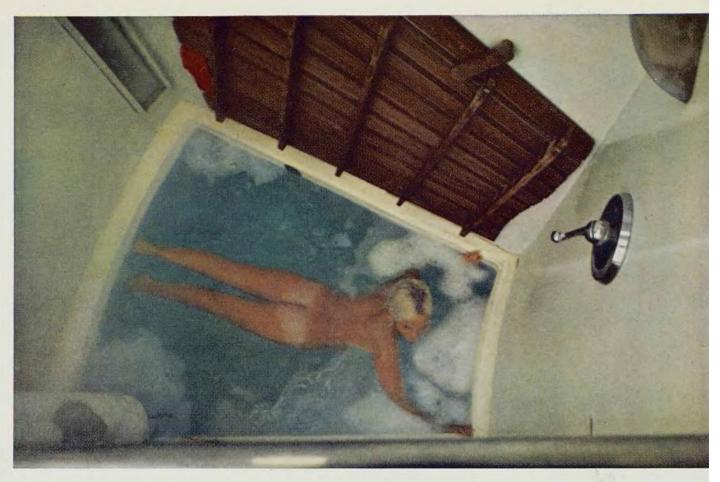
height to be used as the back of a living-room couch, one flight up; and there's storage space for magazines below the couch seats, so I don't need a coffee table." Most of the furnishings were custom-made to fit the unique dimensions of his compact kingdom in the round, which is 26 feet high and 24 feet in diameter. Even the interior side of the foot-thick wall required a novel finishing touch: It was sprayed with polyurethane foam—to keep out the cold—and then painted white. After furnishing his digs, Koppes discovered that when hi-fi speakers in the bedroom and living room are switched on, the insulated walls plus the pad's silo shape turn the tower into a sound chamber and all levels of the house are filled with music.

Après-ski parties find Koppes loading up the bedside turntable with LPs and then moving to the kitchen, where there's a built-in bar at the back of the dining nook. He can pass drinks up from the kitchen to the living room—where guests invariably congregate around an old mining boiler that's been converted into a fireplace—or step down to the entranceway to greet more merrymakers as they arrive.

Since Koppes' ski-pole business is seasonal, he spends part of the spring and summer traveling, using the house then as a weekend retreat before taking off again in either his Porsche 911 or his Mini-Cooper S. While he's away, his Sun Valley minicastle stands solid as a rock, waiting for the high times the next snow season will bring.

Above: A dome's-eye view of Koppes' multilevel kingdom. The bedroom, living room, kitchen and entrance foyer all share the same ceiling; other areas, including a darkroom, are separate and enclased. Right: A floor plan of the five tiers, showing their position around a central pole.



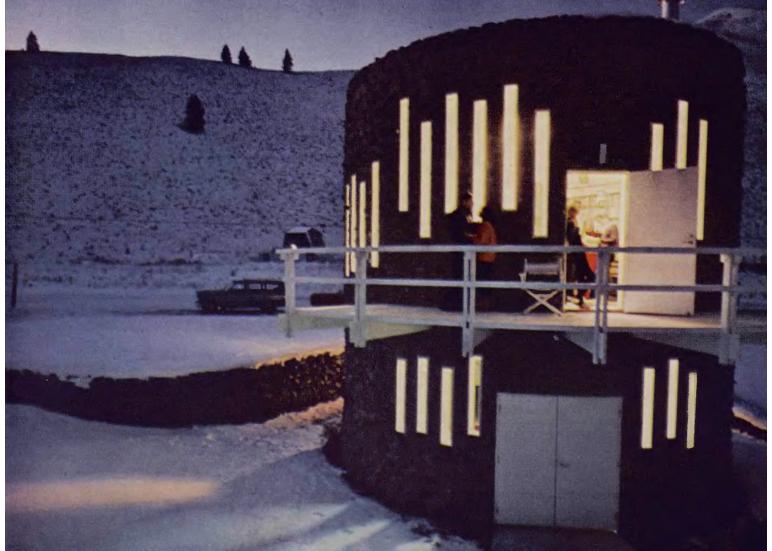


Above: A well-tanned visitor takes an au naturel dip in Koppes' five-foot-deep sunken tub in the second-level bathroom. After emerging, she can lower a slat trap door across the water surface; the space can then be used for toweling
off or as a shower stall. Below: An early arrival at a Koppes party languidly watches him finish dressing for the evening's festivities. Koppes can regulate the lights and hi-fi as well as keep tabs on the time and weather and answer
the phone from the handy control panel by the bed. He stores his hi-fi components and record collection in a custommade built-in cabinet that fits the curvature of the wall. Opposite, top: With the lights turned low, Koppes and guests
relax in the living room. Logs for the old mining boiler that's been converted to a fireplace are stashed out of the
way in a special compartment next to the bookcase. Bottom: At sundown, light from the 26 window slits—some of
which are casements—glistens on freshly fallen snow. The double doors at ground-floor level open into Koppes' study.









## SEXUA QUOTIENT (continued from page 152)

- a. You are performing as well as others your partner has known.
- b. You do not have a premature ejaculation.
- c. You will not be able to maintain your erection.
- 18. You were planning to play golf today, but your wife reminds you that you've promised to baby-sit while she attends her drama class. You give in, because:
- a. You want to show her what a good guy you are.
  - c. A promise is a promise.
- b. You don't want to start an argu-
- 19. You think you've found a way to save your company hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. When you submit the plan to your supervisor, he says curtly that it can't work. Your immediate reaction is:
- b. Humiliation for having made a fool of yourself; obviously, he wouldn't be your supervisor if he didn't know the company's problems better than you.
- c. A quiet determination to take the plan to a higher level of administration, where it will be considered more objectively.
- a. Anger because he is obviously stupid and incompetent.
- 20. Over lunch, your friends start talking excitedly about a mutual acquaintance who has been nominated to the city council at the age of 32. As they praise this and his other accomplishments:
- b. You are reminded of your own comparatively insignificant level of achieve-
- a. You feel you have as much on the ball as he does.
- c. You feel constrained to point out certain defects in this man, who is almost certainly a bit of an opportunist.
- **21.** Your main reason for having chosen your current girlfriend is:
- a. People are impressed when you appear in public with such a beautiful girl.
- c. She makes few demands on you and doesn't get you too involved.
- b. She is very loyal to you and builds you up when you're feeling low.
- 22. Of the following values, the most important to you is:
- a. Success, pure and simple, and why hide the fact?
- b. The love and friendship of people you care about.
- c. Maintaining your integrity in this unscrupulous age.
- 23. It's often true that sexual interest wanes during marriage. This is not diffi-158 cult for you to understand, because:

- a. Familiarity tends to breed indiffer-
- b. In time, all energies, including the sexual, diminish,
- c. There is much more to married life
- 24. In a discussion of the upcoming Presidential election, you reveal your preference for a particular candidate. To your surprise, none of your friends agree with you; several of them look as if they have just revised their opinion of your intelligence several notches downward.
- b. You wish you had kept your mouth shut and vow that in the future, you will remember the old saying about never discussing politics or religion.
- c. You summon up a string of very strong points, enumerating them on your fingers, and crush their point of view thoroughly.
- a. You think you are a lot hipper than these people.
- 25. Your fiancée informs you that she'd like to continue her professional career after marriage.
- c. You are not entirely pleased, but you go along with her decision, because you believe in fairness and equality for women.
- a. You like the idea, because it will show everybody that your wife is a most unusual and talented girl.
- b. You feel that this may reflect on your ability as a breadwinner, but you go along with it, because two salaries are obviously better than one.
- 26. Right after sexual intercourse, you reach reflexively for your cigarettes on the bedside table. Your partner, a nonsmoker, rebukes you with, "Do you really need that?"
- c. You accept the rebuke, reminding yourself of how many times you have vowed to give up smoking.
- b. You accept the rebuke and wonder further if the sudden criticism reflects an unspoken dissatisfaction with your sexual performance.
- a. You wonder if your breath is bothering her and decide to buy a breath sweetener.
- 27. After a full day on the slopes, you put on a brand-new après-ski outfit and enter the lodge's crowded cocktail lounge.
- b. You find yourself wondering immediately if the new outfit makes you stand out too much.
- a. You feel pretty sure that several of the women are immediately interested
- c. You find most of the people drunk and noisy and wish you were back on the slopes perfecting your form.

- 28. After going with a girl for several months, you sense that she's lost interest and hear that she's been making it with another guy.
  - b. You feel deserted.
- c. You hope people won't think she dropped you because of some hidden flaw in your character.
- a. You are sure that sooner or later, she'll rue the day.
- 29. Your girl tells you, at length, that she thinks the only men who get ahead in the world are those who aren't afraid to be aggressive and pushy.
- a. You agree and admit that you act that way a good deal of the time.
- b. You're repelled at the idea and wonder if her remarks are an implied put-down of your own considerate, fairminded behavior.
- c. You tend to agree, but explain that a man has to be careful not to acquire a reputation for this kind of behavior.
- 30. A little-theater group has been formed in your community. You're asked to join and you reflect:
- c. You might do rather well as a director.
- a. It would be fun to try your hand at acting.
  - b. You could help behind the scenes.
- 31. After intercourse, you generally:
  - a. Roll over and fall asleep.
- b. Have a cigarette or raid the refrig-
- c. Open a book and read until you fall asleep.
- 32. You want to make a favorable impression on a young lovely in your office. The qualities you try to project are:
  - b. Friendliness and helpfulness.
  - c. Integrity and sincerity.
  - a. Virility and charm.
- 33. Your closest friends and associates, if given the following choices, would describe you as:
- c. Individualistic but scrupulously fairminded.
  - a. A born leader and a real nice guy.
- b. A good guy who lets himself be pushed around by other people.
- **34.** You receive a letter from the IRS telling you to appear in person to explain an irregularity in your tax form. As you enter the office, you notice that your heart is beating faster and your palms are sweaty.
- a. This is a natural reaction, you figure, but you most certainly aren't going to let them notice it.
- b. You hope that the official you deal with will notice this distress and be as easy as possible on you.
  - c. You're furious with yourself for this



"Relax, folks—I don't work for anybody's husband, I just do it for kicks."

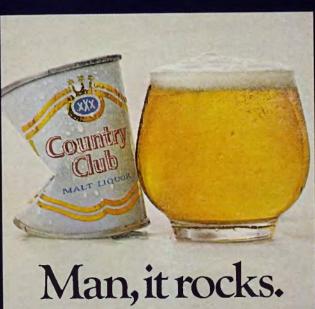
infantile reaction and determine to keep yourself under icy control while you prove that the mistake was made by the tax people, not by you.

- **35.** You feel most unhappy when you're forced into a situation where:
- You're alone in a new environment and nobody is paying any attention to you.
- c. You've done something you know is reprehensible and selfish.
- b. You are expected to perform above the capacities you actually possess.
- **36.** Your fiancée insists that you wear a wedding ring after you're married.
- b. You like the idea and suggest matching wedding bands for both of you.
- a. You begin looking around for an unusual wedding band that will catch people's attention.
- c. You rebel inwardly and probably will end up bluntly refusing.
- 37. You and your new wife are about to move into your first apartment. In thinking about the kind of bed to purchase, you find that you would much prefer:
- a. One that is king-size, because you like doing everything in an uninhibited way and you would like this reflected in your bedroom furnishings.
- b. A regular-size double bed, because you enjoy the feeling of closeness and contact.
- c. Any bed whose construction will guarantee a good night's sleep.
- 38. You would prefer to have an affair with a girl who:
- a. Never seemed to find any faults to criticize in you.
- b. Never caused you to find any serious faults in her.
- c. Had some faults but was willing to be changed by you.
- **39.** Somebody who dislikes you has said an unkind thing about you that had a small element of truth in it. It could have been:
- a. You are extremely conceited and act like a know-it-all.
- c. You are a thoroughly humorless stuffed shirt.
- b. You're always asking other people to make your decisions for you.
- **40.** At lunchtime, your co-workers get into a heated discussion about the war in Vietnam.
- b. You wait to see which way the wind is blowing before venturing an opinion of your own, since you would rather not antagonize anyone.
- a. You express your own opinion very strongly and try to take over the conversation in order to straighten out the misunderstandings.
  - c. You have mixed feelings about

the issue, but mainly you are disdainful of the fact that everybody is talking emotionally rather than reasonably.

- **41.** After an office party, you took home a girl you don't care much about, who was quite stoned. You had intercourse, but have ignored her ever since, and you are feeling guilty whenever she looks longingly at you.
- b. This guilt occasionally becomes almost intolerable and you finally take the girl to lunch, so she won't feel quite so rejected.
- a. You can handle the guilt, but you hope that others at the office don't find out what you've done.
- c. You decide that guilt is just the price you have to pay for being a generally scrupulous and sensitive person.
- **42.** If your marriage is a failure, it will be because:
- a. Sexually, one woman won't be enough for you.
- b. Your wife will eventually tire of you.
- c. Modern women are flighty and undependable.
- **43.** If your marriage is a success, it will be because:
- b. You're big enough to compromise in order to maintain a loving relationship.
- c. You will pick a wife who has the qualities you demand in a mate; and, in turn, you will never let her down in any way.
- a. A reasonable guy can always find a way to patch up a conflict if he uses his charm and keeps his head.
- **44.** After a party, you find that the host is rather cool whenever you meet, and you don't know why.
- c. You're peeved, feeling that it's his move; he should either confront you with a complaint or stop sulking.
- b. You imagine that you must have done something very foolish.
- a. You confront him and say, "I'll apologize, if you really have some legitimate beef against me. Let's hear it."
- **45.** You have received a card from your dentist, notifying you that you are due for your regular checkup.
- a. You make an appointment, because you don't want to be like those people who start losing their teeth during middle age.
- c. You make an appointment, because you want to be a good example to your children.
- b. You promise yourself that you'll call for an appointment, but somehow it keeps slipping your mind.

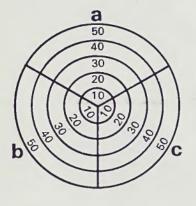
- 46. During the first six months of an affair:
- a. You and your girl try all the Kama Sutra positions.
- b. You try sexual experimentation only if the girl hints strongly that she wants such diversity.
- c. You never deviate from the normal and proper coital position.
- **47.** You have been admitted to a top-drawer fraternity and, in thinking about the impression you will make on your fellow Greeks, you are most concerned with projecting:
  - c. Sincerity and integrity.
- a. Leadership qualities, together with good sportsmanship.
  - b. Friendliness and affability.
- **48.** You have moved into a new highrise apartment. As you become acquainted with your neighbors, you feel that most of them:
- b. Have more on the ball than you, and know it.
- a. Are favorably impressed with your good qualities.
  - c. Are not really serious or sincere.
- 49. You've charmed your best friend's girl away. In retrospect:
- b. You feel guilty, even though you couldn't help it,
- You blame yourself, sometimes unmercifully.
- a. You try to make sure everybody knows you acted fairly and weren't underhanded.
- **50.** A close friend has done something to make you angry and you want to tell him so.
- a. You do it without hesitation but leave a bridge over which a reconciliation can later be forged.
- c. You make sure before you act that your anger is justified by your principles rather than mere selfishness.
- b. You try to avoid the confrontation; but if you can't, you make sure the other person realizes that he has hurt you badly and that you're very sorry that you have to act the same way in self-defense.
- **51.** Your girlfriend expresses great admiration for a virile movie star.
- a. You tell her that everybody knows he's actually a homosexual in real life.
- b. You wish you had the same kind of magnetic personality he has.
- c. You think she's just a little bit silly to be impressed by a man whose real character she doesn't even know.
- **52.** If you chose a career in the sciences, you would most likely prefer:
- a. An administrative post in a scientific foundation, dealing mostly with management personnel.
  - b. Medicine, social work or some other



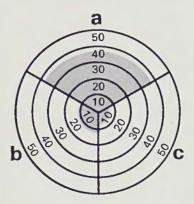
profession in which you can help people.

- c. The hard sciences (such as physics), in which you deal with facts.
- **53.** Your attitude toward hippies is:
  - a. Tolerant but a little amused.
- b. Sympathetic; the poor kids are just reacting to an inhuman world.
- c. Critical; a good talking-to and a bath would probably straighten them
- 54. Some of your neighbors engage in mate swapping. You know you can get in on the action any time by dropping a hint.
- a. You're tempted; and if you refrain, it's because of the dangers of a scandal that might hurt your business career.
- b. You're tempted, but refrain because it would threaten the stability of your current relationship.
- c. You refrain, because that type of behavior is sick.

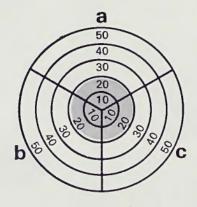
Now add up the number of a's, b's and c's and plot them on the following graph.



For instance, if you score 37 a's, 11 b's and 6 c's, your graph will look like this:



Any such lopsided personality profile means that you are in a bag. You are overly committed to one set of attitudes 162 and sociosexual "games." An ideally flexible and self-aware personality would tend to have a more rounded and symmetrical profile, such as this:



Few people are this well balanced; so you needn't run to a shrink if your profile is lopsided. But life presents us with a continuous series of challenges, each requiring its own solution; and any onesided individual will tend unconsciously to react to each situation with the same basic strategy, thereby making his responses inappropriate much of the time. A rounded personality profile indicates the flexibility to deal realistically with a wider variety of psychosexual situations, rather than falling back on a patterned, rigid response that may not apply. Confucius and Aristotle described such a man as following "the middle path" or "the golden mean." Modern psychology describes him as the "self-actualizing personality."

If you are hung up in a particular area of the circular graph, the following analyses will tell you a great deal about yourself. Of course, you will reject much of this information; and partly, you will be right-you are an individual, not a category. But partly, you will be kidding yourself, since we're all reluctant or unable to recognize our own hang-ups. The value of this test to you will depend entirely on your ability to ask yourself honestly-when you rebel against a statement in the following profiles-whether your disbelief is genuine rather than merely an evasion of an unpleasant reality. Finally, bear in mind that if these profiles seem unduly judgmental, it is because they emphasize the extreme aspects of each type.

Freudians describe this type of man as a Don Juan or a "phallic narcissist." In more popular parlance, he is a lady-killer, the fellow enviously known among his friends as "the make-out artist." Not surprisingly, many women find his charm irresistible-not that he was born an Adonis but because he works at it, and his machinations can be Machiavellian. To further enhance his image as

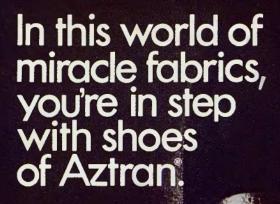
a great lover, he consciously seeks clues to improved sexual performance in marriage manuals and erotica.

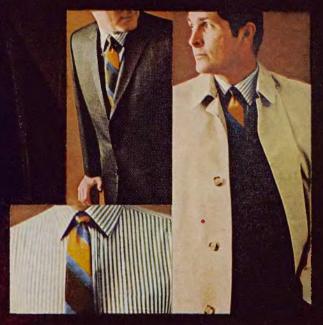
Nevertheless, he has a basic problem with women (and with his male friends and co-workers, too). His perspective is godlike and it causes him to see other people as satellites of himself. Probably, many women from his past remember this aspect of him and say bitterly, "Behind all that charm, he's the world's most self-centered son of a bitch." They don't realize that his egoism is really a manifestation of basic inner insecurity. His is not a normal wish to be loved and admired; he compulsively needs these responses. This is the spark that starts his motor and, lacking it, he tends to stall and become unproductive, meanwhile achieving glory in the substitute world of fantasies and daydreams-which may become more important to him than reality.

This need for admiration colors every aspect of his life. Moreover, he is as comfortable with leadership as fish are with water; under the best of circumstances, he can rise to heroic stature. Even in more mundane situations, he tends to take charge, and others expect this of him. Unfortunately, this tendency to play "I'm the king of the castle" can take a self-defeating turn and he might be found, like Achilles, sulking in his tent on the eve of battle because he hasn't been adequately appreciated. Or he can blossom forth as a bush-league Mussolini, seeking adulation through all means, fair and foul-just as long as the reward is immediate, for postponed gratification is intolerable to him.

Thus, he has the potential to rise rapidly in the corporate structure of modern America, eagerly accepting new responsibilities and performing very creditably as long as his superiors reward him with raises and praises and his subordinates seem genuinely convinced of his excellence. But he can also lead his department, or his whole company, into a fiasco, because those under him will be extremely reluctant to pass on bad news when it reflects on his previous judgments: They are much more aware of his sensitivity to criticism than he himself is.

He will be loath to recognize these weaknesses, for he is the man who never admits to having any neurotic elements in his personality. If he ever lands on the psychiatrist's couch, it will happen in middle age-probably because his anxieties have manifested themselves physically, causing some stubborn symptom that his medical doctor recognizes as psychosomatic. Migraine headache is the most common route by which Type A individuals arrive in psychotherapy; but they usually quit before any great insight is gained, convinced that their shrinks don't know what they're talking about. This is a typical Type A defense against anybody who tries to make him take a





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hard, honest look at himself.

His social climbing is functionally related to his sexual bed hopping. Just as success in a given job immediately turns his mind to seeking a better position with still more power and prestige, the excitement of sexual pursuit means so much to him that he is likely to feel let down after each conquest and quickly seek a new challenge. He is, therefore, the bachelor par excellence. Sex to him is more the search for a better orgasm than the search for a better sexual partner. He will seek multiorgasmic women and will take great delight in the number of times he can bring them to climax, since this proves his manliness and prowess. (Oddly enough, were he a homosexual, he would be the swishiest type of all, turning effeminacy into the same kind of fetish he now makes of masculinity. In both cases, what is being acted out is not so much a gender role as just plain exhibitionism.) Type A tends to indulge in sexual athleticism-especially in his youth-and, characteristically, boasts about this to the envy of his less virile friends. Because of his need to boast about his sexual exploits, Kiss and Tell is one of his favorite games.

For the same exhibitionistic reasons, he prefers to have sex with the lights on. Similarly, he would be the first one in the office to wear the latest styles in clothing; his beachwear exposes as much skin as the law allows; and if he had been interviewed for the Kinsey Report, he would have hidden nothing and perhaps even exaggerated the number and variety of his erotic experiences. Although he is less likely to become an alcoholic than Type B, he might become excessively inebriated at times, to prove "how much he can take." He would also be less hesitant about smoking pot than would Type B or Type C. Because of his delight in fantasy, he might continue masturbation after adolescence, in spite of his active sexual life; and there's a good chance he has an extensive collection of pornography.

If he hires a prostitute, he will take full advantage of the fact that "He who pays the piper can call the tune": He'll act out some of his wilder fantasies, perhaps even experimenting with mild forms of sadism. He'll never have any inhibitions about mouth-genital contacts during sex and will especially enjoy the passive role -which might be accompanied with fantasies about sultans and harem girls.

Since his is basically an ambiguous character, he can, at worst, become sociopathic-the moral imbecile who tramples on everybody else in his quest for self-gratification. At best, he might develop into the classic solid citizen-wise father, loyal husband, good provider and leader of the tribe. The key to these contradictions goes back to his infancy, when he was conditioned to inordinate 164 praise from others. Ever since, he has been seeking such praise as the supreme goal in life and dreading the day when he might do something considered second- or third-rate. Perhaps he was an only child and his parents lavished too much attention on him-but it is also possible that he grew up in a large family or in an orphanage where he was starved for affection. In any case, he always feels anxiety in a situation in which he is criticized-even merely ignored. If, as some psychologists believe, every neurosis is the acting out of a paradox, his inner contradiction is that he is an individualist heavily dependent upon others. He may even embrace what is called the "zero-sum illusion": Believing that happiness in this world is extremely rare and strictly rationed, he feels every gain for another is a loss for himself. He probably believes, in the words of Broadway producer David Merrick, "It is not enough for me to succeed. It is also necessary for others to fail."

In spite of his promiscuous tendencies, he will marry eventually, because his strong drive for success, coupled with a keen reality sense, recognizes that in most business situations a man is not promoted to a position of major importance until he has proved his stability by "settling down." But his roguishly roving eye may make his marriage(s) rocky. Yet he may settle into a happy monogamy, if he receives from his wife and children the kind of adulation he has always needed. Then, having a sense of worthiness that proceeds not only from their respect for his accomplishments but also from their intimate knowledge and tolerance of his weaknesses, he might begin to relax a little. He could even become less neurotically attached to projecting an image of perfection. In this event, he'll start to see people as people rather than as living testimonials to his own godlike superiority. He'll then outgrow his one-upmanship games and become not a cardboard superman but a genuine and mature adult.

## TYPE B

Type B has a greater need for lasting relations with women than does Type A, because his sense of security is strongly dependent upon being loved, cared for and emotionally supported by others. At the same time, he feels undeserving of this attention and lives in fear that it may be withdrawn: No matter how regular his sex life may be, he enters each bedroom session fearing that it may be a fiasco.

Unconsciously, love is "food" to him. In extreme cases, Type B gets hung up on cunnilingus to the virtual exclusion of coitus. This is not just because he is what the Freudians call an oral personality (his mouth is always busy, nibbling snacks, smoking, biting his fingernails, gnawing on pencils, etc.) but also because he is compulsive about symbolically placing his women on a pedestal. Although his type doesn't necessarily have real potency problems, he will worry a great deal about this possibility. During the sex act, he seeks evidence that his partner cares for him much more than he seeks physical pleasure; indeed, his orgasm tends to be tame, compared with that of Type A, and he feels depleted after the act. But he empathizes with the woman more than does Type A-sometimes excessively-and, if this can make him a very satisfactory lover, it can also lead him to undervalue his own gratification in favor of his partner's. Like Type A, he probably asks afterward, "Was it good?" But there is a sharp difference in his reactions to the answer. Type A will accept a yes as true and due, but Type B will suspect that his partner is merely being kind; if the answer is no. Type A will diagnose the woman as frigid and reject the implied criticism, but Type B will accept it as a reflection of his own inadequacy, not hers.

As Mike Nichols said in a Playboy Interview (June 1966), some people win by winning (Type A) and some people win by losing (Type B). The self-concept of Type B is that he is somehow irrevocably handicapped in the struggle for existence, and he seeks to make everybody aware of this so that he will be treated with the consideration and sympathy due a cripple. Dr. Eric Berne describes this as the "Wooden Leg" game. Type B is always communicating the same message, verbally and nonverbally: "Don't expect me to keep up with the rest of you guys-remember my wooden leg." Hence, he seldom works up to his capacities.

This analysis may sound brutal, but a hard-core Type B personality won't mind reading it. Unlike Type A, he doesn't deny his neurotic tendencies; on the contrary, he is rather attached to them. They provide the symbolic wooden leg that is his excuse for failure.

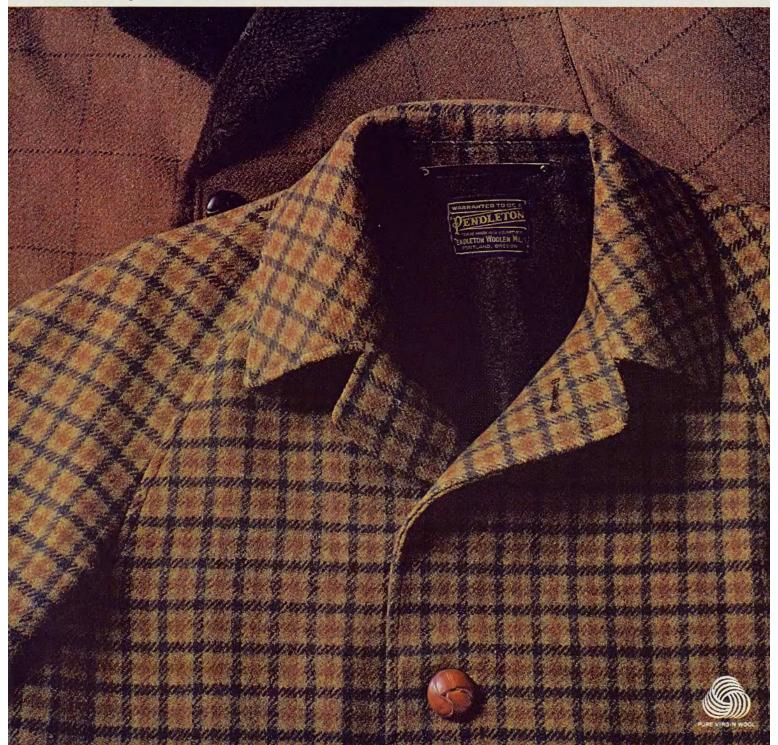
The paradox of winning by losing manifests itself in every area of his behavior. He seeks to be inconspicuous and is always embarrassed when made the center of attention; this "psychological invisibility" (which Type A would find intolerable) saves him from being confronted with challenges that he fears would overwhelm him. But his incompetence is as strategic as Type A's competence; both are acting out life scripts they have written for themselves, Any Type A can be thrown into a crisis with which he is unable to cope; but he will pretend to be on top of the situation, however baffled and frightened he may feel. Type Bs, on the other hand, though not necessarily below average in ability (they are often above average), tend to shun test situations, because they are convinced of failure in advance. Thus, by avoiding the anxiety of

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"By the way, dear, meet Miss Ashley, my wardrobe mistress."

trying, which he finds painful, Type B scores a psychological victory (reduced anxiety) and succeeds in the contradictory achievement of winning by losing.

An extreme case will even allow himself to be cheated and exploited by others without protesting. When he does express anger, it will be in the form of a temper tantrum, but only in cases where he knows, unconsciously, that the other party is really innocent and meant no harm. In this way, he guarantees that his outburst will accomplish nothing and, once again, he wins by losing.

His sexual behavior, of course, manifests the same tendencies. Since failure to satisfy a woman will appear to be his fault, no matter how much evidence there may be that the hang-up is hers, he will inevitably seek women who are easily turned on. Were he to visit a prostitute, he would not see the occasion as a chance to have everything his own way, as Type A would. More likely, he would attempt to make friends with her; he'd try to convince her he's a good guy and might even ask, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

If persuaded to participate in a Kinsey type of survey, he would tend to interview the interviewer, seeking to discover how his behavior compared with the norm and looking for reassurance that he is not in any way deviant.

Typically, the Type B personality was formed in early infancy by a mother who coldly rejected his dependency needs, which were normal at that age. Some Type Bs had the opposite kind of infancy, overindulged by a neurotic mother, who anticipated all their wishes and thus conditioned them to a perpetual attitude of dependence. In either case, B is always trying to manipulate people into mothering him, and he projects this need onto men as well as onto women. He is the first to become an ardent disciple of a Type A, who, being flattered, encourages the Type B. The relationship breaks off when Type A becomes tired of solving all of B's problems for him, and then B feels betrayed. (This overdependency has an element of masochism in it, and were Type B a homosexual, he and his Type A partner would play out this drama of trust and betrayal with even greater emotional intensity.) If the Type A is a distant authority-a Führer of some sort -B can go on adoring him forever.

He would be more hesitant about trying marijuana than Type A; but if he tried it, he might well become a daily user. He is more likely, though, to become a problem drinker. If a cured alcoholic, he would be a very enthusiastic A. A. member, delighting in the chance to give unselfishly of himself and to help others still struggling with their problem.

If he discovered some talent for painting, music or writing, he would be especially happy; for in creating his own

symbolic world, he would be free of the anxieties that haunt his interpersonal relations. However, he might be reluctant to submit his work to the public and he would accept every criticism as evidence that he has no real talent. By contrast, rejection for a Type A would prove that he is "ahead of his time," only to be recognized after death, or that his critic is a hostile idiot. Many successful Type B artists were literally pushed into success by their friends. Even then, their selfdoubt never left them and they remembered unfavorable reviews of their work much longer than favorable ones.

In marriage, B is likely to become the archetypal Dagwood Bumstead; his wife will probably take his pay check, pay the bills and allocate the money in the household. She will also call the shots in bed-for instance, whether the lights are on or off will be her decision, not his. With a sufficiently aggressive woman, exasperated by his timidity, Type B's marriage can degenerate into a rerun of Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Yet he can achieve a very successful marriage if he chooses a Type B woman. Then he and she can take turns playing mother and wooden leg; and quarrels will not likely arise unless they both want to play the dependent role simultaneously.

B's ability to switch from the infantile posture to the parent posture, in fact, extends outside marriage, too. His most attractive quality. his friends will agree, is his genuine concern for others. Some might even say of him, "He'd give you the shirt off his back." The fact is, he identifies with others in trouble; he knows how it feels to be helpless. In fact, his empathy is so highly developed that sometimes it appears to be mind reading; and if he has some Type A exhibitionism in his personality, he might-inspired, perhaps, by alcohol-come on as a parlor psychoanalyst, astonishing his friends with his penetrating insights into their psyches. But he generally keeps this talent to himself, as he conceals his other abilities. Most often, he can be characterized as a man who is living in hiding, afraid to stick his head above water, for fear that somebody is waiting to push it back under.

## TYPE C

Sex is more problematic for Type C than it is for Type A and Type B personalities, because C is dedicated to fighting intemperance and immorality in all its forms-and sex to him is one of them. Some women will unconsciously recognize this and avoid him without quite knowing why; but others will be drawn to him magnetically. These are timid Type B birds, with a mild tendency toward masochism; Type C will be the righteous and stable father figure they are seeking. But-like a good father -he will not let them become too

dependent. He will try to force them to grow up and stand on their own feetas he himself does.

He is the most likely of the three types to have problems of potency or premature ejaculation-not because of any physical weakness (which is what he will fearfully suspect) but mostly because of what he considers his strength: that is, his rigidity of character. He is the man who is inflexible in both body and mind, and the convulsive and involuntary movements of orgasm either cannot break through his armor at all or he unconsciously evades this shattering experience by a premature (and puny) climax—the "sneeze in the genitals"-to prevent his body from being swept up in the act. He cannot just relax and let it happen. This adds to his potency problems by giving him a burden of unconscious resentment and anger toward the woman for whom he must "perform." Similarly, he would never ask after sex. "Was it good?," because speaking of such matters is distasteful to him; he'd rather not even think of them. He doesn't want a woman to become too attached to him. He is, in short, like a creature that has grown a shell and now has to live inside it, whatever pain this may occasion. The psychological component of this rhinolike armor plate is a deep conviction that all "useless" pleasure is self-indulgent, and therefore wrong. Whenever he does anything that other people consider just plain fun or recreation, he has to find an excuse for it. If he goes swimming or skiing, it's "to get in shape"; if he happens to buy a stylish item of apparel, it's not because he likes it or hopes it will impress others, but because it is practical for the climate in which he lives; if he tried noncoital sex, it would be because a marriage manual, preferably introduced by a clergyman, convinced him that it's a man's "duty" to gratify his sexual partner by utilizing a variety of techniques.

It is characteristic of him to present his ideas in series of numerical "points," just like an outline of a college term paper. If he were to become a scientist (which is one of his probable career choices, considering his fascination with number and measurement), his work would be notable for its rigorous and precise research but not for its originality of hypotheses. He is usually incapable of understanding Type A and Type B individuals and might go out of his way to punish them for their "misdeeds"-that is, Type A's impulsiveness and Type B's timidity, which prevent them from standing firm on a bedrock of unshakable principles, as he does. Because of his conviction that his is the only way to do things, he is unsuited to career positions requiring vision and creativity, but he is the ideal person to be appointed comptroller of a corporation, where he will hold back the Type A executives when their high-risk ideas seem unsound. He 167 will also help the company by pitilessly weeding out the most infantile and unproductive Type B employees.

In all probability, his parents were even more inflexible and authoritarian than he. In psychoanalytic terms, his is an anal personality: Most of his uptightness derives from the toilet-training period of infancy. His parents may have begun training him at too early an age, before he had sphincter control, or else they reacted with such moralistic horror -"Oh, you made dirty-dirty again!"that he has never since really liked his body or its natural functions. His energy is largely devoted to maintaining iron self-control and trying to impose a similar posture on others. People who have known him from birth will say that he "never was a child," that he seemed very grown up in comparison with his schoolmates, an impression reinforced by his lack of spontaneity and his selfconscious attitude in periods of "free" play in school.

When not headed for a career in the sciences or in the financial departments of a business, C may become a policeman, clergyman or organizer of a political reform group. He might even go into education (where he'll achieve, and enjoy, a reputation for flunking more students than anybody else). The harshness of his judgments often makes him unpopular and he can be a public nuisance at times; yet he might also be a public benefactor. His ability to stand by his conscience, no matter what the cost, can raise him to a heroism like that of the Quakers who ran the Underground Railroad before the Civil War. He could also be a revolutionary tyrant, like Marat or Lenin, or a puritanical book burner, like Anthony Comstock.

Because he is committed to both reason and morality, as he conceives them, he may become a religious fundamentalist, a dogmatic believer in any political system from Far Right to Far Left, or merely a man "who knows his own mind." He might follow the philosophy of his parents; or he might rebel against it, only to espouse any equally absolutist system at the opposite extreme. The basic content of his beliefs is irrelevant here; what makes a Type C is the rigidly methodical way in which he allows an ideology to dominate his life. Like Hamlet, he feels intensely that the world "is out of joint" and that he "was born to set it right." But while Hamlet, essentially a Type B, regretted this situation and tried to escape it, Type C accepts it manfully. Others may regard this as presumption on his part, but he feels that it's simply his duty. He is, therefore, enmeshed in a neurotic paradox: Aiming always at decency and rationality, he succeeds all too often in being indecent and irrational. This is because one of his favorite strategies in dealing with his own unwanted sensuality is to project it outward upon others and fight it in them instead of in himself—the classic scapegoat mechanism. His morality then becomes a weapon, a form of sadism, and he uses it often, unaware that his victims are just symbolic figures representing his own unconscious drives.

Thus, the medieval witch-hunter is his archetype, and the image of woman as the sorceress is deeply embedded in his sexual attitudes. Whereas Type A, for instance, could not abide a frigid wife, since she would not respond with admiration to his sexual prowess, and Type B would be thrown into panic by such a woman, blaming himself for her lack of orgasm, Type C might actually prefer such a partner. If he became involved with a multiorgasmic female, he would probably break off the relationship, regarding her as unbalanced, nymphomaniacal or "possessed." Part of his hostility to the current sexual revolution is due to his honest puzzlement over why people make such a fuss about a pleasure that is, in his experience, very brief, very miner and perhaps quite sinful. If he visited a prostitute, he would probably not engage in extensive experimentation, like Type A, nor try to make friends with her, like Type B, but would almost certainly find a rationalization, such as, "Well, it's better than ruining a good girl." On the other hand, employment of a prostitute would be, in certain ways, most congenial to him, because he welcomes a situation in which no emotional involvement or genuine response is required. He is also likely to shower compulsively after sex, to wash away the "sin" and "filth."

Naturally, he is more squeamish or guilt-ridden about receiving oral sex than other men. If he did permit it, he would be likely to restrict this activity to foreplay, feeling that "going all the way" would be improper. He would also prefer to keep the lights off during intercourse; and if he found himself in a conversation about sex, he would contribute little. He would not want to purchase Candy or Valley of the Dolls at a bookstore, but might have them sent to his home in plain brown wrappers. And if asked to participate in a Kinsev type of survey, he would most likely refuse, claiming that the time and money could be better spent on more important kinds of research, such as getting to the moon before the Russians. Were he a homosexual, he would seek a monogamous relationship, to prove that homosexuals are as "moral" as heterosexuals; and he would probably involve himself, secretly, in a group working for greater civil liberties for homosexuals. He almost gives others the impression that he is a celibate, tending also to be a nondrinker and a nonsmoker; and even in a happy marriage, he would be very parsimonious about expressing affection. Small children—because of the spontaneous and open nature of their affection and their anger—tend to make him uncomfortable.

Upon reaching middle age, C may begin to question himself seriously and become aware, in ways he can scarcely verbalize, that he has lived most of his life in a self-built cage. When this happens, unless he is able to ruthlessly suppress this dawning awareness of how he has cheated himself of life, he will either be beset by eruptions from the unconscious that will send him to a psychotherapist or he will break out of his shell in an explosive way that, at worst, can destroy him, his family and everything he struggled so single-mindedly to build. He will attempt to seize all the pleasures and live out all the irresponsibility that he repressed in childhood, adolescence and early adulthood. His wife will say, completely baffled, "This isn't the man I married." However, it's the other side of the very same man she thought she knew so well.

Unlike Type A, who denies any weakness in himself, and Type B, who feels that every defect he has is incurable, Type C both recognizes and fights against his frailties. In fact, he spends a good deal of time fighting blemishes that exist only in his own imagination; if it weren't for this overdeveloped conscience (superego), he might be considered the most stable of the three types. As it is, he is unable to recognize that he, too, is human; he wears himself out in an irrational pursuit of some image of perfection so ill defined and so unrealistic that, like the horizon, it recedes with each step he takes toward it.

As you evaluate the self-portrait that emerges from this questionnaire, remember that even the healthiest of us have neurotic tendencies, and it is the ability to cope with them, not their absence, that permits us to function normally. Since the "profiles" described as Types A, B and C are prototypes of the three most common neurotic personalities in America today, you would be a rare person if your hang-ups didn't lean more toward one than toward the two others.

A neurotic personality is one with an excessive tendency to play a socially learned and stereotyped role—it has somewhat the same effect on one's social life that being "typecast" has on an actor's career. An analysis of your sex quotient will help you uncover the roles, rules and rituals you learned when your personality was being molded and which you therefore habitually follow. There is another part of you—more intrinsic and perhaps greater—that is unique and spontaneous; it is always processing new data, learning, growing and developing in unpredictably individualistic ways. As you mature and



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Incidentally, although the sexual games people play are obviously serious, a bit of ingenuity can turn this quiz into any number of entertaining and revealing parlor games. For instance, have a girl-friend answer the questions as she thinks you would, and see how close she comes to your own answers. At the least, this will give you some insight into the degree to which you project your true psychosexual personality—or the one you'd like to project.

A twist—which may uncover a girl's own private games or fantasies—is to have her answer the questions, imagining, for the purpose, that she herself is a man.

You and a group of friends might fill out the questionnaire while role-playing as your boss, as a colleague or as an absent acquaintance.

A group variation that can only be played once within the same group, before it's spoiled by everyone knowing the gimmick, works like this: By lot or some other random (or apparently random) means, one person is selected as "It." It is told that while he is out of the room,

the rest of the group will select one person to be the "Subject" of PLAYBOY'S psychometric quiz. When It comes back, he will ask the questions one at a time, in rotation, around the room. All responses, he is told, will represent the respondents' best efforts to answer precisely as the Subject would do. It's up to It to decide, from the answers given, which person in the group is the Subject. He just may twig to the fact that he, himself, is the Subject before the exam is completed. But be prepared for a bit of heated discussion and debate if he doesn't twig and has to be told.

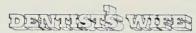
Finally, separate the men and the girls, have each group answer the questions as they agree an ideal man would (in the case of the girls, they should have in mind the ideal mate; in the case of the men, they should have in mind the kind of man they'd like to be). When all reassemble, the host reads aloud all questions and answers to reveal similarities and differences of the two ideals.

Winners? Suitable prizes? In each of these parlor games and other variations you may invent, the prize is that kind of intimate and deeply involved conversation that is sometimes the rich reward for playing Truth or Consequences far into the night, when everybody wins in some manner.





"This one has an unlisted number!"



(continued from page 140)

Cat's tooth'd broken off at the root." He started to laugh. "I had to keep telling Carlyle to hit harder. Finally got that sucker out, though, Right, Carlyle?"

"That's right."

The waiter came with her drink. She drained half right away.

"She drinks that like lemonade, huh. Carlyle?"

He did not know what to answer. The dentist had been stupid to ask it. But he forced himself to speak, watching her eyes. "Some people take it better than others."

"And some get falling-down nasty drunk."

She snorted, a short laugh, leaving Carlyle with a silence to fill. "Your wife don't look like that kind." He tried a broad smile.

"Yeah." The dentist finished his drink, put ten dollars on the table and stood up. "I'll be right back." He went toward the rest rooms; but when, 15 minutes later, he had not returned, Carlyle realized he was on his own.

Weather did not interest her, nor Asia, nor even hemlines. She would not speak, gave him no handle. When the ten-dollar bill had dwindled to seven pennies and a dime, he helped her out of the booth, up the stairs to the street and into a taxi.

On the Hill, she handed him a key and he opened her door. He stepped aside, knowing in this situation she would have to ask him inside. "Can you make it all right?"

She nodded and started into the dark house, with his \$1000. Then her heels stopped and turned back, but he could not see her pinched face. "You seem too nice to be his friend. Mr. Bedlow." She closed the door in his face,

The next day, he paid the dentist a visit. "Man, that was the wrongest thing you could've did, leaving like that. I got to sell myself under your nose."

Bent over his worktable, the dentist was inspecting his tools. "What happened?"

"Nothing. She just sat there and filled up on that ten you left." He was in the dentist's chair, and his jaw, remembering, began to throb. "We worse off than when we started."

"How you figure that?"

"Because now she connects me with an unhappy time. I got to have a chance to sympathize with her. But she didn't tell me nothing. I didn't have the chance to call you a bastard."

The dentist turned around, a small knife in his hand. "I couldn't sit there with that crazy bitch no more. I went to Jean's."

"You have to hold that back if you want this to work. You educated and all, but that was dumb."

"I couldn't help it." He looked unhappy. "So you didn't make progress?"

"Nothing, man. As a matter of fact, I think she knows we ain't Army buddies, because at the end, she sticks her head out the door and tells me I'm too nice to be your friend—Mr. Bedlow."

"She did?" The dentist brightened. "Goddamn! You made it, Carlyle." He jumped, the knife shining in his fist. "Why didn't you tell me that before?"

Carlyle cleared his throat. "Remember you said you wanted to get out before you got crazy, too?" He shook his head. "You too late."

"Listen." The dentist came toward him, waving the knife. "You're too nice to be my friend. That's a compliment."

Just then, Carlyle very much wished he was on his way to a steady customer with a fur coat fresh from some white woman's unlocked car, perfume still strong in its silk lining. "That ain't no compliment. Not the way she said it. She was just getting you."

"You're wrong. I know my wife, man. I'm a bad guy. But you're too nice to be my friend. She's going for it. Time for stage number two." The weekend was coming, he went on. Friday night, Carlyle, Jean, the dentist and his wife would go down to the cottage at the end of Long Island. Jean would pretend to be Carlyle's date. But once they had arrived,

Jean and the dentist would have lots of paperwork. Carlyle would be free to seduce the dentist's wife. He was so sure it would work that he told Carlyle to arrange to have someone there to take pictures on Saturday night. He would put the photographer up at a small motel nearby.

There was no arguing with him. Carlyle agreed to come to the office at six that Friday with a suitcase full of attractive sports clothes, the better to trap the dentist's wife.

The dentist owned a very big automobile. Carlyle and Jean—her big, beautiful thighs crossed—sat in the back. The dentist's wife stared out of the open right front window at cemeteries, airports, rows of pink and gray houses and, finally, sandy hills covered with stubby Christmas trees and hard, dull-green bushes. Two hours from Harlem, they turned onto a dirt road. Then, even over the engine, Carlyle heard the music, as if they had made a giant circle and returned to the summer jukeboxes of the Avenue.

The community was crowded in the dusk light around a small, bright bay. It did not look like Harlem, but if he had come on it by accident, Carlyle would've known that black people lived there. The music was loud and there

was the smell of good food, barbecuing ribs, frying chickens. Carlyle had always believed that black people like the dentist and his wife tried very hard to act white. If so, their music and food gave them away.

The dentist's house was glass and lacquered wood, 30 yards from the beach. They sat around an empty yellow-brick fireplace, flicking their ashes into ceramic trays, while the dentist's wife fixed dinner. Behind her back, the dentist winked, smiled, waved at Jean, Carlyle read a magazine, trying to give them privacy—and wondered if the dentist's wife actually did not know about Jean and the dentist. They ate, drank two or three Scotches apiece, tried to talk and, at 11, gave up and went to bed.

Carlyle had not been in bed at 11 in years, and he awoke in the middle of the night. Listening to the waves, he missed Harlem: cars racing lights on the Avenue, drunks indicting the white man, someone still up and playing music. Unable to get sleep back, he climbed out of bed, removed his black pressing rag and went out into the front yard. Something made him look up and he discovered the stars. In Harlem, he could see only the brightest, strongest ones. But now he saw more stars than sequins on a barmaid's dress, and liked them. He sat, then lay



down, careful to keep his hands between the wet grass and his hair.

At first he did not hear her thumping toward him. Then her pinched orangegray face was peering down at him, her hair wrapped around tiny spiked metal rollers. "You didn't like your bed?" She wore only a nightgown, drab in the starlight.

He sat up quickly. "I couldn't sleep, not enough noise." That sounded funny to him and he laughed quietly.

"I know what you mean." She hesitated for a moment, then sat down next to him. It was going to work, after all. The man did know his wife. Maybe she had some men but was very careful about it.

Lowering herself down beside him, she'd gathered up the nightgown to show him knees as square and hard as fist-sized ivory dice. "It's a nice night, though."

"Yeah." He had not finished judging her legs.

"They're not much, are they? Maybe that's why——" She stopped. "No, that's not why." Then she looked at him. "Mr. Bedlow——"

He did not let her finish, had pushed her onto her back while his name was still soft in the air. It was business, like opening a car door, going through a glove compartment, tossing the road maps aside, hoping to find a portable radio or a wallet. She wrapped her thin arms and legs around him, gasping as if in pain.

On hands and knees, he pulled away from her and discovered she had begun to cry. "Oh, this is bad. This is bad. But . . . I was so hot!" She rolled onto her stomach, muffling sobs in the grass. "This is really bad. I can't do this."

He patted her shoulder blades, pulled her nightgown over her buttocks, realizing, as he tried to comfort her, that the dentist had lied to him. If she had been cheating, Carlyle could hope to be President of the United States. Of course, it did not matter, only that he did not want it known that he believed everything people told him.

Finally, he got her to stop crying and sit up. She would not look at him but huddled on the grass, her back to him. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bedlow. I guess you could tell we was having troubles. But I didn't mean to bring you into it."

"Come on, Robena, the sky won't fall down. And call me Carlyle. Mr. Bedlow don't make it now." He moved closer to her, spoke over her shoulder. "What kind of trouble you people got? You own everything, two houses, a big car and all that. So it can't be money." He believed what he said but had asked because now he wanted to know the dentist's weaknesses.

She lowered her chin to her chest. "No, it's not money. Yes, it's money." She raised her head and turned toward him. "How old are you?"

He gave himself a few years.

"I'm thirty-six." She waited, let the number die. "Me and my husband, when we went to school, in Washington, it was different, even from your time. We always thought, at least I did—I mean, now I don't know what he really thought—I mean, we thought it was enough for him to be a dentist. You know what I mean?"

All this had little to do with marriage, the kind he knew. He had expected the usual story, the dentist in the street, running after the many Jeans he'd had before this one. Or perhaps she would think the dentist cheap. He waited.

"But that's not enough anymore. I mean, he's a good dentist, he really is, but they don't care if he's good or not. I always thought they'd care."

They? Carlyle thought. Then he realized she was talking about white people.

"But they don't. It took me a long time to see that; and after, I didn't want to believe it." She paused. "We was raised to believe we had to be best. My momma was always telling me, you got to be best in your class."

Carlyle, too, remembered those words.

"But I was a girl and was only supposed to be the best wife I could be. So when we got married, I worked so he could go to school full time. He's a good dentist, but it didn't do any good. When he should've been on the staff of a good clinic, he ended up in Harlem. And when he should've——" She stopped, shook her head. "This isn't very interesting, is it?"

One quality Carlyle had developed in his work was patience; he told her to go on, still hoping she would give him something important.

"The point is, when I saw they was lying about caring, I looked into everything they said, and you know what? They lied about everything." She spoke as if still bewildered by her discovery.

"Hell, I known that since I was seven."

She shook her head several times. "No,
listen, everything. Even about food. You



"Bad news on that new brightening formula, chief."

ever read the small print on a box of ice cream? It's not even ice cream."

"You sound like my little brother." He started to laugh. "He's a Black Jesuit.

And you know they crazy."

She ignored him. "What I want is for him to stop working for a year and go around the world. I want to see if what I think is true really is. And I want him to see it. And if it is, maybe we can do just something small. It's not enough for us to sit out here on a little pile of money. I mean, we was supposed to do something good for our race, too." She stopped talking then, sat with her chin on her knees, her nightgown bunched around her thighs, leaving Carlyle disappointed.

Then she stood up. "Well, that's my sad tale. Maybe you'll tell me yours one time." She smiled, for the first time.

In the kitchen, she gave him a cup of instant coffee. He read the label and wondered what kind of chemicals the Xs and Ys were, and what they did to his stomach. When he had finished the coffee, he returned to his room, retied his head and climbed into bed.

The dentist knocked at his door at nine the next morning but did not wait for Carlyle to ask him in. "You made it, didn't you? I knew you could crack it open. Been done before. I hope your man is a good picture taker. My prints got to come out clear!"

Carlyle propped himself against the bed's headboard. "She may not do it again." He had decided he would let the dentist think himself still in charge.

"Go on, man. Everybody knows the first nut is the hardest.'

"Maybe so. How you know, anyway?" "I woke up at three and she wasn't in bed. And neither was you. I figured you was together someplace. What'd you think of it?"

"Ain't the best I ever had."

"Me, too." The dentist came to the bed's foot. "But with the money, you can buy something better." The dentist smiled, good, even white teeth, one gold covered-then closed his lips. "You better drive over to that motel and tell your friend to load his camera."

Carlyle nodded. "What's your plan for today?"

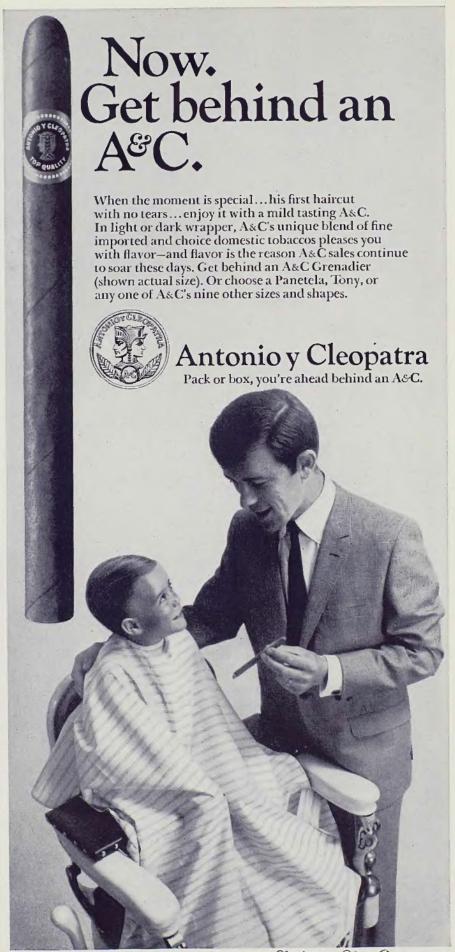
"We're invited to a party. In the late afternoon. We get her drunk, you bring her home, naked, and in bed. I'll make sure you got the house to yourselves." He smiled again. "Me and my Jean'll make sure, someplace." He laughed, turning to the door. "Get your hook in deep."

"I might toss this one back."

He opened the door. "Not in my creek, you won't."

But Carlyle was not so sure.

As he dressed-in short-sleeved pink silk shirt, white bell-bottoms-he tried to



decide exactly what to do. Obviously, he wanted to come out the other end with the dentist's \$1000. But then the dentist would have to get his pictures. What Carlyle most wanted was to get his money but leave the dentist married to his crazy wife. That would sound good when told in the bars. "That dentist thought he had Carlyle, but then Carlyle Bedlow got down to business, do you hear, business!" That meant he had to get the money before the dentist saw the pictures, bad ones. Pictures in which the woman's face was not quite clear. When he paid the money, the dentist would have to believe the pictures were good. Carlyle heard himself talking: "She passed out, man, I just sat there beside her in my shorts; we pulled back the covers and Hondo snapped away. They so good we might even sell some." But the pictures wouldn't show a thing. He rehearsed his speech while he finished dressing.

He avoided breakfast, wanting the dentist to suffer through a morning with both of his women, imagining that as he drove between the trees on his way to see his friend, the photographer, Hondo Johnson.

"Wait a minute. You saying you don't want the pictures to come out?"

"Right."

"Well, why don't you just give him a blank roll?" Hondo was still in his pajamas, a pullover top, shorts. They were lemon yellow and his legs were brown and shiny. He was sitting on the edge of his motel bed.

"Because, if he ever finds me, I can tell him it was a surprise to me, too. I'll offer to do it again." He was looking into Hondo's mirror, checking his hair. "But he won't go for it, because no man could do it two times to the same woman. And I'm sorry, Doc, but I already spent that money. He ain't got no boys to send after me."

"Come on, man. Why can't we just do it simple? Take the pictures and get the money." Once Hondo thought it was going one way, he did not like to change his plans. He couldn't improvise. But if he knew exactly what to do, it was done. "We'll mess up, man. And I could've used the money.'

"We won't lose the money. We'll take insurance pictures. Good ones, with her legs open and all. I know a man downtown'll buy them." And it would be good to have the pictures, just in case the dentist did have some boys. "You satisfied now?"

Hondo nodded but did not look happy. His lips were poked out under his mustache. "Tell me the signal."

"When I turn out the lights." Carlyle hadn't really thought about it.

Hondo started to laugh, "And how'm 174 I supposed to shoot pictures in the dark?" He was pleased to have caught Carlyle.

"You're all right, man." He adjusted his shirt, turned from the mirror. "What about the blinds?"

"That's good. Pull down the blinds, and if they already down, pull them up. Just do something with them blinds." He stood up. "You got that?"

"OK." He liked Hondo, "But I'll try to get her falling-down, so we'll have plenty of time and she won't know nothing. Then we leave. I don't like no drunken broads, anyway."

It was working. She might even pass out before he got her off the dirt road, into the house and out of her clothes. The party had started at five and now, at ten, was still going. They had eatenpotato salad, fried chicken and greens, on paper plates-drinking steadily. The doctors, lawyers, dentists, big-time hustlers got very loud about baseball, the white man, Harlem after the War, when they were all starting careers. Their children, teenagers, had finally gained control of the phonograph and were dancing hard on the lawn. Carlyle had filled her empty glasses. Finally, he asked her if she wanted to go home. Winking at the dentist, he led her out of the house.

In the moonlight, the dirt of the road, half sand, shone gray. He was supporting her with a hand on her bony rib cage. "How you doing?" He did not really want her to answer and disturb herself.

"I'm doing fine. What did you say?"

"Nothing." They were on the dentist's grass now, circling a clump of lawn chairs and an umbrella table, a few steps from the porch. He saw the bushes move and waved at Hondo.

Taking her straight to her bedroom, he turned on the dim table lamp and began to undress her. She did not resist but was so still that he was not sure she was awake. He put her clothes onto a chair, returned to the bed and pulled the bedcovers from under her. "Thanks, baby." It sounded strange the way she said it. It was meant not for him but for the dentist.

He undressed to his shorts, went to the window and pulled down the blinds.

"What's that?" She raised her head, but it weighed too much.

He tried to imitate the dentist. "Nothing, baby. We need some air, is all."

Hondo was coming. He had banged open the front door, was making his way through the living room, bumping into things. He slid the coffee table out of his way. Carlyle went to the bedroom door. "Hey, man, quiet down. Follow

"Why didn't you turn on some lights, nigger?" He had almost reached the hallway. Carlyle was at the other end.

"Follow my voice, man."

Now Hondo ran toward him, appeared, in Bermuda shorts and sneakers. Carlyle backed into the room.

Hondo popped into the doorway, stopped. "You expect me to take pictures in this light?" He was disgusted.

"Quiet down, man," Carlyle whis-pered. "She ain't out yet."

"I got to have more light. I ain't got no infrared attachment." He began to focus his camera on the dentist's naked

"Baby?" She rolled to her side, then back. "Who's that?"

"Ain't nobody. Close your eyes. I'm turning on the top light."

She did not answer. He waited, then switched it on. It was very bright. For a few seconds, he could not see Hondo. "OK now?"

"I think so." He put the camera to his face again. "But I can't be sure until I read the meter."

'Come on, man. We ain't got time for that." She was going to wake up. Somehow he knew it.

"Always got time. What if we ain't got our insurance pictures?" He took a light meter from his pocket, advanced on her, held it over her navel.

Carlyle sat down on the bed. "How you doing, baby?" He patted her shoulder.

Her eyes were closed. "Who was that just now?"

"Just a guy." He leaned over, kissed her cheek.

"I got it now, man." Hondo had moved to the foot of the bed. "One point four. But I got to do it in seconds, so you can't move."

"Who's that voice?" She raised herself to her elbows, looked up into Hondo's lens. "Who's he?"

"OK, now hold it."

But she was already moving, realizing she was with Carlyle, scrambling to the edge of the bed. "He got you to do this."

Carlyle reached out for her, but she broke away and jumped for the closet. "He'll never get one now." She pulled the door behind her.

Carlyle did not follow her. He could easily open the closet door, but that would be useless. She had to be in bed with a man, looking either surprised or happy, but not struggling. "You better come out of there, Robena." He put a threat into his voice but did not mean it. She had to imprison herself while he thought. He knew what he had to do now: convince her to pose for the pictures.

He looked at Hondo, still busy with final adjustments, then stood up. "Listen, baby, you can't stay in there all night. And nobody's coming to rescue you." His mouth was close to the door.

"And nobody's getting a divorce,

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either." She started to scold him. "I thought you was nice."

"I am. We ain't even into how nice I really am. Come on out,"

Hondo sat down on the bed, camera waiting.

"You're not nice." She paused, cleared her nose. "You make love to women for money." She sniffled again.

"That ain't the way it is. I came out here with Jean. Your husband's nurse?" "I know her. She got a crush on him."

"No, she don't." He waited; she did not speak. "She's with me, but then last night you and me got into something special. But your husband found out. And he said he'd make a lot of trouble for me if I didn't get his pictures. He got me in a terrible spot."

She paused for a moment. "First of all, you didn't even talk to Jean all the way out in the car. And second, where did you get a cameraman so fast?"

The dentist's wife was very smart, "You being real stupid. What you want with a man who don't want you?"

"He does so want me." She did not believe herself.

"No, he don't. He wants Jean. He wants to marry Jean." His voice was cold, the way he talked to white policemen as long as their guns were buried under blue winter coats. "And he's paying me lots of money to get him a divorce."

She waited again, crying behind the closet door. "Well, he's not getting one." "Listen to me, Robena." He bent closer, softened his tone. "Face it, baby. He don't want you. He don't want anything about you. He don't want to go around the world with you. He thinks you're crazy to want to do that. Give the man his pictures."

And she did.

They were the clearest pictures any judge would ever see. The woman sat on the bed, bare to the waist. She looked sad, her infidelity uncovered. The young black hoodlum, his hair shiny and slightly waved, was certainly not her husband.

Hondo took no others. Carlyle had decided against trying for the extra money. One thousand was enough. The dentist paid him, in cash, the following Monday evening.

Carlyle had long since turned the money into clothes, a good camel's-hair overcoat, shoes, a few suits, when next he heard from the dentist's wife. She had mailed a postcard to him, care of the Silver Goose. It came from Europe:

Hello. We're here on our honeymoon. My husband is a dentist from [the ink had been smudged] in Africa. Best wishes, Robena (the dentist's wife, remember?).

At first Carlyle did not remember. When he did, he thought about it for a while. . . .

A



"No, thank you, I'm trying to quit. . . ."

## UNDER THE ICE TOGETHER?

(continued from page 148)

Smith watched you till four, then he woke me up. That's about it."

It was a standard Sunday morning, everyone moaning hangover and scuffing down improbable quantities of corn flakes, sausage, eggs, quarts of milk. When Wengell came downstairs, everything that touched his senses was dead normal, Sunday-morning-after-a-party breakfast noises, air, tone, colors, everything, and he knew instantly that the form had been laid down, and what it was: Nothing had happened. Brother had not raised hand against brother. It had never happened. This seemed eminently sensible and civilized to him. He was grateful. He would go along with that, he would go along with all his heart. Later, of course, someday privately, maybe tomorrow, he would talk with Sam Cole, and find out. But for now . . . there was an empty chair next to Petey Jensen.

"How now, mate?" Jensen said. "You scored, last night, I hear? Did you in fact score on that gentle blue-eyed popsy, and she so virginal? And you so virginal, comes to that? You scored, in fact, or not?"

Wengell never had the talk with Sam Cole. It might have happened in the first week after the party, but somehow it did not, there was no good chance, no reasonable opening. And then with every day it mattered less. After all, last week was medieval history, last month almost one with Nineveh and Tyre. Billy Wengell didn't really think about that night again until a September day two years later, coming back to school, going into the house for the first time, knowing that Sam Cole wouldn't be there. But he thought about it as time wore on, he thought about it quite a lot. It nagged at him. Why? And where had it started?

Well. There he was, S. T. Cole, Cambridge, Mass., in B2. The seat next to him was empty, the man was playing gin in the lounge up forward. Wengell's little tenth-pint bourbon bottles rolled empty on the tray. He got up.

"Sam," he said. Cole looked up, blankly. "I'm Billy Wengell."

"For God's sake!" Cole said. He stuck his hand up. "Come on in here, sit down. My God, it's been thirty bloody years, hasn't it, at least?"

"I don't want to know," Wengell said.
"A long time, anyway."

"What are you drinking?"

"Bourbon, but I've had mine. Two to a customer, you know. And I see you've had yours."

"I'm not a customer," Cole said. "And no friend of mine is a customer." He punched the call button. He ordered four bourbons, he didn't say "please" and the girl didn't even blink.

An hour later, somewhere over Hoover Dam, they had got through most of it, who was dead and who wasn't, who'd married whom, and what a damned shame, a 20-story apartment building where the house had stood, wiped off the face of the earth, not a trace, might as well never have existed, too bad, too bad.

"I wondered what had become of you, Billy," Sam Cole said. "I don't believe I ever saw anything about you in the alumni magazine. Didn't expect to. You weren't the type, writes in saying I was just promoted to assistant manager at the widget works."

"Not me," Wengell said. He sketched it in: the year on the freighter, France, the War, the piano-playing time, steam radio, TV, the studios, the weekly N.Y .-

L. A. commute.

"I've always wondered," Cole said. "When you're up there in front of an orchestra, waving that stick, are you really doing anything? Excuse me, I'm ignorant. But are you?"

Wengell laughed. "Keeping time," he said. "Giving them the beat. Well, you see, the work has been done before, in rehearsal. You build the train in rehearsal; performance, you run it down the track and hope a wheel doesn't fall off."

"Does it give you a big feeling of accomplishment? That you've done some-

thing?"

"I guess so. Some people more than others. For me, on a free choice, I'd rather be playing. Not in the orchestra. I could do that any time. Alone. Concerts. That's what I wanted to do. But I was only very good, very competent; and for a pianist, that's nothing but a license to starve to death."

"I'm tone deaf," Cole said. "It's just noise to me. I sometimes wonder what I'm missing." He stared at Wengell, a pugnacious, hard-looking man. "Although, at that, I've been too busy. To hear much music, I mean. I got the notion I had to make as much money as my father left me, and that was quite a lot. So I've been hustling. Dollar here, dollar there. Picking it up. When you know money, it's just a game. Like poker. And that's about it. Except for fringe benefits, like I can get twenty drinks if I want them. The stewardess knows I have the idea I own thirty-five percent of this airplane. I pay thirty-five percent of her salary. Big deal."

They were perhaps 5000 feet over the cloud level, there was little relative movement, the plane was floating there, lightly, magically held between the rolling floor of snow cloud and the illimitable blue stratosphere.

"Billy," Cole said. "Do you remember that night at Terry's, after the party?"

"I do, indeed," Wengell said.

"The next day, and the day after, and for a long time, I thought I ought to tell



"You interested in a 'nooner'?"

you I was sorry about that. Right chance never seemed to come."

"I wanted to talk to you about it, too. At least I should have thanked you. After all, you did keep me out of the water. Not to put too fine a point on it, you did save my life."

"I was thinking about myself," Cole said. "Just selfishness. Normal. When I saw you were too fast for me, I got scared. I knew about that open water, I knew what you were up to, and it would be my fault. So I took off and dove for you. I remember thinking I might break your legs, that ground was like concrete, but I didn't care, long as I stopped you. That's the truth."

"Why not?" Wengell said. "It was a bad time. It was a bad night."

"Oh, I don't know," Cole said.

"The part I never did understand," Wengell said, "was there at Terry's, when you hit me that shot from behind. What was bugging you? What had I done to you?"

Cole twisted in the seat to look at him. He seemed to have to move his whole upper body in order to turn his head any distance. His eyes were a bright washed blue.

"Not a goddamn thing that I know," he said. "Maybe I'd have hit anybody who was standing where you were. Maybe I was just sore that night. Maybe it was you-I have to admit there were times, listening to you talk, I'd say to myself, that son of a bitch. He knows things I don't know where to look up. And I figured you were a goddamn radical of some kind, fixing to burn down the country. I don't know. I was drunk. I was smashed."

'So was I," Wengell said. "What got me about it, I think, was the initiation bit, when you knocked Ally Manton on his ass, when he grabbed my pin . . . even after I knew it was a put-on, I wanted to believe it wasn't . . . I wanted to believe I had one real home in my life finally and all that . . . still, there were times, as you say, when I'd look at you and think that bastard has more money than he knows what to do with, and I'm up against the wall. . . ."

The engines came down, the airplane slowed against the soft air, the flaps crept out of their holes, the seat-belt sign lighted.

"The real thing about the bit on the lawn, the real thing, to be honest," Cole said, "I was scared, as I said a minute ago, you'd go in the water, and it would be my fault. But I was scared of more than that. I knew if you went in the water, I had to go in the water. I dealt the hand, and I had to play it out. And I 177





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didn't think anybody, going under that ice, was coming up again."

"I thought, if I made the water, you'd stop," Wengell said.

"No. And that scared me. But, you know something? Looking back, I don't see why it did. Or I wish it hadn't."

"You do?" Wengell said, "You mean that?"

"I mean that," Cole said. "I mean it. Nothing's happened since, in these thirty years, to give me any different idea."

"There's nobody holding you," Wengell said. "Is there?"

Cole turned around again. He smiled, in a way.

"I figure there are about fifty people holding me," he said. "How many holding you?"

"I don't know," Wengell said. "Thir-

"You see? I'd have liked it better, under the ice, when I could have, than the way I've got to go now, and nothing to say about it."

The no-smoking sign came on. The turbines dropped another few hundred turns. It was all spread out below now, greens, browns, pinhead cars creeping on the freeways.

"So don't thank me." Cole said. "I didn't do you any favor." He cinched up his seat belt. "Did you ever go back," he said, "after you graduated?"

"No," Wengell said. "I never did."

"I did." Cole said. "Bad mistake, of course. Nothing the same. Hell, those were good years. Good people. Remember how it was, you'd come into the house, you'd know where you were, good people, good place to be . . . hell, you know what I mean, remember that?"

"Sure, I remember that," Wengell said.

"All downhill from there," Cole said.
"There's nothing in thirty-five percent of
this, twenty percent of that, and all that
crap, to plug a hole like that hole. For
me. You? Waving that stick up there?"

"I don't know," Wengell said, "I haven't thought a great deal about it, that way."

The gin player came down the aisle. Wengell stood. He gave Cole his hand. "See you again, maybe," he said.

"Every good reason to doubt it," Cole said. "Nice this time, anyway. Nice talking with you."

The stewardess came by, checking

"Was your friend glad to see you?" she said. "Did he tell you what you wanted to know?"

"No," Wengell said. "Turned out to be somebody else. Would you believe it, somebody else?"

She smiled, shook her head in mock bafflement.

"And you seemed so sure," she said.





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managed to get through my first day without getting sick. I had fixed only a short time before being arrested, so that it wasn't until the following day that the real misery began. I had been put into a cell with a fellow who had been there almost two weeks, who was over the worst of his kicking. Probably the worst thing about kicking a habit cold turkey is being unable to sleep. I have talked to men who have gone three to four weeks without sleep. Nothing is quite so agonizing as lying on a set of springs, frequently broken, that cut into you no matter how you try to pad them, squeaking with each breath you take.

The first night I had slept fitfully, becoming familiar with the night sounds of a prison. The guard passing with flashlight and jingling keys. Snoring, groaning, passing wind, sleep talk, flushing toilets, phone ringing, muffled conversations, closing doors, church chimes, traffic, shouts on the streets below and the constant noise of people sick and unable to sleep, moving and adjusting, seeking a more comfortable position.

My companion in the patrol wagon, whose name I had learned was Alvarez, cried, groaned, stopped the guard, begging to see a doctor, asking for something to ease his pain. He called for Maria, Rita, Lola, then banged against the bars and was told to "Shut up, for Christ's sake." "Lay down, you bastard, there are others trying to sleep." "Come out swinging in the morning, you punk bastard, you ain't any sicker than I am."

When I saw him the following morning, he looked like a zombi. He staggered out of the cell with a blanket wrapped shawl-fashion around his shoulders, his hair hanging down over his forehead and eyes. He was shivering and shaking and racked with dry heaving, unable to vomit anymore, because there was no longer even green bile in his stomach. He kind of collapsed into a heap on the floor, remaining there the entire morning, while prisoners simply stepped over him. Once he managed to get up long enough to wander down toward the end of the flats and call to the guard on duty, asking to see the doctor. The guard told him to get the hell back inside, the doctor wouldn't be around until later.

This occurred on a Saturday. He did see a doctor in the afternoon. The doctor gave him a paper cup full of aspirin—about ten—which he swallowed all at once, afterward setting fire to the paper cup, holding it straight out in front of him, staring intently at the flame, half smiling, mumbling something in Spanish, until the flame burned his fingers and he dropped the charred remains of the cup on the floor, while the smile left

his face, replaced by a look of sadness. Other prisoners had gathered around him—sort of watching him in awe—talking among themselves, suggesting he was crazy.

On Sunday, he remained alone in a corner, once again doubled up in a tight knot, sitting on the floor, resting his head on his knees. Several Spanishspeaking prisoners tried talking with him, but he wouldn't answer or would look at them out of tear-filled eyes. He would only say, "I'm sick-I'm sick." Once the guard came down and spoke to him. Alvarez just looked at him, not answering, until the guard walked away. Late in the afternoon, just before lockup, he soiled and wet himself all over. His cellmate refused to go into the cell with him until the guard ordered a couple of prisoners to take him up to the shower and wash the stink off of him. They put him under an ice-cold shower. He stood there with his arms hanging at his sides, crying. His flesh hung on his body, exposing each bone.

They let him out and he groped his way back to the cell, where he fell, exhausted, on his bunk, his whole being racked by sobbing. That night he kept everyone awake, calling for God.

Monday and Friday are always busy, because the prisoners have to make court appearances. On this particular Monday, Alvarez' cellmate had to appear in court during the afternoon session. He was late returning, so that we were all locked in for the night when he got back. He came walking down the line of cells until he reached his own. Suddenly, he yelled, "Jesus Christ—the guy is dead."

Alvarez had died sitting up. When they opened the cell and carried him out to put him on the stretcher, they had to straighten him out. He had died all folded up, his hands and arms wrapped around his legs, which were drawn up so his head could rest on his knees. Once again, he had soiled and wet himself.

He was already dying when I first saw him.

A



"Did you ever have a date with Herbie Goodrich?"

## PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 71)

divorces is to reduce the number of marriages (since no unwed couple has ever succeeded in obtaining a bona fide divorce).

I propose that a law be passed preventing any couple from marrying before living together for at least one year. As it is difficult to legislate mores, I propose also that clergymen support such action by denouncing marriage prior to a year's cohabitation as a mortal sin.

This solution not only would deescalate divorce but also would radically reduce the disrespect of the sanctity of marriage exhibited whenever two virtual strangers are permitted to wed. For, regardless of how long the courtship, two people who wed prior to living together are, at the time of their marital union, little more than strangers.

Before technological advances made possible adequate safeguards against unwanted pregnancy and V. D., there was some justification for premarital chastity. Today, however, thanks to the discoveries of science, no good excuse remains for permitting people who hardly know each other to wed.

Now that sociologists justly worry about the world overpopulating itself, a further advantage of this new law becomes clear—it would reduce the birth rate by delaying the date of, and reducing the rate of, marriage.

Lawrence La Fave, Ph.D. Associate Professor of Sociology Indiana State University Terre Haute, Indiana

## CONTRACEPTION WITH ZIP

A religious organization doesn't get to be one of the oldest in the world without a high degree of cleverness; and, despite the Pope's prohibitive attitude toward birth control, the Catholic Church is no exception. Witness this article I read recently in the Jesuit magazine America:

Royal Institute for the Study of Sex and Suicide (Gonadsbërge, Sweden)

COCHARAN:

"Slowly she began to unbutton her blouse. . . ."

-A final solution to the vexing problem of birth control among Catholics appeared imminent today with the announcement of the development, by two Swedish scientists, of a new pill called ZIP (short for Zipchloamoxylinic acid, the chemical foundation of the drug). ZIP, according to its discoverers, replaces the normal sexual urge in human beings with an irresistible urge to indulge in violent exercise. It generally manifests itself in a desire to run around objects (e.g., buildings, gymnasiums, ball diamonds, etc.), although it may take a variety of mutant forms (e.g., the desire to do pushups, chin oneself, chop wood, do somersaults or climb poles), depending on the personality and background of the individual.

"The only contraindication so far," said Dr. Lars Svetsaks, codiscoverer of the pill, "is the difficulty in determining individual dosage. The theory, of course, is that the person exercises until he loses all desire to do anything but drop over. Unfortunately, a few of our subjects with overdeveloped sexual appetites have dropped dead from overexertion. This, of course, is rather disconcerting to the researcher. It is important, therefore, that ZIP be administered only under the watchful eye of the physician. Our control groups indicate not a single pregnancy among 1500 ZIP users over a period of a year. A side benefit is the development of several runners who should set new records in the forthcoming Olympic games, Sweden will no doubt dominate all long-distance events. It's really too bad they don't have events in somersaulting and pole climbing. We'd win those, too. . . .'

Catholic theologians who have been consulted stated that they could see no conflict between ZIP and traditional Catholic doctrine. "We've always told young people to take a few turns around the gym whenever they ... ah ... whenever the ... ah ... pressure builds up," said one eminent spokesman. "As far as I can see, this is just scientific verification of one of our basic teachings. One never ceases to marvel at how science ultimately verifies the ancient truths."

Swift approval of ZIP is expected from the Vatican, although certain conservative Catholic sources have already labeled the use of the drug as "race suicide" and a direct contradiction of the command to go forth, increase and multiply.

One observer, however, hailed ZIP as the final solution to the

problem of priests who want to get married, "Won't hurt their waistlines, either," he winked.

This highly amusing put-on is the product of the satirical (dare I say fertile?) brain of P. J. Laux, director of the Canisius College library.

> Walter Fidman Wilmington, Delaware

### REPEAL ALL ABORTION LAWS

We must put an end to all abortion laws. Liberalization is insufficient, especially when one considers that total repeal of abortion laws would produce the following benefits:

The increased number of abortion requests would make the medical community aware of the need for extensive contraception and sterilization programs, and this long-standing need would at last be responded to.

Illegal abortions would almost disappear. Most abortions would be performed in hospitals that, by their standards of safety, show proper regard for "the sanctity of human life."

The status of women would be improved, because each would be allowed to regulate her own bodily functions. (No woman should have to plead a case to obtain an abortion.)

Mental health would improve, because sane attitudes toward sex would evolve as a result of lessened anxiety about unwanted pregnancy.

Poverty would diminish, since families would be smaller and better suited to their incomes. An important side benefit would be happier homes.

The era of wanted children would arrive at last. Almost every child would be planned and joyfully anticipated.

Appreciable amounts of public funds would be saved, because there would be less need to wage war on poverty and to provide welfare support.

As these primary results spread their beneficial effect throughout our society, the general rise in happiness would be incalculable. Is it any wonder that so many physicians and clergymen favor the complete repeal of abortion laws?

> H. B. Munson, M. D. Rapid City, South Dakota

### CAPOTE AND THE WARREN REPORT

Surprise, surprise! Just a few short months ago, in his March interview, Truman Capote told PLAYBOY, "The Warren Report is correct. Oswald, acting alone, killed the President. And that's it." Capote, like Dwight MacDonald before him, imperiously said "the last word on the Warren Report," only to develop a bad case of hiccups upon suddenly swallowing his final verdict.

Capote now acknowledges that the Dallas assassination may have been a conspiracy, after all. According to Jack Gould, who in June in his New York



"God, Gloria! It's my husband!"

Times TV column described Capote's appearance on the Johnny Carson show: "Mr. Capote adroitly argued that there was a possibility all three assassinations were part of one large conspiracy. . . . Mr. Capote threw out the conspiratorial concept and then deftly backtracked that it might not be so." He was moved to reverse himself as to the sacrosanctity of the Warren Report by the appalling assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert F. Kennedy, not by his examination of the official records of the Warren Commission.

Capote's change of heart is uninformed, no less than was his earlier orthodoxy, and evidences merely the same disdain for fact and evidence. I am therefore not overjoyed by the hint of his capitulation to the camp of the critics of the Warren Report. Nor have I formed an opinion about the two latest assassinations, since the evidence remains fragmentary and uncertain.

I would only point out that it would be graceful if Mr. Capote, having advanced to the point of conceding the possibility of conspiracy in the Dallas assassination, would now retract his description of some of the critics of the Warren Report as "a bunch of vultures [that] has discovered that pecking at the carrion of a dead President is an easy way to make a living." Sauce for the goose is, after all, sauce for the vulture.

> Sylvia Meagher New York, New York

Mrs. Meagher is the author of "Subject Index to the Warren Report and Hearings & Exhibits" and "Accessories

After the Fact: The Warren Commission, the Authorities and the Report," two widely acclaimed studies of the "Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy."

### COURT RULINGS AND THE POLICE

We challenge the assertion of Police Chief Edward S. Kreins (The Playboy Forum, April) that U.S. Supreme Court decisions have shackled law enforcement. Police authorities of several major cities agree that recent decisions of the Court have not reduced the conviction rate. Note that the FBI, which had to work with these restrictive rules years before the states' laws were changed, has a conviction rate of over 90 percent.

Where Court decisions have had any effect on law enforcement, the effect has been good. In Detroit in 1966, the police started warning murder suspects of their legal rights, as required by the Miranda decision. There were actually more confessions than before, but they were considered essential in only 9.3 percent of the homicide cases-all because of sharper sleuthing before arrest. Former California Governor Edmund Brown states that police are doing better work since the search-and-seizure decisions and that investigations are producing more guilty pleas as a result of this work.

Those few police chiefs who still blame the Supreme Court for lack of police effectiveness are ignoring the real problems-their own inefficiency and their communities' indifference. policeman of today is often undertrained 181 and underpaid for the skill required in his profession. He spends two thirds of his time on noncrime duties and half of the arrests he makes each month are for minor crimes, such as drunkenness, vagrancy and loitering, or for harmless breaches of moral statutes against gambling, drug taking and various kinds of sexual activity mentioned in your reply to Chief Kreins. Investigation of major crime occupies few of the policeman's hours.

Shouldn't our law-enforcement leaders contend with the real causes of inefficiency, rather than suggest that we sacrifice essential rights guaranteed by the Constitution?

Thomas McAffee Stephen H. Snelgrove Salt Lake City, Utah

### **GUN CONTROL**

Because of the rash of assassinations and attempted killings not only of public officials but also of private citizens in the United States in the past five years, this country needs stronger, much stronger, measures for controlling firearms.

Ultimately, the best idea would be to outlaw guns completely for all private citizens. A gun is nothing but an instrument of death; it is made for nothing else, whether the object destroyed is human or nonhuman. Gone are the times when man had to hunt wild animals for food. Now he hunts for sport, but what kind of sport is it to drop a deer at 500 yards with a high-powered, scope-equipped rifle? The days should also be gone when a man needs a gun to protect himself and his family from enemies; they would be gone if firearms were not equally available to the enemies in question.

By gathering up the millions of guns now held by private citizens in this country and by making the law so stringent as to prevent the acquisition of more firearms, we may possibly prevent hundreds of murders and accidental deaths.

Needless to say, the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy precipitates this plea for action. We did nothing but grieve when President John F. Kennedy was killed; we were shocked again when Malcolm X was killed; we were frightened when Dr. Martin Luther King was killed. Now Senator Kennedy is dead. Our only remaining questions are: How long can this continue? Who will be next?

With local and state governments and the Federal Government working together, we must come up with the very best gun-control program possible. This must be one area in which lobbyists are not allowed to control legislators or to write bills to the detriment of the majority of Americans.

> Franklin A. Weston C. Robert Morgan Rockaway Park, New York

As a result of the assassination of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, the press, the general public and the Government are calling for antigun legislation. Some has been passed and more may follow. This trend is based on blaming crime on the weapon rather than on the criminal who uses it. Guns are merely convenient. If they were not available, the same sick element in our society could do the same tragic work with bombs, knives, poison or other lethal objects.

Gun ownership is a serious crime in many countries. In New York City and in England, gun registration is in force. But has there been a decrease in violent crime in these and other places? No!

Instead of registration, therefore, I feel it would be better to pass legislation declaring the use of any firearm in conjunction with the commission of a crime as an especially serious offense with, perhaps, an automatic doubling of normal punishment. The idea would be to make the criminal use of guns so "expensive" to the criminal that he would return to less lethal weapons, such as clubs, knives or perhaps the latest British rage—acid throwing. Such legislation would get closer to the root of the problem by striking at the one percent who use guns criminally, rather that at the 99 percent of gun owners who are honest, law-abiding citizens.

> Dr. R. B. Sanders University of Nottingham Nottingham, England

We don't think proposals for firearms control and registration are any more "antigun" than laws requiring automobile registration are "anticar." These mild proposals attempt only to make it more difficult for the immature, deranged or criminal to obtain firearms.

Moreover, we don't agree that effective measures aimed at controlling the availability of guns would fail to reduce the number of killings in America. To say that crime-prevention efforts should be directed not at the weapon but at the criminal who wields it overlooks the fact that the gun is the most effective all-round tool ever devised for individual killing. Bombs, knives, clubs, poison and the like are simply not as easy to use nor as reliably lethal. Chicago police and hospital statistics reveal that an attack with intent to kill is five times more likely to cause death when a gun is used as compared with a knife. According to statistics compiled by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, between the years 1900 and 1966, guns were used in 269,436 murders (more than half the total murders during that period), 360,217 suicides and 138,265 accidental deaths-a grand and inglorious total of 767,918. Compare this with the 386,000 American troops killed in battle during the same period-a period that included two world wars, the Korean police action and the early part of the Vietnam conflict.

Contrary to your assertions, statistics support the view that regulation of guns does correlate with a comparatively low rate of violent crime. For example, in countries with strict gun-control laws, the death rate from firearms (as well as the over-all homicide rate) is only a fraction of that of the U.S. In England and Wales, the gun death rate is 1/55th-of ours; West Germany's is 1/23rd; Japan's, 1/65th; and the Netherlands', 1/90th.

As for New York City, where the state's Sullivan Law requires a police permit for anyone buying or owning a handgun, only 25 percent of homicides are committed by gun, as compared with 72 percent in Dallas and 65.9 percent in Phoenix (where there are virtually no regulations).

You make the iffy assumption that people would turn to other weapons if deprived of guns. In all instances where gun control is strict, however, the overall murder rate is comparatively low (New York's, for example, is lowest among the ten largest U. S. cities), indicating that there is no mass resort to other weapons when guns are unavailable.

Your idea that penalties for crimes committed with firearms should be stiffer, with the accompanying implication that the 99 percent of "honest" gun owners do not need regulations, reflects the myth circulated by organized opponents of gun control-that most gun murders are committed by armed criminals. The fact is that 80 percent of the murders committed in the U.S. are perpetrated by normally law-abiding citizens. These killings occur between friends, neighbors and family members. Thus, the type of legislation you propose would relate only to a relatively small percentage of potential homicides. And it might not have a great effect on them, at that, since-according to modern criminologists-the threat of punishment does not significantly deter violent crimes.

Those who support gun-control legislation do not "blame" the weapon; they recognize that the easy availability of the weapon makes possible carnage in the U.S. on a scale unknown in other economically advanced countries. The blame for this slaughter lies with those whose shortsightedness puts this weapon into potentially homicidal hands.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

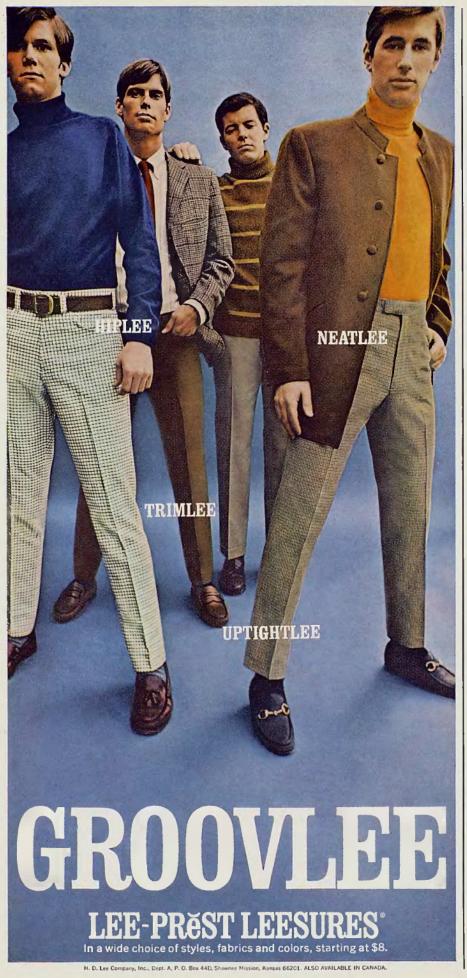
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### THE PERILOUS PLIGHT

(continued from page 99)

4. It is wrong to steal caviar if you are starving, when you could have stolen bread just as easily.

5. It is wrong to steal caviar when you are tired of bread.

6. It is wrong to send your children out to steal if you are all starving, even if they are better at stealing than you are.

Let us now consider the answers to these questions. In France, before the Revolution, the answer was true in every case. At that time, law, morality, religion, the bureaucracy and the king were all at the service of the propertied classes. Nevertheless, number two was regarded as a little less true than the others, because a man's love for his family was given by God so that the family might be a stable vehicle for the orderly conveyance of property; and an attack on the family was felt, indirectly, to be an attack on property.

In the United States, where food has always been abundant, number one and number two are false; but because of our Puritan heritage, number three is true, although now somewhat "sicklied o'er with doubt," and number four is undoubtedly true. Stealing money to buy bread or caviar has always been frowned upon. Millers, bakers and wheat farmers argue, with some justice, that "Yeah, let 'em steal our bread . . . but don't let 'em steal the money to buy it!" is unfair, Since all they can offer in return is "Let 'em steal cake," they can be ignored. The real reason stealing money is frowned upon is that it may be used to purchase luxuries, such as champagne to go with the caviar, rather than virtuous Spartan bread. Among the rich, number five is true; but among the poor, it tends to be an iffy proposition. How tired of bread are you? This is a reflection of the Puritan notion that God rewards the elect in this world and the next, so that a rich man has an odds-on chance to get into heaven, despite the New Testament. If you are poor, it is God's will; and you shouldn't be enjoying yourself, especially at other people's expense.

In the Orient, and generally wherever people expect to be supported by their children, number six is false. A trick question, it deals with the morality of theft and the morality of filial duty. The Fifth Commandment is: Honor thy father and thy mother. It is the children's duty to go out and steal for their parents. In the United States, however, number six is true. The parents are expected to go out and bring home the groceries until they are pensioned off. Filial duty is unheard of, and the children go through college at monstrous expense and then complain because the old man left such a small

Let us now consider sexual morality

and where one draws the line between moral and immoral behavior. Since this comes at once to specific, if hypothetical, cases, we shall consider Sir George and

the dragon.

Briefly, the dragon (named Kandron) was about to make his annual meal of 20 virgins gathered from around the country-side, when he was interrupted by Sir George coming to their rescue. Kandron and Sir George are a bit afraid of each other, despite the fact that the knight has slain other dragons and the dragon has devoured other knights. So they make an agreement: Kandron will start eating at one end of the line, while Sir George will start defloration proceedings at the other end, and they will continue until no more virgins remain.

The moral questions involved are quite complex; and leaving aside the question of the morality of the compromise, which is not heroic but not morally detestable either, we find that ordering the virgin line is a matter of some difficulty. Do we arrange them by weight, so that the dragon starts on the fattest, or by beauty, so that the knight will be inspired to fantastic feats of arm? The technical aspect of the question depends upon Sir George's physical prowess and upon Kandron's appetite and abilities as a trencher beast. Clearly, the dragon is interested in making the best meal possible, while the knight wishes to save the most maidens. The most moral virgin line would therefore appear to be ordered by weight, with Kandron starting at the fat end. However, the most moral arrangement is the one that will permit the knight to maximize his score of virgins, so beauty must also be considered. This, of course, presumes an honest bargain. Kandron may attack the knight at any time, just as Sir George may seek to slay the dragon, should he catch it off guard. Discounting the extreme cases where Sir George dallies with one while the dragon devours the others so that he might slay the engorged beast on its post-prandial circumgyration, or where Kandron picks at his food until the knight comes to him, too feeble to stand erect, we find that the critical moral question for Sir George is where to stop.

Consider: The virgin line has been arranged by Sir George so that he starts with the three thinnest virgins, followed by the four most beautiful, followed by the balance in decreasing order of fatness. The logic involved is that the knight starts with the skinny virgins while he is fresh and switches to the pretty ones when he begins to flag. The fat virgins are to impede the dragon's progress as the end of the line is reached. We have assumed that no significant number of virgins will literally prefer death before dishonor. We have also discounted the Buddhist morality that says: Do harm to no living thing. By Buddha, it is more moral to deflower a



single virgin than to slay the dragon and save all 20.

In any event, the critical case comes when Sir George has finished number seven and the dragon is part way through number nine, leaving only number eight, the fattest virgin. Morality here fades into practicality, for if Kandron is well advanced, it is time for Sir George to leave. It is a serious matter to attempt the defloration of your eighth virgin of the day with a still-hungry dragon snuffling around your back. Still . . . what constitutes "well advanced"? If Kandron has reached the armpits, why kiss number eight goodbye? If he is only at the knees, Sir George should rally his forces and "Once more unto the breach, good friends!" In both cases, his action is moral. However, what is to be done when the dragon is at number nine's waist? In this case, the line that divides moral from immoral behavior is the waistline; and when one stands at the border line, moral decisions are made for extraneous and

frivolous reasons. In this case, like most others, morality will be judged by the outcome. If Sir George abandons number eight, he will always blame himself somewhat. If he saves her but gets eaten himself, he might as well have fought Kandron in the beginning. Only a totally satisfactory outcome will afford moral satisfaction, and the decision must be made at once. This is typical of morally ambiguous cases, and the correct response is procrastination. Observe that if Sir George waits a few minutes, the dragon will reach the armpits and the matter resolves itself. Generally, if you can put off long enough making your decision, the matter will either resolve itself or be taken out of your hands entirely. The logical justification for procrastination is that it is better not to act than to act wrongly, and acting wrongly includes doing the wrong deed and doing the right deed for the wrong reason.

# MR. SWIFT (continued from page 104)

that she had remained an undercover Presbyterian.

Daddybaby got home, changed into his Nehru jacket and joined Mommababy on the terrace.

"I think the old geek's smoking pot," he said, sniffing the air.

Mommababy handed him a sangria. "Nonsense! I don't want to think about him or that awful thing over there. Well, what did you do today to change the shape of things?" She tickled Daddybaby's chin.

"I got my tie caught in the Xerox machine and all the contracts came out covered with flowers."

"Groovy," Mommababy sang out.

"Where's Frankiebaby?"

"Don't mention him, either. I am so upset. I lost my temper and sent him to bed without supper."

"Freud says---"

Mommababy cast a scathing look at her spouse. "Freud is a square. Remember, we learned that on the Coast."

"What about prepuberty repressions?"

"I can't help them! Anyway, look where permissiveness got my little brother Erwin. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"

He hadn't.

"To think that no one stopped that poor child. For the love of Allen Ginsberg, I was only ten at the time and I could have told them it was all wrongthat the boy should have been stopped. But no! We sat around having dinner while Erwin sawed away at one leg of the table. There he was, buzzing and hacking through the heavy oak leg. They all pretended that it wasn't happening. By the time we got through with salad, the entire table was wobbling. Not one word was said by Father or Mother. Just after dessert, the tragedy happened. The whole damn thing crashed on top of him. Killed him instantly, too! Poor Erwin." Monmababy burst into tears.

"Now, now, that's an old hang-up. Let's think about the good things—flowers, beards, sideburns and beads." Daddy-baby looked dreamy.

"Yes," agreed Mommababy. "And trips and pot—all those lovely things B.C." She felt better immediately, so proud that she had remembered to use the initials.

After dinner, they popped into bed to watch television. *Controversy* proved to be a rewarding and stimulating hour. Gore Vidal and Jacqueline Susann discussed the literary merits of *Myra* 

Breckinridge and Valley of the Dolls. Before turning out the light, Mommababy wanted to make sure Frankiebaby was tucked in for the night.

"No Don't be overprotective." Daddy-

"No. Don't be overprotective." Daddybaby was firm.

The lights hadn't been extinguished for more than 20 minutes when an ear-shattering noise filled their room. A penetrating pounding began, as though thousands of pneumatic drills were working full blast outside the house. It was followed by an enormous blast. Two flashes of light illuminated the room and another great explosion rocked the whole house. A smaller one ensued and set the bed to rocking back and forth.

Mommababy and Daddybaby clutched each other in the darkness,

"Frankie!" shricked the woman, bounding out of bed. She rushed into her son's room.

"He's gone!" she called. Daddybaby was on his way outdoors and they bumped into each other as they scrambled out onto the terrace.

At the far end of the pool, there was a great gaping hole in the fence. The hollyhocks were gone, the air stank of rotten eggs and burning cloth. The pool was littered with straw, leaves of magazines and a dead mouse. Two bicycle wheels rolled off the roof of the house and clattered to the ground behind them. When they reached the scorched, smoking remains of the fence that had separated the two properties, they looked up. Two bright lights moved into the dark sky above them. Monmababy heard her son's voice yelling with delight, "All circuits A-OK!"

In the smoldering area that had been Mr. Swift's yard, they saw two burning patches, both octagonal in shape. Overhead, the two lights were getting smaller and smaller, as they soared upward.

"Do something!" screamed Mommababy. "I did not bring up my boy to become an unidentified flying object."

"What a trip!" Daddybaby gasped,

At Cape Kennedy, a message came through. "The UFO and the baby satellite have passed into outer space."

"Did you make contact?" The question crackled in the supersonic fighter pilot's ear.

"We heard someone singing, I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen and the..."

There was some interference at the control center.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. Two things. The first sounded like an old man. Almost blasted my ears. He shouted, 'TOM SWIFT AND THE REMARKABLE MOON PROJECT!!' . . . then. . . ."

There was more static. "Then what?" "A kid yelled, 'Over and out, baby."



"I've never seen greater rivalry between two schools!"

## RITE OF LOVE

(continued from page 98) make you think butter would not melt in their mouths."

"I don't care, if there isn't you I don't want anybody. No one could ever take your place."

"O God."

"Are you cross."

"No no I'm not cross. Just cross eyed. How are you to understand. For months and months. I've wanted to just seize and hug you and hold you to me. And I knew, I knew this would happen. That we never should have been left alone. That all it needed was bumping into you at night in the hall or just the nosey moments in the evening when you get long faced when I tell you not to read my letters. And each time you sulked I had to do everything I could to stop myself hugging and kissing you. Don't you see how it's been for me. O but don't you get cross now."

"I'm not cross."
"You are."

"I'm not."

"O Balthazar. Don't you see. To you the world is just as you find it. Just as each day it's time to get up, to dress, to eat, to sleep. The trip to school. And to Paris. And here we kind of live in a little estate all of our own. Larking about in each other's hair. But the world is not like that. One day you'll see a creature without whom you think you cannot live. And she'll throw her arms up and spin about and raise her skirt on her legs. And you'll like what you see. And she'll look beautiful and flutter her eyes. Put rouge on her cheeks. And tell you nice little lies. And squeal when you feel her breast. And as she shrinks away she'll say come hither come thither and do not dither dear blond beautiful Balthazar. O God she'll get her bloody hands into your hair. And you'll marry her. And she will be up to her elbows rummaging in your fortune when she isn't skipping down the Faubourg St. Honoré. For soap and saddles and suits and rose bouquets."

"I would never marry a girl like that. And who would put rouge on her cheeks."

"I hope when all the years have gone by. And I'm retired in my little country cottage somewhere in Devon. With all, I hope, my many emoluments. That you'll come and see me. And put your hat on a hook and a cane against the wall. You may even be tall and straight and gray. And bow as I sit in black and lace near my fire. With probably the same old embroidery frame. And you'll take up and kiss my hand. O God let me kiss you, kiss you. While you're still here here."

The night hushed and still. Faint breeze out on the garden tree leaves. Paris cools in darkness. The slow slow



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sounds that transport over the city. A shout. And listen, a strange answer. Some nighttime philosopher advising himself. To avoid hunger perhaps and a treadmill day. Like the shadowy men standing inside the cathedral doors in all their silent poverty. Where do they go at night. And Bella said there they are on the benches and in winter they will lie on the Métro grating. To curl up in wait for another day. And the day Bella said let's, when I said why don't we go on a train. As we stood outside the building of the Légion d'Honneur as the sun shone down the Rue de Bellechasse. She made big eyes on the street and made me laugh. And said maybe we should take a picnic and never come back again. We two. Go in search of the holy grail. And we go. Don't we go. Into the great Gare d'Orsay. And I looked up at her flowing hair as all the eyes watched her trotting by. Searching wide eved between the wondering citizens. Under the darkened glass roof and monstrous tiled walls. First stop St. Michel and through Gare d'Austerlitz. And when we got off the train at a town, any town. Brétigny. There were kids with a flag marching through the street. Blowing bugles and workmen putting up colored lights for a fete. When it started to rain. Houses shuttered up. And curtains elsewhere twitching. As we walked hand in hand down the street. And Bella said no holy grail I'm sure will be found, we are Balthazar in a most uninviting town. Would we ever live here. Yes with you. With you I would too. And back on the train in a carriage with three. Of gentlemen. Who stood and turned and sat and sniffed as Bella crossed her legs. And they said ah we are well fixed, I have just come out of the hospital and I am very well placed, to live just far enough outside Paris where it is country and close enough too. Each of them their eyes dropping on Bella's knees and looking when they could at her face. And when they left the carriage and in the corridor, one said my God if I were a young man what I wouldn't give to do what I could do to that one, and I Monsieur would not need to be young to do what I would do to that one. And we came back through the station and the urine smell. A man passed and said to Bella ah up there the unmarried employees live. And she said why tell me. Ah Mademoiselle because to have such beauty passing so close by I feel somehow that it is justice you should know. And we went to a restaurant up through the streets. Where she sat and I thought and thought of the men on the train what did they mean what they would do to that one. What would they do. And Bella let me have a full glass of wine. What would they do to you those men. 188 O it's just talk, men never grow tired of flattering themselves. We raced and ran all the way back up the stairs and into her room. And Bella is this what they do. When I put my hand here and feel your breast the way it swells up from the rest of you. And I don't know yet what you've got down there in your secret hair. Yes dearest it's what they would do. They would kiss me only I'm kissing you. They would grab me tight only I'm grabbing you. And they would do what I'm telling you. Come Balthazar on top of me. On top. Like that. And never would I want you to be them. You're sweet and sweet. And my own loveliest little man of mine. Get in between my legs. There. God it's so hard. I'll guide you in. Don't worry don't worry. O God there you are, there you are. O God Balthazar. You have it up in me. And all the thoughts you never knew you'd know. Of some strange miracle happening to it there. In that part of her. Was it her. Like her face and teeth and hair. These speaking lips so close. Just step out of my brain and into hers. And hello where's the holy grail. Like rolling down in grass in all the wet sweet smell of hay and stop and stare up into a sky of chestnut blossoms. White white planets everywhere. Bella. Have I done it right. Yes yes. O Bella o Bella please it's coming out of me, it's coming out of me, hold me please. Yes yes my dearest let it come. Bella don't let me die. O please. And bleed away all my blood. O Balthazar I won't let you die or bleed away all your blood and God I'm dying too. In all the nooks and crannies and shadows of the sheets. Torn back from bodies one wild one pale. Her hand bumping and counting on my spine. And put my fingers on the hard bone behind her tiny ear. Your face Bella has your eyes closed. And you smile all around your mouth. Everything now so still. Save another long cry from the street philosopher. In search of the holy grail. And you went back up on your shoulders and groaned and groaned. Bella it wasn't unhappy was it. No no not unhappy, you silly boy. I worried you were in pain, you went all so stiff and shook. Sweet that's the way it is when it happens, with happiness, happiness. Why then do you have tears in your eyes. I don't know why. Tell me why. Bella. You must. Tell me why you're crying and you are. And her elbows pointed out into the dark as she held up hands. Tips of fingers across her brows, palms flat on her checks showing just her lips and nose. I know I'm crying. And try to lift her fingers. O please what's the matter Bella, please tell me what's the matter. O Bella what has happened to you, what have I done. I love you so, I do I love you so dearly so and now I've done something, please speak and don't cry. Please speak. I can't I can't. The mattress trembling.

Her stuttering sobs. Bella you're frightening me, please what's the matter. I won't be frightened if you tell me. O Balthazar I wish I were dead, I wish so desperately I were dead. O Bella you must not wish you were dead. You must be alive with me. Let me see under your hand. Bella. I always know what's in your eyes. Please let me see under your hand. No. Please and then I can make you better again and dry up your tears. Come you snuggle in Bella now, I'll take care of you and hold your head and make you nice again. Maybe you have a little stomach ache. Little men with hammers who jump around in your belly tinkering and banging on your pipes that's what you used to say to me when I had a tummy pain. You see Bella I make a cozy corral of arms for you to be in with me. Don't you feel safe. No harm will ever get you now. Balthazar I desperately wish it were so. I like you holding me and I know that everything you say is real and is true and what you believe, you must know that I do. But it just cannot be.

"Bella I love you and have told you everything in my heart."

"I know you have, I know you have." "I will love you through all of my life."

"You can't Balthazar, you can't."

"I can I can."

"I've got to give my notice to your mother. I'm twenty four, twenty four."

You'll not give it."

"I have to. We're sure to get caught at this."

"We won't we will go to hotels." "O Christ."

"And I will go to my lawyers for the money. I like doing this to you."

"O Lord, But for God's sakes Balthazar you must never never breathe a word of this. Never never no matter what happens."

"Why not if we're in love."

"Now listen to me, people just won't understand. You would never be that foolish would you."

"Yes."

"O God please now Balthazar I'm very serious. This is no joke. You would not want to see me ruined and that's what would happen if ever a word of this were breathed. To anyone,"

"Promise then you'll stay."

"I can't."

"Yes you can."

"But what can we do together now. I mean you see it's all different now."

"You can teach me more about antiques.'

"You know more than I do."

"Well then I'll teach you. Bella I won't tell anyone. But you must not go. I want everything to stay just like today.'

"I know sweet but dearest, things change. Everything will be different in just a very few years. And you'll not



"Personally, I think for a love seat it's awfully short."

care at all that I'm gone. Now hush. Listen. Balthazar, nothing stays the same. I won't and you won't. Even a day can come when I really will be dead. Yes. I will."

"If that day ever comes, all I will do as long as I live is remember you. I would build you a big monument too. In the Passy cemetery. I would have it have a big high roof. And it would be the grandest there was. With tall bronze doors. And inside I would have pictures of you and all your favorite flowers every day. I would come and sweep it out myself and polish the way all those old ladies do."

"Hey, you little devil. I'm not dead yet."

"Only if you were."

"I should hope so. Now maybe it's a good idea if you get out of here."

"It's only just rung half past twelve. I heard it."

"Gather up all your things now. Come on."

"No."

"You mischief."

"Bella Bella I'm a mischief, that's what I am. A mischief."

"Push you out then."

"Push, push."

"Stop stop get your hands away. Stop it Balthazar. O stop. O you've got to stop. O you really really must stop. You must, But o not yet. O God Balthazar. Not yet not yet."

Miss Hortense with her hard little knuckled fists dug into Balthazar's sides. Opened out her hands. And reached his head to pull it smothering down upon her breasts. Cushion his silky blond face back and forth in all the milky softness. Her arms so tight around. And I press my sallow body to hers. To snake my own arms under and put them round her back. And I hold her now. More than she holds me. Why did God give her so much beauty and make her born before me. To give her years to flash teeth with love and laughter. And make me race and chase after her and feel before she should go, her warm soft tongue in my mouth and whisper of rabbit rabbit in my ear. I want to catch up. Ask you to wait for me. The most nicest people are always taken away. And Bella I feel I have climbed up on a dark and strange tree. Flowering dewy wet and new. Your bottom Bella turns up as you roll over on top of me. Down there on your big spacious mounds I can put my fingers pressing softly. Where the conductor tried to pinch. On that white bright sunny day under all the trees' full greenery. And the hot silence against the stone walls along the Seine. Where we crossed the Pont Neuf and went down the dark stone steps to the Vert Galant and walked along the cobbles and sandy path. The barges throbbing by on the green gray river like 190 your eyes. And we came to the point of this little island land. Dark figures grouped together by the park wall. I said look Bella. A man and woman clutching a greasy gathering of belongings, lay next each other in rags. The sun burned down on their dirt and dust encrusted faces dried and cracking. Toothless heads, lips drawn in over gums, strange purple swollen lips and mucous covered eyes. And before I could ask why. Were they so poor and why were they there. Bella said come along Balthazar we mustn't stay here. And I stood. Bella waiting. Three ragged men each with a bottle clutched in his blackened fist, came to stand over the sleeping couple. They began to kick them in the sides and head and bottom of their feet. And they awoke from sleep shielding their heads with raised tattered arms. And the kicks rained upon them and shouts, get out of our place. The man slowly struggled under the blows to his knees, his eyes blinking up into the sunshine. A foot smashed against his face and he fell forward as blood poured from both his eyes. The woman clawed screaming at the striking feet. The dark legs closed in on her. They struck sending dust from her ragged covered bosoms and she crumbled groaning to the ground. And as I stood there watching, the man and woman clutching at the sandy stony ground slowly began to crawl away. More blows raining on their backs and heads as they howled. Bella said you must not watch and pulled me by the arm. A day that grew gray and dark over Paris. And cast shadows through the museums, on the boats, and along the boulevards. In the passing Paris eyes were cunning monsters brooding. To lift aside some shallow gaiety and see all the writhing sewer fears. To wish to be back in England. Upon a green unworried day. The crack of a cricket bat, the choir voices of evensong. Prayerful hands and glowing altars. Lay my head as it is now between Bella's soft neck and shoulder. Gone is my fever. I felt all these long days. And listen. Another shout out on the streets. He looks for his mother. On a golden most narrow day. To fit lips upon her breast. To lie quietly now on top of one another. She's mine. No one will ever take her from me. The summer light comes up all over the sky. Bella it's morning. Yes dearest the sun came racing across the Ukraine over the Danube and valleys of the Rhone and Rhine. And it's coming in your window now. Yes. Up south over the Seine. And Bella northward to Metz and Reims, And now across your naked golden legs. Do you hear the birds. I stayed with you the whole night. I'm glad you did. Hear the gardenkeeper singing. Yes I do. Bella promise me you'll never forget this night. Of course I won't, go away now and brush your teeth. And I'll bring you

breakfast. Bella I want to shout and sing and go dancing down the street. Yes I know, now really you must must go. But it's nice, you were a boy when you came in last night. And I am happy for you.

For Now Out walks A man.

And this waking and dying of all strange Sundays. Miss Hortense walking naked to the bath, barefoot on the par-

"Balthazar you're following me around like a little dog and you must not do

that after today.

And in the afternoon they went to Sèvres. Through all the rooms and gleaming cases of porcelain. And later by the Seine on a grassy hill. Where fishermen sat with sleeves rolled up and elbows on their knees. Factory chimneys away on the sky. And back in Paris they walked up the steps across Rue Beaujolais and through the streets behind the Bourse. They sat in a tiny Russian restaurant. And the wife cooked and the husband served and played the piano. And they had asparagus and steak tartar.

Pushing shoving and peeking in and out they waltzed back to the Palais Royal. And kissed behind the closed front door. And Bella lit a candle in her room and said you are getting your good innings indeed. And together they undressed. And danced and played. Bella did what she called the prismatic prance. And stood in front of her mirror as the candlelight shone. And said I dare you try and catch me. And I did. After all the games. And we lay locked and moist in bed.

Until the sound of an opening door. Just before the chimes rang ten. And Pierre's voice and the scrape of bags sliding on the foyer floor. Bella sat upright drawing in her breath.

"O my God I didn't bolt the door, get out of here. Pick up your clothes some-

one is coming."

The light faint and flickering, Balthazar ran grabbing and tripping across the floor to get out the door. Fingers clutching in a shoe, an arm squeezing together jacket and shirt. The click of his mother's heels in the foyer the end of the hall. To close Bella's door and get behind one's own. Leave the clothes strewn or be found skipping nude. To run with jacket and trousers clutched against the breast. And feel a faint sandy grit on the bottom of my feet. As a voice comes down from the dim light up the hall.

"Is that you Balthazar."

"No."

"What. Of course it is. Is it you Balthazar."

"I'm just going to my room."

"O. Well I'd thought I'd return and pack tonight and leave early tomorrow for Menton. Chantilly was such a bore. How are you getting on. Why don't you

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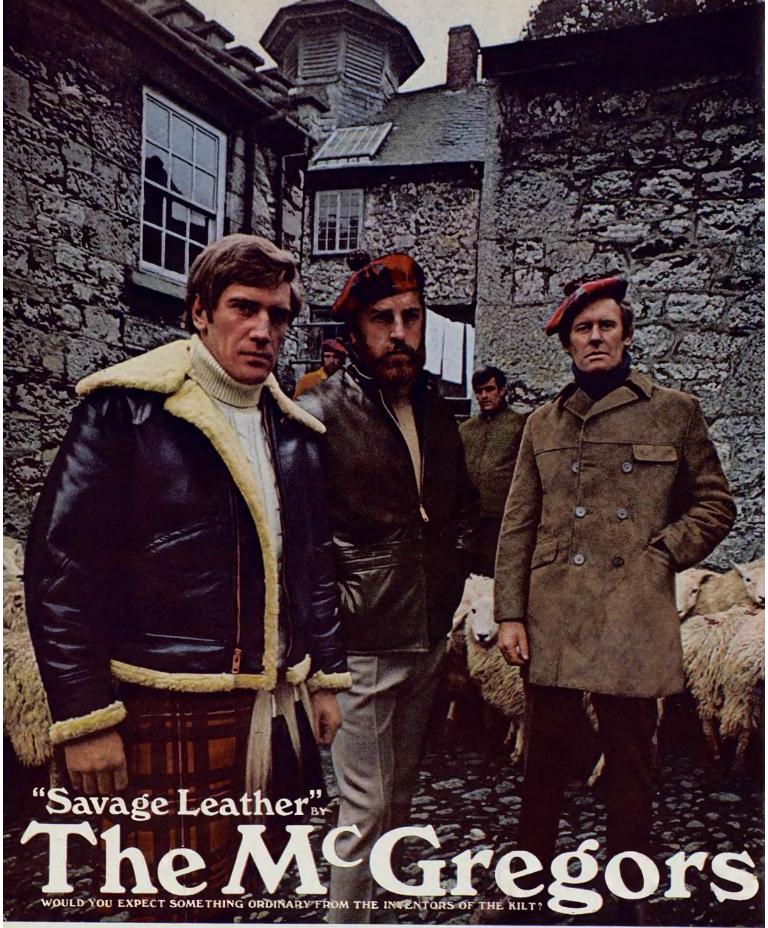
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put on the light. That is you Balthazar."
"Yes."

"Switch on, I can't see you. Is something the matter."

"No."

"Would you help Pierre, he has to fetch four more bags. Put on the light for heaven's sake."

"No."

"I'll put it on. It's irritating to speak to someone in the dark. Good God. What are you doing standing in the hall clutching your clothes like that."

"Nothing, I have come from the

bath."

"Well wear a robe. What's that stuck in Miss Hortense's door."

Balthazar slowly stepping backward toward his door. His mother in a dark blue flowered dress, its silky sheen gleaming in the chandelier light. Her blonde hair drawn tightly back on her head. The great diamonds on a finger flickering blue and pink as it pointed to the white cloth hanging from Miss Hortense's door.

"I think it would appear to be a curtain."

"A curtain. No it's not. Is she in there. Miss Hortense, are you in there."

In solemn dry history books Miss Hortense said. There are times of treaty and times of war. When no one is poor and there's nowhere to go and many guns to make. And people feel better because they don't always have to think of themselves. And love is sadder and stronger then. Because you might be killed.

"Yes Madam."

"Something is stuck in your door."

"Thank you Madam."

To stand so frozen here. Covering all this pain. Why doesn't she go away. Don't ever come close to me.

"Good God, your tie there Balthazar, and this. This is your shirt. What is it doing here. May I ask. In Miss Hortense's door. What is going on."

"Miss Hortense was sewing my sock."

"And you have to take off your shirt and trousers and underwear."

"I have been to the bath."

"Yes and I think it is time you should go to your room. If it is not a little nudist colony here. And I think I should have perhaps a word with Miss Hortense."

"Stay away from her."
"What did you say."

"I said to stay away from Bella."

"I will do what I choose in my flat, my dear boy."

"Do not open her door."

"And what if I do."

"I will not return here ever again."

"You are taking such a privilege away. What foolish talk. This is my house, Miss Hortense is my employee."

"She is paid with my money."

"To be sure. We are suddenly so aware of our rights. She is still my

employee. And if I choose to speak to an employee I shall."

"You shan't refer to her in that fashion."

"And what fashion would you have me choose. To find your clothes strewn about. Stuck in Miss Hortense's door. You have some other term for Miss Hortense perhaps. I think so. Miss Hortense, may I have your attention a moment please."

"Just a moment."

"I can wait. It is no trouble. Yes I think perhaps I ought to know more of what is taking place while I am away. Why don't you go to your room, Balthazar."

Miss Hortense opening her door. The pale profile of her face.

"It is just to ask, my dear, that I should like to chat with you tomorrow morning. About nine thirty. Sharp, please. I think we may have some things to discuss."

"Very well Madam."

His mother turning. Her eyes of cold

blue steel. Her back stiff and straight. And legs long and elegant. Click click click like a soldier she walks away.

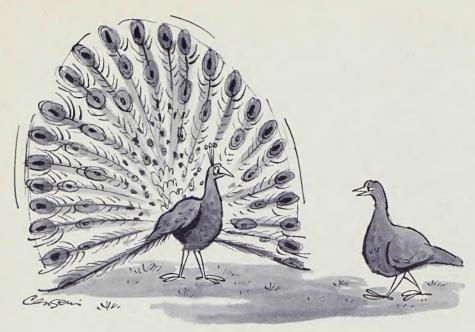
"Bella please don't worry."

"Balthazar please good night get your clothes and go to bed."

To fall down through white tumbling sheets in a night of dreaming. And wake wide eyed to remember last morning Sunday, as Bella sat with breakfast tray and read the black headlines across the newspapers and said o Balthazar I think there is going to be war. It comes like that with photographs of men in high white collars with briefcases stepping from grand trains. They sit at great tables with glasses of water. Never any trust with treaties and someone will wield the sword. And that awful war there was before. My father said the rats roamed and ate the bodies of the dead and the whole sky smelled for miles. Like a yellow suffocating dust. And those horrid men with their black ties, smiling with their pens signing



"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here this day in the presence of God to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony..."



"I take it you're on the make."

papers. Dearest Balthazar if ever guns spit red and smoke and fire please be far away. Tears in Bella's eyes as she poured our coffee in our white cups and the sheet dropped down from her breasts. She clutched it up and let it drop again and smiled. Her bosoms so strange and big when she leaned that way and nipples bright and hard. And then so tall and slender like a reed in the candlelight. I chased her and her breasts bounced up and down. I caught her round the waist. She laughed to push down my arms. Her thighs so long and strong and so much bigger than mine. Just to know and know I could touch them and feel a long straight muscle hardening there. And not be pushed away. Bully you without clothes she said and tickle. Everything's unfair in this game. Now Balthazar stand still. I want to see you. Like a little statue so white and thin. You are a fountain and water should come out of here. And now, o now, I turn it on. With her open palm to reach and touch me, stay still, so stiff, you tremble. Fingers touching so lightly there. All along this funny little line underneath. Balthazar my beauty. Your splendid flower, its pink rose tip. And white blue veined stem. And all its tiny blond new leaves of hair. Bella am I brave to stand still. Yes. And beautiful. And I closed my eyes.

Dark and the ticking clock. Bella, Don't leave me and are you gone. Run to you out of my bed now. Clutch you. Bury my face in your soft welcoming breasts. Hold me away from all that darkness. Like the narrow Rue Allent. The notice up on the wall. URINATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED. And that day we went to the church of St. Louis where I

was baptized. Nearly 13 years ago from this morning of dismay.

Miss Hortense came in with breakfast. Her eyes red and cheeks blotched. And put the tray on my bed. Opened my window and lowered the awning on a rising sun. In her white frilly blouse, gray skirt and black shoes. A locket round her neck. I reach to kiss her. And she pulls my arms from around her neck. And holds my face between her hands and let me please cut a strand of your hair. It curled round her finger. And she tied it tight with a long strand of her own brown hair. And put it in the locket on top of my picture when I was six years old and standing by the sea.

"Bella what does it mean."

"Balthazar listen to me. Listen. I am going to have to go away. Just as I always knew I would. This evening on the train. I am packed. No listen to me. I must. I love you. A war is coming. And I somehow know it is when they say it isn't. You'll be gone to your new school."

"Will you visit me."

"I will try."

"O Bella say you will."

"I will."

"And write to me."

"Yes."

"I don't want you to go. Or ever leave me. I love you so dearly."

"Then you would do one thing for me wouldn't you."

"Yes, what is it."

"Let me speak to your mother alone. There are things I would like to say. That I would not like you to hear. And you mustn't mind too much when I go. We've had some awfully happy times. True love is always sure disaster."

"O please Bella, don't say such a harsh thing."

"I must go."

At 9:30 the salon doors closed. And Balthazar tiptoes there. He waved away the cook who lurked in the pantry hall. She wiped her hands in her apron and scurried when Balthazar said shoo. And on the silk soft carpet he stood in his bare feet and robe and peeked through the keyhole.

His mother sat on a golden legged chair. In a white linen suit. String of pearls at her tan neck and her blonde hair brushed back from her temples. A great diamond pin stuck from the bun gently golden at the back of her head. And she tapped a small silver pencil on her engagement book.

To see only Bella's legs and hands folded in her lap. And wish that my penis would not go hard and stiff. When anyone can look at you and say you are a naughty boy.

"Miss Hortense. I am a woman. It will be less painful if I do not beat around the bush. I will say what I have to say. I am, perhaps, not a good mother. I have no wish to make anyone unhappy. But I could not do otherwise than what I am doing now. I must give you your notice. That is understood."

"Madam I love your son and want to marry him."

"What. Do you want me to go and jump off the balcony. He is a child."

"He is a man."

"Come come my dear girl, what do you take me for. We are grown people and he is but a boy. You should know what you are doing, Miss Hortense. It is far too easy to seduce such a sheltered little creature as Balthazar. I would like to know before you leave that you shall not have contact with him again. That is clear."

"Yes."

"And very wise of you. You are of good family. And I do not blame you or Balthazar as I should have seen what was happening myself. It is a trouble-some world. One does as one likes, if one can. There are rules. Be discreet and do not get caught. But believe me Miss Hortense you were lucky to get caught. A beautiful girl like you should have better things to do. Balthazar will be a bit lovesick but he will get over it."

Miss Hortense standing. A white handkerchief clutched in her hand.

"You awful awful woman. I love him."

"Your envelope Miss Hortense has been put under your door. Do not forget it"

"You're evil."

"You are wrong but also how sad you are my dear. How sad. Some thoughts are best unsaid. I don't suppose you will

be foolish enough to try any tricks. I leave in half an hour. And you may stay till it is time for your train."

Miss Hortense pulled open the salon door as Balthazar stepped quietly back against the wall. He followed her along the hall to her room. She said you mustn't come in. And he went to the bath, and came back and came in. Her case packed and open on her bed.

"Balthazar you shouldn't have listened. That was a mean thing to do."

"Bella you said you wanted to marry me."

"Yes. But it wasn't for you to hear."
"Why."

"Because we could never marry. O God I'm going out of my mind."

"I have a cold cloth here for your eyes."

"You're sweet. I don't mean to be angry at you. But your mother thinks I've corrupted you. That I want to get you in my clutches. Get your money and get your life. That's what she thinks. Maybe it's true. But I love you too."

"Bella, don't be sad and cry."

"I want to leave and go right away now."

"Please wait till it's time for your train."

"No."

"Then I shall get dressed and go with you."

"No."

"Yes. I should be at your side. And please do not wear your hat and cover up your hair."

Miss Hortense stood, her knees against the blue linen counterpane. Her hands hang down and the veins are long and swollen blue. Her lips are open and her eyelids hang gently down. And under lurk her eyes with just their touch of laughter left in their gallant green. And she takes off her hat.

"God what have you done to me Balthazar. What have you done to me."

At Gare St. Lazare. Out on the train quay at nearly six o'clock. They went that afternoon up to Sacré Coeur, climbing all the steps. And sat in the church while a procession moved around the aisles. Sacristans with crosses held high in their dark blue and red robes. Followed by women with empty married eyes. Their white pasty skins that held in their fat. And as they left the Palais Royal, his mother stood in the foyer and waved her wrists and sniffed and shook her head slowly back and forth.

The train doors slamming. Heads sticking farewell from windows. A whistle blowing. A green flag waving. A chug of steam. And the tall green carriage begins to move. I look up. The last thing we did together was to sit each with a sandwich jambon in a café across the street. To say little and then nothing

at all. We were two lonely persons. Like we had never been before. And she put her hand across the table to me and bent her head. And the tears poured from her eyes. And I knew it was time just to touch her. And not say we will meet again or write. Because she would never walk out of my mind. While there was a glowing light. I knew because I could see her sitting there. Just crossing her knees. Where my lamp was lit and other lamps were out. And up in this window now. Her teeth over her lip. Her hand touching the blue ribbon she put in her hair. Choo choo choo. I cannot move or run. I stand. The train is gathering speed. Taking with it so many years. Dragging them away. Faces staring out the big glass windows. Wheels turning. Hard white steel on steel. Goodbye Miss Hortense, goodbye.

And when
The Channel
Comes
And you slip out
On the
Gray and greeny
White
Whisper to it
And say
God love you
Tonight.





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### PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 84)

stylist worth a dime who wouldn't agree that a safe car could be attractive and perform well. Why should enhanced aerodynamic characteristics, better brakes, better handling, better cornering ability adversely affect a car's performance? Quite the opposite; all these safety innovations would enhance performance. A safety car would not be a lumbering monster with a top speed of 30 miles per hour, fit only for 80-year-old grandmothers; it would be just as sleek, just as handsome and just as fast as current models. And for the sports-car aficionado, driving would be just as thrilling-the only difference being that accidents would be far less likely, and when they did occur, the occupants of the car would be far less likely to end up in the hospital or the cemetery.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't the cost of incorporating all the safety features you propose necessarily inflate retail auto prices? NADER: The industry's claim that a safe car, in addition to being tanklike, would cost many thousands of dollars is as phony as the simulated air scoops on many American automobiles. There is no reason why a safety car should cost any more than the present unsafe models; it could, in fact, cost less. The manufacturers would have to retool, of course -which is why they have resisted safety innovations-but their profits are already so astronomical, and their markups so high, that all the basic safety innovations could be introduced without significantly denting their prosperity. Remember, in each succeeding year, the productivity of the auto industry is increasing, and costs are decreasing per unit, all of which will make it far easier to produce a safety car at minimal production cost. And let me stress here that production and labor costs are really far less than the industry has long claimed. Labor cost is actually a very minor component of over-all retail cost; this year, for the first time in automotive history, one major domestic manufacturer made public the basic raw cost of its cars and revealed that a model with a retail price ranging from \$2500 to \$3000 has a direct and indirect labor cost of no more than \$300. On a conventional popular car, the engine will cost the manufacturer less than \$70 to produce; a radio, less than \$20; a seat belt with attached shoulder harnesses, less than three dollars at purchase price from the suppliers. When you add the cost of sheet metals, glass, etc., that comes to a total labor, parts and production cost of less than \$1300 for a standard fourdoor, fully equipped model now retailing for \$2800.

So the industry can easily afford to introduce safety innovations—some of which would actually reduce the cost of production. For example, if you eliminate sharp ornaments in a car, or the type of chrome stripping over the back of the front seat that exposes a passenger to added probability of injury in a crash, you're saving money. There are other measures, such as using nonglow paint instead of glow-producing body paint-which causes glare-that would neither add to nor detract from the production cost. And where safety innovations do add to the cost of productionhead rests or an antilocking brake system, for example-it would be possible to offset the cost by eliminating some expensive and unnecessary stylistic changes intended only to differentiate this year's model from last year's. This is an important point, because some years ago, a study by a team of Harvard and MIT economists estimated that out of the retail price of the average car, approximately \$700 is paid by the consumer for the annual style change—a change that is generally trivial and superficial.

But even if the manufacturer does have to increase his production costs to increase safety, I see no reason why the cost should be passed on to the consumer-as the industry, for obvious reasons, always warns will be the case. The auto industry, as I've already indicated, has such high markups and such huge profits -since World War Two, it has averaged approximately double the rate of return on investment received by American industry in general-that it could easily afford to absorb the added costs of these long-overdue safety features. When considering the cost of a safety car to the consumer, you must also remember that the over-all price of the vehicle includes insurance premiums; and if safer cars reduce accidents and deaths and injuries, thus leading to lower loss claims, the insurance companies should be required to reflect this lower loss incidence and commensurately lower their premiums. You can just imagine what a one-third premium reduction would mean in a major city; it would involve a saving of anywhere from \$400 to \$1000 over a five-or-six-year life period for the car.

**PLAYBOY:** If Detroit refused to absorb the cost of all the safety features you recommend, how much would they cost the car buyer?

NADER: That's hard to estimate, but let's say that a totally crashproof car might cost the consumer \$1000 more than present models; that's an extremely high figure, since Republic Aviation, the firm that did the feasibility studies for the New York State prototype safety car, concluded that a fully safe car could be sold within the price range of today's models. But let's say that it did cost \$1000 more; this would still amount to less than three dollars a day over a one-

year period. If you ask yourself what you would pay to preserve your life or to keep from being crippled or maimed—not to mention the cost of hospitalization—this should strike you as a considerable bargain. Whoever pays the additional cost for a safe car, is there any price too high to pay to preserve life and limb in an auto accident?

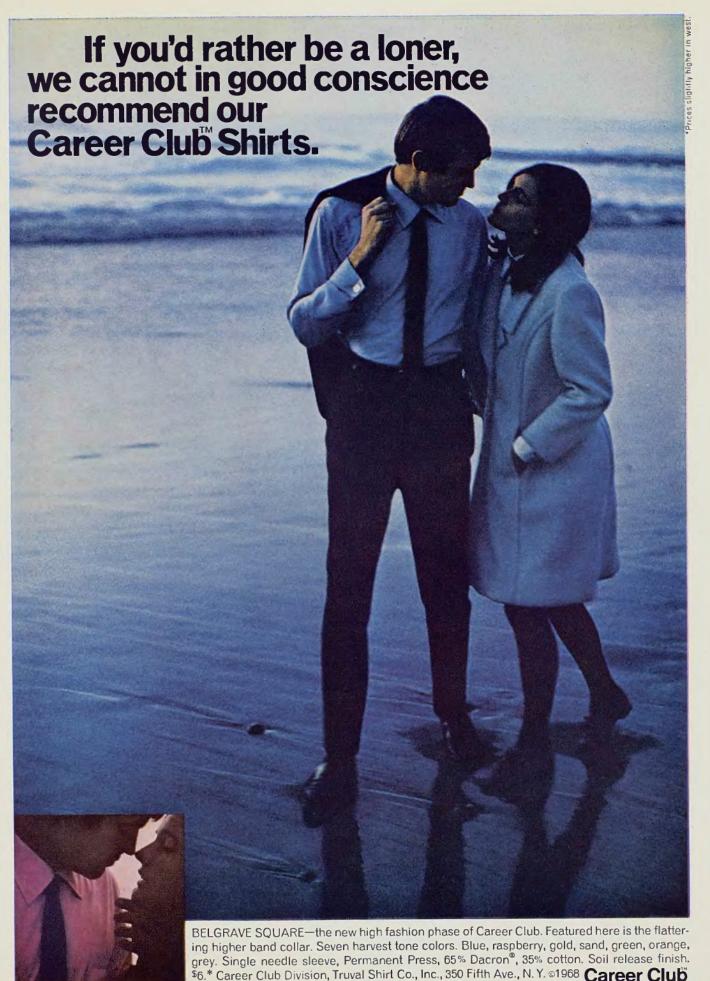
PLAYBOY: What specific features would your proposed safety car incorporate?

NADER: There are literally hundreds of

NADER: There are literally hundreds of features in the automobile that can and should be improved for greater safety. It should have improved nonskid or antilocking braking systems, with nonfade characteristics; Ford is offering its version of this on its 1969 Continentals and Thunderbirds. A safe car should also have improved tire performance to give better traction, durability, cornering and antiblowout resistance. It should have vastly improved suspension and handling, thus allowing the driver to make effective evasive maneuvers in an emergency. It should have improved visibility. The interior of the car should be designed to eliminate all sharp edges and protruding knobs; and all surfaces-not only dashboard but steering assembly, doors and windshield-should be yielding, in order to absorb an impact blow and attenuate or dissipate the energy forces. For example, the windshield could have an elastic characteristic and thus stretch before it begins to shatter, thus absorbing part of the collision forces that would normally be absorbed by the head of the driver or occupant as it strikes the windshield. Some progress has been made in this area already-padded dashboards, improved windshield glass-but much remains to be done.

All seats in the car, furthermore, should be fully integrated systems designed to forestall driver fatigue over long periods on the road and to protect the driver and occupants against side collision, prevent passengers from being thrown into the front of the car as a result of seat uprooting, and give neckand-head-restraint protection in the common rear-end collision. Again, since the passage of the Traffic Safety Act, we've been moving in the right direction with headrests and seat belts, but the progress remains halting. The side structure of the car would be so designed as to reduce the penetrating probability of vehicles crashing at right angles-currently an extremely exposed area in all foreign and domestic models. Various energy-absorbing characteristics would be built into the front and rear of the car; Ford says it plans to introduce these improvements on some 1969 models; and GM is putting a steel band through the door structures of some 1969 models, which they claim provides protection in the event of a side collision.

The fuel tank of a safety car should



be so designed and situated as to greatly reduce the probability of rupturing and igniting upon impact, and the motor should be modified to prevent the introduction of deadly carbon monoxide into the passenger compartment, All carpeting and upholstery should be nonflammable and nonmeltable, in order to reduce the secondary fire characteristics that today burn or asphyxiate many occupants who survive the initial crash. These are all safety innovations that could be introduced immediately and at minimal cost.

On the horizon within the next decade, I can see laser or radar detection systems built into the front of cars to detect impending collisions and automatically activate the brakes to avoid them, thus allowing crashes to be prevented independently of the driver's motions. Another innovation that should be on the boards within three or four years is an automatic restraint system. The most refined concept is a plastic-air-bag restraint system that was laughed at by the industry when it was first suggested some 15 years ago. Upon impact with another car-or with a wall or a telephone pole-the air bag is triggered within 20 milliseconds from its compartment, which for the driver may be located in the steering assembly, for front-seat passengers in the dashboard area and for rear passengers in the back of the front seat. Once triggered, the air bag expands in front of each occupant and swells to about the size of a football dummy. The occupant will be thrust forward into this air cushion, which will cover and protect him from head to foot. The moment the car is stationary, the air bags withdraw automatically into their compartments. This system, which was developed by Eaton Yale & Towne, is within the realm of immediate fail-safe practicality and is now being studied by the National Highway Safety Bureau with great interest. This would eliminate the necessity for individual compliance with seat belts and would be a far more effective protective device in case of a crash. There are scores of other imaginative safety plans already on the drawing boards; so there is practically nothing we cannot do in the safety area at our present level of technological and engineering proficiency.

**PLAYBOY:** One automotive innovation already on the boards is the electric car. How far are we from developing a functional model?

NADER: Not nearly so far away as the auto industry would like us to believe. The auto and petroleum industries have delayed the technological innovations that would lead to an effective electric car, because such a car would displace their tremendous capital investment in the internal-combustion engine. I think it's time somebody blew the whistle on the vestigial internal—or infernal—combustion engine: It's outdated and inefficient, a technological anachronism that should be replaced by either an electric or a steam engine. Such cars would also greatly reduce the air-pollution prob-

lem, since automotive pollution accounts for more than 50 percent of the total air pollution in the United States.

Now, the main obstacle to getting the electric car into mass production has been the problem of recharging; but General Electric, which has been the leader in developing the electric car, has now developed a very advanced hybrid fuel cell that, within two or three years, will allow the production of electric cars with a top speed of 80 miles an hour and a range of 200 miles without recharging. The recharging process itself would take only ten minutes. Such a car could, of course, displace many cars on the roads today because of its range, speed and recharging flexibility, as well as the bonus of not having to buy gasoline. There's nothing eternal about the internal-combustion engine.

PLAYBOY: How close are we to a steamcar? NADER: Very close. Without in any way downgrading the electric car, which is a big step forward, I believe that the car of the near future should have a steam engine. This is the ideal alternative to the internal-combustion engine, and the technology is so perfected that we could put a steamcar into mass production within two years. The steam engine in its current advanced form has a great many attributes: It is at least the equal of the internal-combustion engine in response, acceleration and peak power; it is almost noiseless; it emits less than one percent of the pollution; it burns kere sene—thereby cutting the motorist's fuel bill in half and totally eliminating the lead pollution inherent in leaded gasoline-in a far more efficient manner than internal-combustion engines now burn gasoline; and it would be much cheaper to construct, since you could eliminate the transmission, the clutch and all the other cumbersome components of the internal-combustion engine that add to the latter's complexity, weight, cost and maintenance. One additional attribute of the steam engine is the fact that, since it burns kerosene or other fuels, it is far less likely to incur bitter industrial opposition from the petroleum lobby, which is a very potent force in Washington. Steam engines would permit the oil companies to recover more salable fuel per barrel of crude, due to the absence of current refining complexities. What is most needed now is Government allocation of funds to develop alternative automotive propulsion systems, steam or electric, by private industry. If rationality and efficiency prevail in the auto industry, the last third of the 20th Century can be the age of the steamcarand cleaner air.

PLAYBOY: When President Johnson named 17 members to the National Motor Vehicle Safety Advisory Council in 1967, your name was conspicuously absent from the list, which contained



"It's garbage, but not quite right for us."

many pro-industry names. Why do you think you weren't appointed?

NADER: Because the Administration wanted to avoid the controversy of appointing consumer advocates to counteract the industry advocates on the Council. Of the 17 members appointed, a majority must, by law, be drawn from the public; the rest are representatives of the industry and the dealers. As a pro-consumer advocate, I was obviously deemed too controversial, but it was eminently proper to appoint executives who support the auto industry. This is the basic problem we have to solve before the Government will be an ally of the consumer rather than a toady of big business.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a rather sweeping generalization?

NADER: Yes, but not an unjustified one, when you consider that the Federal regulatory and subsidizing agencies that are charged with protecting the public interest have largely been taken over by the industries they are supposed to be supervising and/or subsidizing and are ignoring, or relegating to secondary status, the interests of the consumer. The Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, has long appeared to be a pliable instrument of the railroads, the bus lines and the trucking industry. The Department of the Interior has ladled out at shockingly low prices rich leases of public land to the oil and gas industries, which it further protects by imposing rigid quotas on cheap oil imports that could save homeowners and motorists billions of dollars every year. The Department of the Interior serves the oil and gas industries in a host of ways that shield them from public scrutiny and accountability. The American Petroleum Institute, an industry organization, has even hired professional writers to prepare promotional brochures for the industry that are then printed free of charge by the Department of the Interior and distributed all across the country as if they were official Government publications. The Federal Communications Commission does little to encourage the broadcasting industry to bring its performance up to its potential. The Atomic Energy Commission, subordinating its responsibility to set vigorous safety standards over what could be America's most destructive domestic catastrophe, should there be a radioactive disaster in public or private atomic-energy plants, instead vigorously promotes and subsidizes private atomic-energy interests. And the Department of Agriculture-better renamed the Department of Agro-Business —is a faithful lap dog of the great grain, meat and poultry interests; so it goes, all the way down the line.

Big business has waxed fatter on Big Government. It's not that the officials of Federal agencies have been bought off



by industry-although I wouldn't entirely rule that out in some cases-but primarily that the agency becomes identified with the interests of the industry it is supposed to be supervising and, in order to "bolster the economy" by increasing that industry's profits, becomes little more than a public-relations agent for big business. Another problem is that agency officials often come from the very industries under purported regulation or leave the agency to take a job in that industry. Repeated shuttling back and forth between business and Government is not uncommon. Remember, a Government regulatory agency is really just a mediator, a referee between business and the consumer; it reacts to pressures brought to bear on it, rather than seizing the initiative. And most of the power comes from industry's side of the street. Inevitably, if industry is the only one knocking on the door, it will receive all the attention and deference, and the unorganized and unrepresented consumer will be left out in the cold. That's why I spend so much of my time trying

to mobilize consumer pressure to bring the regulatory agencies closer to the people they are supposed to serve first. PLAYBOY: You seem to feel that all the Government's industrial regulatory agen-

cies are corrupt and venal.

NADER: Very often, even with the agencies that fail the public most egregiously, it's not a problem of corruption or venality but of shortsightedness, weakness and a misconception of Government's responsibility to the consumer. In a way, this is even more serious than venality, because corruption can be discovered and corrected; myopia and timidity can't. The regulatory agencies are in a pretty sorry state; one of the better ones is the Securities and Exchange Commission, which has taken positive steps to reduce the sharp practices of the stockbrokerage houses, despite the latter's strong and politically potent opposition. But even the SEC's record is, I'm sorry to say, spotty. I originally came to Washington with a great deal of hope that the regulatory agencies would champion the consumers' interests, but it didn't 199

take me very long to become disillusioned. Nobody seriously challenges the fact that the regulatory agencies have made an accommodation with the businesses they are supposed to regulateand that they've done so at the expense of the public; every journalist, politician and Government official in Washington knows it. Only agency spokesmen deny the fact. You don't need to stay in Washington more than one week to discover how apathetic, how bureaucratized, how chatteled to big business and how indifferent to the public these agencies are.

But I don't despair of changing the agencies' present anticonsumer bias and injecting them with new blood and new purpose. It's fully understandable why the agencies act as they do; after all, for years thousands of lobbyists have manned the barricades of business in Washington, using their considerable influence, by means of an assortment of quasi-legal methods, to sway agency officials and legislators to look favorably on the interests of their clients. The consumer's side of the fence, meanwhile, has been represented full time by virtually nobody. This situation is now changing, and the Federal regulatory agencies will eventually change with it. PLAYBOY: Until the regulatory agencies live up to your expectations, who are you proposing should assume their functions? Ralph Nader?

NADER: The public must exercise its power and influence through its elected representatives in Washington, through consumer organizations and through private individuals, such as myself, who are able to generate political action. There is, of course, considerable public apathy, but I'm constantly heartened by the thousands of letters I get from concerned citizens-many of them including valuable, and sometimes confidential, information. I've been particularly fortunate in having been able to develop sources of information within different industries; where necessary, I protect their identity to avoid their being fired. Some people in the corporate machinery do, I'm happy to say, have a social conscience and reject the notion that corporate loyalty encompasses all human values and responsibilities. I think that if more people within industry would disclose material that is vital to public safety, we would be able to attack the specific problems before they reached crisis proportions. I'm not suggesting that an employee subvert or be disloyal to his corporate employer; but if he brings a particular safety or health hazard to the attention of his superiors and they ignore it because they place profit above public safety, then I think it's his duty as a citizen to go outside the corporate structure and reveal it to the authorities, or to private citizens such as myself, who are in a position to expose the situation and 200 to correct it. But to simply rationalize

by saying that they just "took orders" is inexcusable. The code of professional ethics of the National Society of Professional Engineers, for example, specifically tells them that if sufficient attention isn't being given by management to their disclosures, then they must go outside the corporate structure and appeal to the public authorities, because human life is at stake.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the "methods" used by industry representatives and lobbyists to influence members of the regulatory agencies and other Government officials. Would you be more specific?

NADER: There are numerous means open to them: the implicit promise of jobs in industry when an official leaves Government, as I've indicated; leverage at the top of Governmental departments to turn the heat on a lower-level official who sticks his neck out for the public; donations to a Congressman's campaign fund or industry business for some who have law firms; and the forging of social friendships at the golf club, country club or professional organization. There are many specific techniques tailored to specific industries. The auto companies, for example, have "special plans" that allow important people to buy new cars at low prices. A manufacturer will select groups of influential peoplenewspaper editors and reporters, politicians, racing drivers, prominent clergymen-who they believe could promote the image and interests of their corporation in one way or another; the particular individual chosen is then given a new car at least 25 to 30 percent off the dealer's list price. He receives even more than that, however; his car has been given a particularly careful inspection on the assembly line and a thorough road test, unlike the cars sold on the open market, which are driven about 100 yards from the factory to the auto trailer in the parking lot. So this is just one elementary way that the manufacturers make friends and influence opinion makers.

PLAYBOY: Your opponents in Washington have reportedly hinted to journalists that you've been receiving sizable kickbacks by referring negligence cases to a private law firm. Is this true?

NADER: It's demonstrably false, and calculatedly so. I have never accepted a referral fee. I provide a lot of free advice on auto safety and other consumer issues to anyone who asks me, but I do not receive remuneration of any kind. If my accusers can prove that I have ever received such a material reward, I'll gladly quadruple the sum and donate it to their favorite charity. Let me emphasize that there is nothing even remotely wrong with a lawyer receiving compensation for such legal and technical services, any more than it's wrong for a

doctor, an accountant or an engineer to receive compensation for his professional services. It's just that I don't wish to do so. The industry rumormongers apparently believe that only material incentives motivate men, and they try vainly to spread that notion so as to reduce my effectiveness. But the more they try, the more they have reduced their own effectiveness with the Government officials they work to influence.

PLAYBOY: Some of these same critics charge that you are basically opposed to the free-enterprise system and virulently hostile to business. Is it possible that your position might lead to Government intervention in every area of the economy-and inevitably to total socialism? NADER: No. There is still much that is positive in a free-enterprise system, and I have little faith in the automatic power of Government to right all wrongs; in any area of Government control, there is always the danger of inaction, overbureaucratization, underimagination and surrender to special interests. Some form of socialism may very well be a solution for poverty-ridden countries of the "third world"; but in America, the answer is not to scrap the free-enterprise system but to reform itby correcting the abuses committed in its name and ensuring that it operates responsibly and effectively.

The two essential elements of any healthy capitalist system are the free market and competition, and I see value in both concepts; but too many of the huge corporations, while paying them ritualistic lip service, are in practice opposed to the free market and competition and seek a controlled market; they prefer closed enterprise to free enterprise and price- and product-fixing to competition. The essential prerequisites of the free-market system are that the consumer have a meaningful choice of products and that he be supplied the information on which to intelligently base that choice. But the consumer does not have access to such information; and in the highly concentrated industries, the top manufacturers deliberately produce products that are virtually identical, thus eliminating effective competition. In the auto industry, for example, the only fundamental distinction between this year's model and last's is often whether or not a grille pattern grimaces or grins or whether there is a fake air scoop on the side of the car or a strip of chrome. What we need here, to quote from Barry Goldwater's 1964 campaign, is a choice and not an echo-a choice that a healthy free-market system should and must provide. Unfortunately, the megacorporations are basically anti-free market, and thus actually antithetical to capitalism, whereas I am all in favor of fostering

genuine free enterprise and putting the people back into people's capitalism.

Of course, I do believe that some degree of enlightened Government regulation is necessary in such a complex and interacting economy as ours. But the real question is not whether such a Governmental role is desirable—it is inevitable-but whether the Government will intervene on the side of the public or, as is all too often the case today, on the side of big business, whenever the interests of each fail to coincide. Governmental control of industry-as opposed to prudent supervision—becomes necessary only when industry fails to respond to the public interest; drastic state interventions in the private sector, like revolutions, are precipitated by a public demand for the correction of long-standing abuses. Socialism will come to America only if the huge corporations succeed in subverting the free market while extolling it at stockholder meetings. It is this kind of breakdown that consumer advocates such as myself are trying to prevent.

PLAYBOY: Despite what you've said, some critics feel that your Government-regulated approach to the protection of consumer interests is essentially coercive. They accuse you of being contemptuous of the consumer's ability to discern good products and services from bad and to exercise his free choice in the market place. Do you think that's valid?

NADER: As I've already indicated, before the consumer can exercise an intelligent free choice and thus encourage more and better competition, he must be supplied with relevant information about the product he buys; unless there is a full disclosure of this information, and a full disclosure of available alternatives, such free choice is only a sham—as it is today in many areas. The only way a consumer can now make a free choice without outside assistance-from consumer groups or Federal agencies-is to train himself as a mechanic and structural engineer before he buys a car, to carry a spectrograph when he buys home appliances or a Geiger counter when he buys a color-TV set. I don't want to force him to buy anything-but he can't make up his mind in a vacuum. Is it "coercion" if the Government sets standards to prevent the public from consuming diseased meat, or driving dangerous cars, or being overexposed to X radiation through medical and dental X rays? I don't think so; and if you have ever seen any of the horribly mutilated corpses of those who have been struck down on the highways due to engineering defects in their cars, you would consider the question of "coercing" them into buying a safe car rather academic.

PLAYBOY: If you realized all your aims, according to some of your opponents, we might find ourselves living in a

dull, homogenized consumers' utopia in which all products would be blandly standardized, all services uniform. Do you consider that a fanciful prediction?

NADER: Totally. In a healthy free market system-which, as I've pointed out, we don't have today-competition would be a vibrant reality instead of banquet rhetoric, and manufacturers would vie with one another to produce new, better and more exciting products. The whole point of consumer safety movements is to generate change, to stimulate innovation, which means more alternatives, not fewer. Cars don't all have to look drably alike just because safety is engineered into them, any more than all food products have to taste the same simply because putrescent fish is outlawed. Is there anything exciting about being mutilated in an auto crash? Would it be epicurean to eat meat from diseased animals? Would it be boring to live without the possibility of burning to death in a suit made from a flammable fabric? I find it difficult to visualize a time when many people will be lamenting to their psychiatrists, "Doctor, there are no more unsafe cars, diseased meat, air and water pollution or radiation overexposure around. Life has lost all its zest!"

PLAYBOY: You have recently widened your critical sights to include other branches of the transportation system

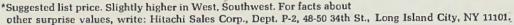
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besides the auto industry. Not long ago, for example, you criticized safety conditions on Greyhound buses. Why?

NADER: Because Greyhound, which is the largest commercial bus company in the United States, has used regrooved tires on the rear of its buses, of a pattern and tread wear that makes them extremely unreliable on wet, slippery pavements. Whenever the treads on a Greyhound rear tire wear down, they have been poorly regrooved-not just once but repeatedly-and replaced on the bus. A UCLA tire specialist revealed recently that Greyhound's regrooving patterns give no more traction than if the tires were absolutely bald. Numerous accidents have resulted from this practice. A Greyhound bus will be rounding a curve on a slightly wet highway, the driver will brake, the tires will fail to grip and the bus will go skidding right off the highway. Such crashes have occurred in various parts of the country. In New Jersey in May 1967, a Greyhound careened off a rain-slicked highway near Hackettstown and plunged 50 feet down an embankment, killing one passenger, a 73-year-old woman, and injuring 12 others. The state police found that the regrooved rear tires had worn so thin that the canvas was showing through. The case was referred to the Department of Transportation, which recommended criminal prosecution of Greyhound for knowingly violating the Motor Carrier Safety Act. Unfortunately, even if convicted. Greyhound is only subject to a \$1000 fine, since there are no other penal provisions under the law-which is just one more reason for making all knowing and willful violations of safety regulations criminal rather than civil offenses. What is particularly repugnant about this is that Greyhound uses such tires for only one reason: to cut costs and swell profits. No one can ever say that Greyhound had its back up against the financial wall and, therefore, had to cut costs for reasons of economic survival; this is a mammoth outfit that is immensely profitable and has so much liquid capital that it owns 28 multimillion-dollar Boeing 707 and 727 jets for leasing to the commercial airlines. And vet, to save a few dollars on new tires, it is willing to jeopardize the lives of its passengers. This provides quite an insight into the ethics of a modern corporation.

But tires aren't the only area where Greyhound is at fault. Consider a recent major Greyhound accident in Baker, California, which took 20 lives. The bus was struck by a car traveling in the wrong lane and flipped over on its door side. The fragile exposed fuel tank of the bus ruptured, the fuel ignited and incinerated 20 occupants trapped in a bus with no emergency exits. The few who escaped were either ejected by the initial impact or managed to climb out the shattered front windshield. Proper design of buses for safety would have saved many lives in such a collision. Greyhound management poured pressure on the National Highway Safety Bureau and UCLA to keep a highly critical report by UCLA specialists on Greyhound bus design from being made public. One reason for this is that Greyhound has a new bus design being examined by the Department of Transportation-a design, incidentally, that shows virtually no safety improvements. Greyhound obviously fears that critiques of its design and performance may jeopardize approval of this "new" design. PLAYBOY: Is Trailways, Greyhound's main competitor, any safer?

NADER: Trailways has had a generally lower accident record than Greyhound. On the Washington-New York run, which I'm acquainted with, some Grevhound drivers consistently violate the speed limits; their driving methods, particularly in the early-morning hours, would turn your hair white. I've been trying for over a year to get a precise statistical comparison of Greyhound and Trailways accidents made public, but the Bureau of Motor Carriers of the Department of Transportation has refused to release the comparative figures. Their explanation is that it would serve no useful purpose. Well, it might serve the purpose of informing the traveler which bus line he's less likely to get killed onand rewarding the safer line for its incentive and responsibility by giving it business. It's quite obvious that the BMC is covering up for Greyhound, as it has done for years; the BMC has never released the full contents of its investigations of accidents involving Greyhound or other bus companies. The BMC has also been sitting for three years on a proposal to require seat belts in buses. I would urge a Congressional investigation of the relationship between the BMC and Greyhound, which amounts to a merger of business and Government in a joint venture to protect each other and delude the public. Here again, we have the problem of a regulatory agency whose duty is to protect the public deciding that its first allegiance is to the industry.

PLAYBOY: How safe are the railroads? NADER: Railroad accidents are sharply increasing. If you read your newspapers carefully, you'll find that hardly a week goes by without some report of a railroad crash, or derailment, or a head-on collision between two trains somewhere in the country. As our railroad system continues to deteriorate, casualties and railroad accidents are rising, and efforts to strengthen railroad safety run into the same technological and bureaucratic obstacles that we find in the field of auto safety. The Department of Transportation proposed the first railroad safety bill in decades to Congress last May, but it hasn't been acted upon.

PLAYBOY: What about airline safety?

NADER: Commercial aviation faces a problem, in the aggregate, that is not nearly as serious as auto safety-not yet, anyway. But aviation safety will present serious challenges in the coming years because of the growing congestion not only in the skies but at our airports; so we had better begin right now to allocate more resources and more public attention to this area. As it stands today, roughly 1200 people die in air accidents in this country each year, as compared with more than 50,000 in automobile accidents. But there is still considerable room for improvement.

For one thing, our planes are far from being as crashworthy as they could be; much more attention should be given to the kind of engineering improvements that would increase the likelihood of survival after a crash landing by strengthening the plane's structure so that it wouldn't always disintegrate on impact and would also reduce the energy forces before they're transmitted to the passengers. In addition, a great deal of work is needed to improve our jet fuel systems, in order to reduce the possibility of ruptures and fire. One remarkably neglected area of aviation safety is this whole question of fire after a crash. Many aircrash victims don't die from impact but are burned to death or asphyxiated before they can escape the wreckage. There is no reason today, technologically or even economically, why this should happen. It is now perfectly feasible to adopt protective systems developed by the Air Force that trigger on impact and prevent the fuel from igniting.

Additional lives could be saved by making stronger seats that are securely anchored to the body of the plane; today, many seats just snap off on impact, propelling themselves and their seatbelted occupants through the compartment. Few people realize that airplane seats are even less adequately secured than automobile seats. Of course, as we go on to higher speeds and supersonic transports, the problems of safety will become even more urgent-but far less susceptible to simple solutions. I think the situation in general would be considerably improved, however, if the commercial airlines and the plane manufacturers would channel some of their multimillion-dollar revenues into safety research and safer planes.

PLAYBOY: Have the commercial carriers and airplane manufacturers responded to demands for improved air safety?

NADER: Let me give you a concrete example. The Allison company, a major airplane manufacturer, discovered in 1967 that a number of Convair 580s it

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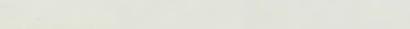
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had sold to commercial airlines had defective engines. The specific defect was a soft piston, which leads to the separation of the propeller, which will then cut into the fuselage and destroy the plane. This is such a serious problem that any aeronautical engineer would urge the immediate notification of the operators of such planes to ground, disassemble and repair them. Allison didn't do this, nor did it inform the Federal Aviation Agency of the defect. Some time after Allison's discovery of the problem, one of the Convair 580s they had sold to Lake-Central crashed in Ohio, killing all 38 persons aboard. A subsequent investigation proved beyond doubt that the plane crash was caused by a soft piston; and as a result, the FAA fined Allison the staggering sum of \$8000-which works out to approximately \$200 per fatality. Allison fought valiantly to have the fine reduced to \$4000, but it did not succeed. The trivial nature of this fine and of the deterrent proceeding from it is accentuated by the fact that in the prior six years, Allison had been cited by the Federal Aviation Agency over 100 times for manufacturing irregularities in propeller production.

There are, unfortunately, no criminal penalties regarding aircraft hazards in the Federal Aviation Act, not even for airlines or manufacturers that willfully and knowingly allow defective planes to be sent from their plants without warning the purchaser. If someone had planted a bomb on that plane to kill a relative and collect insurance money, he would have been sentenced to death or life imprisonment for the murder of 38 people; Allison was fined \$8000. Another long-standing violation on which the FAA has remained silent involves firedetection systems on many aircraft, including many Boeing 707s and 727s, which have not met the FAA's requirement of a five-second response time to warn the pilot of a fire in the power plant. These systems now take up to 15 seconds to signal an alarm, which in modern aircraft is a critical delay.

PLAYBOY: Are the legal penalties meted out to other firms that violate the law as lenient as the one levied on Allison? NADER: Lenient is hardly the word; if we were as lenient toward individual crime as we are toward big-business crime, we'd empty the prisons, dissolve the police forces and subsidize the criminals. The basic problem here is that we adopt a double standard in dealing with individual crime and business crime. Take two men, both criminals: One has stolen a car and the other is a drugcompany executive who has knowingly failed to warn the Food and Drug Administration or the medical profession of serious health dangers from a particular drug product. The car thief, who has caused no physical injury to anybody,

will be dealt with severely by the courts; while the drug executive, whose illegal action may have resulted in many injuries and even death, is let off with a rap on the wrist-if he's reprimanded at all. Coal-mine companies, for example, have been cited for thousands of recurring safety violations by the U.S. Bureau of Mines; but with one minor exception, no penalties have ever been levied for such violations, which are killing or injuring hundreds of miners. To correct this double standard, we've got to redefine and recodify criminal law, which is almost wholly oriented to acts of individual crime and rarely, if at all, addresses itself to corporate crime and corporate executives. The problem is particularly severe today, because ethical standards in industry are, more often than not, distressingly low. A Harvard Business Review survey found that four out of every seven business executives polled said they "would violate a code of ethics whenever they thought they could avoid detection." We're always hearing about "crime in the streets" today, but crime in the executive conference room affects far more Americans.

Buried in the most recent task-force report of the President's National Crime Commission is a brief section on business crime, which reveals that every year, the public is mulcted of from \$500,000,000 to one billion dollars by securities frauds alone. Dishonest and illegal practices in the area of drugs, therapeutic aids and home repairs rob the consumer of even more untold hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The automobile industry has knowingly permitted cars with safety defects to reach the market, with no effort to recall them or to inform the unwitting buyer. Irresponsible use of pesticides and chemicals poison and kill thousands of human beings every year. Yet willful violations in all these areas are punished only by mild civil fines that will never deter corporate malpractice. The civil penalties generally meted out are so modest that the big corporation won't even blink an eye at them; and on the rare occasions when the fines are stiff, the corporations just pass the cost on to the consumer in the form of higher retail

In order to correct this situation, we must amend the laws so that all willful business violations of Federal safety codes come under criminal rather than civil law and convictions are punishable by imprisonment. Such criminal penalties would pierce the corporate veil and reach the particular executive or official responsible for the violations and thus make the company more careful in the future. We already have criminal penalties in the area of price-fixing; as you may remember, several GE and Westinghouse executives were subject to brief jail sentences in the early Sixties for systemat-

ically fixing prices over the period of a decade, a practice that led to overcharging consumers by hundreds of millions of dollars. So I see no reason why we should exempt the auto, gas-pipeline and electronics industries, or any other big corporation, from similar criminal penalties, when their illegal practices jeopardize the health and safety of the consuming public. In the case of General Electric, the deterrent to price-fixing was not the fine but the jail sentence, and this is true in every industry. This is the one penalty that can reach the culpable executive. He cannot elude it by interposing a buffer of corporate privilege or by hiding behind some company bylaws that indemnify him from any fines or liabilities, civil or criminal.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are economic crimes such as price-fixing more likely to be punished by criminal sanctions than violations of safety and health laws?

NADER: Because the latter laws are of more recent origin and industry lob-byist-lawyers have been successful thus far in averting most proposed criminal penalties in this field. As far as the law is concerned, we were much more stringent toward corporations at the turn of the century than we are today. I don't believe there will ever be real progress in corporate reform until we put teeth into legislation by providing for criminal sanctions whenever the law is deliberately violated to the detriment of human life. I can't overestimate the

importance of this; not only are Americans being injured or falling ill because of business crime; not only are future generations being subjected to higher risks of physical and mental deformity and debilitation as a result of today's chemical and radiation hazards; but people are also being fleeced of millions and millions of dollars.

One authority in the field, Professor Sanford Kadish, told the President's National Crime Commission that "It is possible to reason convincingly that the harm done to economic order by violations of . . . regulatory laws is of a magnitude that dwarfs into insignificance the lower-class property offenses." If one looks at all the big corporations that are abusing the consumer and getting away with it, the bank robber who steals \$10,000 and is hunted down by the whole machinery of state, local and Federal police and spends 20 years in prison looks almost pathetic by comparison. Next to the executives of our large corporations, he is a pretty small fish, indeed. The same bank might have made more than that in the same day with concealed interest rates on its loans.

PLAYBOY: Who are the "lobbyist-lawyers" you criticize for persuading Congress to go easy on corporate crime?

NADER: First of all, let me explain that there are two basic strata in the legal profession in this country. On the one hand, you have a majority of lone lawyers



"Sir, I'd like to request transfer out of the Light Brigade."

who work with poor or middle-class clients; you can have serious ethical problems with this type of lawyer in the accident, estate or loan area, but the abuses generally affect only individual clients who are exploited in one way or another. This is the more petty type of legal chicanery, which, while it must be corrected, does not create a legitimizing legal framework for itself. But you also have the wealthy Wall Street-Washington law firms that represent the huge corporations, and here the ethical problems become really acute. The worst problem is at the top, not the bottom; the legal profession, like a fish, rots from the head down. My interest, consequently, is primarily focused on these mega-law firms, because they are among the strongest power brokers in our society, particularly between industry and Government; and they are also the least understood power elite in the nation.

These law firms, as the legal agents of the large corporations, are involved directly in preserving and extending corporate exploitation of the consumer, often under Government protection via laws they draft. Such lawyers have abdicated or distorted their legal ethics and their responsibility to the public interest for million-dollar retainers. The behavior of these firms is particularly irresponsible because they also set the ethical tone for the little lawyer who works with individual clients; as he gazes up at the Olympian peaks of the Wall Street-Washington law firms and witnesses the squalid blue-chip cavorting of the country's best-paid and most respected lawyers, it's inevitable that he will want his slice of the pie, too. After all, he'll say to himself, if they're rewarded with \$500,000 homes and invitations to the White House, why shouldn't he, in his own little practice, emulate their example? And so the whole sordid ethical code of these large firms filters down the line and helps create the same kind of operational atmosphere for other lawyers.

PLAYBOY: What specific unethical acts do you claim these large law firms commit? NADER: Let me give you two examples. And let me stress at the outset that their activities, while profoundly unethical, are rarely illegal; they stay within the strict letter of the law-which they or their predecessors often helped write. As a case in point, let's take the cigarettelabeling legislation that passed Congress in 1965. Here you had a question of great and lasting significance for public health: What should Congress do, if anything, in the light of the Surgeon General's report on the health hazards of smoking? There was a considerable demand, voiced by the public and echoed in Congress, that strict legislation be passed, warning the consumer of the dangers of smoking and initiating antismoking campaigns and research for safer cigarettes on a

large scale. As this controversy got under way, the tobacco industry began marshaling its forces in Washington through its lobby, the Tobacco Institute, headed by ex-Senator Earle C. Clements, which mobilized legal support for the industry.

Now, you've got to remember that whenever a major industry gets into real trouble, it doesn't go to its trade association or its house counsel, but to these Washington-Wall Street firms that are staffed by men who have served in Government, who have penetrated the interstices of power and who are thus eminently qualified to mediate and resolve problems-who are, in short, masters of preconflict resolution, or the art of settling problems in the back room before they burst into the public limelight and generate democratizing pressures that cannot be controlled. In this case, the Tobacco Institute, the industry spokesman, enlisted a number of top Washington law firms, the most important of which were Arnold, Fortas & Porter-at which Abe Fortas, now a Supreme Court Justice and a longtime friend of L. B. J., was a senior partnerand Covington & Burling, led by Thomas Austern, a veteran lawyer and backslapping Washington contact man. These lawyers, with the occasional help of Mr. Fortas, met daily to plot a strategy that would decide the Government's public policy on a major health problem for years to come, and they lobbied relentlessly with Congressmen, bringing to bear all their influence and all the economic power of the tobacco industry.

What was the result? Congress passed a Cigarette Labeling Bill-spearheaded by Dixiecrat legislators from tobacco states-that was completely without teeth; a bill, in fact, that the tobacco industry had desired desperately and which fulfilled its every corporate need. The bill did three major things for the industry. First, by requiring that each cigarette pack be labeled on the side with the message "Smoking may be hazardous to your health," it put the smoker on notice and gave the industry a persuasive defense against potential liability suits. Now they can say to the plaintiff in court, "Since we warned you before you assumed the risk, we are absolved of all responsibility." Let me add parenthetically that even the wording of this warning was weak: "Smoking may be hazardous to your health," instead of, as the Surgeon General's report and every other serious study demonstrates, "Smoking is dangerous to your health." The second boon the bill gave the industry was that it headed off the states from taking any action to protect consumers from smoking hazards at least until 1969. This was very important to the industry, because legislators in New York State, under the leadership of state senator Edward Spino, were on the verge of passing very tough legislation against cigarette advertising, and a number of other states seemed ready to follow New York's lead. So the bill gave the industry a fiveyear breathing space, during which time its products could continue to be sold while innovations such as the 100millimeter cigarette could be introduced. The third thing the bill did for the industry was to preclude the Federal Trade Commission, which had just issued some stringent proposed rules concerning cigarette advertising, from acting in any way again, at least until 1969. So this bill, which many naïve citizens viewed as a blow to the tobacco industry, actually constituted a Congressional surrender to the industry. And who were the architects of this remarkable tour de force? Washington corporate attorneys who listen to after-dinner pontifications about lawyers' being the soul and conscience of society.

Let me give you just one more example of this type of thing. One of the smallest but most powerful Washington law firms, which is also most adept at defeating the public interest, was Clifford & Miller, headed by the redoubtable Clark Clifford, friend of Presidents and presently our Secretary of Defense. As a result of the conviction of General Electric, Westinghouse, Allis-Chalmers and other companies for violation of the antitrust act by collusive long-term price-fixing, which was designed to maintain high wholesale prices for GE's and other corporations' electrical equipment, a number of municipalities and other customers demanded repayment of overcharges. After a good deal of grumbling, the companies agreed to pay out about \$500,000,000 in punitive damages. Prior to most of these settlements, GE called in Clark Clifford, who knows his way around Washington, and asked him to use his considerable influence to persuade the Internal Revenue Service to rule that the money GE and the other culpable companies had to pay out in damages was tax-deductible. After some persuasive representation by Clifford, believe it or not, the IRS ruled just that-which meant that the punitive damages GE and its price-fixing partners paid out as restitution for their own criminal activities were written off as "ordinary and necessary" business expenses; and as a result, the amounts were offset against profits and the Federal Government got 50 percent less in tax payments from the electrical companies involved-a difference ultimately underwritten by the American taxpayer. So Clark Clifford saved GE over \$100,000,000; even a one-percent fee for such services would amount to \$1,000,000. This is the kind of leverage-and



"Let me take your things. . . ."

incentive—these top Washington lawyers have. Even if the public interest is sacrificed in the process, no criticism is leveled at these attorneys.

PLAYBOY: How do the top corporation

lawyers gain such influence?

NADER: By skillfully coordinating the influence of their corporate client with their own personal influence in Washington. They have done this in many ways, but the most important factor has been their ability to curry Presidential or Cabinet-level favor-by helping the President, for example, get business support for his tax legislation and balanceof-payments policies, by lobbying in Congress for his legislative programs, by working for the party organization and raising campaign funds, by setting up key task-force advisory committees, by persuading prominent businessmen to accept high-level Government appointments and by frequently assisting the Chief Executive and other high officials on a wide range of ticklish policy matters, Now, all of these nonremunerative "public services," of course, have an implicit quid pro quo. The lawyer is repaid with special early access to Government information that will be of use to his corporate clients on rulings, regulations, licensing or quotas; or the Government will take a stand favorably disposed to a particular economic interest represented by such a lawyer; or a Federal agency will delay in acting contrary to that economic interest.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't lawyers such as Clifford and Fortas answer you with the argument that they are only serving their client and that in a free society everyone has a right to legal representation?

NADER: No one questions a company's or an industry's right to legal representation. It's how they're represented, and for what purpose, that is the issue. If there were law firms on the other side to represent the consumer, to make secret information public, to engage in meticulous advocacy, to expose pay-offs and other undesirable practices, then lawyers like Clark Clifford would not be such influential industry lobbyists. There's nothing reprehensible or unethical, for example, about a criminal lawyer representing a crime chieftain, because his efforts are countered and the public protected by the district attorney's office, the police and the whole prosecuting machinery of the state. There are, unfortunately, no such countervailing forces in Washington.

It has to be driven home to the American people that the relationship between big business and these top law firms is not a normal attorney-client one but a partnership extending far beyond the court process into legislation, administration, political and diplomatic lobbying, business investments and directorships.

The American people must know how much power these lawyers have and how that power is frequently exercised to the public detriment. During the 1966 auto-safety battle in Congress, for example, the four U.S. auto companies hired attorney Lloyd Cutler to represent them. Cutler had the special task of preventing the law from including criminal penalties for willful and knowing violations that would endanger human life. Somehow, he persuaded Congress that criminal sanctions for such acts as knowingly putting defective vehicles on the market and not recalling them, watering down or adulterating brake fluids, etc., would be punitive, unnecessary and impossible to enforce. Before Congress caved in to Cutler, who applied a good deal of pressure, Senator Vance Hartke, who had introduced the criminal-sanctions provision, asked why there was such desperate lobbying by the auto industry to forestall a sanction that would apply only to knowing and willful violations of the law and not to structural flaws or failure to innovate safety improvements. He didn't get an answer. Did Mr. Cutler have an ethical and professional responsibility to consider the human and social effects of his services? Did he appreciate the fact that he was exempting from criminal penalties not only his four auto-company clients but also thousands of suppliers and distributors whose integrity Mr. Cutler might not so easily vouch for? Apparently, he lost little sleep over this dilemma.

**PLAYBOY:** Which Congressmen do you feel are the most receptive to pressure from these lawyer-lobbyists?

NADER: Well, by far the most dedicated anticonsumer legislator in Congress, and the one with the most power, is Everett McKinley Dirksen, the G. O. P. Minority Leader. The honey-lunged Senator has made quite a hit in pop music recently, but he's been singing the tune of the corporations for years, and with considerable clout. Dirksen is really a great boon to every business lobbyist in Washington. His office is packed with them; he spends much of his time ministering to their demands. And he is a direct pipeline from the lobbyists to the Congressional Record; he doesn't even bother to filter the speeches and statements they write for him, but delivers them verbatim on the Senate floor, with all the power and prestige of his office behind them. Dirksen has been an errand boy for the auto industry, the railroads, the pipeline industry, the private utilities, the atomic-power industry, the drug industry, the steel and aluminum industries, the oil industry; you name any large corporate interest and Everett Dirksen is its faithful emissary.

PLAYBOY: What other Senators do you consider anticonsumer legislators?

NADER: Some others are Senators Carl Curtis and Roman Hruska of Nebraska, Spessard Holland of Florida and Jack Miller of Iowa. But the blue-chip Senator whom many business interests are most anxious to win over is Jacob Javits of New York. His liberal image, secure electoral position within the nation's most powerful state and his convincing advocacy of an issue are all premium attributes, in their eyes, And Senator Javits has not been reluctant to bend these talents in the interests of the big corporations to a point that even some of his admirers believe thwarts the public interest. Other Senators, while not across-the-board foes of the consumer, have vigorously promoted the interests of specific industries that are important political and economic factors within their own states. Senate Majority Whip Russell Long of Louisiana, for example, who is strategically placed to influence legislation, proudly admits that he represents oil and other industries operating in his state. I've heard lobbyists wryly remark that the way to neutralize Senator Long's opposition or even gain his support is to build a plant in Louisiana; at the present rate of construction, Louisiana will be industrialized within the next decade and the erstwhile populist Senator may have forgotten the consumer completely. A similar attitudinal evolution has occurred, I'm sorry to say, with other Senators who initially championed consumer issues but then "mellowed" in office.

PLAYBOY: In order to at least partially counteract the influence of the lawyers who work as lobbyists for the big corporations, we understand you plan to organize a public-interest law firm. How will it operate?

NADER: It will be exactly what its name implies: a law firm-the first of several, I would hope-to represent the interests of the public whenever and wherever they are jeopardized by corporate irresponsibility and Government inertia. The firm will be composed of attorneys but will also eventually encompass talents from the medical, scientific, engineering, economic and accounting professions. It will be based here in Washington, so that we can keep our finger on the pulse beat of power, and will handle no individual cases but, instead, represent the consumer by unearthing evidence of corporate abuses, cooperating with Congressional committees and appearing before regulatory agencies, such as the Federal Trade Commission and the National Highway Safety Bureau. Whenever consumer-related issues have been considered up till now, industry spokesmen and lobbyists have turned up in droves and dominated the proceedings, because there has been no organized countervailing force representing the consumer. I hope that this public-interest

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law firm will start to fill that large gap. **PLAYBOY:** Isn't what you're proposing less a law firm than a consumers' lobby?

NADER: You could call it that. Although there will be other skills supportive of the attorneys', my emphasis will be on the legal aspect. I believe it is urgent to attract bright and idealistic young law graduates into the service of the public before they are absorbed into establishmentarian law firms. I believe the concept of a public-interest law firm could add a new and positive dimension to the legal profession and help orient it to its primary purpose of serving the publicnot just pushing for commercial interests, as it is today. The real distinction between these public-interest lawyers and traditional lawyers is that these are lawyers without specific clients, without retainers. Their only client will be the American public.

PLAYBOY: How much will it cost to establish such a law firm?

NADER: To begin a firm at a modest level of 12 professional people, with secretarial and other overhead, I would estimate that the cost will run in the neighborhood of \$300,000 a year.

PLAYBOY: Where will you get the money? NADER: I hope it will come from public-spirited individuals or foundations.

PLAYBOY: Along these lines, in the past two years you have broadened your horizons to encompass a wide range of issues affecting the public's health and well-being, from conditions in meat-processing plants to radiation overexposure during medical X rays. Taking them one at a time, why have you added sanitary conditions in the meat industry to your list of consumer causes?

NADER: In 1906, Upton Sinclair published The Jungle, a graphic novel about

shockingly bad health conditions in Chicago's packing houses. There was a vast public outcry; Sinclair's charges were broadcast on the front page of every newspaper in the country; and Teddy Roosevelt invited him to the White House to map strategy to correct the situation. As a direct result of that one book, Congress passed the Meat Inspection Act of 1906, providing for Federal inspection of slaughterhouses engaged in interstate commerce, and the nation heaved a collective sigh of relief that a glaring abuse was on the way to amelioration. Civic textbooks still cite The Jungle as a classic case of a galvanized public rising up to stamp out corporate abuse. But today, 62 years later, health conditions in much of the meat industry have actually deteriorated. At the turn of the century, plants were undeniably foul, but it wasn't as easy to pass off meat from cancerous or diseased pigs to the public; the stench of decay alone was a give-away to the buyer. Today, however, thanks to the marvels of chemical doctoring and deep-freeze storage, the consumer can no longer depend on his sense of taste, smell or sight to warn him. As a result, the American public is consuming large quantities of putrescent and disease-ridden meat.

PLAYBOY: Could you give us some examples?

NADER: You have to break the problem down into three distinct but interrelated areas. First, take the animal on the hoof. Are diseased animals utilized for human consumption? The evidence is that hundreds of thousands of "4D" animals —"Dead, Dying, Diseased, Disabled"—are processed in meat plants across the country. There are "specialty buyers" of

such 4D animals at livestock auctions, who buy them at low cost and then process them inexpensively in plants immune to Federal inspection. These buyers-who are not just fly-by-night operators but often represent substantial firms-have, of course, a big competitive edge over the buyer of healthy meat; and a kind of Gresham's law comes into play, whereby diseased meat forces wholesome meat out of a market. Once they get these animals to the stockyards, all they do is carve out the diseased portion of the steer and process the remains for your dining table-after proper doctoring by artificial preservatives, seasoning agents, antibiotics and even detergents. So the 4D animal is one major factor in the situation.

The second area of importance is the sanitary condition of the slaughterhouse and packing house; here, a realistic description becomes so nauseating as to strain credulity. If you examine the reports of Federal or state inspectorsmost of which are not acted upon by the relevant regulatory agency-you'll read of plants where rats, roaches and other vermin have free run of the premises; where paint flakes off ceiling and walls and falls into the processing vats; where conditions are so filthy that carcasses are contaminated by cobwebs, worms, stale blood and decomposing fat caught in table crevices; where the machines are unwashed and rusty; where workers with hairy forearms pause as they mix the meat to scrape it off their arms and into the vat, with their hair and sweat as a bonus to the consumer.

The Department of Agriculture recently supplied me-reluctantly-with an unpublished state-by-state study of intrastate meat-processing plants, which are not subject to Federal inspection. There are 15,000 such plants and they account for 25 percent of all meat sold in the United States, or almost eight billion pounds-enough meat to feed 50,000,000 people annually. This study, prepared by Dr. M. R. Clarkson, had been gathering dust in the department's files-and it's not designed for bedtime reading. Let me read you its conclusion, which condemns the meat processors and packers for "allowing edible portions of carcasses to come in contact with manure, pus and other sources of contamination during the dressing operations; allowing meat food products during preparation to become contaminated with filth from improperly cleaned equipment and facilities; failing to use procedures to detect or control parasites transmitted to man that could lead to diseases such as trichinosis and cysticercosis; failure to supervise destruction of obviously diseased tissues and spoiled, putrid and filthy materials."

This report was prepared in 1963, and recently, Representative Purcell requested the Department of Agriculture

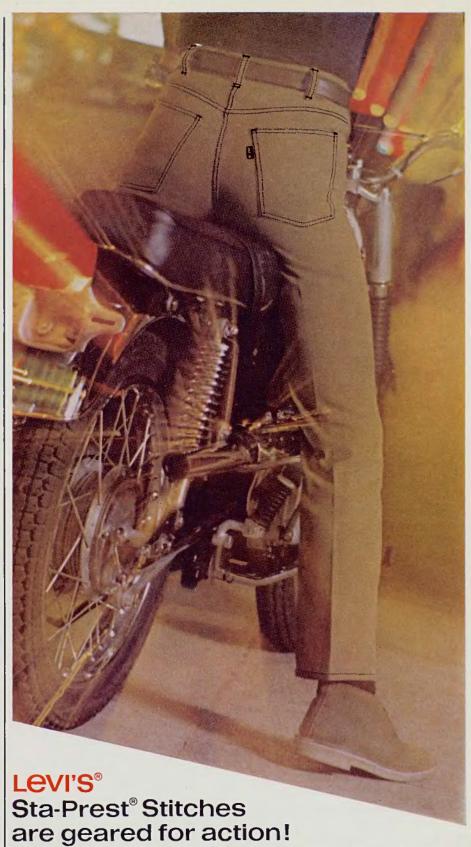


"All this bellyaching about organized crime gives me a pain. Law enforcement is organized, ain't it?"

to launch a new study of intrastate plants to determine if there had been any change in conditions. A Department official subsequently confessed that there had, indeed, been changes; the rats and roaches of 1963 had shuffled off this mortal coil, but their descendants were carrying on business as usual. In 1966 alone, Federal inspectors condemned 250,000,000 pounds of diseased, decaying or contaminated meat, but it was only a drop in the vat. Parenthetically, let me add that while this type of meat is sold across the counter all over the country, the most unwholesome meat of all finds its way to the black ghettos, where it is sold at reduced rates to unscrupulous retailers, who then peddle it at inflated prices to the Negro slum dweller.

But the third and final major factor in meat processing, the "additive stage," is in some ways even more insidious than the use of 4D animals and the prevalence of unsanitary health conditions. Additives are very convenient when you have a situation where diseased animals are being processed and even healthy animals are contaminated by filthy conditions in the plants. The consumer is obviously not going to be thrilled with maggoty or putrescent meat, so something has to be done to mask its real state. Enter the additives, seasoning agents, preservatives, antibiotics, coloring agents and a supplementary battery of chemical adulterants that effectively prevent the consumer's nose or eye from spotting the true condition of the meat sold to him. This is probably the most fundamental type of consumer deception prevalent in the market place. Not only do these additives neutralize our senses of detection, some of them are themselves patently unsafe, and others present unknown risks.

As a corollary to these three basic areas of abuse, there is also an additional health problem in the meat industry: the effect of the animal's own organic condition on our bodies. If too much fertilizer has been used in growing the grain or grass eaten by a particular animal, for example, we ingest inordinate amounts of nitrates when we eat a portion of that animal. And what of the insecticides an animal absorbs through its diet? And what about all the antibiotics that are injected into the animal while it's alive and are frequently used as additives while it's being processed? Anyone on a steady diet of such meat is, in effect, immunizing himself against antibiotics-so that they'll have little effect on him when he really needs them -as well as absorbing whatever undesirable cumulative effects they may have on his system. The Food and Drug Administration is now proposing to tighten safeguards on antibiotic ingestion prior to slaughter. Basically, you see, the consumer is just not aware of what is really



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happening to him when he sits down to that juicy steak or munches on a hamburger. The more we find out about what goes into our foods, the more concerned biologists and nutritionists are becoming. A recent conference of leading geneticists and biologists brought forth expressions of deep concern about the effect of food additives on our chromosome structure. But thanks to the meat industry's subordination of health to profits and the Government's indifference, little has been done to improve the situation.

PLAYBOY: Is there any meat product you would single out as the most dangerous? NADER: The worst offenders are hamburgers, hot dogs, sausages and all luncheon meats, such as bologna, salami and liverwurst. All these processed meats constitute an imaginative food innovation; they are often used as a handy and profitable dump that allows the packers to get rid of their scrap meat, substandard or diseased meat and their less desirable cuts. All they do is douse all these inferior leftovers with coloring and seasoning agents and market them to an unsuspecting public. Court evidence has shown that contaminated meat, horse meat and meat from diseased animals that were originally slated for dog or cat food have often wound up as hamburger or sausage; while lungs. eyeballs, pig blood and chopped hides are mixed into hot dogs and luncheon meats.

To reduce the stench and foul taste, such hamburger is frequently impregnated with sulfite, an illegal additive that gives old and decaying meat a healthy pink blush; a recent survey in New York discovered sulfite additives in 26 out of every 30 hamburgers sampled. Since the meat used is often filthy, detergents are frequently used to wash off the dirt and, to stretch the profit, socalled binders are added to hold the shreds of meat together-generally cereals, but occasionally sawdust. Not surprisingly, I would personally never eat a hamburger, a hot dog, a sausage or any luncheon meat: it's not beyond the realm of possibility that you could get a good hamburger, hot dog or sausage, but why take a chance?

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that such wellknown meat processors as Swift, Wilson and Armour-and such well-known retailers as Safeway, Kroger and A. & P .- sell contaminated meat to their customers? NADER: Yes. Surveys made by the U.S. Department of Agriculture indicate that even these large and well-known firms have often engaged in purchase and sale of contaminated meat products. One must ascribe to these companies a certain degree of awareness and knowledge about the products they are selling to their customers-particularly when Government reports have brought the situa-212 tion to their attention.

PLAYBOY: Yet most of the abuses you've cited have occurred in intrastate meatprocessing and packaging plants, which are immune to Federal inspection. How effective has Federal inspection been in interstate plants?

NADER: Federal inspection is certainly much better than state inspection, but that's not really saying a great deal, because most of the state inspectors are snugly in the pocket of the meat industry. State inspection agencies are heavily larded with patronage appointments who have political ambitions and view their posts as sinecures, and the industry handles them with the requisite friendship, courtesy, persuasion and generosity to make the whole system an empty façade. But there is a professional corps of veterinarians working as Federal inspectors, and in general they do their best; but there are too few of them to adequately inspect the thousands of plants across the country. The inspection agency cannot assemble an effective staff because it has been undersubsidized by Congress, which in the past has been altogether too receptive to lobbyists for the meat industry. Not only do we need more inspectors, we need a better rotation system so they don't get too chummy with the industry and close their eyes to violations; and, above all, we need to train far more veterinarians as inspectors. But there will be no real improvement until all meat-packing and processing plants, intra- as well as interstate, are brought under strict Federal supervision. The meat packers and processors and state departments of agriculture are, predictably, against any extension of Federal inspection-and, unfortunately for the consumer, they have a strange ally in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which has avoided voluntary release of the evidence of its own investigators about conditions in the meat industry.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NADER: Because the Department is primarily concerned with "helping the economy" by promoting meat sales and fears that any bad publicity would hurt business. Of course, the Department's promotional and regulatory roles frequently clash-but the regulatory role always seems to come out on the short end. Over the years, Congressional hearings on health conditions in the meat industry could have been called at any time the Department requested thembut it never did. And the Department is now moving to let certified state inspectors approve meat shipped in interstate commerce, which could seriously erode the Federal inspection system. Here is a situation where responsible Government action could protect the health of millions of citizens-vet the Government has chosen to sit on the facts, hold the hand of the meat industry and shudder whenever the state commissioners of agriculture bellow. Only continuous

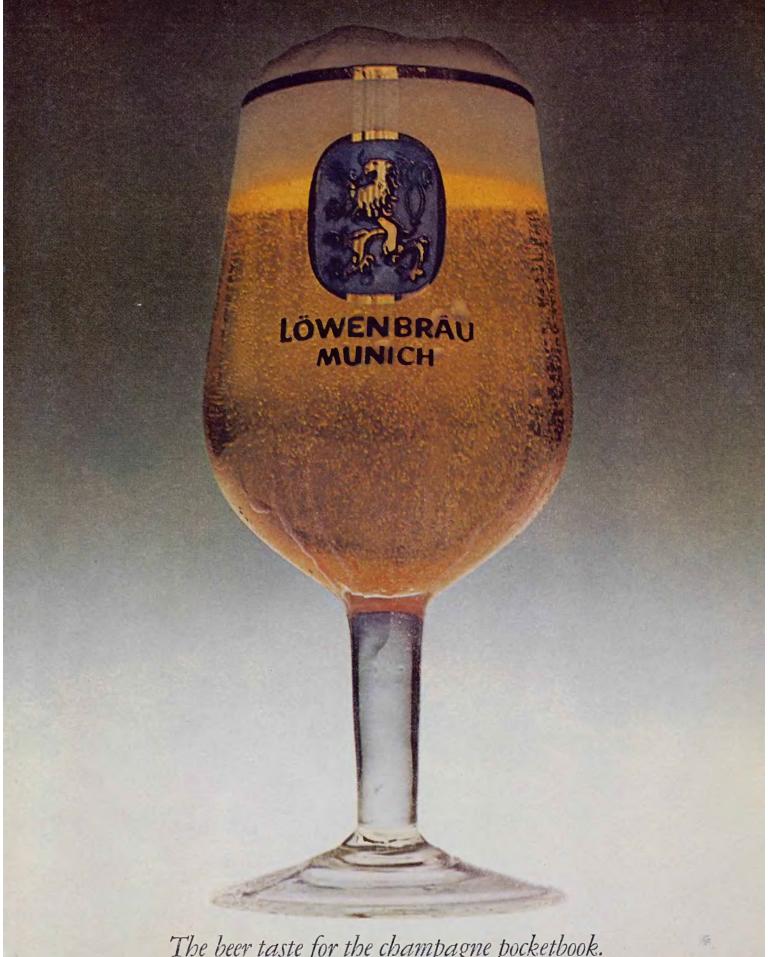
public vigilance by Congress and interested citizens will change this situation. PLAYBOY: Your exposure of abuses in the industry over the past few years was largely responsible for the passage in 1967 of toughened amendments to the Federal Meat Inspection Act, which compels the states to enforce on intrastate packers and processors the same hygienic code imposed by Federal inspection standards. Have sanitary conditions improved since then?

NADER: To some extent, but much remains to be done. Under the new law, the states have about two years to bring their inspection programs up to Federal standards or face a Federal take-over. Already, hundreds of plants considered a threat to health have been closed down permanently or suspended pending cleanup. What is really needed now, however, is to galvanize the Agriculture Department into enforcement and compel it to sever its Damon-Pythias relationship with the meat industry. The tragedy is that all we really need to develop a comprehensive nationwide inspection service that would ensure a wholesome meat supply is \$35,000,000 more than we're now spending-roughly a third the cost of one atomic submarine.

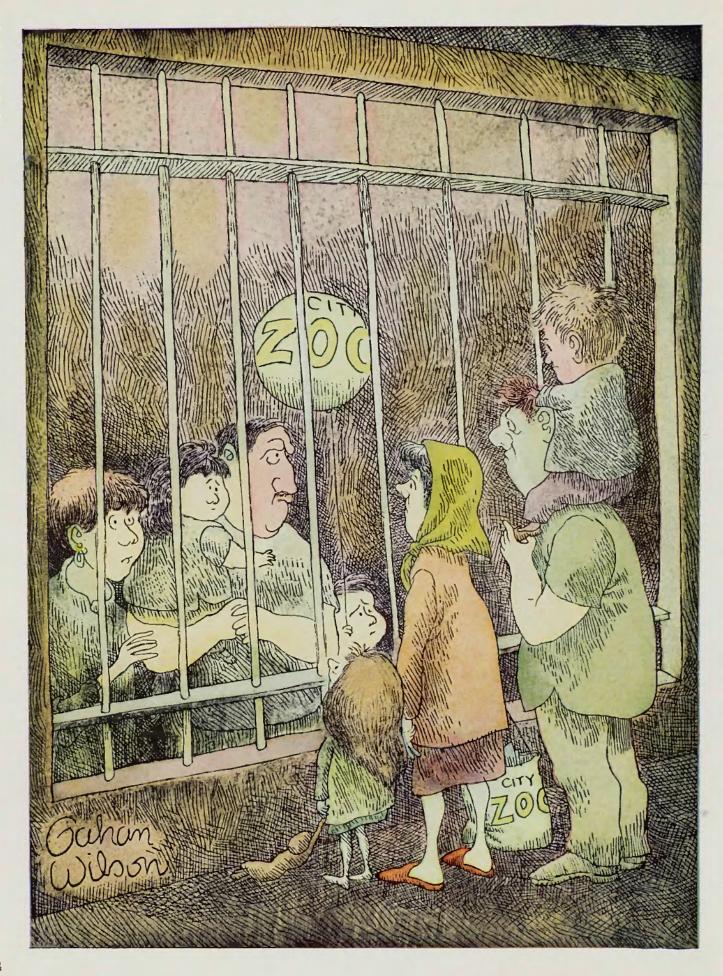
PLAYBOY: After unsanitary conditions in the meat industry were widely publicized, primarily due to your own efforts. many health-conscious consumers turned to fish as an alternative. Are fish products safer than meat?

NADER: Fish are substantially less susceptible to disease than animals; so in that respect, you start with a plus. Nevertheless, millions of Americans are eating poor-quality and polluted fish products today. Deterioration, lack of proper sanitation in the fisheries, contamination of shellfish by polluted waters and application of chemical additives affect the quality of all fish sold on the market today-canned, jarred, frozen or fresh. One problem is the manner in which the fish are caught; fishing boats are frequently old and shockingly unsanitary, and even on the most modern boats, fish deteriorate in "hold pens" for five to fourteen days before they reach the fishery, with no refrigeration other than a few blocks of ice. Any fish stored at a temperature above freezing begins to deteriorate almost immediately and presents a health problem, and very few fishing boats have anywhere near adequate refrigeration.

The second problem concerns the fishery plant itself. There are 2200 fishprocessing plants selling interstate in the United States, and sanitary conditions in many of them are bad. This situation hasn't changed since the days when I saw some of these plants in New England as a boy. I've spent a good deal of time studying surveys of fishprocessing plants by the Food and Drug Administration; here is a mild extract



The beer taste for the champagne pocketbook.



from some recent reports: "The fish were hung on wooden sticks for the processing operation. The sticks and nails were encrusted with rotten fish scales and particles from previous batches. Debris from previous batches of fish was trapped in the nicked tabletop, since no attempt was made to clean and sanitize the table between operations. These residues served to contaminate all batches of fish that passed over the table. No attempt was made to clean the rusty wire dip nets that were used to remove the fish from the thawing and brining casks. The nets had build-ups of bits of rotten fish flesh and entrails. . . . A rusty perforated metal scoop was generally used to mix the brine solutions, In one instance, an employee picked a stick off the floor and used it to mix the brine. . . . After smoking, the fish were allowed to stand at room temperature for approximately four and one half hours before they were placed in a refrigerator."

Fish contaminated by such grossly unsanitary conditions have led to serious outbreaks of illness and disease; people have died from botulism, salmonellosis and shigellosis caused by infected fish products. During the 1966 Memorial Day weekend, for example, 400 people in New York City suffered Salmonella poisoning as a result of eating smoked fish processed in unsanitary fisheries; and in 1963, nine people died of botulism poisoning after eating canned tuna, Defectively sealed cans of salmon or tuna frequently cause secretion of the deadly botulism organism; in 1967, the Food and Drug Administration had to recall and test over 2,000,000 cases of Alaskan salmon before they detected several thousand cans with unsealed seams.

A related but slightly different problem is the rising incidence of infectious hepatitis, which in significant measure is due to the consumption of shellfish from waters polluted by sewage, garbage and industrial waste. This last hazard is the responsibility of groups other than owners of the fishing vessels; but it could be avoided, wherever possible, by alert fishermen. Professor John Nickerson of MIT recently appeared before a Senate committee investigating sanitary conditions in the fisheries and recounted his experiences with a typical fishery owner who said flatly that he "could make just as much money selling bad fish as he could selling good fish." This, unfortunately, appears to be too common an attitude in the industry, even when there is no problem of actual disease present.

So much of the fish we eat is of substandard quality-as has been demonstrated by studies conducted by both the Department of the Interior and Consumers Union-that it's perfectly accurate to say the public is being systematically swindled. Fishery products are highly nutritious and tasty foods, but

average consumption per capita is less than seven percent of meat consumption; cleaning up conditions in this industry would serve not only to save lives but to increase fish consumption; so it would be in the industry's own selfinterest.

PLAYBOY: After your exposure of unsanitary conditions in the meat and fish industries, Congress held hearings on the subject and the prospect for remedial action brightened. You had already turned your attention to safety conditions in natural-gas pipelines. Why did you become involved in what seems to be such a marginal issue?

NADER: It's hardly marginal, when you consider that some 800,000 miles of gas transmission and distribution pipelines wend their unobtrusive way under woods and fields, by schools, homes and businesses and right into the heart of our cities and towns. Corrosion, inadequate welding, lack of sufficient installation depth, brittle and thin pipe-sometimes only one tenth of an inch thick-and other deterioration have caused numerous leaks and ruptures and created the potential for catastrophes caused by ignition of this gas, which is propelled through these pipelines at extremely high pressures, ranging up to 1300 pounds per square inch. Under such substantial pressure, there is always the danger of leakages that lead to explosions and to a particularly dangerous kind of fire, one that feeds on itself as the gas mixes with oxygen and rages like a giant flame thrower.

To prevent this, of course, you need to have extremely strong and durable pipe, properly installed and regularly inspected, to make sure it stays in good condition-neither of which universally obtains today. To give just one example, sections of pipe were recently dug up beneath St. Louis and taken to a Congressional hearing on the subject. They had deteriorated drastically; pockmarks and small holes abounded and many gaping fissures in the pipe had been wrapped around with cloth as a stopgap measure to prevent leakages. It's a miracle that with the pipes in such condition, there has not been a major explosion and/or conflagration in St. Louis.

But these conditions exist all over the country. Sources on the Federal Power Commission estimate that up to four percent of the gas transmitted regularly leaks out of pipelines underneath our major cities, which means that there are thousands of cubic feet of highly volatile gas floating around waiting for somebody to strike a match. Actually, it's quite remarkable, considering conditions in the pipelines, that there haven't been more accidents. The Federal Power Commission was told by the industry of only 64 deaths and 222 injuries from transmission pipeline blowouts and fire over the 15-year period ending in 1965.

Other observers think these figures, particularly the injuries, are greatly understated. Casualties for the much larger distribution line mileage are not compiled by the Government, astonishingly enough. But there have been too many close calls for comfort. A rural school was blown up by a gas explosion only a few hours before it would have been packed with children; and in Queens. there was a tremendous gas explosion last year that totally destroyed nine homes and seriously damaged eight others. Miraculously, there were no injuries -thanks to prompt evacuation.

Others haven't been so lucky. In Naugaoutouches, Louisiana, last year, a pipeline fire incinerated 18 people in their homes. The total damage settlement was \$750,000, which the industry considered a cheap price to pay when compared with the cost of replacing old pipe with new. Since January of this year, explosions have taken the lives of seven children at a Georgia nursery and seven people near Pittsburgh; gas was also critically involved in a Richmond, Indiana, blast that incinerated several city blocks, killing 43 and injuring scores more. Numerous other gas fires this year have destroyed property and injured people. We now have an opportunity, before the situation reaches crisis proportions, to develop the type of safety procedures that will foresee and forestall such disasters. Must we, as in auto safety, point to a mountain of dead bodies before the Federal Government or industry takes even the most halting action? No industry should be granted the right to a free major disaster. The time to act is

PLAYBOY: Another issue you have recently championed is health conditions in uranium mines. But the uraniummine workers who are exposed to radiation constitute only a tiny percentage of the population. You have warned that a much larger number of people are being overexposed to X radiation in the course of medical and dental X rays. What led you into this area-and how serious

NADER: Early in 1967, I came across a technical paper by Dr. Karl Z. Morgan, director of health physics at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, that warned of dangers to patients from overexposure to X radiation in medical diagnosis. I began corresponding with Dr. Morgan and I amassed a good deal of data on the subject, most of it from Federal and state health bureaus, health physicists and radiologists. What I found was shocking. Dr. Morgan, an acknowledged expert in the X-ray field, estimates that there are approximately 3600 deaths each year due to X radiation and, in his own words, "probably thousands of injuries for every death." X radiation, of course, comes from our natural environmental background- 215

from rocks and from cosmic rays filtered through the atmosphere—as well as from man-made sources. We can do little about natural radiation, but most of the man-made radiation to which we're exposed comes from medical and dental X rays; in 1966 alone, 150,000,000 X rays and 7,000,000 fluoroscope films were taken in U.S. hospitals and doctors' and dentists' offices. The fluoroscope, incidentally, is a kind of X-ray movie camera that gives exposures of radiation from 100 to 200 percent greater than comparable radiographic X rays. Dr. Morgan points out that "no matter how great the medical benefits derived from X rays, this is no justification of the fact that because of poor techniques with obsolete and improperly operated equipment, many X-ray exposures are ten or more times that needed for the best diagnostic results."

The problem is compounded by the fact that the radiation doses received during medical or dental diagnosis in America are far higher than those in other industrialized nations. The consensus of scientific opinion today rejects the previously held belief that there is a limit beyond which radiation is not harmful; it's now conceded that radiation damage is cumulative, that the more X radiation you absorb, starting from point zero, the greater the deteriorative effect on your physiology and genetic structure. It's only relatively recently that we've discovered how dangerous such X radiation can be; it can induce cataracts, leukemia, other forms of cancer and lesser symptoms, such as the loss of hair-and we're just beginning to observe the results of overexposure to radiation a generation ago.

You may remember that starting before World War Two and continuing till the Fifties, many physicians tried to remove acne with X rays-some dermatologists still do-and it was a common practice to treat children's tonsils with X radiation to avoid surgery. Doctors would subject a child's thalamus gland to radiation, in the belief that its reduction was necessary to relieve the child's respiratory problem. They profligately employed X rays to treat a wide range of problems, some of them quite trivial, without any concept of the long-term consequences of such treatments. A research group at the University of California's Medical Center recently studied the medical records of patients over the past 45 years and found that incidence of thyroid cancer had grown "at an unprecedented rate," from two percent in the Twenties to 15 percent for the 1955-1965 period. These findings have been echoed by studies conducted by the New York State Department of Health and appear related to indiscriminate use 216 of X rays over the past 30 years.

PLAYBOY: You also mentioned the genetic effects of X rays.

NADER: I did, indeed. In addition to its somatic effects, X radiation can alter the genetic inheritance and increase the risk of mutations. A patient who gets his teeth X-rayed in a dentist's chair often has other parts of his body irradiated. The average dose of X radiation absorbed by the gonads during medical diagnosis is 100 times the dose from radioactive fallout. A pregnant woman overexposed to X rays in a doctor's office may give birth to a deformed or retarded child; Dr. Morgan believes that X-ray overexposures cause "hundreds and perhaps thousands of children to be born each year with mental and physical handicaps of varying degrees." And the great majority of these defects go undetected throughout the child's life. How, for example, do you measure a 10 or 15 percent reduction in a child's potential mental acuity or physical coordination? Dr. Morgan warns that "there may be as many as 10,000 nonvisible mutations for each of the visible variety [and] these more subtle forms of damage . . . may in the long run do greater damage and place a greater burden on our society than those forms of radiation damage that result in the death of the individual." We are living in an increasingly radioactive environment-thanks to man -with emissions from many sources; something has to be done about this situation, and soon.

PLAYBOY: What do you suggest?

NADER: Well, since 90 percent of all man-made X radiation comes from medical and dental diagnosis, we obviously have to start in the office of the doctor or the dentist. Dr. Morgan has pointed out that by properly shielding the patient and adding simple improvements to the machine, it is possible to receive even better diagnostic information from X rays with 90 percent less radiation exposure. He has prepared a detailed list of 65 specific measures that can be taken-none of them unduly complex or expensive-to reduce radiation overexposure in dental and medical X rays. The use of "slow" versus "fast" film is just one example; if you take fast film-at one-half- or one-quarter-second exposures-as opposed to slow four-second exposures, which are widely used today, there's a tremendous reduction in the dose of radiation the patient receives. Such new high-speed X-ray film is available, but most doctors and dentists refuse to buy it because it's a fraction more expensive and they would have to spend a few dollars to modify their machine for its use. Proper shielding is also vital; Dr. Hanson Blatz of the New York City Office of Radiation Control recently reported knowing of instances when defectively shielded X-ray machines sprayed

doses of radiation not only on the patient but on people working in other offices of the same building. The encouraging thing about this situation is that it is so easy to solve; a few simple and inexpensive safety applicationsalong with better training for X-ray technicians, which is presently superficial and desultory-would markedly alleviate the problem. And yet the medical and dental professions remain unresponsive and refuse to concede publicly that a problem exists.

PLAYBOY: Why, in your opinion?

NADER: They are afraid that their public professional image will be tarnished if they suddenly admit that for years they have lacked competence in radiation safety-and they view a tightening of safety procedures as a tacit admission of this failure. In addition, there is a basic problem of changing established ways of doing business. The other aspect of this is, of course, economic. Stricter safety standards would require dentists and doctors to hire proficient X-ray technicians, which would add to their payroll; and if a machine has to be modified, it will cost money. Though less than a day's revenue will add a timer for film speed to a dental X-ray machine that would substantially reduce radiation overexposure, many dentists don't want to make even that minimal investment; but, of course, everyone knows that doctors and dentists, next to Negroes, American Indians and a few pockets of Appalachian miners, are the most impoverished economic groups in America. So in order to preserve the status quo, leaders of the medical and dental professions have just pooh-poohed the dangers of radiation and they have gotten away with it, because there is seldom a direct, dramatic, clearly demonstrable link between overexposure to radiation and subsequent somatic and genetic damage. And they'll continue to get away with it until the public demands change. PLAYBOY: You have charged that another common source of radiation overexposure is the color-TV set. How much radiation do such sets emit, and how dangerous is it?

NADER: Color-television sets require higher voltage than black and white, and unless the high-voltage tubes are adequately shielded, there will be an emission of X radiation. The radiation can come, depending on the defects of the particular set, from its sides, from its front or from its bottom. Now, the radiation is not sufficiently strong to have a harmful effect on an average adult sitting ten or fifteen feet from the set; but children have the habit not only of watching many hours of TV each day but of sitting within two or three feet of the set-which exposes their eyes, a particularly sensitive area, to a dangerous

level of radiation from unshielded sets. Exposure to such radiation may not have immediate deleterious effects on the child, but it can induce cataracts in later life, and many scientists also fear that a child who suffers sustained bodily exposure to X radiation may suffer severe physical and genetic damage.

PLAYBOY: Were the manufacturers aware of the danger before you pointed it out? NADER: Oh, they were aware of the danger, all right. But correcting it with protective shielding might cost approximately a dollar per set, and we all know that the big television manufacturers, like the medical profession, are walking a fiscal tightrope over perennial bankruptcy. This whole problem of radiation in color-TV sets came to public notice only after GE was forced to admit, after prodding by a newspaper and the U.S. Public Health Service, that 92,000 sets already in the hands of their customers emitted excessive X radiation and that some of these sets were irradiating the public at levels up to 100 or 1000 times higher than the safety levels established by the National Council on Radiation Protection and Measurement. As a result of the publicity, GE was forced to dispatch repairmen to modify the dangerous

PLAYBOY: As things stand today, would you own a color-television set?

NADER: Only if a radiation check were made on the set-a very simple test. PLAYBOY: Has the Federal Government

enforced safety standards in this area? NADER: Not directly, but legislation has just been passed by Congress that authorizes the setting of Federal standards for all electronic components emitting X radiation. I just hope the lobbyists for the electronics industry won't succeed, with their customary finesse, in sidetracking or markedly weakening the enforcement of the law. This is becoming an increasingly important problem, because we're moving into an age when more and more of our working and household environment-home microwave ovens, for example-will involve machinery and appliances that emit radiation. Unless we take stringent action now to reduce the hazards of X radiation from all sources-including nuclear power plants, which should be built below ground and away from metropolitan areas, unlike the current practicemillions of people will suffer serious somatic and genetic damage in the future. PLAYBOY: Recently, you concerned yourself with another safety issue-flammable fabrics. Is this a serious problem?

NADER: Well over 12,000 people lose their lives in fires in this country every year and, according to insurance data, a substantial number of them die because

various fabrics and materials in their homes catch on fire and are so flammable that the fire quickly spreads. The clothes we wear and our household environment-drapes, slip covers, bedspreads and rugs, among other thingsare not only too often flammable but emit gases that can asphyxiate the victim before he has even been burned by the fire itself. The situation has become more acute with the mass marketing of synthetic-fiber products in both clothing and decorator items. This problem is also serious in auto safety, because over a decade ago, the industry decided to cut a few corners and began switching its upholstery and coverings from wool, which is highly fire-resistant, to synthetic materials that not only are flammable and emit gases but also melt, creating a molten liquid that produces the most horrible kinds of burns. The Flammable Fabrics Act is so grossly ineffectivethere were so many exemptions, including auto and airplane fabrics-and so unenforced that Congress this year was finally compelled to pass amendments that should force the textile manufacturers to reduce the flammability of their fabrics.

PLAYBOY: Is industry pressure the only reason the Federal Government has tended to resist corrective legislation and enforcement in the areas of health





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and safety we've been discussing? Or as some commentators have observed doesn't Big Government also tend to develop a kind of bureaucratic inertia that causes it to act only after a situation has reached crisis proportions?

NADER: That's part of it, but it's also a basic misallocation of resources and energy. Let me give you a specific example: Considering the billions of dollars the Federal Government is spending to protect and enlarge our defenses against nuclear attack, one might think that it would spend a few million dollars to understand and detect the imminence of major earthquakes in this country. I'm referring particularly to the situation in California, which in recent months has been alarming earthquake specialists to an unprecedented degree. The problem is the same, basically, as that which resulted in the great California earthquakes in 1857 and 1906. It stems from the San Andreas Fault, which shows dangerous signs of increasing instability, It was the release of strain, through a big slippage in this fault, that led to the crumbling of much of San Francisco in the earthquake of 1906; and recent measurements have indicated that in some areas south of San Francisco, the terrain is being seriously warped again.

Earlier this year, Dr. Peter A. Franken, a physics professor at the University of Michigan and formerly special-projects director at the Pentagon and director of the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, cautioned that the strained level along the fault probably exceeds that prior to the 1906 earthquake, and warned of a catastrophe that could severely damage both San Francisco and Los Angeles. And he's only one of many scientists who are predicting that some time in the next 30 years there will be a really serious earthquake in California that could lead to the crumbling of the Golden Gate and Oakland Bay bridges, the disintegration of freeways and untold loss of life and damage to housing and other buildings. Such an earthquake could be so disastrous that it would render trivial by comparison any of the disasters that have hit the North American continent in the past two centuries.

As an indication of the kind of destruction that a sudden shift would entail, there are huge housing projects right over the fault. If such a quake came without any warning, it could easily take the lives of 1,000,000 people. If it came with adequate warning, it's not likely that there could be any substantial saving of property, but the fatality count could be drastically cut. Until recently, the Federal Government has been deaf to pleas by seismologists and other earthquake specialists that there

be greater financial support of research in this area, so that earthquakes could be predicted and advance warnings given to prepare for an emergency. But at the present time, less than \$3,000,000 is being spent on this entire project—a relative pittance, when you consider the gravity of the problem and the work that has to be done. Here is an example of the really irrational, if not insane, allocation of resources in this country.

PLAYBOY: All of these problems, from safer cars to prevention of loss of life in earthquakes, are incontestably of social importance. But while you attack our national order of priorities, couldn't you be accused of misallocating your own priorities? Most of your consumer causes address themselves to economic injustices directed against the affluent white middle class that can afford automobiles, color-TV sets, and the like. Don't the problems of the black ghetto-which are at the root of the explosive racial situation in this country today-seem to you more urgent than earthquakes and auto safety? NADER: The problems I deal with intimately affect most Negroes, as well as the rest of the population. As a matter of fact, in many areas with which the consumer movement is concerned, Negroes are far more exploited than the white population. As I said earlier, the worst meat always finds its way into the ghettos; and Negroes are systematically overcharged for a wide range of products and services. A poor ghetto dweller can afford the exorbitant markup on a box of detergent or tooth paste or on a container of milk far less than a white suburbanite; they're both being cheated, but the Negro feels it more, because he has less to spend and thus more to lose. The consumer movement in which I'm involved deals not only with the safety of the product, which affects rich and poor alike, but with overcharging and low-quality merchandising, both of which involuntarily reduce a man's income and both of which are particularly flagrant and acute problems in the nation's ghettos. The consumer-protection movement also deals with the contamination of our environment-air and water pollution, soil contamination, chemical and radiation hazards, etc,-which obviously affects Negroes as much as whites. All these points-product safety, reasonable prices, quality merchandising and environmental purity-are related as much to the quality of life in the ghetto as to the quality of life in Scarsdale or Grosse Pointe.

But the problems to which I've been addressing myself are related to the welfare of the ghetto on a much deeper level. This is a corporate society, and the thrust of the consumer-protection movement is toward structural corporate reform. It is such reform that must be undertaken if we are going to solve the basic problem of allocating our resources-which will determine how much money and effort we give to the grossly underprivileged sectors of the economy, such as the urban slums; without this reform, the Negro's lot will never improve. As it stands today, 200 of the largest corporations in the land own approximately two thirds of the manufacturing assets; they are the ones who control our allocation of economic resources. To the degree that poverty is allowed to continue unchecked in this country; to the degree that huge pockets of unemployment remain; to the degree that regions like Appalachia are kept poor because the coal interests have discouraged other diversified industries from entering and improving the region's economy because they want to maintain their iron grip on the labor pool; to the degree that corporate power influences Federal, state and local governments to stand pat with the status quo and avoid necessary public investment in the ghettos; to the degree to which industrial lobbyists have cultivated regulatory and enforcement officials and enticed, bribed or intimidated them into not enforcing Government laws, such as the building codes-to this degree is corporate power directly responsible for the continuing plight of the poor. More than any other single factor, corporate reform could contribute to the alleviation of that plight.

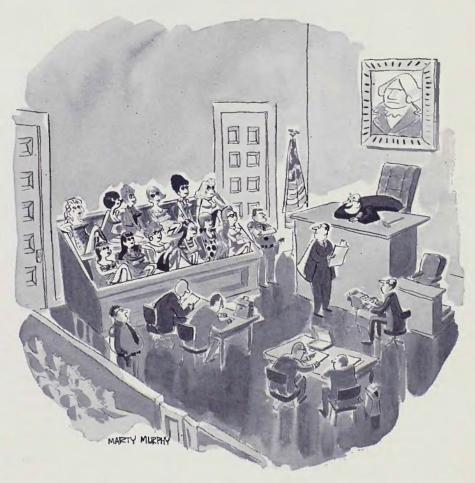
Thus, the consumer movement, in both its immediate and its long-range impacts, is intimately related to the problems of the poor and to the problem of the urban ghettos. I have not addressed myself to specific areas of the civil rights struggle, because there are many people working in this area already, and with considerable political muscle. My prime abilities are as a lawyer and as an investigative reporter, discovering new facts in areas in which no action is being taken and in generating momentum for policy changes. In the area of civil rights, at least, no one denies the basic facts about poverty and exploitation; but that's certainly not the case in auto safety, overexposure to X radiation, health conditions in the meat and fish industries, worker safety conditions in the coal and uranium mines, and a host of other crises with which I'm concerned. The basic problem in civil rights is to create the volition and momentum to make life livable for the black population. The people in the slums are aspiring to a society that I would like to make worthy of their aspirations.

PLAYBOY: The problem of the American Indian is in many ways analogous to that of the Negro. You were concerned with the Indian's plight as early as your days at Princeton. Are you still?

NADER: Yes. The plight of the Indian has become even more desperate than when I first became concerned about it, and public apathy and bureaucratic indifference and mismanagement are directly responsible for it. The American Indian is the most economically and culturally deprived minority group in the United States: The Indian has a life expectancy of 45, a tuberculosis incidence seven times the nationwide average, an annual family income one fourth that of the white majority-or about \$1500-and a shockingly high infant-mortality rate. The Indian population receives dismal health care, lives in substandard housing, has a 40-percent unemployment rate and a 30-percent illiteracy rate. The average Indian receives only five years of schooling, and the high school dropout rate among Indian children is over 50 percent-and for good reason. Recent Senate hearings have shown that reservation schools are severely inadequate and nurture despair and psychologically corrosive feelings of cultural inferiority and alienation; it's no coincidence that Indians under 17 have the highest suicide rate of any group in America.

The children who attend these institutions are never taught anything about their own culture and heritage; whenever Indians are discussed at all in classrooms, it's in terms of the stock Hollywood stereotype. And most Americans are unaware of the deep and bitter anti-Indian prejudice among whites in areas surrounding the reservations; Indians are despised as subhumans, denied jobs and thwarted at every conceivable step when they try to earn a decent living. As a result, 200,000 Indians have left the reservations and migrated to the urban slums-where, with inadequate education and no job training, and their cultural roots torn up, they are even worse off than before. All this is a graphic and depressing commentary on our unwillingness to deal humanely with the first Americans.

PLAYBOY: Is the Bureau of Indian Affairs doing anything about this situation?
NADER: Yes. Perpetuating it. The Bureau,



"Say, I wouldn't mind doing a little tampering with that jury myself. . . ."



"You gladden my heart, Tom. Too many sons behave indifferently toward their dads."

which has 15,000 employees, is one of the most moribund, unimaginative and ineffectual bureaucracies ever created by the Federal Government. The Indian's lot would improve vastly if the Bureau's annual appropriation of some \$280,000,000 were paid directly to Indian heads-of-family, instead of undergoing its customary bureaucratic attrition. For public consumption, its mission is to improve conditions for the Indians; in reality, its task for 119 years has been to help private interests encroach on Indian territory and exploit their natural resources. As a result, since the Bureau's establishment, the total Indian land area has diminished from 150,000,000 acres to 53,000,000 acres. The basic problem here is that the Bureau is part of the Department of the Interior, which has always viewed its primary mission as the protection of the big mining, timber and grazing interests.

The President's Task Force on Ameri-

can Indians issued a fine report in 1966 on the Indian situation, but all its basic recommendations, including a call to transfer responsibility for Indian affairs from the Secretary of the Interior to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, were rejected by the White House, which still keeps secret the Task Force's 104-page report. I have been able to see the report, however, and it reflects the disgust with which many members viewed the Bureau of Indian Affairs' treatment of its "wards." The report revealed that everywhere they went, Indians believed, with justification, that "too many BIA employees were simply timeservers of mediocre or poor competence who remained indefinitely because they were willing to serve in unattractive posts at low rates of pay for long periods of time; that many had unconsciously anti-Indian attitudes and are convinced that Indians are really hopelessly incompetent; and their behavior reflects this assumption." The overwhelming majority of reservation Indians—and I've traveled to many reservations since I wrote my first article on this subject, "People Without a Future," in 1956—view the BIA with despair and contempt. At the same time, they feel it is a buffer against further encroachments on their tribal land base. Even so, only a few Indians on the reservations associate with the Bureau, eager for the material benefits deriving from it; militant young Indians call them "Uncle Tomahawks."

**PLAYBOY:** What *could* the Government do to help the Indian?

NADER: The awful thing about this situation is that, like so many of the other wrongs I've talked about, it could be so easily improved. There are only 400,000 Indians on the reservations and 200,000 in the cities-many of them in Los Angeles, Denver and Minneapolis. The opening up of only 45,000 new reservation jobs could put the Indians on the road to economic self-sufficiency and social health. The Government could provide some of these jobs, and others could be created by an imaginative program spearheaded by the Government and the private sector. The cost for one year would probably be no more than we spend in Vietnam in one week-and yet nothing is done. The Indian continues to live in squalor, his children continue to be robbed of their self-respect by smugly ignorant white teachers, and this shame of America continues. And it is our shame; we have left them to rot in camps of human degradation while our gross national product swells to astronomical heights year after year.

Before it's too late, we must have a massive infusion of intelligently directed funds to improve education, health and housing on the reservations and, above all, to create jobs. The solution is not to get rid of the reservation system and "absorb" the Indian into American life, because that would destroy his culture, which is land based, and would constitute the ultimate annihilation of the Indian, even if his assimilated descendants survived. It would be the final cruelty. Another question here is: How can we ever expect to deal compassionately or rationally with the underdeveloped areas of the world, much less comprehend their cultures, when we cannot even treat decently the first inhabitants of our own land? The Indian, like the Negro, is a mirror for American society, and his despair is our guilt.

**PLAYBOY:** You are working to generate Congressional action on behalf of the Indian. Isn't this a departure from your traditional consumer causes?

NADER: No, because consumers are people, and helping people in any area of society is the whole point of the consumer movement. I'm working on the Indian question because, unlike civil rights or peace, it is an issue that has been neglected by reformers, and there has been little or no political muscle brought to bear in Washington on behalf of the Indian. I hope that situation will change within the next year.

PLAYBOY: Because of your dedication to the exposure and correction of such social problems, your press image has been that of a humorless fanatic, a tireless crusader with little or no time for other human beings. Do you think that describes you? NADER: No-but I do feel intensely about social issues and I tend to place the human needs of our society above my own particular needs and ambitions; for some reason, that seems to baffle people. I'm afraid the public tends to have a greater tolerance for someone who utters ringing phrases but doesn't follow through, someone who professes idealism but practices expediency. Perhaps, in a life where little compromises are the rule, it's easier to understand such a person and identify with him. But when somebody persistently pursues a course of reform, an image of him as a fanatic crusader evolves. Is it so unusual, so implausible, so distasteful, that a man would believe deeply enough in the worth-whileness of his work to dedicate his life to it? If it is, I think that's more of a commentary on the alienation of our society than it is on the zeal of Ralph Nader.

PLAYBOY: A great deal has been made in the press about your alleged asceticism. Are you as oblivious to creature comforts

as such reports indicate?

NADER: It seems to amaze my criticseven to disappoint them-that I don't live in a palatial penthouse, wear \$500 custom suits or dine sumptuously in chic restaurants. I just prefer to utilize my resources, which aren't exactly endless, in such a manner as to maximize the effectiveness of my work. For example, if I have a choice of eating an eightdollar dinner or making a seven-dollar phone call to get some information, I'll eat a one-dollar dinner and use the remaining money to make the exorbitantly priced phone call. But I certainly don't believe I live an ascetic life; at least, it certainly wouldn't be judged ascetic by 97 percent of the world's population.

PLAYBOY: If you receive a substantial amount in damages from your invasion-of-privacy suit against GM, will it change your mode of life?

NADER: No, because anything I receive from General Motors I plan to put right back into the cause of consumer safety.

**PLAYBOY:** How are your current efforts financed?

NADER: I'm self-financed; my sole income is from my book, my lectures and my magazine articles, and everything I

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name? Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge. earn goes to support the consumer issues I'm espousing.

PLAYBOY: Have there ever been moments when you became discouraged by lack of progress and thought of retiring to a placid private law practice?

NADER: Not even remotely. Of course, there are many times when you fail to achieve anywhere near what you want to; but you've just got to adopt the attitude that the tougher the going, the more you have to persevere. Once you come to look at things in that light, temporary defeats become nourishment for additional effort. The only real defeat is giving up, just as the only real aging is the erosion of one's ideals.

PLAYBOY: You have a rough working schedule. When do you relax?

NADER: Well, relaxing is a subjective term; to some people, it means lying on the beach, or getting drunk, or frugging in a discothèque, or sleeping 12 hours a day. But I don't create an artificial distinction between work and leisure. I find my work so imperative, so stimulating, so demanding of those qualities within me that I value, that it's really, in the deepest sense, fun. A love of labor proceeds from a labor of love. I don't have any concept of vacation, of dividing my life between tiresome periods of work and pleasant periods of relaxation. To me, writing, researching, unearthing information and articulating and advocating important issues constitutes a kind of laborious leisure. Perhaps it's this attitude toward my work that causes so many people to consider me a priggish puritan. I really feel sorry for such people, because they must loathe their own work-and perhaps also themselves for not having the guts or the motivation to find something more meaningful to do with their lives. I just couldn't live that way. I would rather work 20 hours a day on something that absorbs me than three hours a day in a job that gives me no satisfaction.

I think one of the things at fault here is the acculturation progress that brings young people into adulthood down rigid pathways over which they have no say and which propels them into career patterns almost automatically, without allowing them to ever really challenge the parental restrictions and societal assumptions that force them into jobs they have no feeling for. I think it's tragic to see so many bright young people signing away their lives by pursuing predetermined career patterns without ever examining what kinds of lives they really want to lead. Nobody can be creative and responsible and interested in what he's doing under these circumstances, and I think the way youngsters blindly let themselves be absorbed into the de-222 humanizing corporate machinery is a

major reason for the malaise in our society. If you hate your work, you're bound to lead a life of quiet desperation.

PLAYBOY: The New York Times has described you as existing "in a state of constant, barely controlled outrage." Is this accurate?

NADER: It's an accurate partial description. I do feel deeply about social issues and I am outraged when other human beings lose their lives or are permanently maimed by the negligence of the auto, tobacco and drug industries; and I find it repugnant that our food and our natural environment are poisoned by sewage, pesticides, chemical and radioactive pollutants, with the terminal effects being explained away by medical diagnoses such as cancer, heart disease and respiratory ailments; and I'm shocked at the institutionalized cruelty to which the American Negro and the American Indian are subjected; and I'm repelled by the conditions in which miners are forced to work. I don't pretend to be detached about these and other problems, but I do try to be rational and objective in attempting to ameliorate them. Too many reformers become grim and humorless and allow the abuses they deal with daily to sour their outlook on the world and alienate them. I don't.

PLAYBOY: Many professional reformers are motivated at least partially by personal political ambition. Are you?

NADER: No, I'm not. I've been approached to run for Congress from my native Connecticut, but I've declined. There is, of course, a great deal a legislator can do for the cause of consumer safety, but I believe I can be most effective in the private sector, articulating the issues and helping create the kind of consumer constituency that will attract more good men to Government and keep Congress at the forefront of public needs.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent being compared, as you have been, with the muckrakers of the early 20th Century?

NADER: No. In fact, I consider it a compliment. Many of the leading muckrakers, such as Upton Sinclair, Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, were very effective stimuli for social reform, and in a sense, I'm working in their tradition. But I try to go further than they did. The muckraking tradition entailed investigating a specific area diligently, digging up the facts that had been suppressed or ignored and then presenting them to the public, which would demand remedial action. I feel my responsibilities go beyond this, because exposure is only the first step; next comes the hard job of persuading Congress to take remedial action, and then pursuing the problem from the legislative process

to the administrative and enforcement stages and to the specific application of public policy at the grass-roots level. It's not enough just to unmask a nasty situation and then sit back and wait for change. H. L. Mencken once described a reformer as a man who sails through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat. What he meant was that too many commentators sit smugly in their Morris chairs, enjoying the leisure of the theoried class. PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the "consumer crusader" label that's been applied to you?

NADER: I don't mind it, as long as it doesn't interfere with my work; and it does have a certain rhythmic ring to it. But I dislike the tendency to encapsulate a man by labels-philosophical, political, religious or otherwise. If pressed, however, I suppose I would call myself a humanist. I believe the emphasis of society must be on man, on man's needs and potentialities, on the means by which he can fulfill his individual role while remaining responsive to the requirements of a complex, interacting society. While we all pay lip service to this, of course, the tendency is to subordinate the individual to abstractionsthe state, the ideology, the religion, the corporation-that render him expendable or redundant. My motivating factor is respect for the individual-from the motorist whose life is sacrificed through corporate neglect to the sharecropper ground down by our oppressive heritage of racism and a plantation economy.

PLAYBOY: Are you a Democrat or a Republican?

NADER: Neither. I shun political ideologies of all sorts, because they always reflect a rigidity, an inability to judge each issue on its own merits, irrespective of prior conditioning. The inherent authoritarianism deriving from this inflexibility inhibits our freedom of choice and blinkers our creative imagination. Besides, no extant ideology even comes close to fulfilling the needs and aspirations of man today. So I approach a particular issue from the perspective of my own ethical principles, but with openness and flexibility.

My critics call me a radical, but I think the real radical in the United States today is the corporation manager who, for all his facile prattle about free enterprise, has really helped create an increasingly controlled economy dominated by a few dozen giant corporations. And yet the average citizen would tend to classify big-business executives as belonging, with a few isolated exceptions, on the conservative right. What they fail to realize is that the concentration of power and its arbitrary use can occur in corporate structures as well as Government agencies. This













concentration, when coupled with legally protected privileges and immunities, affects the destiny of the land in profound ways.

When it comes to American lives, to give one example, the war in Vietnam has not even closely approximated the carnage that occurs on our highways: 28,000 American Servicemen have been killed in Vietnam since 1961; this is roughly the total that die on our highways in an average 27-week period. I'm not saying this to minimize in any way the terrible human suffering the war has caused, but to emphasize another kind of violence that is generally ignored by the public. As I've said, my mission has always been to apply my efforts in those areas where virtually nothing is being done at the public policy level.

PLAYBOY: How do you select these areas? NADER: I've developed three criteria to determine my selection of an issue; I ask myself first how important it is; second, what kind of contribution I can make; and third, how many people are already working in the area. It's this last point that has kept me from throwing myself into the antiwar struggle, because we have considerable talent-from students and professors to political leaders like Senators Fulbright and McCarthy-striving to terminate this war. But when I look around at such issues as auto safety, the safety of our foods, the safety of our man-made environment from air and water pollution and soil contamination, then I find very few people working skillfully outside Government with the requisite independence to protect the consumers' interests. So I have to make a choice of where I can mobilize my limited individual resources to the maximum on behalf of the public interest. And that means that I can only handle four, or, at the very most, five major issues at one time without dissipating whatever effectiveness I may have,

PLAYBOY: You've been extremely critical of nearly every aspect of American society, from business and Government to the medical, dental and legal professions. Are you completely pessimistic about the prospects for this country-or do you find grounds for optimism?

NADER: I'm definitely not a pessimist, or I wouldn't be working in the areas I am. I wouldn't call myself an optimist, either, but I am hopeful about this country and I am encouraged that we will return someday to a positive and productive path, both socially and politically. There are still vast reservoirs of idealism and commitment in this society, particularly among our youth; and despite the terrible crises afflicting us-the racial unrest deriving from our exploitation of the Negro, the unconscionable poverty, the dehumanizing trends with-224 in big business and Big Government

that transform men into automata-I still believe there is a genuine potential for constructive and redeeming change.

Even after all the inequities I've seen in Washington, I know there are many public officials genuinely dedicated to the public service, and a growing number of Americans are demanding basic reforms in our society. It would be a mistake to underestimate the intelligence-or overestimate the patience-of the American electorate; the people will stand just so much before they take remedial action, at the polls and through voluntary organizations. So there are many domestic areas that offer options for progress and fundamental change. I'm less optimistic about our foreign policy, which shows little indication of being open and candid with the American people and every indication of continuing to pursue an aggressive and unrealistic path in Latin America, Southeast Asia and other areas of the world. But I have faith that the American people will ultimately find the will to overcome the grave ills in our society. Unlike most nations, we already have the means.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate on your much-publicized statement that your objective is "nothing less than the qualitative reform of the Industrial Revolution"?

NADER: Well, it boils down to a single basic problem: We have failed to adapt our technological advances to our human needs. In the industrialized Western world, we are entering an age of considerable redundancy in terms of the total aggregate of goods and services produced: our task now is not just to increase the pile but to ensure a more equitable distribution of the goods we produce and to organize the allocation of our resources in such a way that they contribute to reducing and preventing the man-made environmental hazards that threaten life on earth. Most of the progress in science and technology since World War Two has been in areas remote from the average citizen: space. defense systems, computers and automated machinery. It's time to apply science and technology to the immediate needs of the public: in transportation, housing, hospitals, schools.

We have the technological capacity to avoid most air and water pollution and carnage on the highways, to cure the blight infecting our cities, to produce wholesome food for all the people, to provide adequate health care for everyone, to give real security and continuing participation to the aged and incapacitated, to end unemployment and open up an unparalleled era of prosperity and creativity. We can do all these things, with a sufficient application of energy

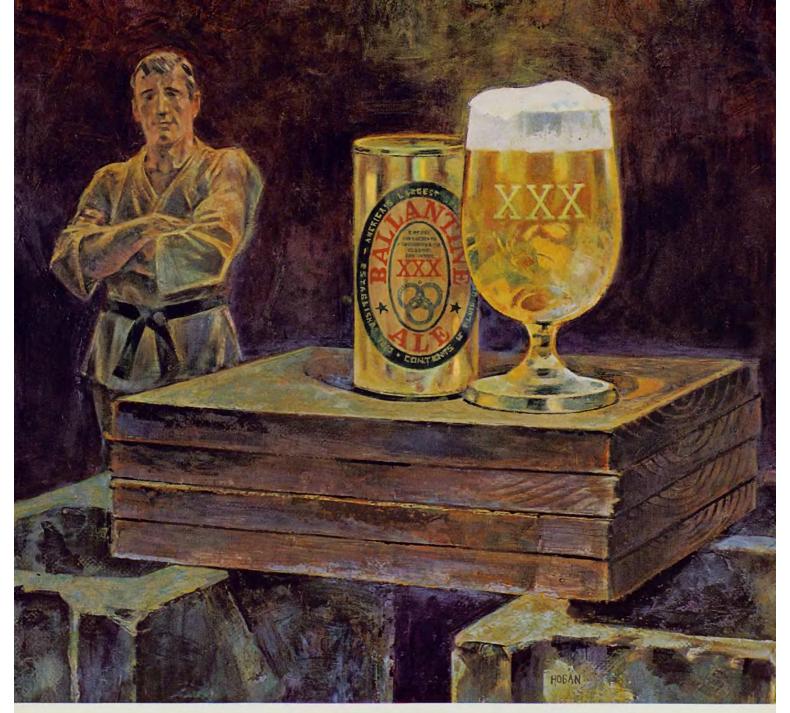
and imagination-but we aren't, and one of the basic reasons is that the huge corporations spawned by the Industrial Revolution have concentrated too much of the nation's wealth and power in a manner that insulates them from real involvement in and responsibility for many of the great issues of our times. While cities burn, the large corporations reap record profits. The pain of the slums must become the pain of corporate America if this widening sore is to be removed. Congress would not fiddle long in appropriating funds for necessary programs if it were given a "go" signal by determined corporate leadership.

But beyond this, I'm concerned that uncontrolled and undirected technological development has served to retard rather than advance genuine human progress. Just look at the various satisfactions preindustrial man derived from his relatively primitive environment: peace and quiet. fresh air, clean water, unpolluted food-all of which are now becoming rare in our society, so much so that their provision commands extremely high prices. We are now witnessing the commercialization of the basic things that preindustrial man took for granted, but which modern man has so desecrated that they are now becoming luxuries. Seemingly infinite human wants and needs are on a collision course with the earth's finite natural resources-particularly air, water and soil. The burgeoning man-made assaults on the human biosphere result from the contempt industrial man has shown toward nature. Unfortunately, this cumulative contempt is beginning to boomerang onto the people of this planet. Nature abused too much soon turns on its abusers.

That's why I plan to continue to publicize the facts about the problems and issues that affect every American intimately but over which he has too little decision-making power, in the hope that popular pressures and vigorous consumer representation will transform industry and Government into expressions, rather than adversaries, of the public interest. Broad public participation in the decision-making process, both political and economic, is indispensable to a truly viable democracy. But the fight doesn't end once the public is aware of the facts and involved in the issues; we must also forge new techniques and institutions to ensure that the public interest is achieved as well as recognized.

PLAYBOY: Adding up a box score of the causes you've championed and the battles you've won, lost or drawn, do you feel that your efforts have been successful? NADER: It's too early to make such a tally. The struggle for consumer democracy is just beginning.

A



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get it done at the end of the trip. Nothing loses its appeal more rapidly than a souvenir that is lugged across country, especially when traveling by air.

The only other piece of advice I would offer is to plan your trip with twice as much care as usual, confirming all reservations, especially airline and hotel, and, when possible, keeping written copies. These might be useful at the first, last and most effective court of appeal in Mexico—the local office of the Mexican Tourist Department.

Acapulco is where I would suggest beginning a Mexican trip, especially if arriving from a northern autumn. You could spend a few days in the sun before tackling the capital and, since the town offers very little of souvenir value (the chief local products are overpriced straw baskets and a species of stuffed, emaciated rat), travel on unencumbered.

Pick up a jeep at the airport as soon as you arrive; the gas gauge and hand brake probably won't work, but it's the best ventilated transportation you'll find. You can rent a car, but be warned that some of the major rental companies in Mexico do not insure hubcaps and other removable fixtures; and since these seem to be regarded with extraordinary covetousness by a certain element in the population, you may find yourself stuck with the bill when they vanish, as they frequently do. You'll notice a large number of hubcap shops in Mexican cities.

The drive from the airport to the central hotel section takes no more than half an hour—less, if you're booked into the Pierre Marqués, which is outside the town. It is unquestionably one of Acapulco's finest hotels, although it tends to attract a slightly older clientele than its leading rivals. My favorite is the Balsa-operated El Presidente, which stands on one of the best swimming beaches in the bay and is only a five-minute drive from downtown. It also has a pool and, should you not want to stay in the main wing of the hotel, lanai suites that are just a few steps up from the beach.

There are more exclusive hotels than El Presidente, such as the Acapulco Towers and the Villa Vera Racquet Club, and there are more dramatic ones, such as Las Brisas, which consists of cottages with private pools set in a steeply terraced hillside; but they're rather removed from the beaches; and in Acapulco, that's where it all goes on. Shell divers paddle along the coast on homemade surfboards loaded with conch and abalone shells that they sell at bargain rates on the public beaches, announcing their arrival with a foghorn blast on a conch. Food vendors sell golden shrimps, plates of chicken covered with hot sauce, tacos filled with spicy meats, fresh coconut milk and mangoes.

A Mexican guide told me (almost with a straight face) that most of Acapulco's taco stands are secretly owned by the Red Cross, for the express purpose of drumming up hospital business. His point was that if you'd like to avoid being laid up with what is popularly known as the Aztec Two-Step, or Montezuma's Revenge, be careful. But no such

caution need be exercised at Acapulco's many foreign restaurants. On most nights, Dino's prepares the best Italian food in Mexico; that's not saying a lot by gourmet standards, but it's more than merely palatable. The same applies to the Chesa Veglia, an elegant, two-tiered room that specializes in Swiss cuisine. And for decent, if unspectacular, French food, try either Chez Guillaume or the Rivoli.

The liveliest beach in Acapulco is Condesa, between El Presidente and the Hilton, where you can rent a small open-sided thatched hut for about a dollar a day; the swimming isn't recommended, but most of the people on Condesa don't go there to get wet. This is the afternoon beach and it's close to a couple of sidewalk cafés and the Paradise, which is a popular rendezvous with the bikini set for afternoon dancing.

At most of the larger beaches, you can rent a powerboat and crew to take you beyond the town limits, up or down the coast, where you'll find deserted coves of white sand that are ideal for private swimming parties and picnics. Tourist facilities are nil, so take your own food and drink.

By contrast with the public beaches, Puerto Marquez, La Roqueta and Pie de la Cuesta are havens of rest. Puerto Marquez is a beautifully protected beach in a small bay of clear, calm water, ideal for swimming and boating; La Roqueta is on an island at the entrance to Acapulco Bay and is accessible only by boat; and Pie de la Cuesta is northwest of town, a long sand bar with the Pacific on one side and a palm-fringed lagoon on the other. It offers one of the best vantage points for watching those vivid Acapulco sunsets, and the facilities for tourists are just primitive enough to charm; but don't be too beguiled by the idyllic scenery-the undertow in the surf is often treacherous.

I know of few beach resorts in which so many water sports can be enjoyed in such flawless surroundings. The water is clear and filled with fish: There is water-skiing, sailing, deep-sea fishing and leisurely excursions by boat through tropical lagoons whose only occupants are the sleek fish and bright water birds. There's even a pastime that combines water and aerodynamics—para-sailing—in which the rider is strapped into a parachute harness and hoisted off the beach by a powerboat that speeds around the bay, lifting parachute and passenger almost 200 feet in the air.

If you plan to follow my Mexican itinerary, three days are the most you'll need for Acapulco, although I have friends who would find it no hardship to stay a couple of months. If you wanted to exhaust the town's possibilities after dark, you could stay indefinitely, for it's



"We were computer matched, but we found out that both of us lied when making out our IBM cards."

at night that Acapulco works hardest. Every large hotel has entertainment, either cabaret or dancing and sometimes both, with an occasional act imported from the U.S. The best discothèques are Aku-Tiki—a Polynesian restaurant-night club on the beach that features the most sensational light show I've ever seen; and Tiberio's, which is currently the younger set's most popular haunt. Armando's Le Club is a society hangout; it has no live music and the atmosphere is unexciting, but in season, the jet set regards it as a temple of worship.

After discothèques and hotel shows, the principal nighttime diversion is Acapulco's numerous brothels, where one need feel no compulsion to participate and where, indeed, many visitors seem to go out of curiosity. Some men even take their wives or girlfriends. While the Tourist Department does not go out of its way to recommend that visitors frequent brothels, it is in no way embarrassed by their prevalence, especially in Acapulco, where it is big business-probably the biggest after hotels and catering. (Mexican law, incidentally, doesn't permit foreigners to own brothels or saloons, or to engage in politics.) The establishments range in style from the Quinta Rebeca, which issues business cards ("You will find here the best-looking girls"), to El 69, which doesn't. Quinta Rebeca is up in the hills above the city. It is a large

building that looks like a country hotel and is reputedly much favored by the clientele of Le Club and visiting celebrities from Hollywood. It's run by a man with the compelling name of Jesus the Flame and, in addition to the more conventional aspects of commercialized sex, it offers special exhibitions for the jaded at \$100 a show. This fall, Jesus is reportedly introducing a special event in honor of the Olympic games and based on the design of the Olympic symbol.

I drove up to Rebeca's one evening shortly before midnight, accompanied by a reluctant hotel representative. He had been told that my interest was purely journalistic, which it was, but he seemed disgusted by it all and became even more morose when we arrived and found we were the only visitors in the place. Half a dozen girls sat at a small bar on a patio above an open-air dance floor, staring listlessly into space while a mariachi group played the Mexican version of *Happy Birthday* for a girl who sat in a corner, weeping happily into a handkerchief.

As soon as we appeared, two of the girls ran over and pushed us into a corner, barraging us with questions, prices and explicit details of special services. The only one who spoke English was a darkly attractive girl named Maria, who said she was born in Israel and had been working at Rebeca's for four years,

with a short absence about a year earlier, when she married a customer and moved to California.

"Big fucking rocky roll drummer," she told me. "We live in fucking Sacramento and he always hitting me. So I fucking hit him back and kick his fucking drums when he go out and then I get out fucking place and come back to Rebeca's." She leaned forward and plucked speculatively at a button on my shirt. "You want to come in the showroom and watch a Lesbian gig? No? Two guys and three chicks? One guy and two chicks? Two black faggots and a chick? Maybe a regular fuck? You want me to beat your ass with a whip? Tie you up with rope? Why you keep writing all the fucking time?"

My hotel friend was getting progressively more uncomfortable and was begging me with mournful eyes to finish my notes. His companion had somehow worked her bare foot into his shirt and was tickling his armpit with her big toe; so after politely declining the girls' offers, we got up and took a tour of the main showroom. It contained a circular bed lit by blue and red lights and surrounded by a double row of chairs for the audience. A smaller room led off.

"That's where guys wait," Maria explained. "Girls get on the bed first and make love and then guys jump through



the door onto girls. Lots of fucking but very clean."

The shabbier establishments are in La Zona, a district full of bright lights and dust, benevolently supervised by police dressed in white, who spend much of their time slouching on chairs tilted dangerously against the police-shack wall, reading comic books and hissing at the girls. The blare of trumpets can be heard through every pair of swinging doors, and now and then there is a momentary lull, followed by a heavy thump and the sound of broken glass. A figure topples out onto the sidewalk, picks itself up, screams defiance at the doors and then staggers into the cantina across the street.

La Huerta is the biggest whorehouse in La Zona and consists of a dance floor, a gallery of feelthy pictures and a large parking lot surrounded by cabins. It looks like a motel, except that every woman in sight—and there are a hundred or so—is half-naked. Whether you go out of curiosity or lust, do not go alone.

Acapulco is not renowned for its historic and cultural treasures, although the Spanish used it as a base to build exploration ships in the 16th Century, and Sir Francis Drake conducted a few piratical forays into the bay when the town served as a terminus for the trade route from the Orient. Its career as a modern resort started in the late Twenties, after the government laid a narrow paved road to the town from the capital. It didn't become an international resort until the mid-Fifties, when the toll road to Mexico City opened.

You can fly from Acapulco to the capital (jet service takes 45 minutes). but if you have the time, go by car. The road has an excellent surface and the views are magnificent, although in the rainy season, which lasts from spring to the end of summer, the highway is often washed out in the mountains just outside town. The route passes through a variety of landscapes, tropical and mountainous near the coast, with deep valleys -filled with palm and giant fern-that gradually flatten out as you travel north. skirting wide riverbeds and passing into plains dotted with skeleral cactus. Along the entire route, you will see the green tow trucks operated by the Mexican Tourist Department for the benefit of stranded motorists. There are two crew members to a truck and both of them usually have a fluent command of English.

The drive from Acapulco to Mexico City takes around six hours and can be broken at Iguala, where there's a roadhouse that serves simple but tasty Mexican food. If you're passing through on a Friday, try to see the local market, which is notable for its gold jewelry and amethysts. This is also the point at which you can leave the main highway for Taxco. It is the oldest silvermining town in the country, a national

monument and a gem of colonial architecture, with its narrow, picturesque streets set in the hillsides and its ornate church on the main plaza. Innumerable stores and stalls sell nothing but objects of silver; though many of the designs are ugly, as a result of misconceived notions of tourist taste, there is much that is simple and beautiful. Sunday is the local market day, and I would suggest staying overnight at the delightful Posada de la Mision before traveling on to rejoin the main highway, which leads to Cuernavaca and Mexico City.

Cuernavaca, about an hour's drive south of the capital, has been a weekend resort since the days of the Aztecs. Since it stands roughly in the center of a region that is rapidly becoming one of the most booming inland resort areas in the country, it is nearly always crowded with visitors, in and out of season, who are drawn by such notable features as the Cortes Palace, with its Diego Rivera murals, the nearby park and gardens and Cuernavaca's small but vivid market. Slick summer homes for retired Americans mar much of its old charm; but there are still quiet moments to be enjoyed here, especially in the streets of the old section. And Cuernavaca is an ideal jumping-off spot for less crowded retreats such as Tepoztlán, a lazy old village that holds an annual festival in honor of pulque, the potent national drink supplied by the versatile maguey cactus: Oaxtepec, where there are mineral springs; Cuautla, the country town outside of which Emiliano Zapata, the revolutionary leader, was assassinated; and Las Estacas, which has all the flavor and atmosphere of a secluded jungle retreat without the presence of snakes and other tropical menaces. The most popular day of the week for tourists is Sunday; it is therefore the one day to avoid. The attraction at Las Estacas is its bubbling spring, which is the source of a clear, cold river that follows a winding course over a rocky bed past steep banks of flowers and foliage. Young couples park their cars on a grassy bank downstream a mile or so, strip down to swimsuits, walk to the source of the river and let the current carry them back to their cars and picnic hampers.

Just south of Oaxtepec is Cocoyoc, a hacienda and sugar mill built 400 years ago and now a resort hotel of 150 rooms and suites, some with private pools. It is set in magnificent grounds, with golf and tennis available, and guests can rent horses or sulkies for trotting.

Each of the locations described above can be reached within an hour's drive from Cuernavaca. If you visit any of them, don't try to return to the capital on a Sunday night: You'll be stuck in traffic for three hours.

It takes a long time to reach the center of Mexico City. This is not surpris-

ing, since, with its population of nearly 7,000,000, it ranks as one of the world's biggest cities and the second biggest in the Western Hemisphere. To residents, it's known simply as Mexico: When they speak of the rest of the country, they refer to "the Republic." There's been a city on this site since the early 14th Century; by the time the Spaniards arrived 200 years later, they found buildings of cement and stone, palaces, vast pyramids and temples, a network of canals and wide boulevards-an enclave of superior civilization on a continent inhabited almost entirely by savages. Confronted with this magnificence and outraged by a religion that worshiped strange gods and practiced human sacrifice, the Spanish followed the same course that later colonialists were to follow when faced with a similar situation: They destroyed the empire and nearly every trace of its existence. The population divided into pro- and anti-Spanish factions; and for more than 200 years, through intermittent bouts of warfare and rebellion, the city sank into squalor and neglect. Throughout it all, the Spanish hung on and were not finally driven out until three centuries later. Even now, although both countries exchange trade missions, it would be an unwise Mexican president who appointed an ambassador to Spain. Today, the city is probably Latin America's liveliest metropolis in terms of commerce, culture and social activities and, after New York, ranks in my opinion as the only genuinely exciting city on the North American continent.

If you haven't already made airline reservations to Mexico City for the Olympics, you can forget about it, because the last seat was sold or at least reserved early last summer. Hotel space is always heavily booked in the fall, the most popular time to visit the city, and this month they will be sleeping in the parks. Mexico is not a wealthy country and, quite sensibly, the government did not think it reasonable to authorize construction of new hotels merely to absorb the abnormal crush of visitors who would be arriving during the two weeks of the Olympic games. There's even talk of accommodating some of the overflow in Acapulco, but that, too, will be difficult, because October marks the beginning of the Acapulco season. If you can't find a room while the games are on, try to get something outside the city. even if it means going as far as Puebla, Cuernavaca or Toluca; each of these three towns is linked to the capital by little more than an hour's drive via expressway. Should the hotels be filled even here, there are plenty of nearby smaller towns and villages that might still have space. The best plan would be to get a road map from the Mexican Tourist Department and pick your own spot.

The choice of hotels in Mexico City is

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enormous, but it can be simplified somewhat by deciding whether one wants to live colonial style or in a skyscraper. My own favorite in the first category is the Cortes, a stately old caravansary with limited accommodation and superb service; it's located across from Alameda Park, just off the Paseo de la Reforma, the main thoroughfare. For more modern tastes, I'd recommend either the Maria Isabel, a massive tower of glass on Reforma, or El Presidente, which is in the central shopping district: Both are Balsa hotels and both are close to the offices of leading airlines and American Express. Other recommendations can be found in the chart on page 130, which also lists restaurants, entertainment, shopping and sight-seeing highlights.

Once settled in your hotel in or around Mexico City, you will want to investigate the local restaurants-a subject I hesitate to introduce. Under "Where to Dine" on our chart, you'll find listings of the better restaurantes you might try; but bear in mind that "better" is a comparative word. It is no insultand may, indeed, be something of an understatement-to assert that haute cuisine is about as common as snow in sunny Mexico: once you accept that fact, more than adequate dining is possible. However, if you don't like Mexican food but prefer French, Chinese or some other "foreign" cuisine and are fussy about the way it's cooked, you're in trouble. Bizarre transformations have been known to take place in the kitchens of even the largest and most reputable foreign restaurants in Mexico; simple dishes assume flavors that defy simple definition. Coq au vin, for example, may taste as though it had been marinated in root beer and a strong detergent; and pasta often becomes a palate-palpitating amalgam of warm glue and rancid flour; and an order of fried shrimps is rendered inedible because the oil in which they have been cooked gives off an aroma that suggests unmentionable origins.

I don't know why non-Mexican food should be so generally horrible, but I was told by a hotel manager that an employee may not be dismissed in Mexico for ordinary incompetence; he must commit almost a major crime before he can be thrown out. Perhaps the kitchens of Mexico have become a haven for the world's worst, or at least most indifferent, kitchen staffs. This indifference extends even to the phraseology of menus: A Chinese restaurant in Guadalajara lists such delicacies as "nylonlike vermicelli soup, mesrrom, chicken with banbo, surry, shop suly, fideo, fried fideo, scaldop and dodlle." I don't know what any of these are, and I must confess that while I was in Guadalajara, I didn't try to find out.

This can all be pretty discouraging for the hungry gournet. My only advice, if he doesn't fancy Mexican food, is to eat fresh fish and fruit, which is



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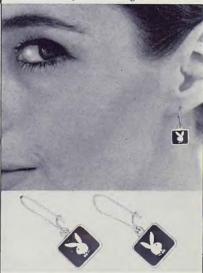
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Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, The Playboy Building 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge. about the most reliable meal available—although one will often run across a fair steak and some excellent soups. By contrast, basic Mexican food (much of which. I have to admit, I can forgo without any lasting regrets) is in a category of its own, simply because the innocent traveler doesn't know whether the wide divergence in its flavor—even such staples as tortillas never seem to taste quite the same twice—is accountable to bad chefmanship or regional cooking habits.

In any other country, such conditions would soon become intolerable-at least they would for me-but in Mexico, other considerations make them seem trivial, At La Gruta, for example, a restaurant near the pyramids of Teotihuacán, the food is plain and listless, but the setting is unique: a huge vaulted cave set in a hillside. The cooking is done at one end of the cavern on a raised platform, and the smoke from the stoves drifts through apertures in the rock face into the sunlight outside. Musicians wander from table to table, improvising suggestive songs about the customers, so that one soon becomes more engrossed in the surroundings than in the food, which is just as well, under the circumstances.

There is good food to be found in Mexico City, but, as with practically everything else in the country, the quality and service vary from day to day and sometimes from hour to hour. One of the most consistent, however, for

both high quality and speedy service, is the Circulo del Sureste, which serves Yucatecan dishes-rich and exotic concoctions that, for my taste, are far superior to conventional Mexican cooking. Seafood is always fresh and delicious at La Playa Bruja and La Marinera; though the decor is bare and functional, both restaurants are nearly always full of appreciative customers. For decent international cuisine served with great attentiveness in luxurious surroundings, you could try the Muralto, at the top of the Latin-American Tower, or Les Ambassadeurs on Reforma. The Restaurant del Lago is billed as one of the best international restaurants in the city, but I was more impressed by the view and the fountain than by the chef. If you feel a sudden desire for Chinese food while you're in the capital, you'll find Cantonese food at Yi-Yen on Hamburgo and at the Luau on Niza.

I wish I could say nicer things about Mexico City's restaurants. It seems fantastic that in the hundred or more establishments that cater to foreigners who don't want to eat Mexican food at every meal, there are so few that have mastered the art. In fairness, however, it must be acknowledged that a Mexican tourist in London or Rome would probably starve before finding a passable Mexican restaurant.

If you've thought about using your rented car for sight-seeing in Mexico City, forget the idea. Driving in the capital is a form of guerrilla warfare fought without regard for either safety or sanity. I still flinch from the memory of a bus that bore down on my car from nowhere, a rattling pile of uncontrollable nuts and bolts with the name JAMES BOND painted on the side, and at the wheel a mouthful of glittering gold teeth, bared in a wild grin at the prospect of imminent collision. According to a Mexican friend, the driving population is composed entirely of assassins and victims, interchangeable roles that are never defined until the moment of truth. This can come at an intersection, when one driver will challenge another to stop first simply by putting his foot on the gas and hoping for the best; or it can happen on the highway when a motorist rockets into another lane without giving any signal. Mexicans say it's all part of machismo, the masculinity cult that continues to guide the conduct of so many Mexican men. That's their story.

Mexican cabdrivers are no exception to this rule, but they seem to survive. Use taxis; they're cheap and plentiful in the city. So are chauffeured cars; and if the driver knows the city, speaks English and can be trusted to steer you to stores not owned by relatives, so much the better. There are also excellent bus and limousine tours that cover every aspect of the city, from museums to night clubs. If you're interested in either of the latter (or need information of any sort about the city), call the official Tourist Department at 66-06-00.

Your own taste will guide you to the kind of sights you like most; but for a basic appreciation of the city (and the country itself), don't leave without seeing the magnificent new Museum of Anthropology in Chapultepec Park. You'll find the famous Aztec calendar stone here (the one that's reproduced in countless Mexican murals and jewelry designs), as well as Tlaloc, the Aztec god of rain, whose 168-ton figure sits at the museum entrance on Reforma. Not too many years ago, when the government moved Tlaloc from the district where he had lain for centuries, the local Indians staged a riot, predicting that terrible calamities would result from the desecration. It wasn't as bad as the prophecy, but, as the truck carrying Tlaloc approached the outskirts of the droughtstricken capital, a violent thunderstorm erupted, much to the awestruck delight of the Indians; it rained for three days.

You should also find time to see the Zócalo, Mexico City's main plaza, around which are situated the massive metropolitan cathedral, which started as a church more than 400 years ago; and the National Palace, which occupies an entire block and contains frescoes by Mexico's best-known muralist, Diego Rivera, and a gallery of portraits of national figures. Close by is the intriguing National Pawnshop, which holds auctions



"It may have happened here, Miss Kingsley, but it doesn't qualify as an 'industrial' accident."

for jewelry, antiques and works of art. A little distance north of the plaza, on Republica del Brazil, you'll see a big lump under the street; it's the top of a pyramid, reputedly one of the biggest ever built by the Aztecs in the days when the city was called Tenochtitlán and it stood on an island in the middle of a huge lake.

If you're in town on a Sunday morning, take a cab to La Lagunilla, the Thieves' Market, which extends for a block and occupies both sides of the street. One merchant will have a blanket on which lies a neat pattern of used nuts and bolts arranged around a two-inch length of copper tubing. There's also jewelry, mostly silver; coins and stamps and racks of second-hand comic books; old spurs and machetes; mass-produced authentic antiques, all fake, plus a few genuine pieces; and crates full of magazines for automatic pistols. Most of Lagunilla is, in fact, devoted to weaponspistols, revolvers, flintlocks, brassbound Winchesters, many of them in advanced stages of disintegration.

One of Lagunilla's chief attractions is a colorful old gun merchant who dresses in the dirty whites of the rebel forces of Mexico's last revolution, complete with bandoleers, two gun belts, a gun in each holster and another stuck in his waistband, boots and leggings, sombrero, droopy mustache and a voice like the bandit chief's in The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.

"You like thees gon?" he rasps at a prospective client, dexterously spinning the cylinder of a battered revolver that looks as though it was picked up from a revolutionary battleground but was, in all likelihood, dragged backward and forward across the desert for a couple of miles behind the merchant's truck.

"Thees gon very famous. Kill a hondred federales. You take it and kill you wife's mother." A standard joke that gets a big laugh of recognition from the merchant's friends, who stand watching.

The customer, a young American, knocks a hundred pesos off the asking price and moves off into the crowd with the gun in a paper bag. The old man dips into a box under a blanket and takes out another battered gun. "Hey, amigos," he bellows, pushing back the brim of his hat. "Get your famous gon, one of a kind, see the gon that kill the federales."

If you bargain, you can usually get the object you want for well under the quoted price. I'm not the world's leading haggler, so I won't try to advise you on method; but it seems that the most established procedure is to look disinterested, offer half of the demand, adopt an expression of contempt when it's refused and then walk away. At this point, the seller is supposed to run after you and add a third to your offer, thus completing the deal to the satisfaction



"What don't I know from a hole in the ground, dear?"

of both parties. I tried it once when I was particularly anxious to buy a certain gift in Guadalajara, but the merchant just roared with laughter.

Close to the city are numerous archaeological sites, the Teotihuacán pyramids being the biggest and most spectacular. These are seen at their most dramatic at night, when a magnificent light-and-sound show is staged. Anyone wishing to stay overnight in the area should check in at the Posada Piramides -a delightful hotel set in a vivid garden in the village of San Juan de Teotihuacán-that started as an inn for mule drivers in the early 18th Century. It has only six rooms, with white-brick walls and red-brick ceilings, plainly furnished.

When going to the pyramids, advise your girlfriend or wife to wear slacks, not a skirt. The last time I was there, a group of ingenious voyeurs equipped with binoculars and walkie-talkies was stationed halfway up the steep face of the sun pyramid, receiving information from friends at the top as to the quality of female legs that were about to embark on the descent. It's about the only place in the country where Mexican women wear slacks.

Most foreign visitors spend only a few days in Mexico City, using it either as a base for short trips into the surrounding countryside-such as the one to Teotihuacán-or merely as a stopover en route to other destinations in Mexico. So entertainment is designed for Mexicans rather than for tourists, which simply means that you should not expect to find well-known American performers heading the bills at local night clubs. There is more than enough after-hours excitement, however, the more sophisticated of which can be found in the various salons and lounges of the larger hotels, such as the Alameda, the Maria Isabel, the Continental Hilton, the Reforma and El Presidente. Of these, the first three are among the most popular meeting places in town, especially the Maya Bar of the Hilton, whose clientele seems to consist almost equally of cruising homosexuals and airline stewardesses, and a sprinkling of Mexicans who court both sides. The best non-Mexican music in the city is heard at El Señorial, a night club that has three rooms with different styles of pop music in each. The Muralto bar offers strolling violinists and the most stunning view of the city after dark. The Champagne A Go-Go bombards visitors with disco-rock at maximum decibel level until the small hours. Flamenco is performed at Vendimia every night at 11; Terraza has two orchestras for dancing and three nightly shows that fluctuate in quality, depending on the mood of the performers. Most night spots employ bilingual m.c.s.

If you want to avoid the hotel-nightclub excursion route, you can take a taxi to Garibaldi square; but keep your windows rolled up if you're not going to get out of the car, because this is where the city's mariachi bands congregate, waiting to be employed to play at somebody's party or just to serenade passing tourists. The usual charge is around ten pesos (about 80 cents) a song. If you want to investigate some of the cantinas on the square, take someone who speaks Spanish. The main saloons here are the Tenampa and the Guadalajara de Noche, both rowdy and full of atmosphere and both more authentically Mexican than any hotel bar. Here, as everywhere in Mexico, it is regarded as an insult to refuse a drink offered by another customer, and no excuses on medical or any other grounds will get you off the hook.

In the posh Niza district, known locally as "the pink zone," there are any number of restaurants and small cabarets 231 for late-night dining and dancing. Most of the luxury hotels and stores-such as Pierre Cardin and Jack Robert for menswear, Aries and Gucci for leather goods -are situated in this area as well, along with the embassies of France, Britain and the United States. For daytime strolling and browsing, there are sidewalk cafés, art galleries, bookstores and men's boutiques, and the department stores of Puerto de Liverpool and Palacio de Hierro, all offering top-quality merchandise at prices to match.

Some visitors, it must be admitted, will take advantage of the Olympic fortnight to stay out of the city until it is all over and everyone has gone home. If you're not a sports fan-or not enough of one to fight the crowds that will be thronging every available inch of space in every cab, hotel, restaurant, night club, park, museum, theater and sidewalk in town-this would be an ideal time to pick up a rented car and head north on Route 57 for a long, looping tour that passes through Querétaro, San Luis de la Paz, the adjoining ghost town of Pozos, the former mining city of Guanajuato and then back to the capital via the cities of Irapuato. Morelia and Toluca. Each of these stops has something special to offer; the scenery en route is spectacularly rugged and the road is paved all the way (except for a very short stretch between San Luis de la Paz and Pozos).

Querétaro can be reached in a couple of hours' driving. It is one of the leading gem-cutting centers in Mexico and the biggest trading exchange for opals. If you want to buy, deal only with the reputable merchants in the shops off the main plaza; the men who will accost you on the streets with imaginative hardship stories and pocketfuls of glittering stones are not to be depended upon. Their "opals" are synthetics imported from the U.S.

About an hour's drive farther north is San Luis de la Paz, a small adobe town that sees very few visitors. It has a small market, where you can stock up on fresh fruit, then stroll across the plaza for a cold beer at one of the numerous taverns. Nothing much happens in San Luis, but I like its sleepy mood and recommend a visit as a change of pace from the bustle of the bigger towns. The vendors in the tiny market sit in front of their well-stocked stalls, waiting for customers who will never arrive, and burros move through the narrow streets, oblivious to the cries of their drovers.

A few miles south of San Luis is Pozos, a crumbling ruin of a prosperous mining town that once had more than 40,000 inhabitants. Now its population is a few hundred, but you'll rarely see more than a dozen of them. The side streets are choked with the rubble of once-regal homes; the walls of the 232 haciendas outside the town have crumbled over the years, and the semidesert beyond is slowly creeping into the ruins. Small flocks of goats graze in the shadow of toppled walls and the wind whips spirals of dust through gaping doorways and out onto the street. Last time I passed through, a brand-new Ford truck was parked outside the church gates. It belongs to the local priest, a tired, agitated man who, when I saw him, was either in the process of starting a beard or had not bothered to shave for a few days. He rents the truck out to local farmers, weary old men who trudge along the streets and respectfully remove their sombreros and hold them against their chests when they hear an automobile approaching behind them.

I asked one resident, a girl of about 18, whether she had lived in Pozos for long. All her life, she said. She had been born there. No, she had never been to Mexico City. She had never gone farther than San Luis de la Paz, She didn't know why Pozos was so empty. It had always been like that. People just move away, she said. Her father came along the street while I was talking to her and she ducked back into the dark courtyard of her house. The father looked about 80; with his tiny goatee and Orientallooking face, he seemed more like an old Vietnamese peasant than a Mexican, except that he wore a faded purple windbreaker several sizes too large, with the words burlington cheerleaders stitched across the back.

From Pozos back through San Luis, the road leads across highway 57 and on to the town of Dolores Hidalgo, which, though its neglected appearance belies the significance, was where the independence of Mexico was proclaimed in 1810. Since accommodations for tourists are limited in Dolores, and since the town has little to detain the selective traveler, it's best to travel on to Guanajuato, one of the most picturesque cities in the country, which is perfectly situated in a narrow mountain gorge. It is approached by precipitous roads that offer a score of panoramic views of the town before dropping down into the

If Guanajuato is not the most photogenic town in Mexico, it must surely be in the running. It has a unique system of cobbled streets that swoop below ground level, forming tunnels under the old houses, many of which are built on graceful bridges that span the streets. Narrow alleys and long flights of steps spiral up the mountain face. There is a tiny, tree-shaded plaza with a bandstand and an open café overlooked by two of the most pleasant small hotels in the region, the San Diego and the Posada Santa Fe. The town makes no attempt to attract the swingers and the big spenders. There is one discothèque—the Catacombs-and the night I went there, it was temporarily silenced by a power

failure that struck in mid-chorus, leaving a hapless combo standing in the dark, plunking away on several hundred dollars' worth of dead instruments.

People always reach for comparisons when talking about Guanajuato. They talk about Montmartre and Toledo, but the town's character is neither French nor Spanish. It is wholly Mexican, with a bowlful of odd and-as is often the case in Mexico-not always appetizing flavors. It has a few grisly souvenirs of its past, too, such as the hooks on the four corners of a revolutionary shrine, the Alhóndiga, on which the heads of four of Mexico's most revered patriots were impaled in the war against Spain. It is no surprise that the most popular tourist shrine in the region is the crypt at the Guanajuato cemetery, where the mummified bodies of long-dead citizens are lined against the walls on exhibition.

Since its history is so closely tied to mining, Guanajuato has never been noted for its markets or local handcrafts. The most ubiquitous products are walnuts that have been split into four quarters, hinged at each section and fitted inside with four spectators, a matador and a bull. They are sold by the handful, and if you should wonder what earthly use they are, I can only say that none of your friends is likely to own one, which makes them perfect gifts.

From Guanajuato, the road leads south to Irapuato, renowned for its delicious strawberries and site of a busy but not very interesting market, and then over a causeway across Lake Cuitzeo before reaching Morelia, capital of the state of Michoacán and the logical base for excursions into the magnificent countryside that surrounds it, and into the home territory of the Tarascan Indians, who live among barely accessible mountains and isolated lakes and who have hardly been touched by the different waves of civilization that have swept across the country since the Aztecs first occupied it. Morelia is a trove of architectural and ecclesiastical treasure-or that's what it says in one of my guidebooks-but after Guanajuato, whose charm is easily visible and readily enjoyed, I found it disappointing.

The trip to Morelia, however, is well worth it, if only for the four-hour drive back to Mexico City. The route goes through a part of Michoacán that is usually known as the Mexican Switzerland; its steep mountains and fertile valleys give it a certain resemblance. Apart from the scenery, however, which is breath-taking, there are few towns of interest and few reasons to interrupt your journey, if you're in a hurry to get back to the capital. The one stop I would recommend is the market at Toluca, where you can buy bulky-knit sweaters that are ideal for skiing weekends and cost less than ten dollars. After Lift your spirits. Roguish Rabbit
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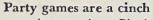


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Toluca, the road becomes an expressway again and in less than an hour, you're back in the city.

When I made this trip a couple of months ago, I turned in the car I had rented and traveled the next portion, from Mexico City northwest to Guadalajara, by air—a 55-minute hop.

In Guadalajara, stay at the Fénix, but only if you can get one of the new Spanish suites with roof gardens. The other rooms look as though they were designed by a depressed hospital architect. If the Fénix is full, try the Roma in the next block; the food is about the best in town and the staff is congenial and helpful. You'll have no trouble finding the Hilton, since it's the second biggest building in town; but if you want something a little more oldfashioned, there's the Morales, a familyrun concern that, with the Fénix and the Roma, is most centrally located for shops, market and the bull ring. If you're in the mood for a motel situated on spacious grounds, the Camino Real will be a pleasant stopover.

The chart on page 130 gives a fairly comprehensive list of the best restaurants in town. I've tried all of them and I'm still alive and well, which is about as good a recommendation as you can get. I particularly liked La Red and El Tyrol (the one on Yucatán Street). But if you do nothing else, get the bus tour that leaves town around 9:30 in the morning and takes you to every place of interest in and around the city, including the residential sections, the most important monuments, parks, glass, furniture and pottery factories, a mural

that portrays Albert Einstein with a physique like Batman's and the Guadalajara Country Club. Aside from this tour, which lasts several hours and is full of fascinating trivia, the chief daytime diversion is the city's enormous market, in which you can buy every variety of handcrafts-in leather, silver and gold, as well as pottery, woven goods, clothing and even the ingredients for mixing black-magic potions. Except for expensive gift items, which you can buy in Mexico City at New York prices, you can save all your shopping for La Libertad, the Guadalajara market. A reliable guide to the city can be obtained by calling 4-86-50 and asking for Guillermo Garcia, who works for the Mexican Tourist Department.

At night, the best entertainment is in the two rooftop rooms of the Hilton. Earlier in the evening, one of the more popular stops is Mariachis Plaza, where you'll find an outdoor café that is beseiged by mariachi bands, as in Mexico City, waiting under the arcades for somebody to hire them. The Plaza is on the fringe of Guadalajara's raunchy striptease district, where I was impressed by one establishment that advertised itself as "The Cathedral of Striptease," but not, however, sufficiently impressed to go in and worship.

One of Guadalajara's leading functions, as far as tourists are concerned, is to serve as a transfer point for passengers traveling to and from Puerto Vallarta, which is less than an hour's flight away. You can drive to Vallarta, but the dirt road is unreliable; and you can also fly directly from Mexico City. Steal as many days as you can for Puerto Vallar-

ta, because you won't find many resorts like this one. The town, a small and blithely undignified community of cobbled streets and red-roofed buildings, sits on the inside curve of Banderas Bay, against a background of steep green hills. It shows little evidence of the severe trauma one might have expected in reaction to the filming of The Night of the Iguana, which took place just a few miles down the coast at Mismaloya and, overnight, hustled Vallarta into the public eye. The buildings used in the movie are still there, but no Mexican wants to call it home; some hippies moved in but were soon moved on.

Women still bathe and wash the family laundry in the Cuale river, which flows into the Pacific and is said to divide the town into its old and new sections, though a stranger could hardly distinguish one from the other. The town is quiet and drowsy; pelicans stand on the low rocks below the water line, waiting for an incautious fish to come too close to the surface, and along the beach can be found the empty shells of huge turtles that have been washed up by the tide.

The climate here is semitropical—hot and often sticky in the summer, warm, dry and dazzling bright the rest of the year. Vallarta is still relatively isolated from the outside; there is no easy access by road, and most of the town's visitors are young, although the average age is expected to increase at a rate corresponding to the development of the highway and local hotels. At present, the biggest luxury hotel is the Posada Vallarta, which is a short distance out of town and a little too close to the airport for comfort. But the atmosphere is suitably relaxed; its low, white colonial-style buildings are set in fine grounds, and it's also the scene of two of Puerto Vallarta's biggest weekend social events-the Mexican fiesta and polo played on burro back. My own choice of hotels is the Playa de la Gloria, which has small circular bungalows set among a grove of coconut palms on the beach; it also has a pool and a tennis court.

On the other side of town is the Tropicana, which commands just about the liveliest beach in Vallarta. If you book here, make sure your room isn't located in what the desk staff cuphemistically describe as "the Annex," a building separated from the beachfront wings by a street and a steep climb up several flights of stairs; it has no view of the sea and seems to have been built on top of a mosquito swamp. Since all beaches are open to everyone, however, it might be a wise idea to use the Tropicana's by day and check into a better hotel, such as the Oceano, which is nearer the center of town and on the main promenade by the beach. If you want even more seclusion than Puerto Vallarta offers,



"Lands sake, child! Didn't anyone ever teach you to knock?"

there's the Lagunita in Yelapa, a tropical beach retreat of thatched cottages two hours down the coast by boat.

For transportation, you'll have to rent a jeep, since there are no cars. The biggest agency is just inside town opposite the Solorzano gas station; but be careful if you deal there, because they collect in advance, with a hefty deposit, and penalize you at exorbitant rates, should the vehicle happen to be deficient of a nut or a bolt when you return it. If you suspect they're trying to put one over on you, go down to the official tourist bureau in the main plaza and raise hell.

With a jeep, you can move from beach to beach and explore the countryside north and south of town. You'll find fishing villages that look as though they were removed intact from the South Seas, and jungles full of squawking parrots and things that crash through the undergrowth. It's not necessary to travel far before you find a deserted cove of white sand. With a rented mask and speargun, all you need do for lunch is swim out a few feet to find the fish; and if you want something larger, there are day trips for sailfish, marlin and other gamefish. You can take your catch back to your hotel chef for dinner or, if you go after the plentiful red snapper, sierra, pompano or bonito, you can take it to the Tropicana beach, where you'll find a vendor who will grill it over a fire of palm kernels. If you're skindiving, watch out for sting rays and the giant mantas; the latter, though harmless, have caused many a swimmer to panic underwater. If all of this should seem too energetic, you can just sit in the shade of a thatched beach hut, sipping a coco-loco and watching the bikinis go by.

Toward the end of the afternoon, the beaches begin to empty and people start moving into town for cocktails and dinner. The town's restaurants are surprisingly good by national standards, the most outstanding being Los Cuatros Vientos, where you can order practically anything you want, provided you first drop in and make a reservation; it is not one of the four places in town that have phones. El Patio serves good plain steaks and a delicious lime pie; La Iguana specializes in Chinese food, but don't hold your breath waiting for it; and La Margarita, which houses the town's only discothèque, has a Mexicaninternational menu. The most appealing feature of La Margarita is its mariachi band, which has two trumpeters, one of whom stands in the courtyard where the restaurant is located while the other goes out into the street and plays all the tricky bits. Fresh seafood is, of course, available at every restaurant in Puerto Vallarta.

The most popular early-evening meeting place is the bar of the Oceano hotel. Later on, it's the Piano Bar Colonial, a noisy and lively establishment just a short walk from the Oceano along the same street. La Isla, on the road to the airport, looks like a Polynesian village, set by a small lagoon behind the beach. It usually has a singer and music for dancing. There is nothing big and elaborate about Puerto Vallarta night life, but the company always seems to be in good spirits and the minor irritations caused by delays in service seem quite unimportant when one considers that there's nowhere to go, anyway. There is no reason to hurry in Vallarta, so nobody does.

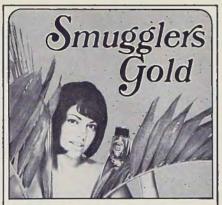
When I first went to Mexico, I expected to find a cheaper version of America, a kind of Spanish-speaking Canada. I reasoned that since Canada shared a border with the United States and shared much of its culture, too, Mexico would be the same, only poorer. It may be poorer, but it is not the same. Mexico is not like any country on earth, not European, not North American, not even Latin-American.

Nothing in or connected with Mexico is tangible; successive waves of invaders—Aztecs, Spanish, French, British and American—have tried to mold it into their own likenesses, but Mexico has resisted them all in the end, which is why it remains unique. It appears to be an unreal country only because it has such a firm understanding of reality. Its passions, which so often appear as bombast and cruelty, are real passions, whether they be provoked by a *fiesta* or by an old grudge.

Greater and older-established nations grope around in the darkness for long-range panaceas and the magic formula for the enjoyment of life and liberty and for the successful pursuit of power. Mexico, which has seen it all before, stifles a yawn and busies itself with the urgent task of getting through the next 24 hours, taking each of them minute by minute and squeezing life into each second, always remembering to save a few moments for death, which is never far away, grinning in the sunlight.

It doesn't pay to get worked up about anything in Mexico. You must be patient when you feel impatient; you must be calm when your impulse is to run around and start kicking things. Mexicans are not impressed by loud and belligerent voices; they do not like to hear them and they refuse to respond to them. If your plane leaves before it's supposed to, your hotel reservation fails to be recorded and it takes three separate trips for a waiter to complete the order you placed with room service an hour earlier, you will just have to put up with it in silence. Go to Mexico. You won't understand it; no one does. But you'll see much you have never seen before and you'll forget a lot of things that you thought were important. Go, and find out for yourself.





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#### my music, my life

(continued from page 142)

Bach and Bartók—a piece Bartók had composed especially for him. And he also had a chance to hear several other Indian musicians, from both north and south, perform. Since that first trip, Yehudi has been so taken with Indian music that he is still writing and speaking of it, studying it and trying to understand it better.

After our first meeting, I performed on the same stage as Yehudi many times, though not with him. There was the UNESCO celebration in 1958 and the Commonwealth Festival in 1966. And then at the Bath Festival in 1966, we played our first duet. The festival had commissioned a young German composer to do a piece based on Raga Tilang for us; but while we were rehearsing it, the music did not seem satisfactory. We kept the beginning of the piece more or less as it was and I rewrote the rest completely, keeping only Raga Tilang as the base. This we did in just three days! And the piece was an immediate success. When we did the recording of it soon afterward, I again rewrote it completely and called it Swara Kakali. I also composed a short solo piece for Yehudi based on the morning raga Gunakali and called it Prabhati, which means "of the morning." Yehudi had never played Indian music before; and in this short time, his efforts to play with as much Indian spirit as he could were really praiseworthy. In the latest duet that I have composed for us, which we played at the United Nations Human Rights Day anniversary on December 10, 1967, he really grasped the spirit of the music, and I am sure the audience was as aware of this as I was.

I find in Yehudi the inherent quality of Vinaya and the desire to search for knowledge; for besides his fascination with our music, he is deeply interested in Indian philosophy and yoga. I think he has done a great deal to awaken in Western classical musicians an intense curiosity about India's classical traditions. He is an ideal example for music students all over the world.

My first trip to the United States since a tour with the dance troupe in the Thirties was arranged by friends in 1956. I was excited, of course, about going to the States on my own. My first concert, at the Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York, was surprisingly successful and got quite good notices from the critics. There were a few other performances in New York during the next couple of months, including one at Town Hall that was, like almost all my other performances, arranged through friends without the help

of a proper agent. Some Indian friends then set up a few programs for us in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and so we toured to the West Coast. None of these places was new to me; but still, going on my own after such a long time and performing for such a different kind of audience, I saw things from a new perspective. I noticed quite a change in the country itself—so much more affluence and self-assurance, and the attitude of the young people seemed to have changed so much since the War.

Though I always considered San Francisco and the surrounding country as one of the most beautiful places in the world, there was something about Los Angeles that I felt more in tune with and that appealed to me more. Maybe it was this love for Los Angeles that prompted me to choose this city for a branch of my school of music. In Bombay, I had already established my Kinnara School of Indian Music, and in my dreams I saw a school run on the basis of the old ashrams-a small but complete community somewhere beyond the city, with some very talented disciples, not too many, and a carefully chosen group of gurus to teach the different styles of singing and of instrumental music.

In recent tours to the States, and particularly to the West Coast, I found many young people with a great desire to learn the music of India. And even in India, over the past five years or so, I have seen many young people from the West who have come to study our music. Some of them come to study with the help of fellowships and others have saved up enough money to make the trip. But too often, these eager students settle down in a city, find a teacher, start to assimilate the new atmosphere-and discover their time is up. Most of them return to America none the wiser, musically at least. It was after seeing all these young people that I thought of starting a branch of my Bombay school in Los Angeles. Classes opened at the end of May 1967, in quite modest quarters. It has since grown enough so that we have had to move to a larger building. On the school premises, no smoking is permitted and everyone is supposed to take off his shoes before entering the school. There are no chairs, so students have to sit in the Indian manner, and they must also learn the proper greetings that are exchanged with the teacher.

My purpose in starting the school was to give young men and women a chance to learn the foundations of our music before going to India for further study. Apart from the basic technical training, we also give the students a thorough knowledge of the history and development of our music, along with the legends, mythology, religion and the cultural heritage of the past and its link

with the present. Americans, perhaps more than anyone else, I think, are ready for these disciplines, for several reasons. First, after achieving tremendous affluence, they have had more than their fill of material things now. Then, most importantly, there is the problem of the young people and their search to find the way to peace, harmony and love. Theirs seems to be a revolt against the Western ways of life; but I find they are good at adapting to other customs, and the traditions of India seem most attractive to them now, in spite of the strictness and discipline they call for.

What I call the great sitar explosion began in early 1966—at least, that is when I became aware of it, when I went to Britain. The special attraction to sitar suddenly came about when the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and some other pop groups used it in recordings of their songs. Until then, I had never heard any records of these groups, but only knew vaguely that they were young

popular singers.

Then I met George Harrison and Paul McCartney of the Beatles in June 1966, at a friend's house in London. I found them to be very charming and polite young men-not at all what I had expected. George came and talked to me about sitar. He said that he had been very much impressed with the instrument and its sound and my playing of it since he first heard me. I told him that after hearing so much about his accomplishments, I would like him to show me what he had done with the sitar. With an awkward and childlike expression, he said shyly that it was really not very much. And it was then that I was struck by his deep humility. George explained to me that he had had no real sitar training but had done some experiments with it on his own, using his knowledge of the guitar as a background. He expressed, very sincerely, his desire to learn sitar from me. I carefully explained to him that one must undergo many long years of study and practice of the basics before one can play even a single note properly. He understood all this perfectly and said he was prepared to go through the years of discipline. I invited him to come to India with his wife Pattie to study and spend some time with me. He accepted enthusiastically. He asked me to his beautiful house in Esher, outside London; and in the few days before I had to leave England, I gave George his first lesson in Indian music.

After I returned to India, George wrote and said he would be able to come and spend six weeks with me. I was pleased and wrote back, telling him to grow a mustache and cut his hair a bit so that he would not be recognized immediately. When we went to pick up George and his wife at the airport, we found that the mustache trick worked—

no one recognized either him or Pattie at first, although there had been a lot of publicity in the papers about their visit. They registered for a suite at the Taj Mahal hotel under a false name. But one young Christian pageboy happened to recognize them and truly, within 24 hours, almost all Bombay came to know that George Harrison was there. Huge crowds of teenagers gathered in front of the hotel, headlines appeared in the papers about George's arrival and my telephone started to ring nonstop.

I could not believe it when I saw this mad frenzy of young people, mostly girls from 12 to about 17. I would have believed it in London or Tokyo or New York—but in India! And I realized that young people in our big cities like Bombay or Delhi are no different from any of the other young people of the world. Some of these girls stood for eight to ten hours outside the hotel, screaming at me to send George down and furiously yelling for him. After a few days, I knew the situation was going to get even

worse. I couldn't teach and George couldn't practice with all those young people screaming down in the street. Things reached such a state that we had to call a press conference to explain that George had not come as a Beatle but as my disciple, and he asked to be left in peace to work on his music with me. Then we went to Kashmir and Benares and a few other places and spent the rest of his visit in relative quiet. In his lessons, I had George practice all the correct positions of sitting and some of the basic exercises. This was the most that one could do in six weeks, considering that a disciple usually spends years learning these basics. Even so, George came to understand the discipline involved and since then, he has realized how difficult it is to play the sitar and has said that it would take him 40 years to learn to play it properly.

Many people these days think that Indian music is influencing pop music to a high degree. Personally, I do not feel it is truly our music that one finds in



"Thanks to you, there isn't a virgin around to sacrifice!"

pop songs but just the sound of the sitar. Except for a few groups who are musically creative and adventurous, most use sitar in an extremely shallow way, as a new sound or gimmick. Though the sitar is being exploited now by pop groups on both sides of the Atlantic and will no doubt continue to be used this way for some time, those who sincerely love Indian music as classical music should not be upset by this. One instrument can serve many styles of music. The guitar, for instance, has been used in many types of music, including pop and rock, but that has not affected or modified the traditions of playing the classical guitar.

The Beatles scene and the sitar explosion brought me immediately into a position of immense popularity with young people, and now I find myself adored like a movie star or a young singer. But I have had to pay for this. On the one hand, I have been facing criticism from the very "traditional" people in India, who say that I am commercializing and cheapening my music with the pop influence and lowering my standards of playing sitar. These charges I have had to face mostly in my own country, but also to some extent from classical musicians abroad. On the other hand, I was confident about one thing-I knew I would be able to present the correct perspective of our music to young people all over the world, so that they would have a better understanding of it.

Now, I am glad to say, this understanding is indeed growing, though few people are aware of what I have gone through for the past two or three years, trying to explain to my audiences that Indian music is not related to pop or rock music, and cannot be hailed with hooting, catcalls and whistles and a lot of frenzy, that it is classical in nature and must be listened to with the same serious attitude that one brings to a Bach concert or a program of Mozart or Beethoven.

Along with the teenagers, there was another large group, widely known as hippies, who became my zealous admirers. I found it even more difficult to bring them to an understanding and appreciation of our music from the correct viewpoint. The reason for this was, I felt, that many of them were involved with various kinds of hallucinogenic drugs and were using our music as part of their drug experiences. Though in the beginning I was hurt by their approach to Indian music as a psychedelic, spiritual and erotic experience, I later realized that it was not wholly their fault. I discovered that a few self-appointed American "gurus" had been propagating misinformation over the past few years about India, saying that almost all our notable ascetics, thinkers and artists use drugs. These "gurus" went as far as saying that one cannot meditate properly, 238 play music or even pronounce the sacred

word OM unless one is under the influence of such drugs.

It was, of course, gratifying to see that many people loved India and all its culture, but their expression of this love was superficial and their understanding of India's ways was very shallow. Wearing beads and bells and flowers and carrying joss sticks came across as a mimicry and a mockery of the real thing. India now is overrun by unwashed, rebellious young people. It is really sad to see these young Americans and Europeans from good families and backgrounds who are trying to find some kind of spirituality and peace of mind this way in India and its customs. They do not realize that it is not the true Indian religion, philosophy or thinking they are following but that, because of the association with drugs, they are drawn to perverted and degenerated schools of thought.

On one of my recent visits to the States, several young men came to me to learn sitar. When I first saw them, their appearance filled me with pitythey looked pale and anemic and had shiny, glazed eyes. Their hands shook before their dirty bodies and they showed a strange, unnatural nervousness. When I found later that they were quite talented, I felt even sadder. I learned then that apart from habitually smoking marijuana, these boys were also taking LSD, Methedrine and heroin. I tried to be sympathetic and explained to them that first they had to get rid of these habits before I could consider teaching them. In return, they answered me with the same words I have heard from hundreds of others since -that they feel so much more aware through drugs, that they are so much more spiritual, that the drugs have opened up something inside them that makes everything much more beautiful. The next phase of our conversation was, as I had expected, a criticism of their society. They expressed disgust with Government policies and with the war in Vietnam in particular. I spoke with these boys for a long time, trying to have them see the situation from another point of view.

Over the past few years, I have come to understand young people much better and have found some remarkable people among the somewhat more mature hippies. These people, many of them with an excellent education or practicing knowledge of one of the arts, after years of academic and disciplined lives, try to "expand their minds," as they put it, to find a more meaningful experience through drugs. Personally, I have never considered drugs to be any help in understanding oneself and the world around one, but I can now accept many of these people because of the maturity of their attitude and the awareness of what they are doing. Even so, it hurts me deeply to see young people take to this easy escape from any sadhana, found in hard, disciplined work. I have had a great deal of contact with such young people, especially among my students in the States at my own school in Los Angeles and in the music courses I taught at City College in New York during the fall of 1967. I have tried to make them understand through affectionate, loving but strict teaching that their initial approach to Indian music, in many cases, was wrong, and that even their approach to Indian religion and thought and to the other disciplines of life was not altogether correct. The students listen to me with care and I have had good results with many of them.

I faced a problem with some of my concert audiences from about 1965 until recently, especially in England. Many young people were high, and altogether in another world, and often sat there in front of me carrying on indecently with their girlfriends or boyfriends. They lit cigarettes, if that is all they were, whenever they pleased. Their conduct disgusted me. Too many people in this dazed stupor send out bad vibrations that are extremely upsetting.

As in my young days in India, I started my own rebellion against these rebellious youths. I had to put down my sitar and explain what the music stands for and what it means to me and my guru, and what it meant to his guru and all the generations of musicians who have handed down these sacred traditions to us. I told them how clean and solemn one must be-in body and mind-to be able to produce this music, and insisted that one must be in the same frame of mind to listen to it. Then only can it work its magic, without the need for any outside stimulus.

Now I am happy to know that things have changed to such an extent that this problem has practically disappeared. My audiences everywhere are much more clean and respectful, serious and receptive-particularly in the United States. I am pleased now when older men and women come to me after performances and thank me for helping their son or daughter. What could be more satisfying?

It is ironic that in these very same moments, I am criticized in my own country for "prostituting" my music and commercializing it, for being a hero only to the hippies, for associating my music with drugs and for encouraging dissatisfied youths from the West to flock to India. But the hippies are dead, as they have officially declared, and I am convinced that young people all over the world, after generations of restriction and then years of abuse of their new freedom, are now slowly settling down. With their new, clear awareness, they will show us the way to attain peace, harmony and love.



"I once said no to John Barrymore in that lift."

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