

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1968 • 75 CENTS

*** ** * PLAYBOY



"INSTANT ELECTORATE"
BY ROBERT SHERRILL

MADISON AVENUE IN
AN UNDRRESS PARADE

A WILD INTERVIEW
WITH DON RICKLES

"ASTROPOLIS: THE
FIRST SPACE RESORT"

THE THEATER'S
NUDE REVOLUTION

PERSONALITY CONTROL
BY ERNEST HAVEMANN

PLUS J. P. DONLEAVY
AND ROBERT CRICHTON

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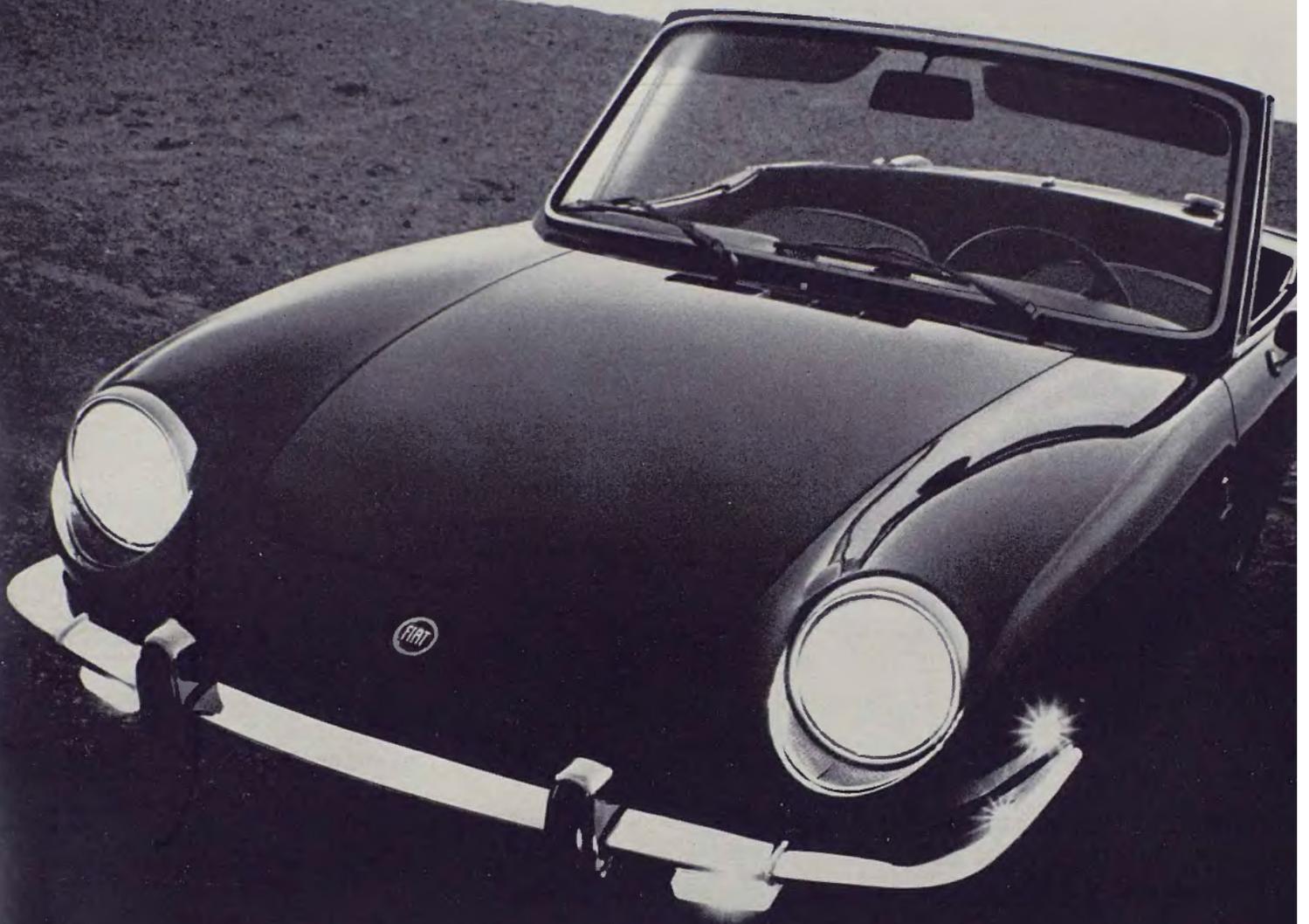


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PLAYBILL

WITH ELECTION time upon us, it's pertinent to point out that the U. S. Bureau of Census estimates there are approximately 120,000,000 Americans of voting age. Along with another 80,000,000, they are represented in the Congress by 535 men and women who are more often than not, it sometimes seems, bogged down by our oft-cumbersome legislative process. Would it be more efficient, and responsive to the public interest—as some have suggested—if each voter were equipped with a push button to let the Government know immediately what he wanted done? Author Robert Sherrill says emphatically *no*—and tells us why—in *Instant Electorate*, an astute appraisal of the prohibitive problems involved in direct voting by citizens on political and social issues. Sherrill, whose most recent book is *The Drugstore Liberal*, has been a distinguished Washington reporter for *The Nation* since 1964.

Besides racking up a huge box office, reawakening interest in the Thirties and making an overnight sex star of Faye Dunaway, the movie *Bonnie and Clyde* turned a couple of seedy hoodlums into glamorous folk heroes. In a colorful reminiscence for *PLAYBOY*, W. D. Jones, the only surviving member of the Barrow gang and the real-life model for the film character C. W. Moss, tells it like it really was in *Riding with Bonnie and Clyde*. His exclusive story was obtained with the aid of Molly Sinclair, a reporter for the *Post* in Houston, where Jones now lives. Another behind-the-scenes memoir is *The Real Secret of Santa Vittoria*, in which Robert Crichton humorously chronicles the painstaking ordeal of writing his best-selling novel, soon to be released as a movie.

Space expert Krafft A. Ehricke (his official title is Assistant Director of Astrionics, Autonetics Division of North American Rockwell Corporation) projects us to the year 1999 for an Earth-orbiting, far-out vacation in *Astropolis: the First Space Resort*. Author and co-author of numerous books and articles on space flight and cybernetic system analysis, Ehricke asserts and explains that extraterrestrial tourism is today much closer to science fact than to science fiction.

Psychochemistry: Personality by Prescription—a documentary exploration into the mind-bending potentialities of chemical mood changers and I. Q. escalators now in the laboratories—marks Ernest Havemann's 175th magazine article and his fourth for *PLAYBOY*. Co-author of *Psychology: an Introduction* (which has been chosen by well over 100 colleges and universities as the text for introductory psychology courses), Havemann reports: "I now divide my time about equally among magazine writing, trying to make my eight race horses show a profit and collaborating on college textbooks. I find that this gives me a nice balance of highbrow, middlebrow and

lowbrow—although I never quite know which brow is which."

One wild-browed personality who might benefit from some drastic form of clinical and/or chemical control is Don Rickles—the asp-tongued "Mr. Warmth" and the scathing subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted by Sol Weinstein. Weinstein is currently hosting *Night Talk*, a two-way radio-phone show on WCAU in Philadelphia, for which he says, "I've had to accumulate expertise on everything from guppy-disease prevention to Little League *boccie*. But the Rickles interview is my toughest assignment yet. Don is the first Jewish Gestapo agent I've ever met."

Leading off our fiction this month is J. P. Donleavy's rollicking sequel to October's *Rite of Love*. It's called *A Fair Festivity*, in which Balthazar and his pal Beefy, along with a brace of bawds, try to outwit the authoritarian kill-joys at Dublin's Trinity College. Both stories are part of Donleavy's fourth novel, *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B.* to be published this month by Delacorte Press/A Seymour Lawrence Book. Though *The Legacy*, a chilling tale of stock-market intrigue, is Senior Editor Michael Lawrence's first *PLAYBOY* story, he's far from a stranger to these pages. His two articles on finance—*Playboy Plays the Commodities Market* and *Beating Inflation: a Playboy Primer*—have won him wide praise and, for the former, the University of Connecticut's coveted G. M. Loeb magazine award for 1968, given annually for "distinguished writing on investment, finance and business."

Two tales with a psychological bent—one serious, the other sardonic—are *Colorless in Limestone Caverns* by the late Allan Seager and *How Does That Make You Feel?* by Jeffery Hudson, the pseudonym of an American scientist who currently lives in London. Hudson's recently published novel, *A Case of Need*, was a September Literary Guild selection, and A&M Productions has purchased the film rights.

More planks in *PLAYBOY*'s November entertainment platform (uncontested, we might add): *Theater of the Nude*, Howard Junker's front-row review of the take-it-off trend, complete with photographic documentation, that has resuscitated New York's stage; *Skiing: from A to V*, a timely appraisal of Aspen and Vail, America's jet-set snow capitals, by Travel Editor Len Deighton; *Mad Ave Unclad*, an unbuttoned pictorial satire inspired by a selection of popular and contemporary advertising campaigns; an eye-filling visit with one of California's favorite daughters, Playmate Paige Young; fun and games that make for nifty Christmas gifties in *Adult Toys*; Fashion Director Robert L. Green's fur-out showcasing of the *Great Greatcoat*; and Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's tasteful orientation course in *Scrutable Japanese Fare*. Climb aboard the *PLAYBOY* band wagon!



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HAVEMANN



CRICHTON



SHERRILL



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LAURENCE



EHRICKE

PLAYBOY



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Electronic Electorate P. 155



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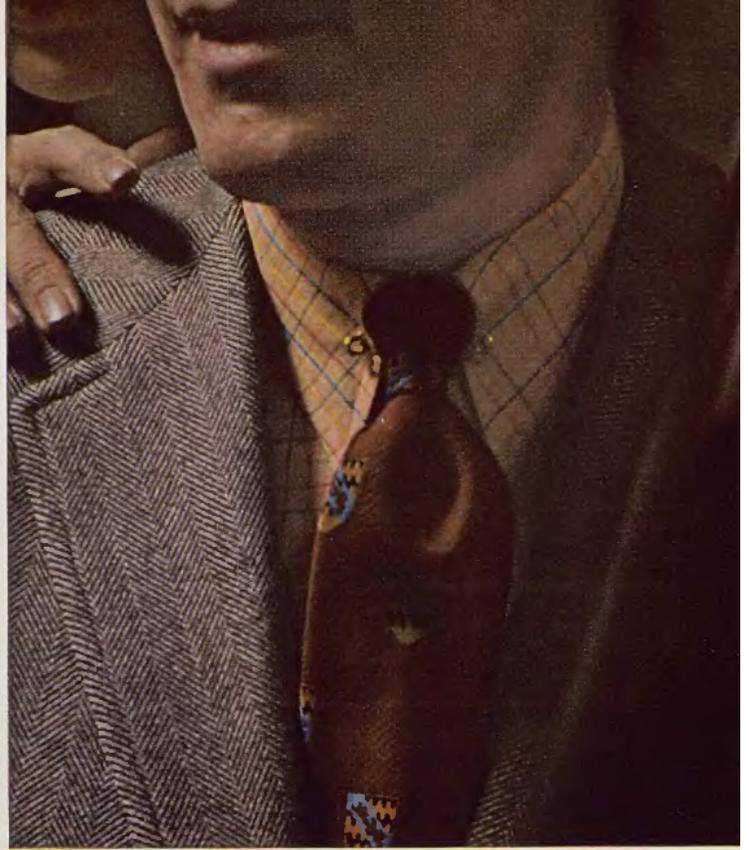
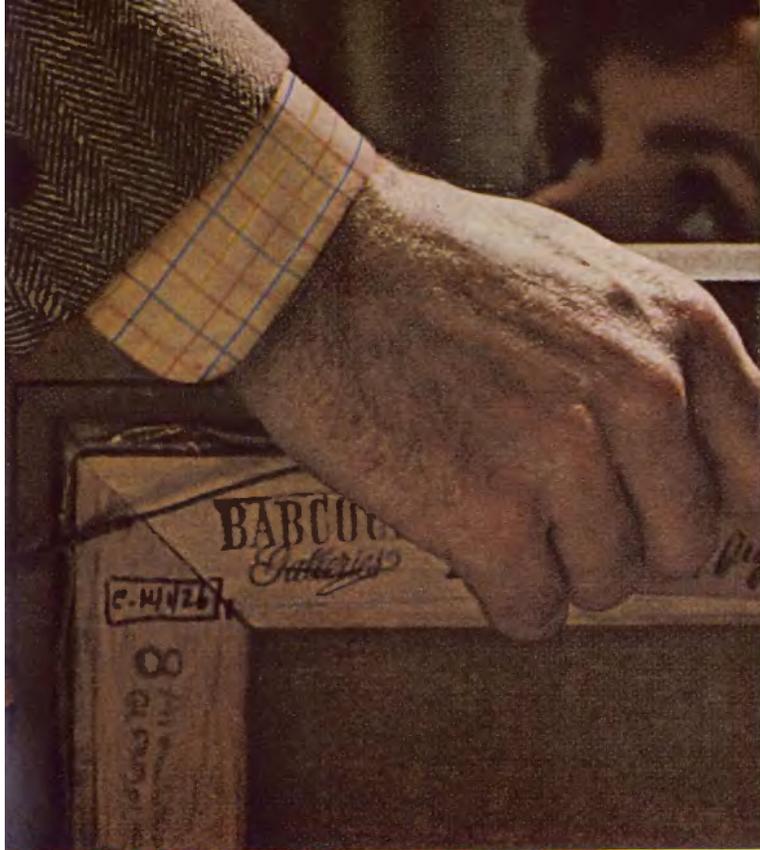
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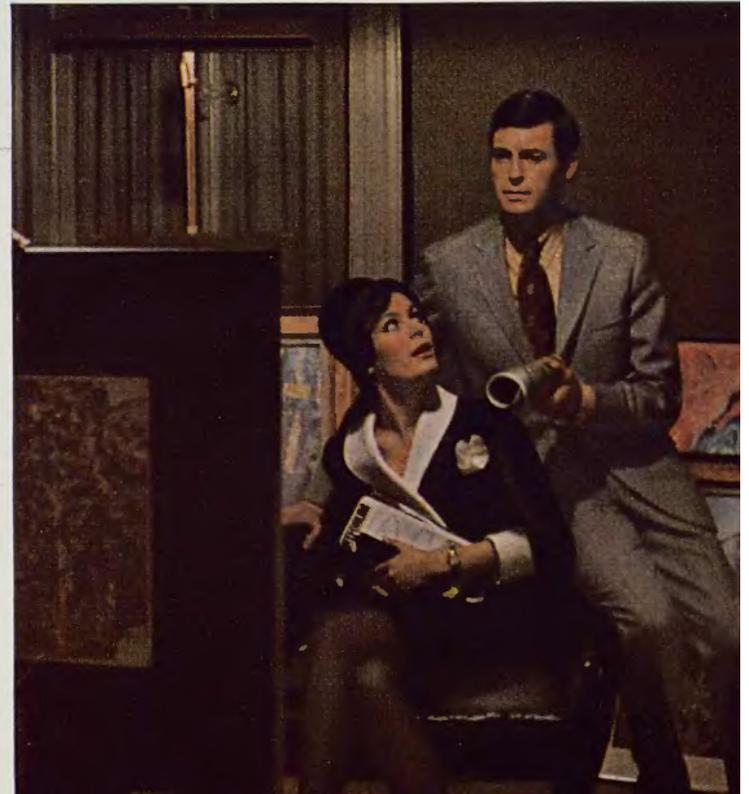
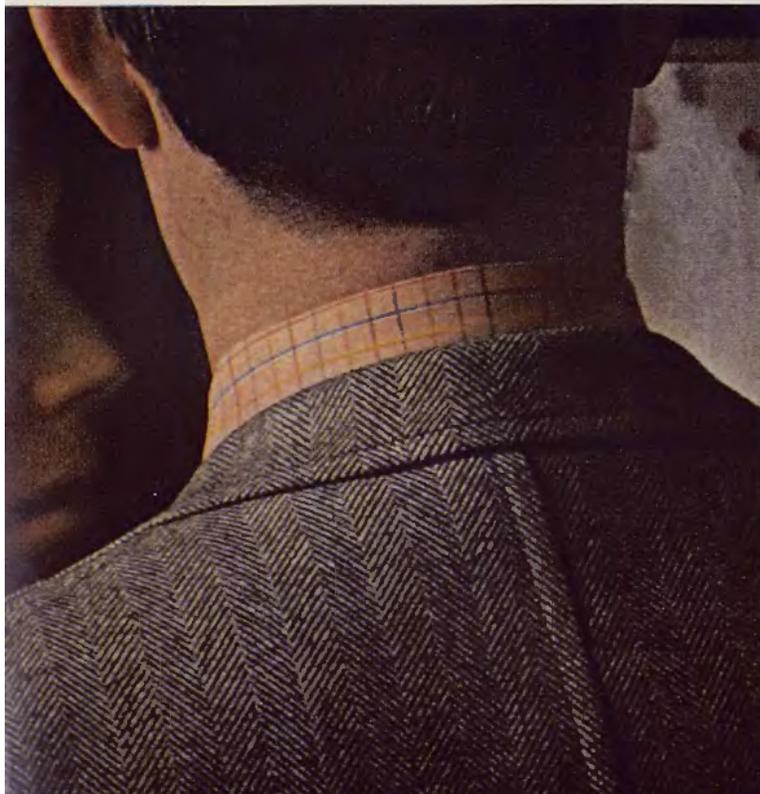
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DEAR PLAYBOY



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IRREVERENT REVEREND

Congratulations on your August interview with Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin. Once again, you have successfully met the challenges of a disturbed nation with journalism of import and urgency. Many laymen regard Mr. Coffin as treacherous and treasonable. The interview should help greatly in clearing up misconceptions about the purpose and intent of men like him. Coffin was presented in an entirely different and much more reasonable light than he has been in short quips in the daily news media. It is refreshing to find a reaffirmation of both politics and religion in the human understanding that Coffin exhibits.

The Rev. John M. Imbler
Selective Service and Volunteer
Programs Coordinator
Indiana Council of Churches
Indianapolis, Indiana

That was an awesome and inspirational interview with William Sloane Coffin. Though I'm normally conservative with praise, I was totally taken by his views—especially on the Vietnam situation—and by his other humanitarian commitments. I sincerely hope that the Federal charges against him will ultimately be dropped, in order that he may continue to live freely and practice his convictions.

Ann Glover
Baltimore, Maryland

It is a long time since I have been as deeply moved as I was by the *Playboy Interview* with William Sloane Coffin. The interviewer's questions and Coffin's replies merit high praise from both a journalistic and a theological point of view.

As the Michigan student stated, "We don't need a whole lot of Reverend Coffins. But we do need at least one." Perhaps Bill Coffin must remain a member of the creative minority, but I would like to see many more of his intelligence, courage and commitment to what is truly the witness of the Christian faith in our time. We need Bill Coffins on the campuses, in the pulpits, in the halls of Congress and on our streets, mingling with the great forgotten masses.

Bill gives the authentic witness, and students and the common people hear him gladly. As one who has some responsibility for the employment of men in the Christian ministry, I can say that if Bill ever tires of his present position at Yale, there will be beckoning opportunities in the nation's capital.

John Wesley Lord, Bishop
The Methodist Church
Washington, D. C.

Your interview with William Sloane Coffin is a great journalistic service. The communications media have contented themselves, for the most part, with the creation of capsule images of Coffin and other public figures, thereby allowing people to make instant value judgments without the fuss and bother of thought. Your interviews always manage to get behind the images and reveal something of how the interviewee really thinks. For many of your readers, this will be their first real contact with Yale's controversial chaplain. I found Coffin revealed as a brilliant and extraordinarily sensitive man. Coffin is a patriot. He is the best sort of patriot because he recognizes that freedom is indistinguishable from the responsibility to think and to be sensitive and responsive to what is happening all around you. The flag-wavers who accuse Coffin of "treason" don't know what freedom is all about.

Peter D. Wolfe
South Boston, Massachusetts

I've been familiar with William Coffin's reasoning for some time, since I count him among my close friends. But it is most helpful for a periodical like *PLAYBOY* to do such a careful and lengthy interview so that his views can be read in depth by a wider audience. So often material out of context is misunderstood.

My own feeling about Bill is that he has never for a moment strayed from his vocation as a minister. He takes his profession very seriously, particularly his special vocation with young people. There are few clergymen on the campuses of America who command the

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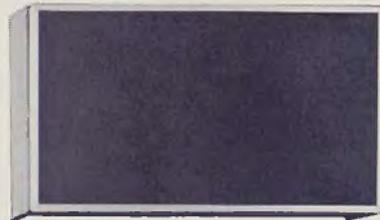


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respect he does. Since young people are particularly sensitive to anyone who is a phony, I think this testifies to his integrity more than anything else. It's hard for some older alumni of Yale—and other institutions—to understand the present climate; but, as a Yale alumnus and one who has a son there, I feel that Coffin is one of the most important people on the campus today, and one who is responsible in a large way for the relatively good communication among the faculty, students and administration that exists there. Yale is growing in vitality but still remains a sane and orderly place. Coffin certainly has had a hand in this. Furthermore, as you probably know, he does a great deal of work with students on a personal basis. I've often been at his house late in the evening when the doorbell has rung and a student has come in to discuss a problem. This is almost a normal procedure. He's a good man, perhaps a great man, and I respect PLAYBOY for doing such a complete and careful interview with him.

The Rt. Rev. Paul Moore, Jr.
Suffragan Bishop
Washington, D. C.

Coffin was correct in his comments on law and order being imposed at the expense of justice. Fascism, in fact, can be defined as the rule of law and order at the expense of justice. This protects the interests of the wealthy and ruling classes, who will attack any outside element that disturbs their income or their privileges. Law and order is the protective agency by which the few can manipulate and intimidate the many. Fascists use the word "freedom" to mean freedom to maintain the position of the privileged.

R. L. Daniel
Santa Clara, California

How ironic that the best interview ever to appear in PLAYBOY should be with a chaplain. But what a chaplain! Congratulations to you and, particularly, to interviewer Nat Hentoff, whose sharp, penetrating questions brought out Coffin's logic—and his compassion. I'm heartened to know that someone as obviously aware as Coffin has the courage to put his body on the line—and risk losing it for what he believes.

Frank Simons
George Washington University
Law School
Washington, D. C.

We share your sentiments, but can't see the irony; clergymen are frequent contributors to our pages.

I was not at all surprised to find that Coffin, like so many others, opposes the draft for the wrong reasons. In fact, I'm left with the impression that he isn't

really opposed to the draft in principle but, rather, that he is opposed to it because of the Vietnam war. I oppose the draft because it denies the individual the most important right he has—the right to his own life. A man, as long as he does not infringe on the rights of others, must be free to act, choose and function in any way he sees fit, and not have to worry about the state, the society or, more accurately, the gang seizing him in the prime of life and sending him into a war with which he may or may not agree. One individual does not have the right to take the life of another; and no number—10 or 200,000,000—can acquire that right by ganging up on one individual.

Liberals and conservatives alike insist that it is an individual's "duty" to protect society. The draft is based on the premise that the individual does not have the right to exist for his own sake but, rather, he must exist for the sake of the state. Of course, since the state—that artificial place where almost everyone tries to live at the expense of everyone else—is made up only of individuals, this means that some of them must be slaughtered for the sake of others.

Fighting for freedom with conscripted soldiers, i.e., denying freedom to the very individuals who are fighting for it, is a contradiction in terms. Abolish the draft and you take away a great deal of the state's power to start wars. It is governments that start wars, not individuals. Individuals are only forced to fight them.

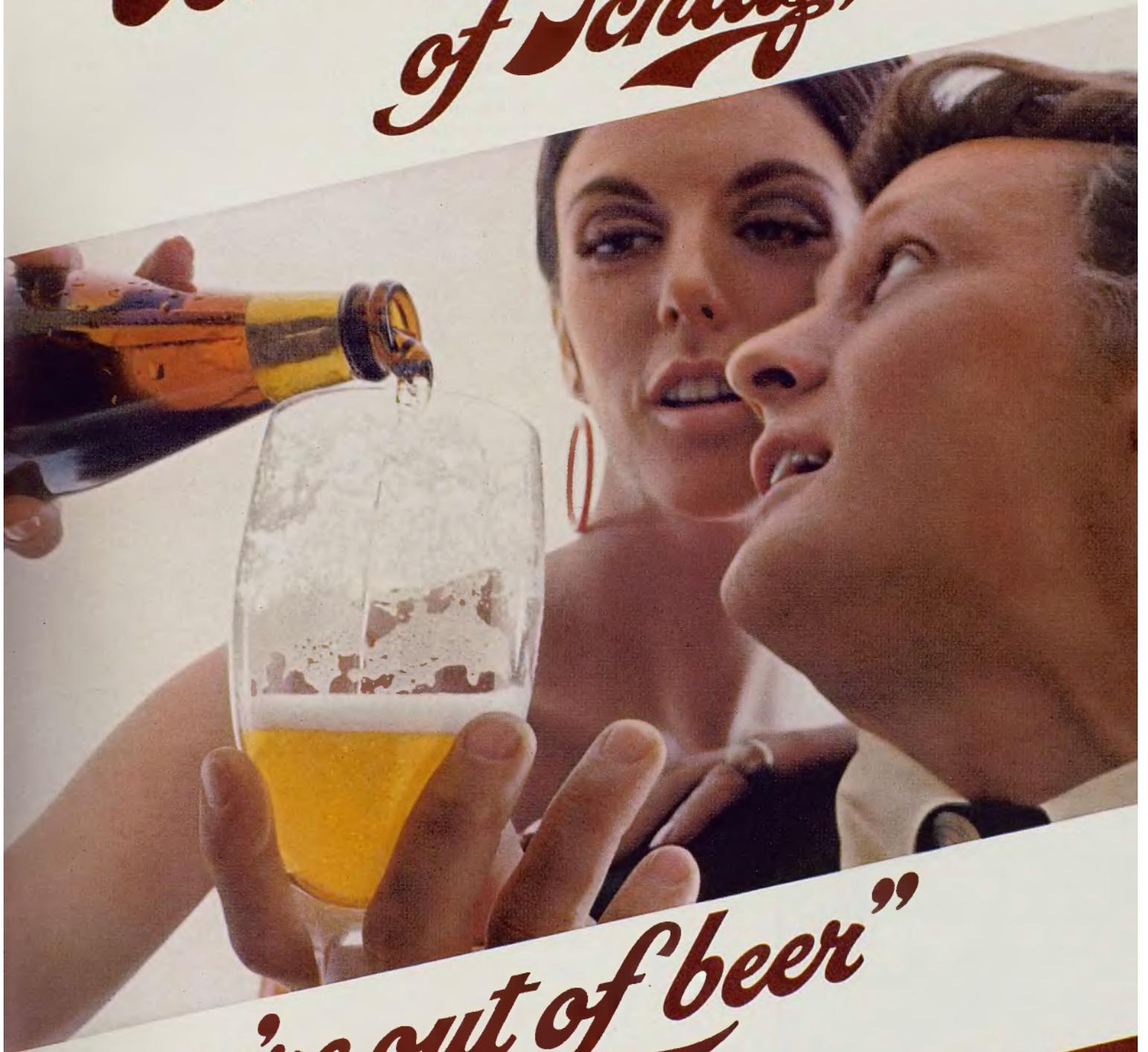
Don H. Fahrenkrug
Long Beach, California

I hope your interview with Coffin will be as widely read as its relevance to these times demands. Coffin seems a practical thinker, rather than an idealist. He is endowed with a rationality lacking in the majority of his generation—or, if not lacking, hidden behind unexercised democracy. Today's young can be proud that they have the energy and the initiative to speak out against wrongs so deeply embedded in American tradition. The young, like Coffin, show an honest concern for this nation. It must not be misconstrued as blind rebellion.

Philip Dylan James
Southampton, New York

My heartfelt thanks for your August interview with Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin. Those of us who have actually been exposed, firsthand, to the results of the American military presence here in Vietnam will understand—perhaps a little more clearly than others—the terrible truths in Coffin's words. Certainly, no one could more deeply regret the things that have been done here in the name of freedom. We can

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only admire and respect the decision of Coffin and many of our fellow Americans to take a stand, at whatever cost, against this madness. We don't think they are cowards—it takes one hell of a lot of guts to say no to the U. S. Army. I think history will judge these men to be the true heroes of the Vietnam war.

Jonathan P. Helms, U. S. M. C.
Pau Bai, Vietnam

I appreciated very much your interview with Coffin. I was glad to learn just what he thinks. I think he is wrong and should be punished for his actions. There was one reference that really fascinated me, and this was to thought control. As a Methodist chaplain, I see all the publications of my Church. I am sure that there are many among the 11,000,000 members of the United Methodist Church who think that we should be fighting in Vietnam. But you would not be able to tell this from its publications. To whatever extent they influence the thinking of their readers, this is surely thought control.

Chaplain Kenneth A. Garner
U. S. Army
APO New York, New York

While Mr. Coffin is entitled to express his personal opinion of a war in which his country is involved, he may not lawfully nor rightfully (in both the moral and the legal senses) incite or provoke others to deliberately refuse to serve the country, whatever his motivation.

Kingman Brewster's statement that there is little relevance between Coffin's felonious conduct and permanent tenure for him at Yale suggests the extent of America's problem in the academic community. As the Bible says, there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." Intellectual exchange should challenge all those who attend places of learning, but there are some things that are still best not done or not said by those who are responsible for training American youth. The Brewster attitude makes me wonder what would be the reaction of those who find themselves in a foxhole at Khe Sanh or waist deep in a Mekong Delta swamp, surrounded by Viet Cong.

At any rate, your interview was interesting and illuminating, although written to project a pro-Coffin image.

Representative Louis C. Wyman
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

In his interview, William Sloane Coffin mentions that when the Viet Cong began resorting to terror, they eliminated corrupt officials, thereby gaining the support of the people. Actually, there were

two kinds of officials assassinated under the Viet Cong program: the corrupt and inefficient, for the reason mentioned; and the honest and effective, because they were gathering support for the Saigon government. That is the other side of the coin, but, of course, not many antiwar critics are turning coins over these days.

John H. Hook
Arroyo Grande, California

With anger and disgust, I read your August interview with William Sloane Coffin. He and others like him comprise the basic reason why this country finds itself in a state of anarchy, where, under the guise of "constitutional freedom," Coffin and his followers can advocate acts of treason.

Barry Pack
Birmingham, Alabama

Thanks to the arguments of responsible men like the Reverend Coffin, I am confident that my support for the U. S. Government position in Vietnam, though admittedly uncertain, is not prejudiced by my repulsion for the irresponsible love children, who offer nothing but vapid monotony. The bromidic formulas suggested by Coffin are the same blindly indignant, often unnecessarily critical (and perhaps publicity-conscious) solutions advocated by most of the unreasoning antiwar saints. Though I have never met Coffin, I feel qualified to resent your characterization of him as "wholly free of self-righteousness."

Jared Scharf
Oceanside, New York

Coffin's logic is rather like an old pair of blue-serge trousers: shiny but full of holes. But even though I disagree with Coffin, I thoroughly enjoyed the interview.

Paul J. DuPree
Am Forsthaus Gravenbruch, Germany

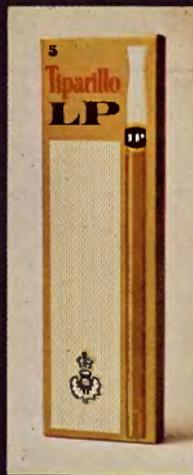
BOOK LOVER

Stephen Dixon's sardonic saga of *The Young Man Who Read Brilliant Books* (PLAYBOY, August) really turned me on. As a grad student in English—like Dixon's reluctant hero—I've often wondered what the *real* prerequisites are for making it as a college professor. After reading Dixon's story, I know: a part-time summer job as a criminal. What better way to learn how to cope with departmental politics and stodgy administrations?

Jon Frederick
Baltimore, Maryland

... LIKE A MALADY?

My thanks to William Iversen for writing *The Gutsmut Game* (PLAYBOY, August). The mass media's *sticker* of leering at people's insides—in the



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How's that for a new record?



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benighted name of "science," of course—has always sickened me. I'm glad that someone has finally said something about this grisly business and shown that obscenity is in the eye (or, rather, the damaged optic nerve) of the beholder.

David Glagovsky
APO New York, New York

William Iversen deserves a Blue Cross for bravery. His infectedly humorous exploration delightfully demonstrates that the American public is, indeed, obsessed with gutsmut—while simultaneously rejecting the exposure of too much sk*n. He will no doubt receive malignant mail from feverish readers—but two aspirins and the latest *Reader's Digest* account of "The Most Unforgettable Malady I Ever Met" should keep him from suffering too much.

Crys Horwitz
Middletown, Connecticut

Iversen's *Gutsmut* is the best thing that has happened to medicine this year. I just wonder what the article would have been had Iversen watched a recent TV surgery show aired in Norway and Sweden. It not only showed real gushers in heart surgery but zoomed the camera into a vagina for a closer look at a uterine infection. Isn't science wonderful?

K. Schackt
Oslo, Norway

I hope the gutsmut tendencies spread beyond television news shows. Can't you see it?—*Pancreas Junction*, *I Dream of Jaundice*, *The Vaginian*, *What's My Malady?* and *Tissues and Cancers*. The possibilities are endless—and hardly more obscene than current TV fare.

George Meredith
New York, New York

Iversen is not compelled to seek out the weekly "Medicine" column in *Time* magazine, nor is he required to read *Life* past the cover. He does not have to read the detailed surgical procedures or stare at the full-color photographs. Many people are interested, however, in what affects their health, and many are not generally well informed about current medical procedures. National publications perform a service by providing information that can increase the layman's understanding of his body and of medicine.

Sanford E. Leslie
Baltimore, Maryland

For years, *PLAYBOY* has championed the idea that the human body is not disgusting. Now comes a new concept: The *outside* is fine and beautiful, but the *inside* is a forbidden subject. We are asked to believe that anyone interested in the intricacies of living organisms, or concerned with the attempts of the medical profession to alleviate human

suffering, not only is a "sodomasochistic . . . visceral voyeur" but may even lack "true wholesomeness."

Richard K. Peterson
Davenport, Iowa

DREAM PHOTOGRAPHY

You certainly have a winner in Staff Photographer Alexas Urba. His work in *Dream Cars* (*PLAYBOY*, August) was extremely impressive—he managed to capture the spirit of each of the avant-garde autos. As a sometime photographer myself, I admire his talent; and as a full-time auto buff, I envy his getting so close to those beautiful machines.

Paul Somers
Minneapolis, Minnesota

The photographs in *Dream Cars* really sing; and, combined with a very attractive layout, the whole thing is beautiful. Congratulations.

Milton D. West
Ford Motor Company
Dearborn, Michigan

PORPOISEFUL PRAISE

My congratulations to Fredric C. Appel for his well-written and informative *Deep Thinkers* (*PLAYBOY*, August). It was a pleasure to read something up to date on dolphins (or porpoises, if you prefer) without the usual dogma and clichés. Few articles oriented to the general public have approached the question of cetacean intelligence from both sides while remaining objective.

I'd like to add one note on the sex life of dolphins: When in captivity, many of the higher vertebrates exhibit a marked increase in sexuality. For noncaptive dolphins, the basic necessities of staying alive relegate sex to its proper perspective in nature. But in captivity, they no longer must fight off predators, find food or adjust to new terrain and weather conditions. This leaves a huge void in daily activity that is partly filled by sex. What appears to be promiscuity is actually an advanced case of boredom.

Stephen H. Spotte, General Curator
Aquarium of Niagara Falls
Niagara Falls, New York

Fredric C. Appel did an excellent reporting job in his piece on dolphins. While presenting both sides of the dolphin intelligence and language controversy, he did not weight his presentation toward the spectacular—as so many recent writers have done.

Our own work in dolphin sound emission has shown no evidence of a language—but it does show an excellent system of communication and rapid assimilation of new sound cues. It might be well to point out that the 32 whistle contours located by Dreher and Evans represent several different dolphins, not a single animal. We find that different animals have different whistles; no single

Plymouth



Road Runner 2-Door Hardtop

The 1969 Road Runner. There's still only one place to catch it.

If you want a high-performance car, Road Runner is one car to think about. This year, there are three Beep-Beeps.

A brand new convertible for 1969.

Road Runner hardtop.

As well as the great original—our 2-door sport coupe.

The Road Runner is a real performer. But not because it costs a lot of money. It doesn't.

It comes, nevertheless, with a standard 383 cubic inch V-8. A 4-barrel carburetor. An unsilenced air cleaner. And dual exhaust trumpets.

A 4-speed transmission with Hurst Linkage. A high lift cam. And Red Streak Wide Boots.

Options include a tachometer, and our new 160-position driver's adjustable bucket seat that does everything a

power seat does. At roughly half the cost. Another new option: functional hood scoops, or "air grabbers."

Now there is a larger, full-color Bird on the deck lid, doors and instrument panel. Plus a new deluxe steering wheel—with the Bird perched right on the hub.

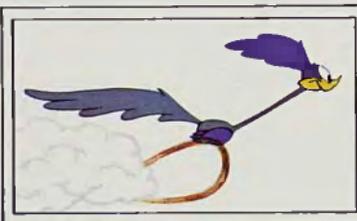
And this year's Road Runner comes in eighteen exterior colors. With broad

black sport stripes on the hood, optional.

Pity the poor coyote.

If Road Runner doesn't baffle him with numbers, he surely will with plumage. "Beep-Beep!"

You can catch the Road Runner. At your local Plymouth Dealer's. That's the place, and 1969's the time to . . .



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Look what Plymouth's up to now.

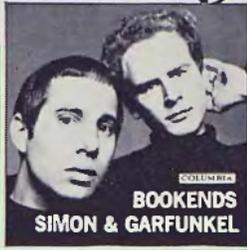
This year say Merry



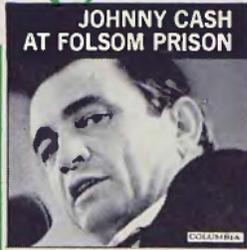
6076. Featuring Janis Joplin as she sings Piece of My Heart, Summertime, 11 in all



6479. Includes Herb Alpert's first vocal hit: This Guy's in Love With You, Cabaret, Panama, etc.



6366. Includes Mrs. Robinson from "The Graduate," Fakin' It, At The Zoo, Old Friends, etc.



6415. Johnny sings Folsom Prison Blues, Jackson (with June Carter), The Wall, etc.



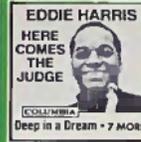
6340. Title hit; plus Look of Love, So Many Stars, The Frog, Like a Lover, 10 in all



6733. Plus: Look To Your Soul, Whiter Shade Of Pale, etc.



1967. Joy To The World, Ave Maria, First Noel, 11 more



6546. Plus: East End Blues, Goldfinger, People, etc.



1451. Also: The First Noel, The Christmas Song, etc.



6313. "Like the movie, a hit album" - Billboard Magazine



6767. Includes: Zim, Opus 5, Milo's Theme, Homecoming, etc.



6480. Includes: Non-Opus, The Mighty Quinn, Lady Madonna, etc.



1483. The Christmas Song, Winter Wonderland, 12 in all



6449. Also: Up, Up And Away; Ode To Billie Joe; etc.



5553. Plus: Maria, Moon River, Yesterday, Oomiquie, etc.



6301. Plus: Water Woman, Fresh-Garbage, 12 in all



6771. Also: Love Is Blue, Sunny, Honey, Unicorns, 10 in all



6030. Plus: Ramee And Juliet, Uptown, So Tired, etc.



6592. Also: Until We Meet Again, You Made Me Love You, etc.



6025. Includes: Sweet Blindness, Good News, 8 more



6472. Also: Walking The Carpet, Fly Away, Green Light, 12 in all



1449. Carol of The Bells, Patapan, Away in a Manger, 13 more



5944. Plus: The End, Soul Kitchen, Back Boor Man, etc.



6750. Plus: Can't On My Mind, By The Time I Got To Phoenix, etc.



5588. Also: Learn How To Fly, Poor Side Of Town, etc.



6103. Plus: I Am A Lonesome Mama, Dear Landlord, etc.



6093. Also: House Of The Rising Sun, The Letter, etc.



5983. A sensitive and illuminating performance.



6392. Plus: Something's Goin' On, Morning Glory, 12 in all



5952. Plus: Dream, The Girl That I Married, 11 in all



6410. Also: World, And The Sea Will Shine, 12 in all



6165. Also: Never My Love, It Must Be Him, Sunny, etc.



6550. Program taken from performances at Carnegie Hall



3476. Also: Muddy Water, Mabelens, La Bambu, 12 in all



2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.



6146. Plus: Alphabetical, Sisters Of Mercy, Sky Fall, etc.



2639. "The most musical score of '65" - Am. Record Guide



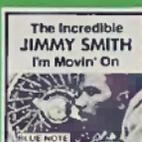
2113. Also: Where Is The Wander, I've Got No Strings, etc.



5095. Plus: Orange Blossom Special: It Ain't Me, Babe, etc.



3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Pretoria, Cabbage, etc.



5634. Plus: What End Of Fall Am I, Back Talk, etc.



6773. Also: The Fish Mean, An Unlabeled Protest, Susan, etc.



5557. Also: A Place In The Sun, So Real, Find Someone, etc.



6732. Also: Swans River, Three To Get Ready, etc.



6511. Plus: I'll Get By, Love Is Blue, The Look of Love, etc.



5377. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection) What New My Love; I Got You, Babe; Plastic Man; Just You; etc.



5469. Also: So What, All Blues, Gilly Day, Soho, etc.



5587. Also: By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Love Is Blue, etc.



3856. Plus: Barry Day Women, Like a Rolling Stone, etc.



6489. Plus: No And At It, Georgia On My Mind, 10 in all



5561. Plus: Eight Miles High, My Back Pages, 50, 11 in all



6341. Plus: No Sun Today, Lazy Day, Never My Love, etc.



6120. Also: Don't Make Promises, To Love Someone, etc.



6420. Also: Happy Talk, Falling In Love Again, Holiday, etc.



3857. Plus: Ups And Downs, Just Like Me, Steppin' Out, etc.



3747. Plus: Dear Heart, Yesterday, Unchained Melody, etc.



2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.



6494. Includes: The Place And The Time; Rose Colored Eyes; Miller's Blues; Naked, If I Want To, Three-Four, He, etc.



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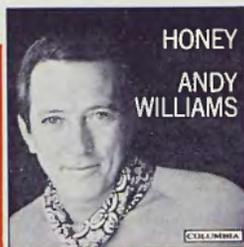
FANTASTIC BONUS PLAN. As soon as you complete your enrollment agreement, you will automatically become eligible for the Club's bonus plan—which entitles you to ONE RECORD FREE FOR EVERY RECORD YOU BUY! There are no "savings certificates" to accumulate, no delays, no limitations—every time you buy a record from the Club, you choose another one free! It's the best bonus plan in existence—you pay as little as \$2.84 a record (including all shipping charges) for all the records you want! What's more, when you do continue your membership, you only have to buy four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

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5558. Also: Up, Up And Away, By The Time I Get To Phoenix; Love Is Blue; Spooky; 11 in all



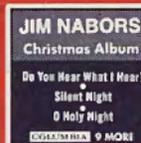
6823. Featuring their hit: Hello, I Love You; plus Love Street Five To One; 11 in all



6066. The Happening, The Trolley Song, Flea Bag, Carmen, The Love Nest; 11 in all



6408. Plus: People Get Ready, Groovin', Ain't No Way, etc.



5537. Also: Jingle Bells, Sleigh Ride, White Christmas, etc.



6157. Also: Mama, Somethin' Stupid; 10 in all



3440. Plus: The Little Drummer Boy, Born Of Mary; 12 in all



6605. Also: Feel Of Fools, Sweet Georgia Fame, etc.



6649. Plus: Love Is Blue, Divided City; 8 in all



5737. Plus: Is It Any Wonder; It Ain't Me, Babe; etc.



6603. Plus: The Race Is On, Dear Heart, Alfie, Lady, etc.



6407. Also: Silly Girl, My World, I'm Gonna Love You, etc.



6656. Plus: Yesterday, Legend of Bonnie and Clyde, etc.



6638. Includes: Long Black Limousine, The House Next Door, etc.



6731. Also: Do You Know The Way To San Jose, Sweet Rain, etc.



6734. Also: Honey, Young Girl, The Look Of Love; 11 in all



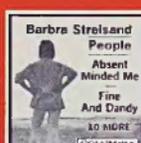
5236. Espana, On The Trail, Waltz Of The Flowers, etc.



6762. Plus: Do You Know The Way To San Jose, Honey, etc.



6405. Also: Tramp, Don't Mess With Cupid; 11 in all



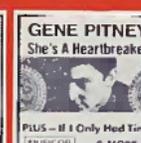
1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Auburna, etc.



6412. Contains a medley of past and present song hits



1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc.



6793. Also: Run, Run, Boadrunner; Heaven Heid; Hata; etc.



3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.



6509. Plus: The Look Of Love, Love Is Blue; 11 in all



5829. Plus: The Look Of Love, Lisa, Bond Street; 11 in all



3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love; 9 more



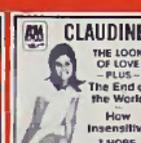
3094. Plus: Tell Me, Time Is On My Side, Play With Fire, etc.



6426. Also: Another Ride With Clyde, The Chase, Reunion, etc.



5486. Plus: This Town, Born Free, This Is My Song, etc.



5805. Also: Man In A Raincoat, Good Day Sunshine, etc.



6448. Plus: Castles In The Sand, Blowin' In The Wind, etc.



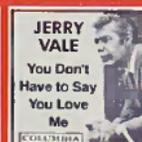
3603. Plus: Baby, I Need Your Loving, Bernadette; 8 more



6153. Also: Chicago, You Go To My Head, Out Of Nowhere, etc.



2403. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.



6119. Plus: There's A Kind Of Hush, Ebb Tide, Eternally, etc.



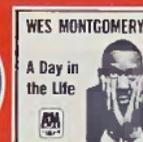
8708. Plus: Pear Cow, Young Girl Blues, Preachin' Love, etc.



5302. Two-Record Set (Counts As One Selection). Plus: Don't Make Me Over, Shall I Tell Her; 23 in all



5788. Plus: Windy, Eleanor Rigby, The Joker; 10 in all



6599. Plus: This Is My Beloved, Fan The Flame, Cindy; 12 in all



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After a shave.
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The refreshant cologne.
Made to keep you cool.

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dolphin, however, has been shown to have an unconditioned vocabulary of 32 whistles. The normal amount for an unconditioned animal is one, two or possibly three, with one primary whistle that is occasionally supplemented in those animals that have two or three whistles.

David K. Caldwell, Director
Melba C. Caldwell, Associate Director
Marineland Research Laboratory
St. Augustine, Florida

Well, what a lovely article. I certainly admire the up-to-date information and the balanced approach to the question of porpoise intelligence and its potential usefulness to man.

Mrs. Taylor A. Pryor, Curator
Sea Life Park
Oahu, Hawaii

Like most European research workers, I must admit being wary of journalists—but I was agreeably surprised by the high quality of Fredric Appel's article. Without trying to appeal to the fantastic, he makes an extensive review of the question of porpoise behavior, sticking to sound evidence. An excellent review of a difficult question—and heartening to find it in a journal that we consider, perhaps unrightly, to be more devoted to sex than to science. Not that I have anything to say against sex.

R. G. Bunsel, Director
Laboratoire D'Acoustique Animale
Jouy-en-Josas, France

Cooperation with dolphins is all very well—but would you want your sister to marry one?

Don Robertson
Arlington Heights, Illinois

COMIC CONTRAPTION

Ron Goulart's *The Trouble with Machines* in the August PLAYBOY was the funniest piece of oddball science fiction I've read in quite a while. It was a fine spoof on corporate infighting; and Maximo—the sensitive, surly robot refrigerator—came off as a truly cool character. Goulart has a great imagination.

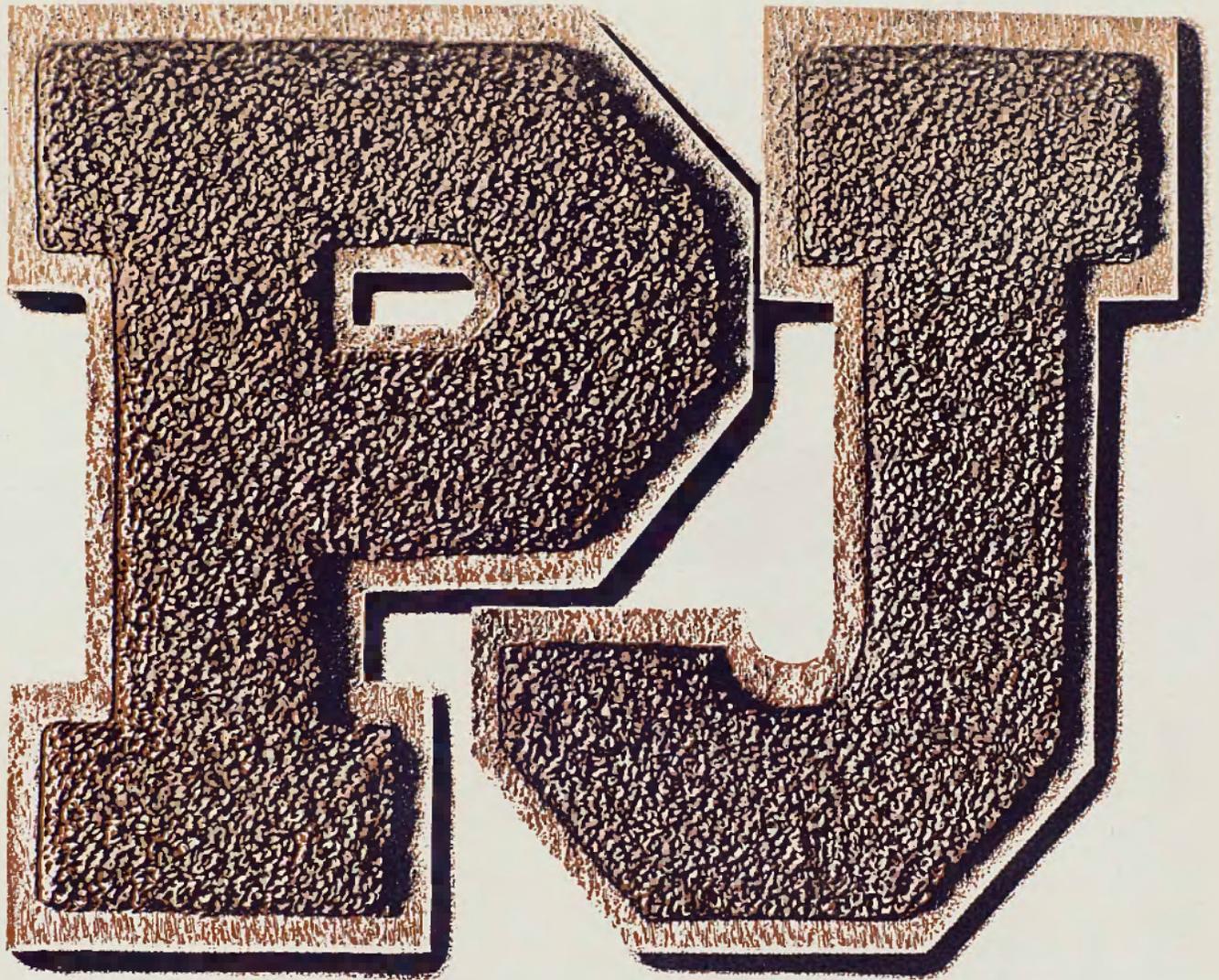
Herb Anderson
New York, New York

BANK INTEREST

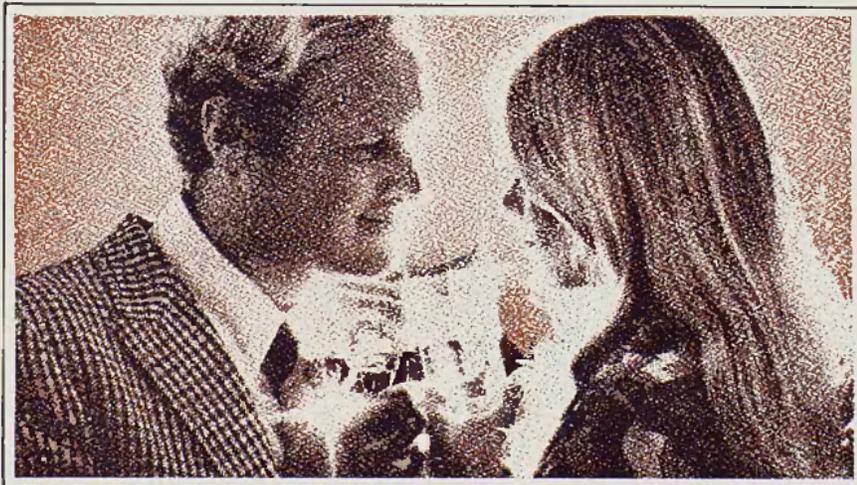
Joseph Wechsberg's article on Swiss banking in the August PLAYBOY was just great. If your economic reporting keeps resulting in pieces as fine as *Banking by the Numbers*, publications such as *Business Week* and *The Wall Street Journal* had better take note. There is competition from a new source.

Samuel Sax, President
Exchange National Bank of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

Joseph Wechsberg and I “debuted” in the same Prague newspaper in the late Twenties. He became a violinist in



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Sport Jackets: from \$70.00.

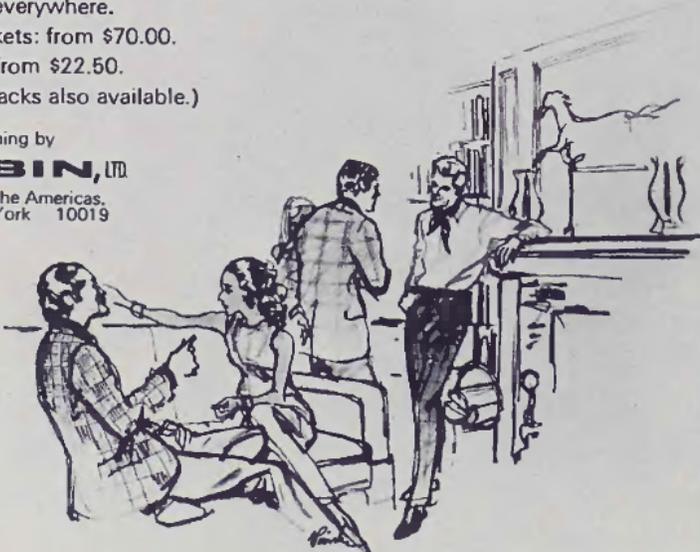
Trousers: from \$22.50.

(Ladies' slacks also available.)

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Please write for a listing of the fine stores that feature the Corbin look.

the orchestra of a French steamer navigating between Marseilles and Saigon; I, at the time, was a little financial journalist in Paris. Since then, things have changed. As the author of *The Numbered Account*—which, I am told, is the most expensive of paperbacks, selling at \$30 for 60 pages—I feel qualified to comment on Wechsberg's article. In a word, it is brilliant—and absolutely correct.

Franz Pick, Publisher
Pick's World Currency Report
New York, New York

Dr. Pick is generally recognized as one of the world's foremost experts in international currencies.

As a former Swiss, I would like to point out that the law of bank secrecy—adopted by the Swiss National Council several decades ago—stems from the Swiss conviction that the state has no right to put its nose into personal affairs. This attitude would help many people around the whole world and certainly those under different political systems. I would also like to mention that if you want to hide something from the IRS, you can easily rent a safe-deposit box here or in Canada, under a fictitious name. This would solve your problem and could possibly be cheaper, since in Switzerland—on some accounts—people have to pay the bank a fee for keeping their money.

Victor J. Krieg
Mamaroneck, New York

I was pleased to read Wechsberg's article about the Swiss banking system. My own contact with this system occurred after World War Two. The Greek government of 1945 inherited a bankrupt nation, and some means of raising funds had to be designed. Instead of floating a public bond issue, it decided to tax Greek funds overseas. The government wrote to all foreign powers where Greeks were known investors, asking for a list of Greek depositors and the amount in each account. The only banks that refused to divulge the names and nationalities of their investors were the Swiss banks. All others—including American banks—complied.

Spiro M. Capo d'Itvia
San Francisco, California

HIP STRIPPERS

The August *Playboy After Hours* item on eclysiasts with timely monikers—The Gaza Stripper, Joanie Carson, Rowna Martin, Thoroughly Naked Millie, Sakatumi—overlooked one of the best: Sibyl Rights.

George Friedman
Brooklyn, New York

She could share billing with Rachel Equality.





They say youth is out
to change the world.
Well take it from us,
they've already changed
the cigar business.

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 cigars look better with slimmed-down clothes.

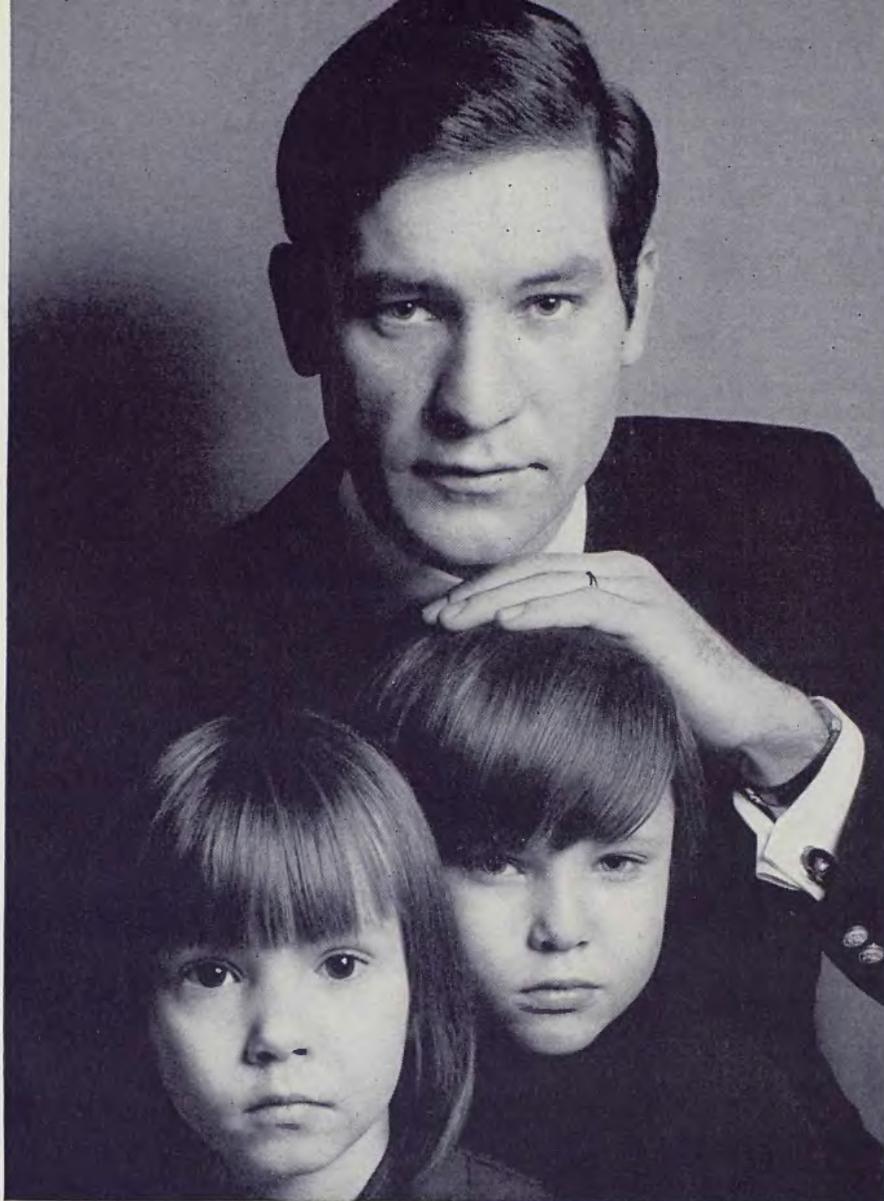
Maybe it's because slim cigars are easier to carry around.

Maybe it's because slim cigars

are simply more casual.

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**



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We've always been inordinately fond of figures—both the statistical and the female varieties. Large numbers put us off in grammar school, as did girls; but in the intervening years, we've managed to reach a happy accord with both. We don't intend to detail here the intricacies of our introduction to the wonderful world of women, but how we won the battle of large numbers may prove instructive. The basic fact about large numbers is that they are large—too large to comprehend. The road to understanding is to reduce them to smaller, more comprehensible units. For instance: The U. S. is spending about 30 billion dollars a year in Vietnam. Thirty billion is too large a number for most of us to grasp, which may be one reason so many Americans are perplexed about the war. An easier way to look at it is to think that the war is costing each American taxpayer \$422.53 per year. An equally enlightening—and less painful—approach is to think that if the 30 billion dollars were divided equally among the 16,000,000 South Vietnamese whose freedom we claim we're defending, these unfortunate folks would have the highest per-capita income in the world.

In this vein, when we recently read that the free world produces a billion dollars' worth of gold each year (in terms of gold production, at least, South Africa is included in the free world), we ran, rather than walked, to our nearest abacus. A billion in bullion, it turns out, is only 1000 tons, which could be stored in a room 40 feet square. And while we were pondering the insignificance of a billion in bullion, a newspaper clipping crossed our desk, proclaiming that the entire population of the U. S. could live comfortably in the state of Florida—and that the entire population of the world could live in Texas without too much crowding. Having always thought that the population explosion was about to detonate, we went to our slide rule to determine how much space the world's teeming masses would take up if a little crowding were

allowed. Assuming there are four billion people in the world, and assuming that each of them takes up a bit less than five cubic feet, then the entire population of this planet, incredibly enough, could be fitted into a cube one half mile square. The final solution to our population problem (and to the war in Vietnam) could then be attained—by fastening that 40-foot gold brick to the people cube and pushing the whole thing into the ocean.

Our Loser of the Month Award goes to Giuseppe Russo of Caracas, Venezuela. Taking the day off for an outing, Russo parked his car to go for a swim. While he splashed in the surf, somebody made off with his auto—taking both his clothes and his wallet in the process. The hapless gentleman then went to a public bath and showered before calling the police; someone else stole his bathing suit. He was calling for help from the door of the bathhouse when a sharp-eyed cop spotted him—and promptly arrested him for indecent exposure.

Poring over some texts on the earlier decades of this century, in search of enlightening perspective on rightist anti-intellectualism and its attack on higher education, we came across the following curmudgeonly comments concerning the academic profession. "Whenever the cause of the people is entrusted to professors it is lost." And "Red professors are frequently distinguished from the old reactionary professors, not by a firmer backbone, but by a profounder illiteracy." The authors of these crusty quotes, in order of appearance, are those two right-wing nuts Nikolai Lenin and Leon Trotsky.

It's wonderfully uplifting to learn that the Lovable Company, a bra manufacturer, is sponsoring a national brassiere-designing contest, open to all U. S. engineering students. Results aren't in yet, but the company has asked entrants

to accompany their prototypes with "supportive engineering-design calculations, which may range from slide-rule computations to elaborate studies employing digital-computer methods." Lovable's chairman, Arthur Garson, was quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* as declaring that "the properties of the bust are unusual—and unlike those of most engineering materials." Designing a strapless bra or one for an unusually well-endowed girl, he said, "is a great engineering feat in itself." The contest rules inform prospective entrants that in bra design, "the factors of safety are based upon uncertainties in the stress distribution, uncertainties in material properties, as well as the static or moving nature of the load." Field testing is not mentioned.

Onward Ecumenism: We were encouraged to read in the *London Times* that "Roman Catholic morality is not opposed to heart transplants as long as there is 'absolute certainty of conscience' that the doctor is dead."

Sign of the Times Department, Lexicography Division: In *Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary*, self-described as "completely new for school, home and office," the second listed definition of "conversation" is "sexual intercourse."

The *New York Post* reports this sign of the times spotted on a Fun City garbage truck: WE CATER HIPPIE PARTIES.

Like most municipalities, Culver City, California, allows suspects under arrest to use the telephone at least once. Following the custom, a police deputy guarding an apprehended burglar handed over the instrument to his prisoner—and learned about an ingenious new use for Mr. Bell's gadget: The crook promptly bopped him on the head with it and escaped.

Kosher karma? A Tucson, Arizona, talent promoter who heard there was big money to be made in booking sitar



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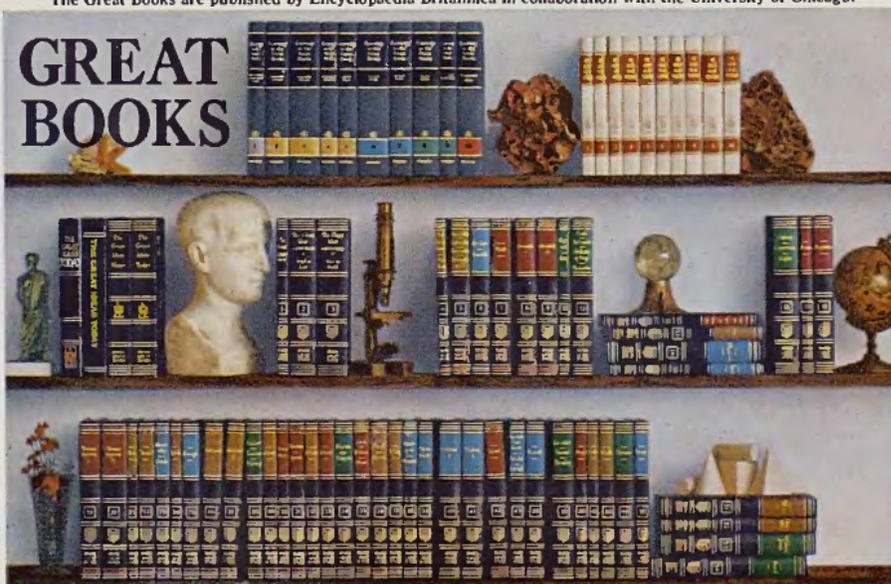
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graffito spotted on a wall in Washington, D.C.: KEEP YOUR CITY CLEAN. EAT A PIGEON.

Peace Corps volunteers at the University of California's Davis campus are receiving instructions that should go far in promoting mutual understanding with the natives. *The San Bernardino Daily Sun* reported that nine months of graduate study were being offered, "including one month of offensive language training."

Guess what gourmet delight is *not* listed under *spécialités de la maison* at New York's justly famed restaurant La Grenouille? Frog Legs—the name of the restaurant meaning "frog" in French, of course.

BOOKS

"First, it's neither a collection nor a selection, but a series," states John Barth in an author's note in *Lost in the Funhouse* (Doubleday). Further prefatory material defines the book as "fiction for print, tape, live voice." An author is entitled to his own baptismal notions, and if Barth seems larky, he can well afford the attitude. He's leading from strength, and he knows it. Call this book what one will, there are 14 titles in all, varying in length from less than a dozen words to the near-novella-size *Menelaiad*, a rambling, free-associational version of the world's most famous tale of cuckoldry and abduction. These are pretty wine-dark waters for the reader who doesn't happen to have Stesichorus' theory about Helen as dramatized by Euripides right at his finger tips. When he isn't inundating us with his classical learning, though, Barth is impressive—with a real style of his own, real imagination and the nerve to use them both. In *Night-Sea Journey*, he endows a spermatozoon with poetic consciousness. *Petition* is a masterpiece of grotesquerie in the form of a letter addressed to His Most Gracious Majesty Prajadhipok, Descendent of Buddha, etc., etc., King of Siam. The writer of the letter is one twin of a joined pair, and he implores his Majesty to prevail upon American surgeons to perform the dangerous operation of severance. The style is fastidious; the contents are ghastly; the whole is a symbol of that other self we all bear. Barth's "Ambrose" stories, of which there are several in this book, could be read as typical boyhood tales, except for his ironic reach. Yet, one can see a genuine tear behind the incredible array of masks he is capable of assuming: "He wishes he had never entered the funhouse. But he has. Then he wishes he were dead. But he's not. Therefore he will construct funhouses for others and be their secret operator—though he would rather be among the lovers for whom funhouses are designed." Not only

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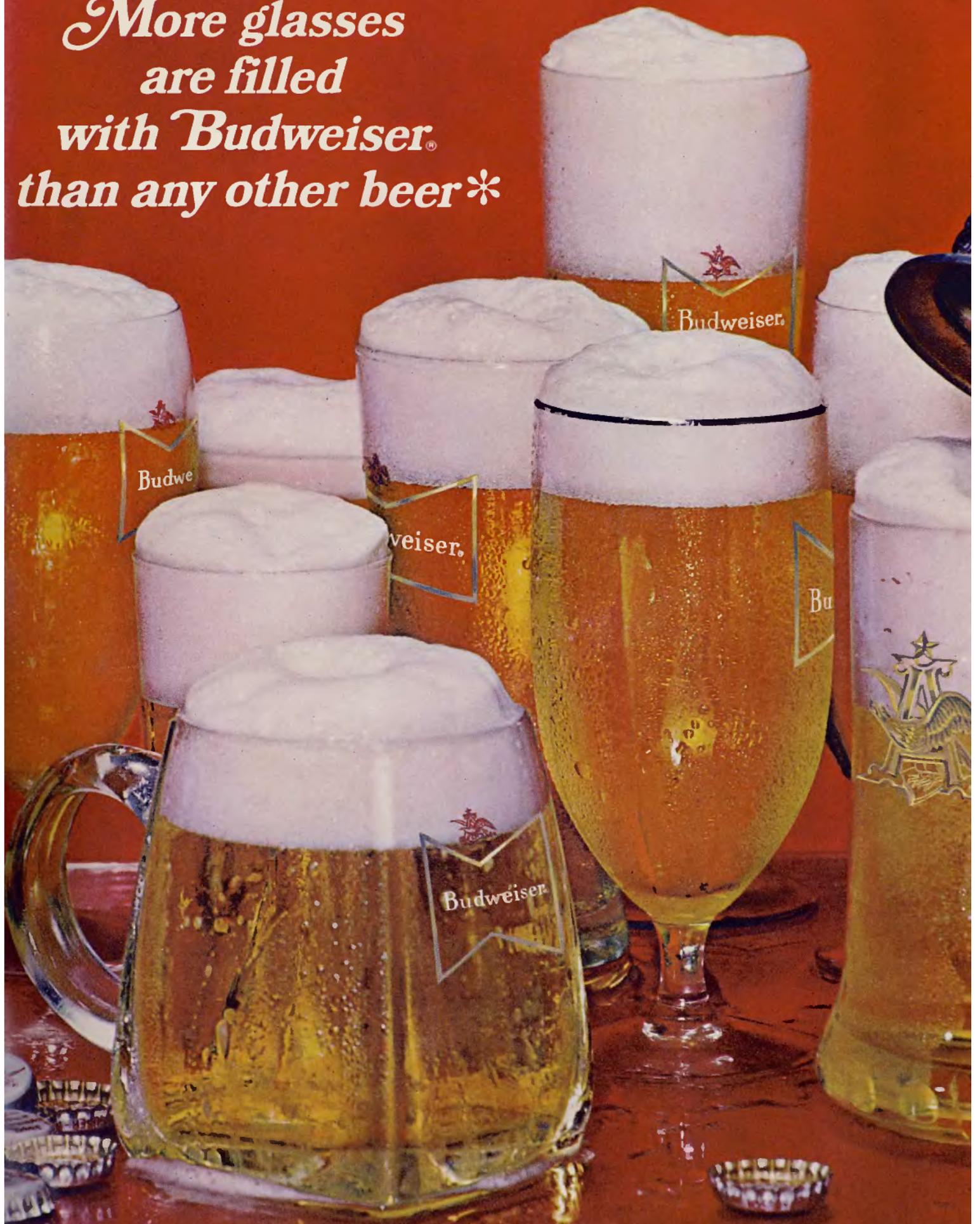
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the heartfelt cry of the character in the story but a possible announcement of Barth's artistic philosophy. Yet he escapes definition, for behind each conceit is a profundity; behind each profundity, a snicker. And sometimes he indulges himself in tiresome trickery, then suddenly admits his own tiresomeness. *Lost in the Funhouse*, therefore, isn't all pure enjoyment; the reader has to dig. But the digging produces ore from one of the richest veins in American literature.

With the publication of *The Sexual Wilderness* (McKay), Vance Packard follows in the wake of a score of writers who in recent years have concerned themselves with the changing ways of men and maids in the gentle art of dalliance. Packard spent four years on the project, which may be a tribute to his conscientiousness but which also contributes to the book's greatest failings. By trying to take in *everything* (sex, love, marriage, working mothers, child care, sexual identity, social roles) and by piling one research report on top of another, Packard packs himself up in his material. Lacking any original point of view, he spends most of his time backing and filling, and his summings up tend to be so general as to be near meaningless. After a chapter on man's sexual nature, he writes: "In short, human fulfillment of our potentialities would seem to lie in the direction of working for a world in which males and females are equal as people and complementary as sexual beings." A second unfortunate consequence of Packard's hyperdiligence is that all work and no play makes Vance a dull boy. Bowed by statistics and empirical evidence, he transforms the mating dance into a parade of the wooden soldiers. In *The Sexual Wilderness*, Packard tells a reader about problems he didn't even know he had—in order to tell him not to worry about them.

From a story of marriage between a Jew and a Japanese, both members of fiercely inbred cultures, one would expect rich permutations—and one gets them in Josh Greenfeld's sensitive, intelligent first novel, *O, for a Master of Magic* (World). The tale, a switch on *Majority of One*, is told in first-person diary form. The narrator is the male half of the Jewish-Japanese marriage. Regarding themselves as citizens of the world, the pair saw no impediment to a wedding of like minds. His mother's sole comment on meeting her prospective daughter-in-law was that she'd been seeing Japanese people all her life, only she thought they were Chinese. Acceptance comes, too, when the married couple moves to the bride's country and takes up residence in a suburb of Kyoto, in a jerry-built house where the roof leaks and the floor sags. The Japan Greenfeld tells us about is a nation with its kimonos down: "Sunday

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barracks of a nation, where after Saturday inspection of detailed duties, all obligations cease, all bets are off." The Japanese, he writes, are "an inconsiderate self-indulgent bunch of slob"—but "they can be so considerate . . . so lovely . . . so touching. . . ." There's nothing very esoteric about the trouble that develops in this East-West marriage. The marital debilities and strains are recognizable ones, like boredom and the sexual itch. True, the Japanese woman is more subservient than her Western counterpart; but according to author Greenfeld, this only makes her dream stronger dreams. In its discursive manner, the story wends its way toward one such dream that is memorably erotic. But Greenfeld's novel succeeds in the palpably real way that is possible only when the writer has his eye on his art and not on the keyhole.

As a *White-Haired Lover* (Random House), poet Karl Shapiro sheds his accustomed gloomy mask and becomes a passionate jester. The spectacle is often endearing, sometimes touching and only occasionally embarrassing. His is a fearful joy, the joy of an aging man who perceives his opportunities but doubts his capacities. "There was that Roman poet who fell in love at 50-odd./My God, *Venus*, goddess of love, he cried,/Venus, for Christsake, for the love of God,/Don't do that to me!/. . . How do you know I can get it up!" Well, that's the plot. It is resolved later, in an irreverent apostrophe called *Now Christ Is Risen*. Neither the metaphor nor the poet's pleasure that he can use it are in doubt. "Now Christ is risen in his Freudian hat/And Nature's gussied up with palms of gilt/And I myself have risen, and all that,/I stand in Paradise and will not wilt. . . ." Shapiro has written about paradise before, but always about the sort one loses and can never regain. In *Adam and Eve*, written about two decades ago, Shapiro sums up life for those exiled from Eden: "And it was autumn, and the present world." Now, miraculously (for Christsake!), it's spring-time again and Shapiro is back in the garden singing delightedly and twisting the serpent's tail. Sometimes his antics seem a bit excessive, but one must make allowances for youth, even the second time around.

The Beatles, the Real Story (Putnam), by Julius Fast, and *The Beatles, the Authorized Biography* (McGraw-Hill), by Hunter Davies, set out to do much the same job—to delineate each Beatle, trace the group's career and provide some interpretation of their personal pleasures, their hang-ups and their musical accomplishments; and both books have much the same set of facts and basic structure forced upon them by the nature of the

the 1969 shoe



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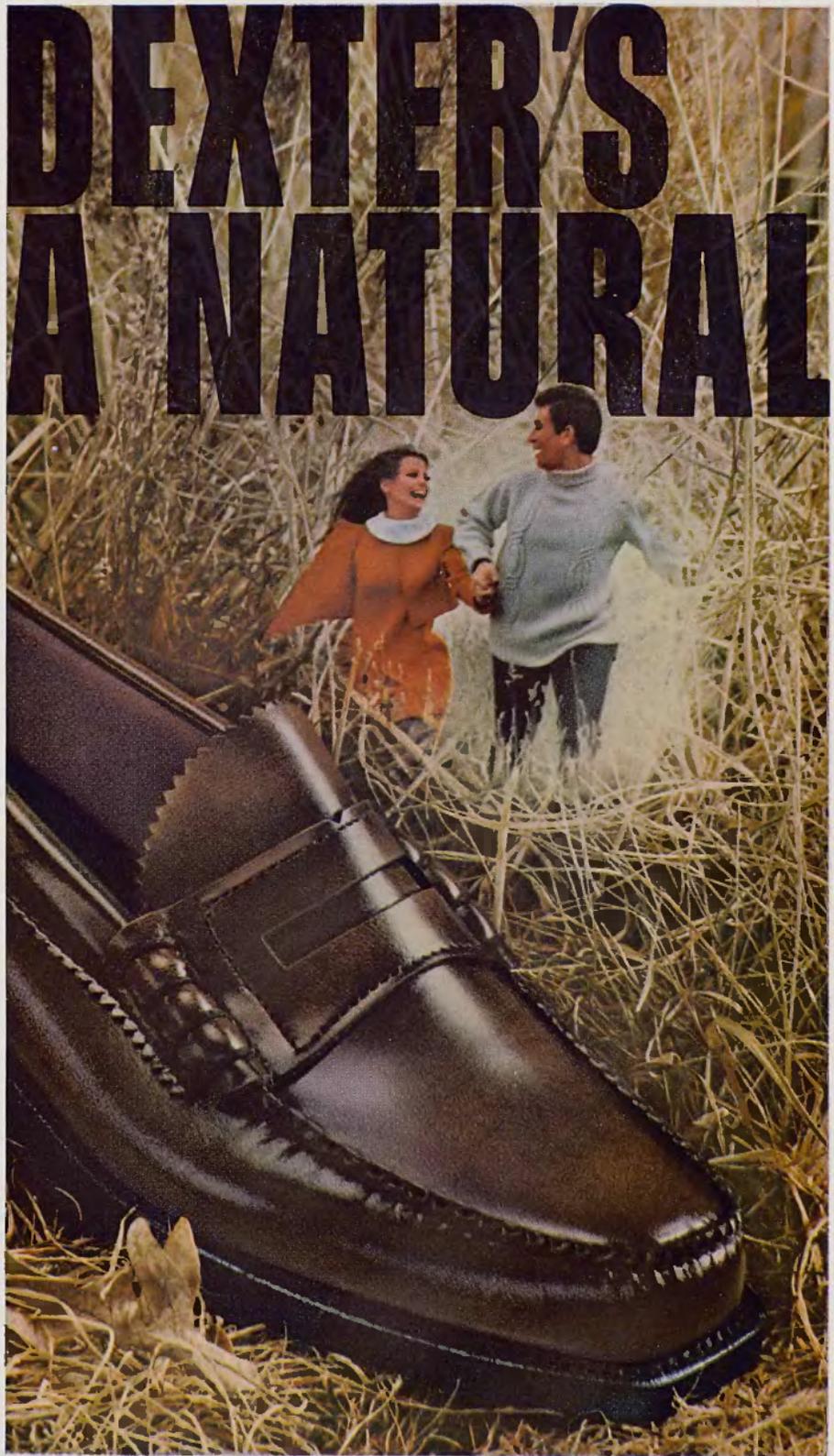
project. Yet one is far superior to the other in every way. Julius Fast's *Real Story* is barely a couple of cuts above routine "celebrity personality" stuff. It reads as if it had been pieced together from thousands of newspaper and magazine clippings. Hunter Davies' book, on the other hand, vibrates with reality and immediacy. And no wonder; for the British novelist and scenarist had the cooperation of John, Paul, George and Ringo, along with their wives, parents, friends, boyhood chums and business associates. With their comparatively fresh memories and observations to draw upon, Davies has produced a surprisingly insightful, illuminating and objective book. Normally, one suspects an "authorized" biography to be either a paean or a whitewash; this one tries for objectivity; it raises difficult questions and often comes up with not altogether pleasant answers. Adroitly counterpointing the facts of the Beatles' private lives with their professional struggles, progress and ultimate success, Davies probes the minds beneath the hairdos, the hearts beneath the costumes. The book is filled with striking journalistic set pieces: the Beatles' early experiences playing 12 hours a night, every night, in a small night club; the efforts of their late manager, Brian Epstein, to get them their first big break; typical songwriting and recording sessions; an almost stream-of-consciousness appraisal, by each Beatle, of his own life, his relations with the group and his thoughts on the future. One leaves Davies' Beatles with a new respect for these young-old, happy-sad men, tinged with pity, perhaps—and with some wonder at the durability of their remarkable symbiosis.

The hero of Elliott Baker's *The Penny Wars* (Putnam), Tyler Bishop, is a smart-alecky, sensitive chap-off-the-old-Salinger, a teenager who only wants "to get laid and change the world." His milieu is the world of 1939 from a worm's-eye view: a lower-middle-class existence in Upstate New York. At first, the novel seems merely episodic, typical period nostalgia: There is a *Major Bowes' Amateur Hour* audition; a funeral with a dearth of pallbearers; a comical German Jewish refugee dentist who romances Tyler's mother; Tyler's own foredoomed attempt to make it with a basketball-playing baby sitter with a Betty Boop mouth; a high school teacher forever challenging tough students to meet him in the gym after class; and the powerful black student who is duped into accepting that challenge. Yet all of these episodes, on the surface rosy and lighthearted, are strung together to form a noose of black humor. For author Baker, as his previous novel *A Fine Madness* showed, has the knack of changing his pace abruptly and dramatically, of turning the comically outrageous into

the tragically absurd. In this novel's last scene, Tyler Bishop savagely comes of age as Baker suddenly converts a lukewarm world of nostalgia into the chilling world of reality.

For almost half of its length, *The New Immorality* (Doubleday) presents fictionalized case histories that chronicle the twisted sex lives of five couples, complete with a box score on their orgasms, wife-swapping activities and sundry other erotic matters—only to turn, at chapter four, into a sober, sensible, stimulating analysis of sexual morality in this country today. Author Brooks R. Walker, a Unitarian minister, is not writing a diatribe against an American-made Sodom and Gomorrah. On the contrary, his calm acceptance of various sex practices puts him closer to the views of Albert Ellis. His real concern is with the evolution of sexual standards; and in this book, written with the assistance of his wife, Sandra, he attempts to put into perspective three major versions of what has been called the new morality. He examines "Toward a Quaker View of Sex," a pamphlet issued by British members of the Society of Friends, and the situation-ethics movement of Professor Joseph Fletcher. Walker also treats in detail *The Playboy Philosophy*—"an approach to life which finds its first expression in the PLAYBOY editorials but ends as what may easily prove to be the most pervasive doctrine of man offered to Americans in the third quarter of the 20th Century." For Walker, *The Playboy Philosophy* is fine as far as it goes—but it fails to go far enough. He sees it as "the working doctrine of a new religion" that has not yet defined the end toward which it is directed: the sense of God that transcends the self. This involves that sticky word *love*, and Walker writes: "It is only when one becomes more concerned about the well-being of others than with one's own that one may find himself." Readers who are wise enough to start this book with chapter four will not find answers to their questions about sexual morality—but they may find the right questions.

Right off the bat—with the English nurse and the housemaid expected in Rome on Monday, and with the sun shining "gold-brown on the expanse of parquet floor, in room after room." we know that Muriel Spark has written another novel of arrangements. *The Public Image* (Knopf) is a smooth slice of non-life in which all the characters arrange their days so as to serve some entirely unfelt need. Annabel Christopher, the lusterless protagonist, is a screen actress edging nervously toward stardom. Her husband, Frederick, is a somber scenarist with intellectual pretensions. He longs to leave Annabel, that "beautiful shell . . . devoid of the life it once



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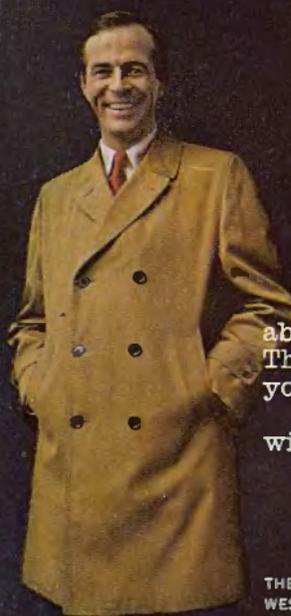
held," but somehow he has become locked into her public image. "She was presented . . . as every man's perfect wife, with her composed and conventional appearance." But "It was decidedly understood . . . that in private . . . and particularly in bed, Annabel Christopher . . . let rip." Ultimately, however, Frederick does leave her, by means of a carefully contrived suicide calculated to shatter her precious public image. To buttress the melodrama, there's usually a baby (Annabel's) cooing in the back bedroom and a blackmailer lurking in the front parlor. Miss Spark describes all these improbable goings on in a kind of prose whisper, as if the plot embarrasses her. It should.

When the author of a travel book adopts the nom de plume "Roger St. Martin O'Toole," his readers may expect more than the ordinary Baedeker-type information. In *A Stag at Large* (Macmillan), O'Toole does not disappoint them. Indeed, he puts his O'pseudonym to far busier and better use than his camera or his money converter. Allegedly a former university professor and (under his rightful name) the author of more conventional guidebooks, O'Toole sets out on a globe-girdling (and ungirdling) expedition that proves to be a trip around the world in more ways than one. His seatmate en route to Tokyo turns out to be Diana, a cool blonde Englishwoman whose ploy is the public hemming of lace on her pink-silk panties. Like a recurrent theme, Diana and her panties keep turning up everywhere O'Toole turns—which, for the most part, means the fleshier fleshpots of the Orient. Solely in the interests of research, he visits girlie bars in Tokyo, co-educational massage parlors in Thailand, a private orgy at Formosa's bachelor paradise of Peitou, the sexual sculptures of India's Khajuraho, the nudist colony on France's Ile du Levant. Unlike most travel guides, which make veiled references to the naughty night (or day) life available to the more adventurous tourist, O'Toole plunges into his subject to the full, sampling the delights himself in order to advise his readers on such vital matters as how to order a proper orgy for six and which bathhouses do more than scrub backs. He has also devised some characters and situations that strain credulity; but if one can overlook these as a bachelor's tall tales, the book packages a surprisingly large amount of hedonistically useful information in a pleasantly light style.

"Once upon a time there will be a little girl called Uncumber." So starts *A Very Private Life* (Viking), a new novel by Britisher Michael Frayn. The story, which is told in the future tense, starts out as a fairy tale but soon turns into a



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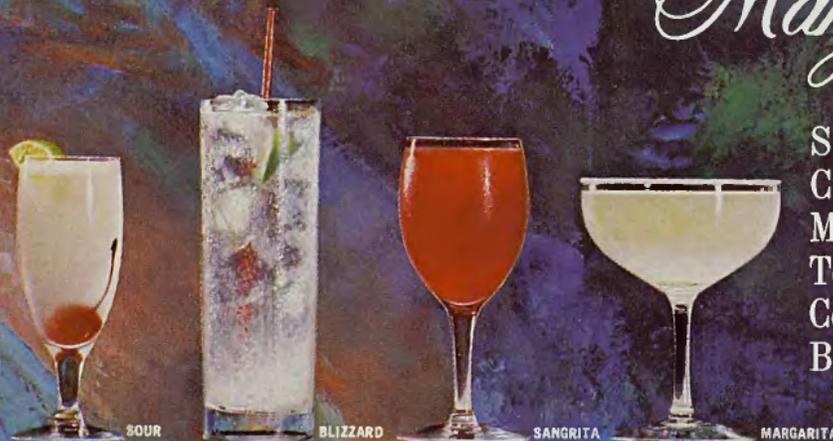


horror story. In this world of the future, there are two classes of people, insiders and outsiders. The insiders live in windowless houses completely sealed off from the world, with all necessities, luxuries and social life piped in through wires or materializing in three-dimensional representations over the "holovision." The insiders go nude in the controlled air of their sealed houses, but they wear sunglasses to hide their naked eyes from one another. They take pills to make them feel calm, intelligent, amused. The outsiders live in despair and filth, the sun dimmed by waste matter given off from satellite cities that orbit the earth; the earth itself is a clutter of refuse dotted with jet airports and ramshackle dwellings. Amid all this, Uncumber is the classic rebel, who, unlike her docile brother, Sulpice, cannot abide the world of inside and seeks the outside, only to find after long and horrendous adventures that she cannot abide that either. Her odyssey, unfortunately, will occasionally grow as irritating for the reader as it does for Uncumber herself, and there will be times when he finds himself wishing for an Orwellian tranquilizer to soothe his nerves. But when he finishes, he will probably feel that the trip was worth it, for Mr. Frayn, a stylist of distinction, has painted an effectively terrifying picture of the world of the future—a world far too close for comfort to the one in which we currently live.

If man were to look directly into the face of modern war, his soul would turn to stone; like Perseus, he can confront the Medusa only by holding a mirror to its horrid features. In Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*, the evils of Nazism were reflected in the voyage of terror of an abandoned child, suspected of being Jewish, who fled from village to ravaged village in eastern Europe from 1939 to 1945, his spirit buffeted as a feather in a hurricane; yet his will survived, as tenacious as a gasp for breath. By reducing human emotions to their primitive elements, by distilling his prose to the purity and rhythm of rain, Kosinski demonstrated the enduring appeal of the fable with his ability to reveal profundity in simplicity. *Steps* (Random House), Kosinski's second novel, reveals that even those who survived the War were among its most mutilated casualties. In a series of jagged vignettes, the narrator shines the harsh light of his vision through the dark prism of his post-War experiences—from a sanitarium in the Alps to deep hopelessness in Harlem, from archaeological digs in the islands of Greece to the brutal violation of a woman's body—always speaking in the toneless matter-of-factness of Camus' *The Stranger*, and agreeing with Camus that we are all either victims or executioners. Kosinski's characters are grotesque in sex, manipulative in love and

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numb to violence, casually witnessing perversion, cruelty and death with a shrug of the soul. Kosinski no longer looks obliquely; he no longer views the world through the unironic eyes of a child; he no longer attempts to impose a framework on chaos. But what he gains in subtlety and complexity he loses in clarity. *The Painted Bird*, for all its horrifying realism, focused its horrors into a pure beam of light; a measure of its brilliance is that *Steps*, though surely one of the finest books of the year, comes as a diffuse disappointment. Yet, Kosinski is almost alone among writers of his generation in the severity of his challenge to man's capacity for self-knowledge—for as we hold the mirror to Medusa's face, we find that the image is our own.

Readers who have suffered with the Marquis de Sade's celebrated *Justine*, through all the ingenious abuses to which that virtuous and unfortunate young woman's flesh was subject, may now have the pleasure of following the most fortunate adventures of her most unvirtuous sister, *Juliette* (Grove). Where *Justine* was dutifully distressed by all the awkward situations into which she was inveigled by unscrupulous persons of both sexes, *Juliette* seeks out perversity and profits richly from it. "I confess I love crime," she announces. "Only crime can stir my feelings." Her feelings are amply stirred in this book, which brings together De Sade's original six volumes, subtitled *The Prosperities of Vice*. It is not necessary to take the Marquis seriously as a philosopher of total freedom, as some do, in order to relish the imagination and talent that went into gilding the nuggets of naughtiness here contained. This is indeed a pornographic classic.

DINING-DRINKING

Dining at Manhattan's *Salum Sanctorum* (1110 Third Avenue) is a total experience. While the food is excellent, it is the atmosphere, the milieu, that sets the *Salum* apart from other restaurants. The personal projection of Dr. Joseph B. Santo, who also owns the abutting *Sign of the Dove* (*Playboy After Hours*, October 1964), its outward appearance is deceptively unprepossessing; but beyond its 19th Century gate is the world of the Castilian grandee, replete with roughly finished white-plaster walls, dark beams and Oriental rugs on dark oak floors. Each party of diners has two tables at its disposal—one on the informal, enclosed patio, bounded at one end by a huge fireplace, where aperitifs are served, and the other in the intimate (it seats 35), elegant dining room. Jean Pierre, the maître de, brings you the evening's menu, which is

inscribed on parchment. Typical fare includes a cold soup *du jour*; Seafood Sanctorum, an excellent blend of shellfish in an exotic sauce; Civab-Gici, an original lamb kebab; and Filet Sanctorum, made with chestnuts, baked in a pastry crust and served with truffle sauce. The wine list includes only choice vintages (typical is Château Mouton-Rothschild, 1955). The service, which matches the atmosphere and the viands, is unobtrusively attentive but considerably unhurried. After the entree and salad, you may return to your table on the terrace for dessert, coffee and cordials. It is a full and romantic evening. Dining at *Salum Sanctorum* is by reservation only. The phone number is UN 1-9492. Closed Sunday.

MOVIES

In Paris, a sheltered young girl whose aunt is dying of a stroke goes out on the town to forget. Her flight from death unexpectedly leads to a deeper involvement in life, for she comes of age during a long evening that starts at a basketball game and ends in the bed of a lanky jazz musician. Before the bass fiddler seduces her with a serenade at dawn on a hilltop overlooking Paris—a fitting climax to the most charmingly wacky romantic interlude to brighten a movie screen in years—the girl tells off a handsome Negro Marxist, is detained by gendarmes, battles a gang of hoodlums and helps an agricultural student pursue his prize ram through a maze of winding streets. If a summary could do it justice, that would be the whole story of *Zita*. But this superlative French film by director and co-author Robert Enrico (previously known here for *Incident at Owl Creek Bridge*, a brilliant short based on the Civil War tale by Ambrose Bierce) blends its plot, a haunting musical score and evocative nighttime color photography into a cinematic revelation of character. As the matriarchal Aunt Zita of the title, a woman whose family snapshots commemorate her grievous losses during the Spanish Revolution, Greek tragedienne Katina Paxinou is an imposing symbol of the secure world the heroine ruefully leaves behind; and the nubile niece, played by Canadian-born Joanna Shimkus, qualifies on every count as a girl to remember. Director Enrico makes getting to know her surprisingly easy, for the entire film moves with a quick sense of discovery and a natural inner rhythm. *Zita* is like a first date with a lovely ingénue who looks, at nine P.M., like any of a hundred others. By dawn, the camera has awakened responses between actress and audience that make a love affair inevitable.

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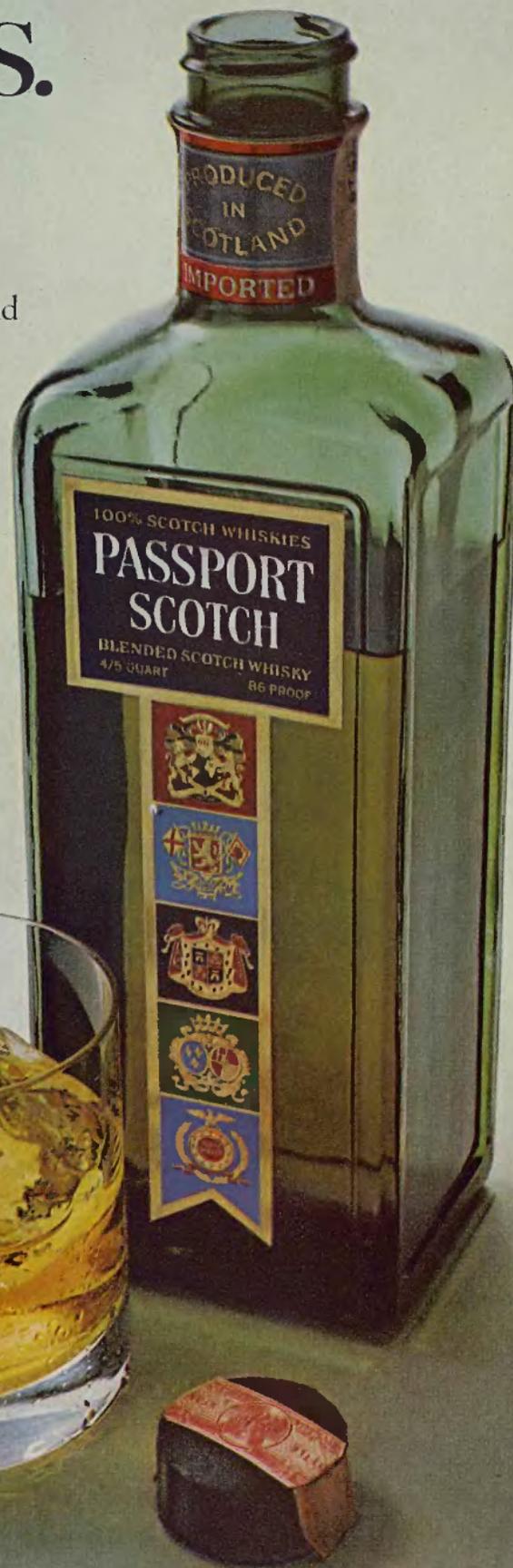
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declaring its lofty intentions—or hiding behind them—the movie plunges into an orgy of mayhem and marksmanship excessive even by Hollywood standards. Any sharpshooter suffering from incipient psychosis will certainly identify with the hero, a bland, sun-kissed young Californian (Tim O'Kelly) whose apparent aim is to top the record of the killer ensconced in that Texas tower a couple of years ago. After slaying his wife and mother, Tim climbs a Chevron oil tank to pick off a half dozen motorists on the freeway, then moves his arsenal to a better vantage point at a drive-in theater and waits for nightfall. He's got power, man. Potency. And telescopic sights. *Targets* is a circus of horror, taut and timely—and irreverently prejudiced against what it construes as the mindless life style of Southern California. The film's pretensions pay off in goose-pimples when Boris Karloff arrives at the drive-in, playing a Karloffy old actor named Byron Orlok, who is booked there for a farewell personal appearance. By the time bullets have felled his shapeless secretary (Nancy Hsueh) and 20 or 30 others, Karloff-Orlok looks pretty distressed about the evening's carnage, though one can't be sure whether the root cause of violence is supposed to be Boris, Momism, the affluent society, lax gun laws or drive-in movies. The secret resides with producer-director-scenarist and former film critic Peter Bogdanovich, who skillfully manipulates cinematic shock devices but commits the *gaffe* of handing himself a pivotal role (as a bright young movie director, what else?)—an arrogant gesture, considering the flat quality of his performance.

Perseverance pays off for Cliff Robertson in *Charly*. Repeating his TV role as a moron lifted from the twilight zone of subnormality by experimental surgery, Robertson gains some points lost professionally in the past, when prime-quality performances he originated on TV were acquired for more prestigious movie actors (Paul Newman in *The Hustler*, Jack Lemmon in *Days of Wine and Roses*). Tongue lolling, studied in speech, feet planted wide apart as if to broaden the base for his uncoordinated impulses, Robertson manages to project both feeble-mindedness and anguish without milking audience sympathy. The film's deliberately clinical tone minimizes the emotionalism in Charly's encounters with a caseworker (Claire Bloom) who helps him, by awakening his stunted aspirations, goading him to endure the humiliation of preoperative tests in which he must match wits with a precocious mouse. Though some of the medical nomenclature bandied about is apt to baffle most laymen, the tragic aftermath of Charly's operation takes shape with painful clarity—a

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zenith of hope when his dawning intelligence opens the way to books and beauty (not to mention a romance with his teacher), followed by the numbing discovery that his cure is merely temporary. Filming in and around Boston, producer-director Ralph Nelson uses multiple-image techniques to leapfrog through time and to show several states of mind at a glance, yet sticks mainly to the essence of an offbeat love story unfolded with nice touches of authenticity. Only Stirling Silliphant's screenplay gets overheated at times, moving from poignant particulars about the hero to rather sweeping statements about callousness in the scientific community. The least credible scene requires Charly to astonish a congress of psychologists by denouncing the benefits of 20th Century progress almost *in toto*. If we accept the implication that ignorance is bliss in this deplorable age, why mourn for Charly as his faculties wane? An imperfect thesis on mental welfare, perhaps, but feelingly played and provocative.

A prototypical pale-blond hippie who has rechristened herself Today Malone (tomorrow the world?) tells it like it was during one long, lively summer in Haight-Ashbury. Her LSD trips at that time numbered 23. Among her hobbies, she listed "dope." One of San Francisco's ostentatiously unemployed flower people, she passed most of her time attending be-ins, worrying about chromosome damage or "turning people on to Hostess Twinkies." Random interviews with Today as she ponders her past and future in hippiedom, or simply panhandles, take up a good deal of footage in *Revolution*. But as a method of inquiry for a documentary film, the probing of Today is skin deep and dubious: one might as well ask a young movie hopeful sipping Coke at Schwab's to explain the ethos of Hollywood. Producer-director Jack O'Connell also solicits the views of musicians, dropouts, cops, psychiatrists, columnist Herb Caen and young couples at a cocktail party, but none can articulate anything fresh or perceptive about love and Haight. Already passé as a clue to what's happening now, *Revolution* is a square chronicle of what happened once upon a time in San Francisco, when nude dancers, psychedelic light shows and the Sexual Freedom League made big news.

Another appealing human comedy about manners and morals in preinvasion Czechoslovakia fortifies the impression that Prague's moviemakers (if they're still in business) have decided this is their thing—a small social landscape viewed from the perspective of young people trying to love, live and subvert bureaucracy in a dingy one-room flat. *The Girl with Three Camels*, true to a tradition established by *Loves of a*

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Blonde and Closely Watched Trains, shrugs off the moral aspects of unwed motherhood with disarming candor. So casually is the teenaged heroine (Zuzana Ondrouchova) knocked up by a boy who follows her home from a dance that she almost lets him slip away without jotting down her name and address. That one prudent afterthought nets her a postcard from Algiers—a picture of three camels and a pithy message, “Best regards, it’s hot here”—followed by the news that her hit-and-run beau has been killed. Though the heroine ultimately keeps her little bastard and fights to claim a name for him, director Václav Krška scorns pathos in order to spoof the folly of romantic illusions. He also registers amusing asides about the progress of sex under socialism. The nimblest scene unfolds in the waiting room of a state-operated abortion mill, where an applicant walled in by giant baby posters thinks things over while a reproachful tape recorder gurgles and coos. In some Western capitals, that would be the cue for a repentant crying jag. In Prague, it persuades a girl to change her mind, all right—but only to saunter out and squander her rainy-day money on Mod caps and miniskirts. Pretty saucy.

There are moments in *Finian's Rainbow* when Fred Astaire and Petula Clark restore a touch of magic to the lost art of movie musicals. If Astaire, still an incomparable old smoothy, means what he says about hanging up his dancing slippers after *Rainbow*, he'll be sorely missed. By way of compensation, this sentimental occasion sounds a fanfare for Petula. Britain's petite dowager queen of pop song, who breezes through her American movie debut with bewitching verve. Since it runs for nearly three hours, we wish the rest of the show were as lightsome—but two decades have passed since Broadway last cheered *Finian's* raffish blend of Irish folklore, free enterprise and Southern corn. The mythical tobacco state of Mississippi, where Finian (Astaire) settles down with his marriageable daughter (Petula) and a crock o' gold stolen from the fairyfolk back home, has not stood the test of time. For a sing-along liberal of 1947, it was easy enough to smile at the plight of a bigoted Dixie legislator (Keenan Wynn) whose skin turns black on the strength of a wish; but such jokes prove a mite embarrassing today (though Al Freeman, Jr., comes on funny as an educated Negro trying to develop a bumper crop of mentholated tobacco). The show's score, however—by E. Y. Harburg and Burton Lane—is a Broadway semiclassical; and even the homogenized Hollywood orchestrations cannot dim its luster when Fred or Petula let go with *Look to the Rainbow*, *Old Devil Moon* or *Glocca Morra*. What

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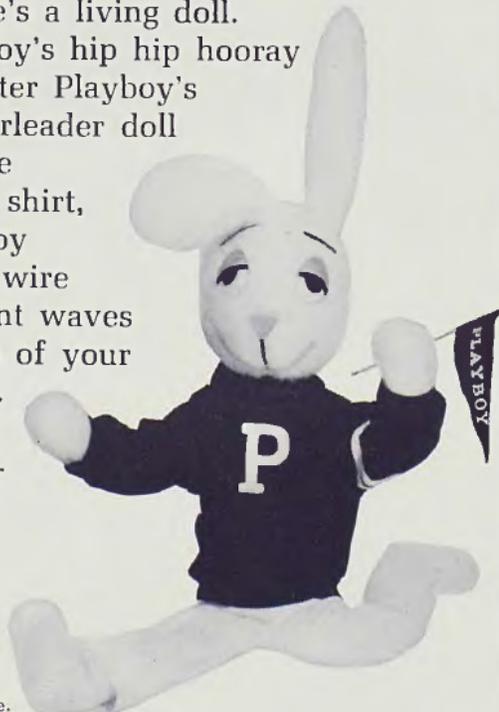
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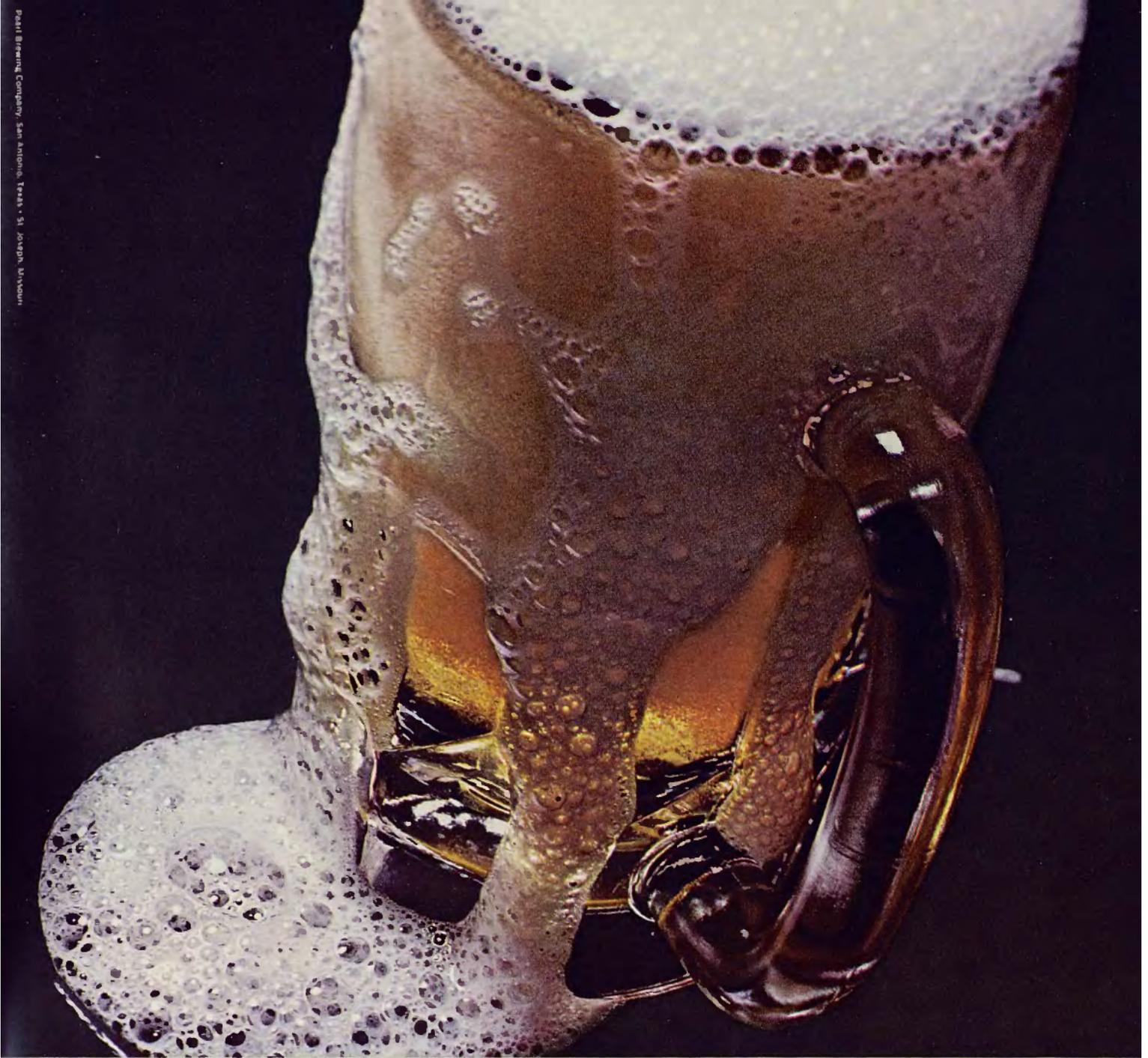
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director Francis Ford (*You're a Big Boy Now*) Coppola doesn't know about big musicals with tidy plots may work to his advantage at times, though he seems hooked on the notion that a performer selling a song must never, never stand still. Obviously moved from a sound stage to the great outdoors whenever possible, *Finian* has a country-fresh air somehow reminiscent of *The Sound of Music*—so don't say we didn't warn you. As for Tommy Steele's leprechaun, Og, the less said the better. Steele uses whimsy like a deadly weapon; he manages to bludgeon the charm out of a role in which dozens of second-rate actors have been beguiling audiences for years. Just close your eyes, cross your fingers and say "Fred Astaire" three times.

Alienation, not starvation, is the principal theme of *Hunger*, the story of a man whose undernourished body and soul wither away in Kristiania (now Oslo), Norway, in the 1890s. Aesthetes of cinema should find the film's period atmosphere richly rewarding in itself, for all the footage has the vintage mat of tintypes. Other movie buffs will esteem this dark-gray masterwork because of Per Oscarsson, who acts the leading role as though his life depended on it. Feverish and wasted, he portrays a have-not writer consumed by fierce pride, still pathetically affecting self-importance while he struggles to survive in a delirium of want—gnawing a dog's bone, eating household dust and wood shavings, attempting to pawn his eyeglasses or the buttons off his clothes, feebly grappling with an improper young lady (Gunnel Lindblom, from Ingmar Bergman's stable of talented sexpots) who likes to degrade herself now and then. As a case study of compulsive sadomasochism, *Hunger* is incomparable but also repetitive and rather perplexing, for the scenario presupposes knowledge of its source in the novel by Nobel Prize winner Knut Hamsun. Hamsun himself, disaffected after passing an impoverished youth in Oslo, twice fled by ship to try his luck in America—a bit of information worth remembering at the end of the film, if you are left wondering why a hero who seems hell-bent for suicide abruptly sails away from home.

Ever since *A Man and a Woman*, aspiring moviemakers have been acting upon the belief that all one needs to create a memorable romantic film is a photogenic girl, a brooding male, lots of color film, diffused cinematography, catchy sound track and a picturesque setting. French director Antoine d'Ormesson certainly assembled the right ingredients for *La Nuit Infidèle*. So what went wrong? His girl (blonde Christiane Minazzoli) and his camera are a striking



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example of love at first sight. When D'Ormesson isn't finding new angles from which to study her pensive moods, her quick smile, her flashing hair, he focuses upon a hero (André Oumansky) who has plenty to brood about as a one-time newsreel cameraman half blinded by an atomic blast. The couple's cues for passion are arranged for piano and gypsy guitars. The place is the wind-swept Camargue area of southwestern France. While wild horses pound symbolically across the desolate dunes beside the sea, he and she spend a long evening abed at a rustic motel, wondering in flashbacks where their love has gone. She thinks about giving herself to another man, but decides against it. He thinks he may have failed her, though he hasn't. In the morning, they make love. No problem at all, really. Or if there was one, wild horses couldn't drag it out of them.

Outwitting a computer poses quite a challenge for Peter Ustinov, who dominates *Hot Millions* as an embezzler anxious to succeed in the electronic age. Impersonating Britain's foremost technological genius (Robert Morley), Ustinov ultimately persuades the infallible M505 to authorize a number of very large checks. "I'm sure there's a moral here somewhere," he mutters while enjoying his forced exile in Rio de Janeiro, comfortably settled down with a zany former secretary (Maggie Smith), who also turns out to be a wizard of finance. Karl Malden and Bob Newhart are on hand to fill two prominent stuffed shirts with arch American know-how. An Ira Wallach screenplay is a guarantee that there will be some reasonably literate witticisms aired as *Millions* inches along, amiably razzing the morality of the big-business world—but what it all amounts to is insufficient fun. Lacking a dash of genuine originality, *Millions* comes through as the kind of comedy that might better have hitched its ways to a star. Ustinov is a topflight second banana doing a job cut out for David Niven or Cary Grant. It's as though the show had unaccountably been turned over to an illustrious supporting cast.

Every noteworthy scene in *The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom* is stolen by the interior decor. Thanks to a set designer whose moment of truth must have cost the producers a bundle, the rooms of what appears to be an ordinary red-brick house in suburban London are splashed up in a showroom style best described as Pop Art Nouveau. From time to time, Shirley MacLaine, Richard Attenborough and James Booth parade through the wonderland of pastel tulips and painted woodwork to do their damndest on behalf of a comedy that stubbornly refuses to help itself. Shirley, as the bored wife of a busy brassiere manufacturer (At-

tenborough), acquires a sewing-machine repairman (Booth) for a household pet and conceals him in her attic, where he lives contentedly for years. "I'm making two men happy and I'm making myself ecstatic!" squeals she, womanly wise to the fact that a hard-working husband may look upon his bed primarily as a place of rest. *Mrs. Blossom's* variations on that domestic theme start off droll and quirky, particularly when Scotland Yard sends round a faggoty detective to investigate the case of the missing repairman. Unfortunately, with the main plot still nicely abubble at home, the bra tycoon makes a design breakthrough—an inflatable brassiere of such magical properties that Attenborough becomes world famous, a virtuoso of the bust line. Two incompatible styles of comedy are at war thereafter, and the swollen bazoom conquers all, smothering a trio of blithe spirits and their pretty-as-a-picture scenery under a plethora of broad, brainless jokes about B cups.

The thoroughly modern young swingers of Stockholm, judged on the basis of a wicked, brittle Swedish comedy called *Hugs and Kisses*, have scored a bloodless victory in the sexual revolution. Very clever and amusing, they seem to have no inner lives, no capacity for feeling. What meets the eye is precisely what they are. The hero (Sven-Bertil Taube), a freethinking young haberdasher, is a cool stick married to a photographer's model (exquisite Agneta Ekman). Both wear their clothes like mannequins in a shopwindow: yet a touch of real humanity turns them on when the husband offers shelter to a parasitic, unpublished writer (Håkan Serner), who moves into their flat in exchange for services as a domestic. The sad-sack writer's demands on his hosts are rather special, since he nods off every night cradling a pelt of cat's fur for security and must be read to before he can fall asleep. He ultimately initiates noisy nocturnal orgies with a blonde typing teacher and gives a dinner party for a gang of lecherous ten-year-old boys. Wearing undershorts as his houseman's uniform, he shows up most mornings with breakfast in bed for three. His eccentricity intrigues the glassy young wife; her husband's bland detachment annoys her; and the three are soon well along toward establishing a workable *ménage à trois*. Directed by Jonas Cornell, *Hugs and Kisses* strives for a loose improvisational air that somehow has more spontaneity when the French do it. This Scandinavian slice of life is a little too hard on the surface to be entirely winsome, a little too soft at the core to be anything more.

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alive by syndicate thugs. Three innocent bystanders are gunned down by bandits in the streets of Milan, while a third succumbs to heart failure. Memorable for its soaring list of casualties and sundry acts of terrorism, *The Violent Four* is an Italian thriller based on actual case histories. That hard core of fact imbues the usual cops-and-robbers formula with such clear-cut purpose that the movie has broken box-office records at home and collected honors abroad. Though American audiences bred in the heartland of *Bonnie and Clyde* may find the film's reputation somewhat inflated, *Four* has merit as an indictment of a public whose "indifference, connivance and silence" provide an agreeable climate for crime. Director Carlo Lizzani, launching his headlong color essay in the quasi-documentary manner of a camera crew assigned to a riot, begins with a mob intent on tearing a gunman to pieces in Milan. Then he flashes backward, sketching out the obstacles encountered by a dogged young police inspector (Thomas Milian) whose mission is the pursuit and capture of a quartet of bank robbers so recklessly self-confident that, on one occasion, they hold up four major banks in a single afternoon. Without letting the pace lag, Lizzani adds some shrewd naturalistic touches—a pussycat perpetually drowsing beside the police squawk box, the constant nuisance of crank phone calls from impractical jokers, and paranoiac ladies who urge H. Q. to send a man over. Lizzani's ace in the whole, though, is Gian Maria Volonte, who slams out a chilling performance as the gang leader—a smiling, amoral psychopath, an instinctive killer and a natural coward, by any measure the man most likely to make a career in crime look loathsome.

RECORDINGS

The Midnight Mover (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) is, of course, Wilson Pickett, who won't disappoint anybody as he rocks through the undulating title tune and the pounding *I Found a True Love*; the ballads, such as *It's a Groove*, also strike home with basic directness, and Pickett's phrasing is out of sight on *Trust Me*. Otis Redding's near-mythical stature can only be enhanced by *The Immortal Otis Redding* (Atco; also available on stereo tape). Otis updates Ray Charles' *A Fool for You* and Sam Cooke's *Amen*; does some personal testifying on *A Waste of Time*; gets down to the nitty-gritty on *Nobody's Fault but Mine* and *Hard to Handle*; and puts everything together on the monumental *Think About It*. Aretha Franklin's LPs are beginning to suffer a bit from sameness, but there's no faulting the soul or the *savoir-faire* of



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Aretha Now (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape). *I Take What I Want* and *A Change* are stomping soul-rockers, while *Night Time Is the Right Time* and *You Send Me* never sounded so mellow.

Burt Bacharach and Hal David have established a songwriting empire that threatens to pre-empt the place of the Gershwins in the hearts of all those who appreciate adult melodies and literate lyrics. The melodic end has been given its due by Stan Getz on *What the World Needs Now* (Verve; also available on stereo tape). Stan the Man works within the framework of conductor Richard Evans' splendiferous arrangements (Claus Ogerman's *The Look of Love* is the exception); there's *Alfie*, *Wives and Lovers*, *Walk On By*, etc.—all providing beautiful *bona fides* for the team of Bacharach and David.

Galt MacDermot's Hair Pieces (Verve; also available on stereo tape) contains ten songs from the rock musical *Hair*, given a full studio treatment with horns, strings and a smooth female chorus. While most of the selections lack the vitality they had when performed by the original cast, this set—highlighted throughout by MacDermot's deftness at the electric piano—comes across in a subtler and more subdued way.

George Wein Is Alive and Well in Mexico (Columbia) as the impresario-piano player and his stalwart Newport All-Stars concertize south of the border and, from the sound of things, make a lot of new *amigos*. He and his cohorts—tenor man Bud Freeman, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, cornettist Ruby Braff (who is just sensational), bassist Jack Lesberg and drummer Don Lamond—take off on eight evergreens with an exuberance that's a joy to the ears.

What with the movie version of *Oliver!* in release, we'll be hearing more and more of its wonderful Lionel Bart ditties. The title ode of Jack Jones' *Where Is Love?* (Victor; also available on stereo tape) is one of the best and Jones' handling of it is first-rate. Other offerings of interest are *Light My Fire*, *Suzanne* and *Valley of the Dolls*. Pat Williams has contributed superlative orchestrations throughout.

Cheap Thrills (Columbia; also available on stereo tape) is the eagerly awaited big LP by Big Brother and the Holding Company. Janis Joplin's soaring voice and soulful phrasing are brilliant on *I Need a Man to Love*, *Summertime* and *Ball and Chain*. However, *Turtle Blues* is a too-conscious attempt at a down-home sound, and Janis doesn't get quite

the right backing on *Piece of My Heart*. Like the Holding Company, the Jefferson Airplane's most unique asset is a girl singer, Grace Slick; and—although the group gathers plenty of momentum on *The House at Pooncil Corners*—the best moments of *Crown of Creation* (Victor; also available on stereo tape) occur when she takes off on a suitable vehicle, such as *Triad* or *Greasy Heart*. The Airplane is back in its original bag, eschewing the montages that characterized its last LP.

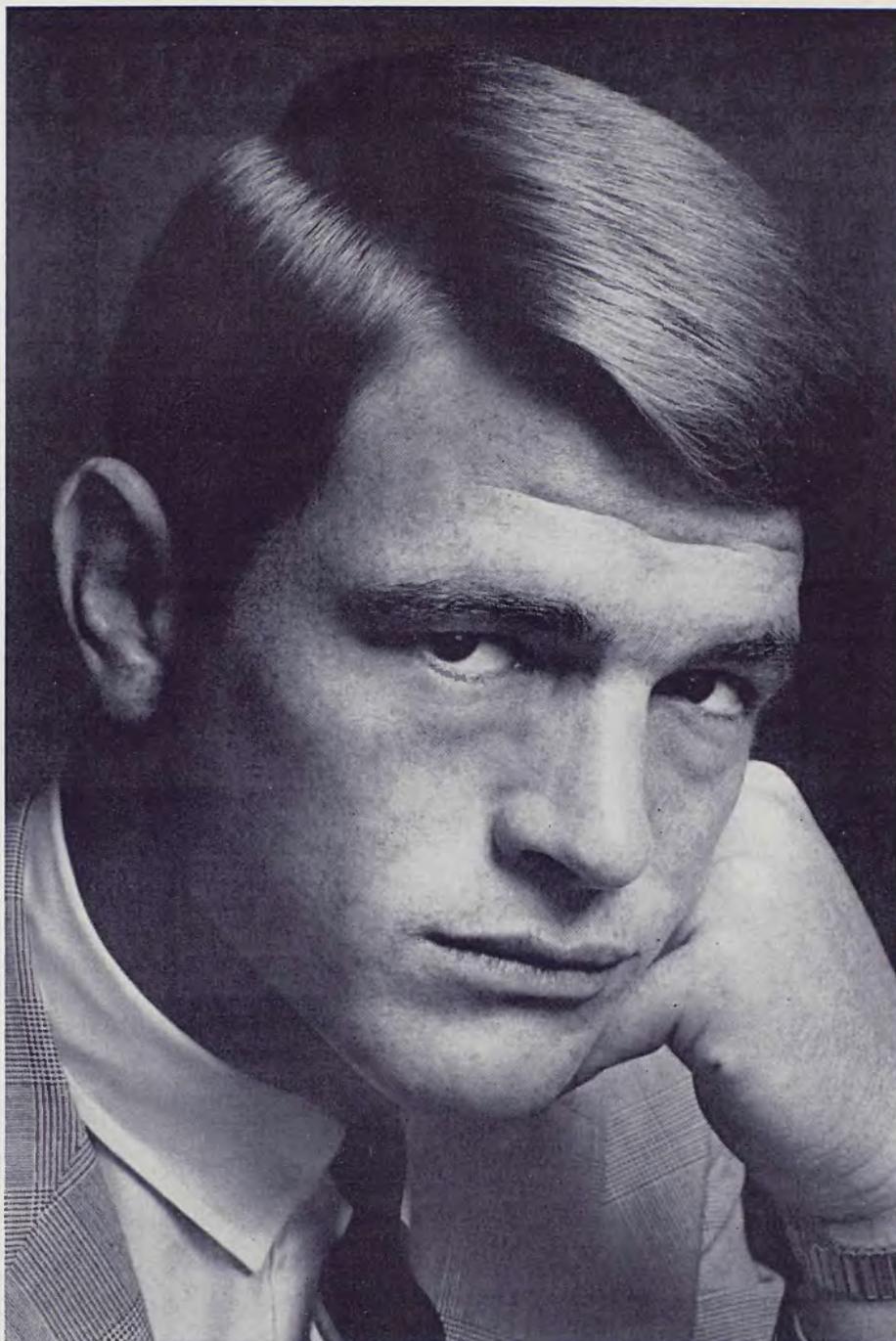
Gary Burton Quartet in Concert (Victor) finds the foursome stretching out in the felicitous confines of the Carnegie Recital Hall. Vibist Burton and guitarist Larry Coryell—with strong assists from bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Bob Moses—cover both sides of the LP with an absorbing variety of contemporary sounds. A number of the compositions have been in the quartet's repertoire for a while; others have been freshly minted for the occasion.

Gustav Mahler, last of the romantics and first of the modernists, spoke in an equivocal, lusciously tortured idiom that grows more fascinating the better we get to know it. The quintessence of Mahler's might and misery is to be found in the last of his nine symphonies, a sardonic and doom-ridden piece completed a year before his death in 1911. A new London recording of the *Mahler Ninth Symphony* by Georg Solti and the London Symphony Orchestra wrings the full measure of bitter beauty from the complex score and is easily the best-engineered version extant. Mahler's growling brasses, peremptory drums and slashing strings have never sounded so searingly real.

Sammy Davis Jr. continues his good works on *Lonely Is the Name* (Reprise; also available on stereo tape), although the title opus seems one of the weaker links in the Davis chain. The great ones are the hard rockers—*Shake, Shake, Shake, Don't Take Your Time* and *Uptight*—which find Sammy loose, man, loose. The best of the ballads is *Children, Children*—a lovely thing.

The Soulful Strings' combination of funky rhythms, jazz solos and orchestral arrangements pays big dividends on *Another Exposure* (Cadet). Richard Evans' charts suitably transform such material as Otis Redding's *On the Dock of the Bay* and the Beatles' *Inner Light* into ear-filling nonverbal adventures.

Britisher John Mayall demonstrates on *The Blues Alone* (London; also available on stereo tape) that he's a true master of the idiom, as he sings with authority and plays all the instrumental parts with effective economy. On *Catch*



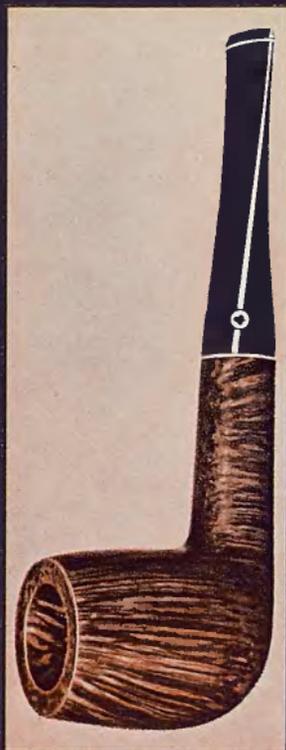
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that *Train*, he plays mouth harp to the accompaniment of a locomotive; other tone poems, such as the driving *Don't Kick Me*, have a 1968 sound. America's Butterfield Blues Band shows again, on *In My Own Dream* (Elektra; also available on stereo tape), that it has technical proficiency; but the group lacks Mayall's sense of direction, and its performances aren't convincing. *Luther Georgia Boy Snake Johnson* (Douglas) features the Muddy Waters Blues Band, with guitarist Johnson and mouth harpist Mojo Buford sharing the vocals. The group is nowhere near the top of its game, but it doesn't need to prove anything; and Buford's *Love Without Jealousy*, Johnson's *Love n' Trouble* and the instrumental *Chicken Shack* are solid blues that make no inordinate demands on the listener.

Lana! (Victor) refers, of course, to the sensational Miss Cantrell, a singer for all reasons. Chuck Sagle, who has provided her with notable backdrops in the past, comes through again in fine fashion as Lana leans into *The Sound of Silence*, *The Fool on the Hill*, *Can't Take My Eyes Off of You* (O meter, what grammatical sins are committed in thy name) and *Gentle on My Mind*. The material varies but never the quality.

Herbie Mann, who has explored a wide assortment of exotic avenues, settles down into a fairly straightforward jazz groove on *Windows Opened* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape). His quintet is rock-solid with vibist Roy Ayers, guitarist Sonny Sharrock, bassist Miroslav Vitous and drummer Bruno Carr aiding and abetting the Mann flute. There are tunes by Donovan, Tim Hardin and Jim Webb on hand, but the total effect is jazz—pure and not so simple.

Cheers for Fats Domino. In an era of pretentious pop stars, it's a joy to hear *Fats Is Back* (Reprise; also available on stereo tape). The Fat Man's barrelhouse piano and his earthy but delicate vocals have never sounded better than on *My Old Friend*, *Make Me Belong to You* and a pair of Lennon-McCartney songs, *Lady Madonna* and *Lovely Rita*.

The Blue Yusef Lateef (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) is by far his best effort to date. With the exception of *Get Over, Get Off and Get On* (pianist Hugh Lawson's composition), the numbers are all Lateef originals. Lateef displays his versatility on tenor sax, a variety of flutes and such esoteric instruments as the shannie, Taiwan koto, tamboura and scratcher. Helping the cause are such splendid sidemen as the afore-

mentioned Lawson, trumpeter Blue Mitchell, guitarist Kenny Burrell and harmonica wizard Buddy Lucas.

Music from Big Pink (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) contains 11 tracks by five musicians known mainly as former accompanists of Bob Dylan. While nobody in the untitled group really sings well, it doesn't matter; their instrumental conceptions and their togetherness are a gas on the likes of Robbie Robertson's *To Kingdom Come* and Richard Manuel's *We Can Talk*. All in all, it's one of the best folk-rock sets we've heard.

THEATER

Two fragmentary plays by Brian Friel (the Irish author of *Philadelphia, Here I Come*) are united by a common title, *Lovers*, and an uncommon actor, Art Carney. In the first piece, a curtain raiser called *Winners*, Friel's pellucid style makes up for the fact that Carney has little to do. He merely exudes humanity as a sort of *Our Town* commentator whose words provide touching counterpoint to a tragic, altogether persuasive love idyl between a betrothed lad and lass on a hilltop overlooking their native Irish village. This is the last afternoon of their lives, the narrator confides—the day both drown in the lake below. And that unhappy revelation lends a bitter-sweet relevance to everything they say and feel as they laugh, or quarrel, or mock their neighbors—two innocents dancing toward oblivion, dreaming sadly predictable little dreams about a future that will never be. The evening's main event, *Losers*, would be much less satisfactory, except for the opportunity it affords Carney to loosen his suspenders and clear the way for liberating laughter. Slipping in and out of the antics on stage without damage to his brogue, he monologizes about the courtship and marriage of a salty rogue who enjoys his last devil-may-care hours of lust before old age, religion and womenfolk subdue him. Though the play itself is penny-ante improvising, Carney's performance has the glimmer of gold. If his blarney doesn't captivate you, his timing will, especially when he goes to call upon his flabby fiancée, whose invalid old mum lies upstairs worshiping her saints and ringing a large bell the moment those long spans of silence hint of hanky-panky in the parlor. To stay the bell whenever his ladylove flattens him on her sofa, Carney begins loudly reciting Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*; seldom has low comedy reached so high an estate. Following a limited engagement at Lincoln Center, *Lovers* has moved to The Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.



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THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm about to become engaged and I'd like to avoid that corny moment when the guy hands his girl the ring and, instead, slip it to her in a superclever way. For example, one friend froze the ring in an ice cube and put it in an on-the-rocks martini he made for her. When the ice melted, the ring was left. Have you any ideas?—G. B., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

You could surprise her with a cement block in which the ring has been embedded and hand her a jackhammer. Or you might try it our way and proffer the ring in a small velvet box, followed by the hopelessly corny ritual of a big kiss and a warm embrace.

At a formal dinner party, my attractive table companion turned to me and muttered, "My God, Fred, we've been seated below the salt!" I didn't want to display my lack of erudition, so I merely nodded sheepishly. What did the lovely lass mean? To make matters worse, my name isn't Fred.—P. R., Louisville, Kentucky.

In the Middle Ages, the saltcellar was placed midway on the table. Honored guests were seated between the host (at the head of the table) and the salt. The hoi polloi was relegated below this arbitrary boundary line. However, any significance attached to this is now as outdated as the crossbow, Clarence.

I never dreamed that life could get so serious by the time one reached the age of 20. I am in the Army and have made two girls pregnant. They're both over 18 and I promised each that I would marry her if this should happen. But I hate the thought of marriage and still have the wild urge to be free. Besides, I do not love either of these two and have a wonderful girl back home. What can I do now?—B. C., Fort Benning, Georgia.

Marriage won't help anyone out of this mess. Approach each girl with the truth and with a willingness to meet her parents to determine what course she should take. The Red Cross or your base chaplain can probably assist you with a list of available counseling services that can provide guidance for this decision. Once you have arrived at an honest settlement of the girls' problems, get yourself some help in understanding how to live with a person as irresponsible, deceitful and self-centered as yourself.

In a recent *Playboy Advisor* answer, you explained how a man with foresight could have profited handsomely by saving silver certificates. I wish I had been so fortunate. Now I've noticed that coin

dealers are offering seven percent over face value for all silver quarters, dimes and half dollars. Do you have any idea what's going on here?—P. D. Z., Bryan, Texas.

Speculation. The price of silver has risen to a point where the silver content in coins minted prior to 1965 makes them worth more than their face value. (There's little or no silver in the copper-nickel "sandwich" coins the Government is now minting.) At presstime, when silver was selling at \$2.15 a troy ounce, each pre-1965 silver half dollar was worth 86¢; quarters were worth 43¢; dimes, 17¢; and silver dollars—if you had any—were worth \$1.84. The coin dealers are presumably hoping the value of silver will continue to increase, to a point where they can make a profit by selling whatever silver coins they've bought. There's one problem, though: If a profit is to be made, somewhere along the line the coins will have to be melted down. This is expensive—and strictly illegal for anyone except the U. S. Treasury, which has already culled hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of silver-bearing coins from circulation and is busily melting them down itself.

Do you have any words of wisdom for guys, such as myself, who want to become male fashion models?—D. R., Queens, New York.

Get into Manhattan and make an appointment with a model agency and ask them how you stack up against the competition. If the reaction is affirmative, they'll help make arrangements to produce a photo brochure (called a composite), shot at your expense and then mailed to photographers, magazine editors, art directors, etc. Although New York, Chicago and Los Angeles are primarily where the fashion action is, job opportunities do occur in other areas, but they're usually grabbed up by established talent. Your choice of attire, of course, will weigh as much in their judgment as your physical proportions. Keep your wardrobe neat, clean and pressed; accessories such as shoes, ties and shirts should be up to date and spotless. Last, make sure you have a modicum of money in the bank to draw on between jobs—success in this field is relatively rare.

My secretary is half my age, an efficient worker and very attractive. She is married, but not happily. I am a scientist and enjoy a wonderful home life with my family. My problem is that the girl wants to have an affair with me and I find the idea appealing. I would like to keep her as a good secretary and I know the

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two relationships are not compatible. In a sense, I know what is right, but I'm a red-blooded guy and this gal could charm snipers out of trees.—T. B., Washington, D. C.

You may be the boss, but you are in danger of putting your secretary in charge. Tell her clearly that you are unwilling to risk personal involvement and that if she wishes to stay on the job, it's with the understanding that your "wonderful home life" is more important to you—and more difficult to come by—than a good secretary. And memorize that notion for your own benefit, too.

Can you tell me how the name marijuana—which I believe means "Mary Jane" in Spanish—came to be applied to the happy herb?—H. A., Akron, Ohio.

Perhaps it's because Mexicans—like other people—are prone to give things affectionate female nicknames. In the case of pot, a contributing consideration could have been the fact that only the female plant contains the active drug—which has been of feminine gender in Mexican slang for ages, going under such names as Rosa Maria, Doña Juanita, Maria Johanna.

While home on leave from the Air Force, I ran into an old girlfriend and we spent several wonderful days together in a motel. When I got back to the base, I found I had contracted a venereal disease. The timing and circumstances made me reasonably certain where it had come from. I wrote to the girl, explaining the situation as delicately as possible—even allowing for the outside chance that she might have gotten it from me. She wrote back, half crazy with hate, asking how I dare even imply the possibility of her having given me the disease and telling me that a gentleman doesn't tell a lady something like that. Should I not have written her (and possibly let her get seriously ill or spread it further), or should I have contacted her through a third party, or was I right to do what I did?—C. H., Cannon AFB, New Mexico.

You were right to do what you did and exactly as you did it. Her anger was based on either shock or fear and we would recommend that you write to her again, explaining calmly and sympathetically that while it no doubt comes as a shock, her own peace of mind would be well served by consulting a doctor. Venereal disease is curable and leaves no residual effects when treated promptly and properly. Untreated, it will unfailingly leave behind it a wake of tragedy.

What's the difference between a conical and an elliptical phono stylus?—P. P., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A conical stylus has a cone-shaped tip and is the more commonly used type. In

the past few years, however, hi-fi engineers have found that certain types of distortion can be reduced by employing an elliptical needle, the shaft of which has a flattened oval circumference. Since the cutting stylus used in recording studios has a similar shape, the higher-priced elliptical stylus can more closely reproduce its motions and, thus, the original sounds. However, because the elliptical needle presses on a greater portion of the record groove, it may cause more wear on your discs if the tonearm and cartridge track at more than a couple of grams. Ask your dealer for advice on which is best for your own record player.

An embarrassing impasse exists between my girl and me. She was totally inexperienced sexually when I met her, but she seemed willing to learn from—and with—me. However, for some reason, she finds the sight of the erect male organ screamingly funny. There's nothing peculiar about me and it turns me off to be laughed at. Two recent attempts at lovemaking have ended on a sour note. Her efforts to stifle her laughter just intensify the outbursts and I literally can't stand for it. What to do?—B. P., Nome, Alaska.

We agree; it's no laughing matter. Her giggling is probably an involuntary expression of anxiety, traceable to fears about sex. Try making love in the dark for a while and in relaxed moments get her to talk about her fears while you reassure her. This, plus a little more experience, should dissipate her tensions and replace laughter with lovemaking.

For two years my girl and I were in love and planned to marry. Now, suddenly, she wants to break our engagement. She claims she doesn't love me anymore; but when I ask her why, she can only shake her head and reply, "I don't know." Clearly, this means she doesn't know her own mind, and I think she still loves me. How can I persuade her that her notion about her feelings is incorrect?—R. N., San Marcos, Texas.

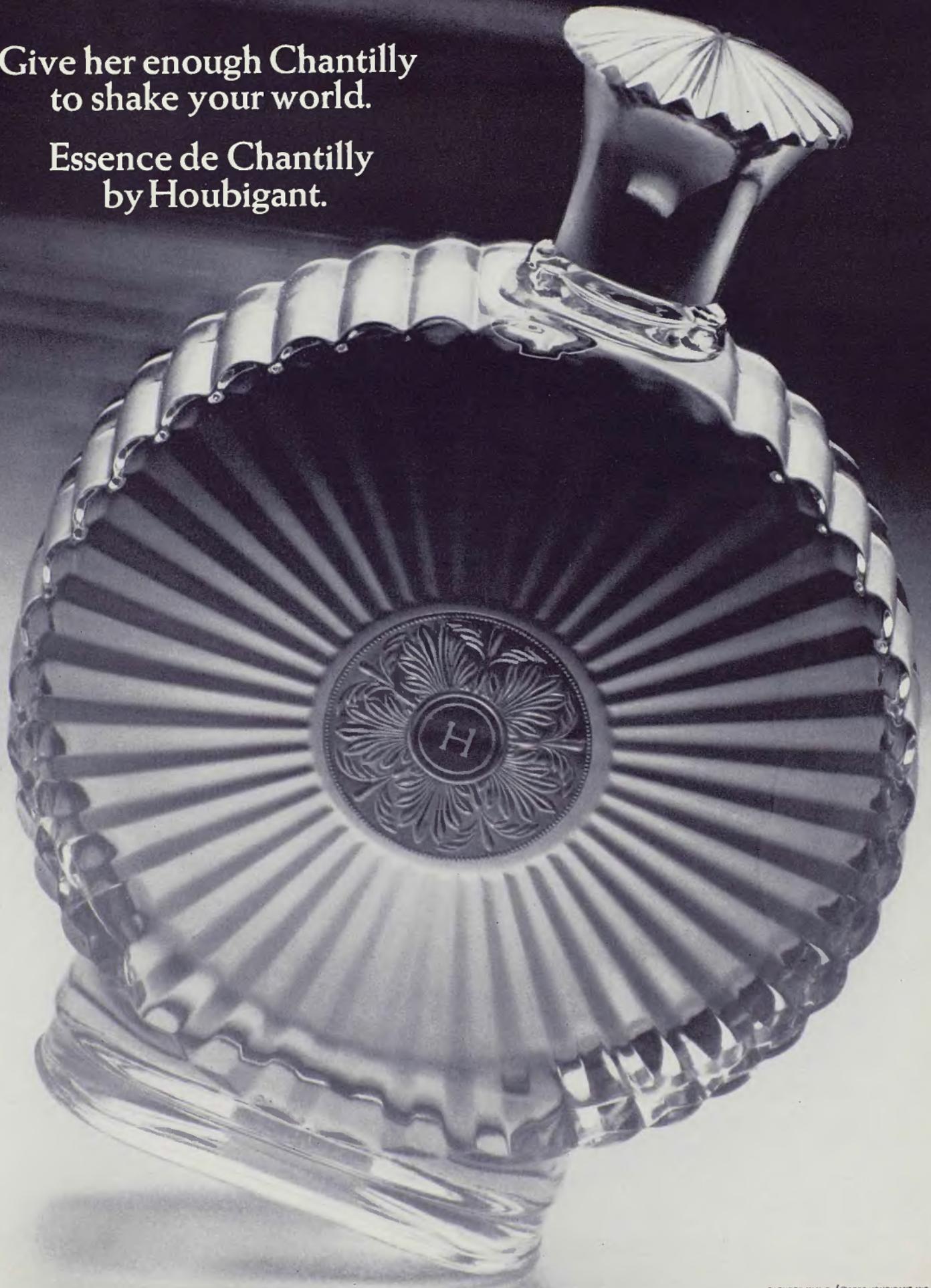
The fact that people can't give reasons for their feelings doesn't mean they don't know how they feel. If she wants to break off with you, this should be taken as evidence that she, indeed, doesn't love you. We don't like dashing your hopes, but wishful thinking is a big obstacle to looking around for new dates—which is what you ought to be doing right now.

How do I go about entering a film short in a foreign film festival?—G. L., Darien, Connecticut.

First, to ensure that you put your best footage forward, review your film for clarity, technical goofs and sloppy editing. Then have a new, unspliced print made and send the slick plus ten dollars to the Council on International

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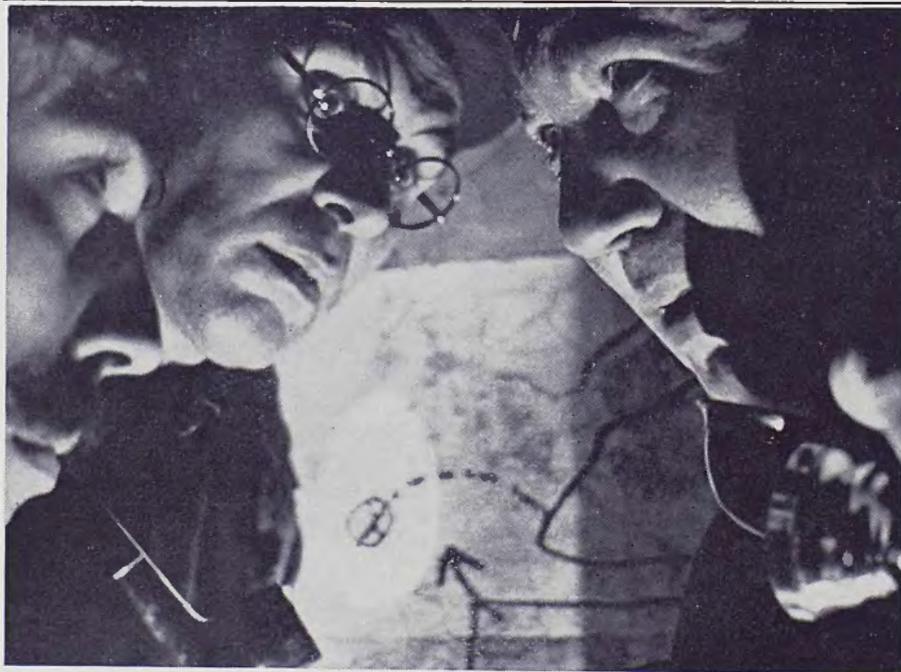
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Until recently, my fiancée and I were both inexperienced sexually. Now, we've had intercourse several times, and each time I have been unable to control my ejaculation beyond about two minutes. She is extremely responsive, and I have been able to bring her to orgasm by means of postcoital sexplay. In addition, I have tried other recommended techniques, such as thinking about non-sexual matters during intercourse, but find that these methods tend to work only occasionally. Since we both would like her to reach climax during intercourse, is there any way I can condition myself to achieve a more normal reaction?—T. Y., Columbus, Ohio.

Your reaction is normal now—for a man to whom sexual intercourse is a new experience. To develop control over the timing of your ejaculation requires experience, regularity of intercourse and a keen interest in your partner's pleasure. The important thing is that there be real communication between you and her; both of you must feel free to talk about what you want sexually at any particular time. According to research by Masters and Johnson, before you can successfully condition yourself to delay your ejaculation, you must first learn to sense the level of sexual stimulation that immediately precedes the stage of orgasmic inevitability (just prior to ejaculation). When you've learned to identify this, ask your partner's help in remaining relatively inactive until the urge dies down, then start coital activity again. In the beginning, you may have to start and stop many times; but eventually, you should develop a sure sense of control.

There are other suggestions that can be obtained from a therapist or a physician trained in the facts now known about sexual response. However, the key factor, not only for male control but for all aspects of effective and mutually pleasurable sexual rapport, is full communication.

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.



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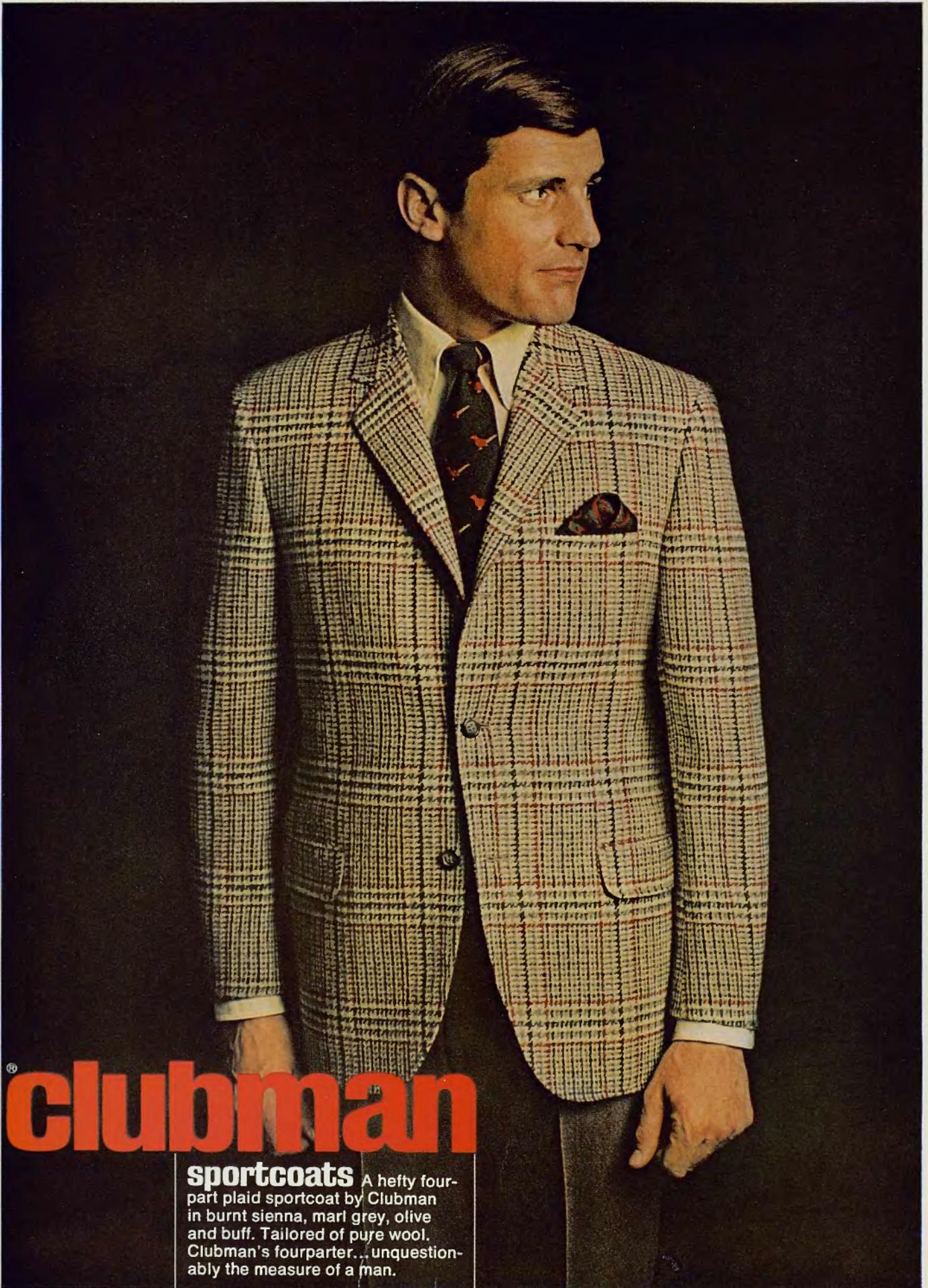
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

CONTRABAND CONTRACEPTIVES

I was interested in the tale of the Swedish girl compelled by a Customs official to throw her diaphragm into the Hudson river (*The Playboy Forum*, August).

What next? Will the Customs Bureau start X-raying for I. U. D.s?

Ronald Weston
San Francisco, California

THE POPE AND BIRTH CONTROL

Despite Pope Paul's work in behalf of peace and social justice, we have yet to hear him categorically condemn any of the following as mortally sinful, against nature and forbidden to good Catholics: the manufacture of nuclear and thermo-nuclear weapons, the bombing of civilians, the use of weapons such as napalm, the pollution of the air and the water, research in methods of mass murder (such as chemical, bacteriological and biological warfare) and the practice of racial injustice. The Pope has, indeed, expressed his distress over these things, but he has reserved absolute moral prohibitions for the use of birth control. Is it because a pill-taking housewife in Kansas City is a safer target than is a powerful nation armed with jet bombers? Or is it just that the Pope, because of his position and the doctrines he believes, has an odd perspective on what is and what is not important?

Charles Tyrell
London, England

CATHOLIC WIFE'S COMPLAINT

I am a Catholic, a woman who has had two children in four and a half years of marriage. Before I was married, my parish priest reminded me that rhythm is the only permissible form of birth control for Catholics. I told him that my menstrual cycle was irregular and that I couldn't use rhythm. I was dismissed with a "Tough luck, kid" attitude.

I have fought a battle between church and conscience since then and feel, truly, that the church is wrong. My priest tells me that I am violating natural law by using artificial methods of birth control. Will somebody tell me what is so *natural* about the abstinence requisite to the rhythm method?

The birth-control methods used in a marriage are the private choices of the two people involved. Is it really the business of a priest, whose only experience

with marriage is vicarious, to tell me when and how I may love my husband? It's time the Catholic Church started to care for its flock on a person-to-person basis, instead of handing down edicts from on high. Maybe people think God is dead because His priests and ministers are mentally and emotionally not quite alive.

(Name withheld by request)
Wilmington, Delaware

DOCTOR ON TRIAL

I recently attended the trial of a doctor charged with the death of a young woman during abortion. My interest was more than trivial, since I myself served 25 months on an abortion charge not too long ago (*The Playboy Forum*, September); therefore, I suspect that I understood what was happening better than most people present at the trial.

The doctor claimed that the girl had induced the abortion herself, or had had it induced, and had come to him when she was in critical condition. The chief witness against him was the girl's boyfriend, who testified that the doctor had performed the abortion. Although he had transported the girl across a state line to obtain the alleged abortion, the boy, who was the father of an illegitimate child by another girl, was granted immunity in return for his testimony against the doctor. The boy's father admitted that he had helped his son seek an abortionist in this case. He also stated that the doctor at first refused to treat the girl.

What is the truth? Perhaps the doctor relented and performed the abortion, which resulted in her death. Perhaps he didn't, and merely treated her after the abortion in an attempt to save her life. Nobody knows the truth except the doctor and the boy in question. The jury believed the boy and the doctor was convicted.

I can understand the desperation of the girl, the frustration and fear of her boyfriend and the desire of the father to protect his son. Whatever way the doctor became involved—before or after the abortion—compassion was certainly one of his motives. Each reader can decide for himself which of these parties bears most of the guilt. For my part, I see them all as partially guilty and partially innocent, but the major share of the guilt must rest with the legislators who

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allow our merciless abortion laws to remain on the books.

Can this conviction, in any way, prevent another abortion or another abortion death? Will this conviction wash society's hands of responsibility for the girl's death? Will lawmakers continue to glibly shrug off their involvement, as did one state legislator who wrote me: "I am not so sure that any woman who has had an abortion should not die"?

Or will we think about these things? When the laws against abortion are repealed, few will mourn their passing; all will benefit from the loss. When abortion is permitted as a medical procedure rather than condemned as a criminal offense, the lives of thousands of women will be saved annually by their being able to get proper medical care.

W. J. Bryan Henrie, D. O.
Grove, Oklahoma

RAPE IN BLACK AND WHITE

After having read in PLAYBOY that Negroes are punished much more severely for rape than are white men, I thought you might be interested in the following case in Waco, Texas. A Negro, accused of raping a pregnant white woman, claimed that the woman had consented to the act of sexual intercourse, for which he paid her two dollars. The court didn't believe him, and he was sentenced to 99 years' imprisonment. According to *The Austin American*, his appeal was based on the argument that the sentence was excessive and the fact that since 1920, the average sentence for rape in Waco was 12 years; and this includes two other 99-year sentences—"the only two previous cases that involved a Negro male and a white female."

Nevertheless, the Court of Criminal Appeals ruled that the sentence was not too severe.

Donna Bradley
East Lansing, Michigan

SEXPATRIATED

In my profession (seaman), it has been my good fortune to make port in about every country in the world. I finally settled in Thailand, because this is where you'll find the swingiest chicks on the whole planet. I was born in the cradle of the Confederacy, Alabama, and I'm black and proud of it. My opinion on the recent death-for-rape debate in *The Playboy Forum* is that in most cases where black men are convicted of forcing white women, all the force was on the other side. Those Southern chicks are stone crazy on the idea that we black men are oversexed. Sooner or later, they go ape from dreaming about it and just have to try one of us to find out. Then, if caught, they protect their reputations by crying "rape."

In fact, America is crazy in the head both sexually and racially; it's all tied up in one bizarre knot. Thailand is full

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

PILL STOCK STAYS STEADY

NEW YORK—Wall Street has passed judgment on the probable effect of Pope Paul's edict on birth control. After "Humanae Vitae's" appearance, stock prices of the major pill manufacturers took no more than a brief and barely perceptible dip.

SEX AND THE STUDENT

A new survey indicates that in the 20 years since the Kinsey report was published, there has been a 60-percent increase in the sexual experiences of college girls, and that while there has been no great change in the sexual activity of college men, much less of it is with prostitutes. The survey—organized by Vance Packard for his new book, "The Sexual Wilderness," and conducted by a University of Connecticut group under psychologist Dr. Eleanore Braun Luckey—was based on responses to questionnaires sent to 2100 junior and senior college students at 21 schools in the United States. Where the Kinsey report showed that approximately 27 percent of college women had experienced sexual relations by the age of 21, the current study finds that 43 percent of the 21-year-olds had sexual relations. Of this group, 53 percent had slept with more than one man and 33 percent acknowledged intercourse with several or many partners. The figure for college men who had patronized prostitutes in the Kinsey study was 22 percent, whereas in Packard's survey the figure had fallen to 4 percent.

SEX AND THE POLICE

A New York policeman was dismissed from the force for living with a woman to whom he was not legally wed, on the grounds that such behavior "brought adverse criticism on the department." (The New York Times commented: "We could think of a lot of other things that have brought a good deal heavier criticism—without anyone being fired.")

Meanwhile, in Washington, D. C., Federal Bureau of Investigation clerk Thomas H. Carter, fired in 1965 for having a woman in his apartment overnight ("The Playboy Forum," August 1966), has won the right to have a jury decide whether or not his conduct deserved dismissal. Mr. Carter has stated that he wants only to remove the blot of being fired from his record and will resign voluntarily if he wins his case. The FBI argued that it must enforce such rules in order to earn the respect of the public, which, it said, will not trust a Government agency that permits its employees to "sleep with young girls and carry on." Carry on, Carter.

DIVORCE REFORM

An attack is mounting against the nation's divorce laws and the legal concept of "guilt" in marital breakup. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, a committee has been appointed by the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Law to write a model divorce code for the 50 states. The code will try to eliminate entirely from divorce proceedings the necessity of blaming one of the partners for the failure of the marriage, thereby making divorces easier to get, reducing the emotional stress involved and, perhaps most important, reversing "the long established practice of using alimony as punishment for alleged marital wrongdoing."

Several states have already begun to move in this direction. California, Colorado, Washington and Oklahoma have removed from their statutes the concept of "recrimination," which renders divorce unattainable if both spouses are culpable. Over 20 states list separation as grounds for divorce and several have reduced the mandatory period of separation required before a divorce may be sought. According to the *Journal* article, California has a Family Court Act pending; it would place divorce in the hands of a special court whose members are trained in family law. And in Minnesota, one house of the legislature has passed a proposal that would require alimony to be based on the economic circumstances of both spouses, rather than just the husband's.

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—Two clinical psychologists have testified that topless dancers are good for the health of the country—mental and physical—and can help the faltering marriages of spectators. The testimony was given at a hearing concerning the Ore House, a beer parlor that features topless dancers and waitresses. Dr. John Marquis, chief psychologist at Palo Alto Veterans Hospital, testified that "Seminude females performing suggestive dances can be good for desensitizing anxieties people have about nudity and sex." He also praised topless dancers for directing "a person's interest to good healthy heterosexual relations—away from perversions and hang-ups." Dr. Marquis added that seeing seminude females in public might be especially therapeutic for women, explaining that "many marital problems arise because women are anxious about their own nudity." Dr. David Newman, who teaches clinical psychology at San Jose State College, also testified for the beer parlor.

INTERNATIONAL SMUT CONSPIRACY

BOSTON—The New England Rally for God, Family and Country heard Raymond P. Gauer, executive director of Citizens for Decent Literature, declare: "The pornographic material right here in Boston is beneath the dignity of Sodom and Gomorrah" and is a danger to "the moral fiber of our nation."

"The real threat of pornography is that in destroying and undermining our moral code, it weakens our country's will to resist," added Richard Barnes, a California state legislator. "The Communist strategy is to surround a nation and then weaken it from within."

WRETCHED OF THE EARTH

RICEVILLE, IOWA—An experiment in discrimination had results that were "absolutely frightening," according to a third-grade teacher in this rural Iowa community. The subjects, all white school children, were exposed to two days of unequal treatment based on the color of their eyes. Reported The New York Times: Students in the "inferior" group, even though they knew their status was only temporary and was intended as an experiment in sociology, reacted with real anger, frustration and despair. One student seriously considered dropping out of school, and the grades of the students in the underprivileged group showed a perceptible decline. "I was sick, I was simply dumfounded," the teacher remarked, commenting on how much harm such discrimination could do to a child in a short time. The effect such treatment must have on black students, when its duration is counted in years, not days, was made poignantly plain by one of the students, who stated simply, "I would not like to be [so] angry all my life."

IN BLACK AND WHITE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Follow-up studies released by the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders (the Kerner report) have revealed that:

- The "riffraff theory" of riots is inaccurate. Our urban uprisings are not started by a small criminal element in the black community, are not deplored by the majority of black citizens and have involved many noncriminal participants.

- White racism is not quite as monolithic as the original Kerner report seemed to suggest. Surveys of urban populations revealed great ambivalence among whites, but most whites have at least some sense of the problems of blacks in our society and are looking for solutions.

- Short of brutal suppression of millions of black citizens by armed force,

future riots can be prevented only by transforming the black slums into more decent environments.

To reduce violence in America, psychiatrist John P. Spiegel has suggested that the new National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence investigate "the accent on ruthless competition that has been with us since frontier days." Indicating that Americans have a psychological compulsion to "win at all costs," Dr. Spiegel proposed that learning to compromise and even learning to be "a good loser" are national characteristics that we lack and badly need in all the areas of conflict now confronting us. Whites must learn to surrender more power to blacks, he added, since the only hope for resolution of racial conflict is to lessen antagonism by sharing power equally.

GUNS UNDER FIRE

This month:

- A construction worker shot his wife, 18-month-old son and a police officer. He was then shot to death by police.

- A small-town mayor shot at one of his aldermen.

- An 11-year-old girl was shot to death by one of her playmates.

- A man entered a gun store, bought a box of shells, loaded a floor-sample shotgun and blew off his head.

- A 23-year-old girl was shot in the back when a revolver went off accidentally. She died before reaching the hospital.

Meanwhile, the gun lobby continues to insist that criminals, not guns, kill people and to imply that arms control will not save lives.

A poll of Californians revealed that 70 percent of adults in that state want a law requiring every citizen who owns or buys a gun to register it with a law-enforcement agency. The same poll showed that 82 percent favor a law prohibiting all mail-order sales of guns. These findings parallel those of Gallup Polls of national opinion over the past 30 years, which have consistently shown that the American public wants strict gun-control laws.

Meanwhile, Congress consistently rejects effective gun legislation. On the eve of Congress' most recent rejection, the Justice Department released the following statistics:

- On the average, an American is fatally shot every half hour.

- There are 42,500,000 gun owners in the United States.

- In 1967, 4,700,000 guns were bought for private use.

- States that have strong firearms laws tend to have fewer murders with guns than states with weak firearms laws and they tend to have lower over-all murder rates.

of American soldiers on leave from Vietnam and they're all balling every Thai chick they can get their hands on. The same guys would go off their skulls if they ever saw an Oriental male making it with a white chick in their home towns. In fact, they'd probably try to lynch him. Perhaps, because the white American is so hung up sexually, imagining that the men of all other races are getting his share of sex, since he isn't getting it himself, this explains his racial hatreds and his brutality. Tell that to the President's Commission on Violence.

John S. Williams

FPO San Francisco, California

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Herbert Kay implies that the opinions expressed in your publication concerning capital punishment are one-sided. He wonders what the answers would be if you "interviewed families of the murder victims and asked what they would want done."

Last Christmas Eve, my father was pointlessly murdered in his office in Van Nuys, California, by a stranger with an imagined grievance. My father died after being shot three times. It is doubtful that my mother will ever recover completely; and certainly Christmas will now be a time of sorrow rather than a happy occasion.

Neither my mother nor I wanted the death penalty for the killer, who was captured within a week, tried, convicted and returned to prison. We hope that he will remain permanently removed from society. He is sick and his sickness is fatal to others. Demanding revenge makes no more sense than demanding the death of a typhoid carrier simply because he is sick and his sickness can be fatal to others. We would have been happy to exchange the life of the murderer for the life of my father; but it doesn't work that way, does it?

Mrs. Pat Tritsch
Phoenix, Arizona

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Herbert Kay, whose father was beaten to death by thieves, opposes the abolition of capital punishment and attacks the leniency of our courts (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Paradoxically, one of the men who may be considered most responsible for interpreting the Constitution liberally is Earl Warren, whose father was also brutally beaten to death.

Janet Cooper
Boston, Massachusetts

DESERVING DEATH

While reading J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Fellowship of the Ring*, I encountered a passage that is the ultimate argument against capital punishment:

Deserves [death]! I daresay he does. Many that live deserve death. And some that die deserve life. Can

you give it to them? Then do not be too eager to deal out death in judgment. For even the very wise cannot see all ends.

Michael Hunter
Ukiah, California

DRAFT RESISTANCE

Draft resisters such as Dennis Riordan (*The Playboy Forum*, May) are courageous men, even if the great majority of people call them cowards. One who is willing to risk the anger of his parents, the scorn of his friends, the contempt of society and a five-year prison term—all for a matter of conscience—is certainly as brave as any soldier. I say this even though I shall soon enter the Army.

Tim Moundemüt
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

THE MILITARY MIND

I would like to express my dissent from the June *Playboy Forum* letter titled "A Soldier's Conscience." The author takes exception to the execution of a captured spy by South Vietnamese Brigadier General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, wrongly terming it a violation of the Geneva Convention. In Vietnam, as in all wars since the dawn of time, a spy has been considered the lowest form of enemy and is subject to immediate execution upon capture. The National Liberation Front officer executed by General Loan was wearing civilian clothes and for that reason was considered a spy and treated as such. It was the legal execution of a spy rather than a "brutal murder" that was photographed on the streets of Saigon during the Viet Cong Tet offensive.

John P. Shinnick
FPO New York, New York

You are mistaken. The Geneva Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War of August 12, 1949, makes no special exemption for spies and includes the following protections for all prisoners of war:

In no circumstances whatever shall a prisoner of war be tried by a court of any kind that does not offer the essential guarantees of independence and impartiality as generally recognized, and, in particular, the procedure of which does not afford the accused the rights and means of defense. . . .

No prisoner of war may be tried or sentenced for an act that is not forbidden by the law of the Detaining Power or by international law, in force at the time the said act was committed. . . .

No prisoner of war may be convicted without having had an opportunity to present his defense and the assistance of a qualified advocate or counsel.

General Loan's one-man, street-corner

court violated all these provisions and several others also; his action was illegal.

GUN CONTROL

The discussion of violence in America that has appeared in *The Playboy Forum* sadly becomes more and more timely and important. One means of curtailing the irreparable damage done by violence is gun-control legislation. I'd like to point out a few facts that pertain to this question.

England's policemen do not normally carry guns; and last year, England and Wales, which have 25 percent of the population the U. S. has, had only 45 murders by guns. Carl Bakal writes, in *The Right to Bear Arms*, "Of all the 400,000 criminals arrested in England and Wales over a recent three-year period, only 159 were carrying guns." Japan, with half of America's population, has stringent gun control and had only 45 gun murders in 1967. In 1966 in the United States, there were 6552 murders by guns. According to the Uniform Crime Report, the U. S. homicide rate is 5.6 per 100,000 people, far higher than in any industrialized nation that has strict gun laws.

A Gallup Poll has found that almost 75 percent of the American public supports tougher gun legislation. After Senator Kennedy's assassination, Congressional mail was running very heavily in favor of stronger firearm controls. Congress, however, had not enacted a new gun law in the 30 years before passing the present watered-down version, which was part of the President's Omnibus Crime Control bill. This is because, despite massive public support of gun-control legislation, the opponents of such laws are a well-organized, vocal minority that regularly deluges Congressmen with mail when a gun law is proposed. The only way to combat this pressure is for all concerned citizens to write to their elected representatives, write repeatedly and urge all their friends to do likewise. Obviously, mail has an influence. Anyone who fails to make use of this means of reaching those in office will have to bear part of the responsibility if we don't get tougher gun laws.

Edward Burns, Jr.
San Pablo, California

SPIKING THE GUNS

We are two young New Yorkers, one a real-estate broker, the other a lawyer, who have started an organization of citizens to seek effective legislative control of the sale, possession and use of firearms. The group is called RECOIL and was formed because we feel, first, that the great majority of Americans are in favor of effective firearms controls and, second, that because this majority is not organized into any cohesive force, its great potential voice is being buried by the well-organized gun lobby. We believe that if those millions of citizens could be

motivated to express their views to their legislators, it would hasten the enactment of effective gun laws.

We have proposed to our members a letter-writing campaign that would require each person to write not only to his Congressman but also to ten or more of his friends, urging them to do the same. Each of these would carry on the campaign with ten additional friends, and so on. By making this a personal appeal, by aiming our letters outside New York State and by providing each letter writer with a complete kit of instructions and materials, we believe this effort can pyramid to several million letters in a fairly short time.

James A. Austrian
Burton Marks
RECOIL
Box 5301
New York, New York

GUNS AND VIRILITY

The writers of the motion picture *Bonnie and Clyde* showed shrewd psychological insight in portraying gun nut Clyde Barrow as impotent. Men who are obsessed with guns are men who have taken up pistols and rifles as substitutes for their pathetic, malfunctioning penises. A man who is truly virile doesn't have to prove it by waving a fake phallus in the form of a manufactured weapon. From my own experience and in comparing notes with other women, the facts are plain: Gun nuts make lousy lovers.

Barbara Rurik
Chicago, Illinois

FUZZ VS. HAIR

A letter in the July *Playboy Forum* refers accurately to the "intolerant officers of the law" and to their tendency to use unwarranted brutality against minority and unconventional groups. My own experience bears this out. I'm a 20-year-old musician. Recently, while on the road, one of the members of my group was arrested on a charge—later dropped—of nonsupport. Upon his arrival at the jail, his head was completely shaved. Shortly afterward, another musician and I tried to visit him. We were met by a deputy, who said, "I don't want you long-haired bastards in my jail." We left without argument.

When we returned to post bond for our friend, we encountered the same deputy, who proceeded to rail at us, calling us every dirty name possible. I admit that I had more than I could take and I called him a "goddamned old buzzard." We went back to our car and were about to leave when he came out of the jail, pointing an automatic rifle at us. He ordered us into the jail, saying that if we made one wrong move, he'd "blow our damn heads off." He searched us, taking all of our personal belongings, and then placed us under arrest for

(continued on page 178)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DON RICKLES

a candid conversation with the asp-tongued "mr. warmth"

With the following probe into the poisonous psyche of comedian Don Rickles, the checkered career of our interviewer this month, the intrepid Sol Weinstein, hits an all-time low. Undaunted by the hate mail in response to his demented "Playboy Interview" with Woody Allen (May 1967), the cockamamie creator of that one-man blitzkrieg Israel Bond (whose superspy misadventures premiered in PLAYBOY) foolishly accepted our assignment—he was the only one who'd take it—to confront "The Merchant of Venom" in his lair at Las Vegas' Sahara Hotel. When his wounds had healed, Sol sent us this report—C. O. D.—scrawled in body paint on the torso of a topless waitress:

"I lounged on the lawn of Twin Hangnails, my ancestral estate in Levittown, Pennsylvania, chuckling fondly whilst my beloved dog, Mimi, part Saint Bernard, part Chihuahua, nibbled on a new Alpo mixture fast gaining favor among our furry friends because it tastes like a mailman's ankle. My daughter sat entranced at the activities of her 1969-model Barbie and Ken dolls, which, because they came accoutered with a full array of battery-powered working parts, were teaching her all she'd ever need to know about the facts of life. Stooping over his mother's flower bed, my typical suburban son deftly plucked an azalea here, a jonquil there, to afford the sun and rain a clear shot at his Cannabis garden. In a hammock reclined the fair Mrs. Weinstein, knitting a sampler, LOVE LEVITTOWN, HAIGHT

ASHBURY, and humming the catchy score from Ingmar Bergman's 'The Silence.' Such was the bucolic bonhomie of this lazy-daisy day when the accursed phone burred inside. 'It's PLAYBOY calling, Stallion Thighs,' chirped my missus. 'Wonder who the interviewee is this trip?' I mused. Sonny Tufts? Judge Crater?

"On came the same hard-nosed PLAYBOY editor who'd dispatched me on Woody Allen's trail in 1967. He spat two words into the receiver, heard my audible gulp and added, in a softer voice, 'PLAYBOY, of course, will furnish you full combat pay plus a week's R and R in Sun City.'

"The phone tumbled from my hand; I turned albino-white. Recovering myself, I gritted my gums, snarled and punched my wife in the mouth, yanked the bowl from Mimi's slavering jaws and sent her off yapping with a brutal kick, pushed my son into a thornbush and broke my daughter's heart by tearing Barbie and Ken apart at the moment of truth.

"'For the love of heaven,' whimpered the wife through a shattered \$4000 periodontia job, 'what's come over you?'

"'When I went on the Woody assignment, I got into an appropriate mood by thinking small. Now I've been asked to interview Don Rickles.'

"My brood began to chant the Kaddish, the Hebraic prayer for the dead. The ever-practical Mrs. Weinstein doubled my life insurance and made a hasty arrangement to connect with a lover,

specifying that the employment agency send over any gamekeeper named Mellors.

"Of course, the Rickles job meant that once again I would have to postpone a series of big-league projects in order to satisfy Hefner's sadistic caprice: (a) my screenplay for Sam Katzman about a teeny-bopper's hopeless love for a robot, 'Gidget Balls Gadget' (in a tragic final scene, he dies of rust); (b) my novel of a Middle Earth nun, 'Hobbit Kicks the Habit'; (c) a bonanza from the sale of a naked photo of Raul Castro to Ramparts for use as a gatefold; (d) my brilliantly reasoned treatise for the U. S. Public Health Service in which I proved an irrefutable causal link between standing on ground zero at an H-bomb test and death; and (e) my offer to labor at the side of Dr. Christiaan Barnard on the world's first soul transplant, Ray Charles' into George Wallace's.

"The next day's post brought a plane ticket (one way) from PLAYBOY, some publicity stills showing Rickles dropping napalm on Disneyland and a copy of the tyrant's best-selling Warner-7 LP, 'Hello Dummy!' I had seen many a controversial album labeled 'NOT SUITABLE FOR AIR PLAY,' but never one that admonished 'NOT SUITABLE FOR PLAY ANYWHERE.' Nevertheless, I slapped it onto my phonograph, which slapped me back, and I then listened in fear and trembling to a scathing half hour of ethnic invective. But before the first side had hissed to a close, the machine pressed its reject button and self-destructed. Unfortunately, I'd also left my window open during



"Hefner's idea of a stag film is 'Bambi.' He nudged me while it was playing one night and cried, 'Look, Don! The deer is running from the forest fire!' His brother had to keep explaining the story line."



"For my TV series, we took the best from 'The Gale Storm Show,' 'Lamp unto My Feet,' 'The Hollywood Squares' and L. B. J.'s farewell speech to his troops and unified them into a veritable laff riot."



"I put the Sahara Hotel on the map. Before I came here, they had thrilling lounge acts like Milo Waslewski and His Accordionettes, featuring Wanda Kropnik, the first topless eggsucker."

the audition; a forest of FOR SALE signs cropped up throughout the neighborhood as I packed my suitcase.

"So it was on to Vegas and the Sahara via a blushing-pink, highly seductive Braniff jet (which was attacked in mid-air over Nashville by a randy TWA 707). After wolfing down a delicious Braniff platter of baked storm window, I dug into the authorized biography of Rickles supplied by Grove Press.

"Born in Jackson Heights, New York, to a solidly middle-class couple who'd owned their own janitor, I learned, Rickles had overcome his initial 'shyness' by involving himself in scholastic theatrics, i.e., the lead in Victor Herbert's 'The Red Mill,' the classic operetta about a Communist take-over of a Social Democrat granary. After graduation from Newtown High School with a diploma in license-plate manufacture, he had spent his semen first class with the Navy in the Philippines during World War Two, alternating between fighting the Japanese and writing continuity for Tokyo Rose's nightly broadcasts.

"His post-War training ground in comedy was 'the toilets,' those tenth-rate night clubs—such as Filopowicz' Hawaiian Paradise in Hamtramck, Michigan—that have served as the compost heap for thousands of flowering showbiz careers. Then came a prominent booking at the famed Slate Brothers Club in L.A. as a last-minute replacement for another comic, who had become violently stricken after receiving a box of Girl Scout cookies from Rickles. In the audience that first night was Frank Sinatra, who found himself the target of Rickles' sniping: 'Hi, Frank! Remember the good old days when you had a voice?' For reasons best known to himself, Sinatra instantly became a Rickles nut, began to drag in his Rat Pack nightly to boost attendance. Soon the nettlesome New Yorker was a ranking raja of the hate set and all of show business was thronging the joint for the right to be lashed by Rickles' forked tongue. Realizing he'd fallen into the right bag, Don has been excoriating his auditors ever since.

"It took nine years, however, before the TV tycoons became sufficiently courageous to spring the sulphuric Rickles wit on unsuspecting home audiences. After debuting on the Johnny Carson show and demolishing the host, he soon became a familiar fright wig on TV's other big variety shows—Joey Bishop's, Merv Griffin's, Mike Douglas', etc., and he hit the heights of hostility in a memorable 13-minute stint on 'The Dean Martin Show' last year, castigating a gaggle of gagging celebrities who'd been invited by the thoughtful Martin for the express purpose of having their careers destroyed before 30,000,000 viewers.

"Rickles' confreres in the night-club

fraternity have since bestowed the warmest accolades upon him at numerous 'trade' fetes. Among them were Joe E. Lewis, the famed Aristotle of the Bottle, who croaked: 'Don Rickles is in a class by himself—because decent people won't associate with him'; and Jack E. Leonard, who accuses Rickles of 'doing my act so long I'm going to make a citizen's arrest.' But perhaps the most effusive encomium came from Jackie Kannon, no slouch in the venom league himself: 'Don Rickles has given diarrhea an exciting new egress.' Firmly established as the Torquemada of the tongue, Rickles now fronts his own half-hour show each Friday night on ABC-TV, is co-hosting a number of 'Kraft Music Hall' specials and has been promised that his face will soon grace a stamp—North Vietnamese.

"When I met him in Vegas, Rickles was packing them in—personally, with the help of a cattle prod—at the Sahara's Casbar Theater. One glance at the bullet-headed bawd ramming his jack boots onto the stage, and occasionally onto a ringsider's hand, convinced me that someone had cut Mussolini down from the rope and infused him with a second, even more heinous existence. Indeed, as Rickles thrust out his belligerent jaw, a column of Fascisti rolled their tanks through the crowd, weeding out defectives for shipment to a labor camp.

"His press agent had guaranteed me an interview at poolside; so the following afternoon, I waddled through a field of strewn-about keno losers to the star's webbed feet and kneeled in obeisance, as is the custom, while he munched angrily on a chef's salad.

"'Cheap bastards,' rasped the satrap of the Sahara. 'I ask them for Thousand Island dressing and they give me nine hundred and sixty-three islands.' Flinging the plate into the waiter's face, he snarled, 'Tell Del Webb I hope his next hotel is built on a mine field in Syria.'

"The beauteous Mrs. Rickles, who sat beside him, flashed a look that said, 'He really isn't this way all the time'; whereupon, Rickles proffered his right hand to me in greeting, while he dumped hot coffee onto my leg with his left. I looked back at Mrs. Rickles, whose despairing eyes said, 'I guess he really is that way all the time.'

"Before he would agree to the interview, he insisted on a set of preconditions that seemed reasonable enough. He would squat under a huge umbrella, his feet in a bucket of ice, while I would lie staked out in the 115-degree Vegas sun and howl in merriment each time he dropped a colony of sauba ants into my navel, which he had smeared with Smucker's quince jelly. Satisfied of my eagerness to please, Rickles showed his fangs in a mirthless smile and spake thusly."

RICKLES: You have 15 minutes, dummy. I shall grant a few additional moments

if you don't prove to be a complete idiot, and perhaps as long as half an hour if you amuse me.

PLAYBOY: Fair enough, Don. Why don't we begin by—

RICKLES: What's with this "Don" bit? Since when did you become an equal? It's Mister Rickles to you. And what's with this "we"? All I see is one blinking, nail-chewing little spy writer from Levittown who pathetically needs to conduct a successful interview with a superstar to save his flagging career. And who's that dwarf with the camera?

PLAYBOY: That's Carl Iri, our Japanese-American photographer. He just wants to take a few candid shots of you while we talk.

RICKLES: OK—but what's he got in that case, photos of direct hits on Pearl Harbor? Tell him to kiss my Sessue Hayakawa.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Rickles, we'd like to start by—

RICKLES: Did anybody ever tell you that you have exciting shoulders?

PLAYBOY: You're the first guy to comment on them. Shall we get on with the interview?

RICKLES: You really need this, don't you, kid? You desperately want to halt your downslide back to oblivion, right?

PLAYBOY: Well. . . .

RICKLES: Then blow in my ear. Would you like to call me "Don"?

PLAYBOY: It would certainly make for a friendlier dialog.

RICKLES: Then do it. Say, did anyone ever tell you that you have a finely turned pair of ankles? I particularly like the way your veins stand out when you arch your instep, just like the tributaries of the Amazon gleaming in the midday sun. You're a bewitching boy—but I detect a definite gaminess emanating from this room. Doesn't big-spender Hefner give you enough to buy a decent deodorant?

PLAYBOY: As a matter of record, that aroma is English Leather.

RICKLES: You must have gotten it from Lord Cornwallis' saddle at the Battle of Yorktown. And that bathing suit: It looks like it was cut from a casing on Hebrew National Salami.

PLAYBOY: Don, we—

RICKLES: I've warned you once.

PLAYBOY: But you said we could call you Don.

RICKLES: That was before I got downwind from you.

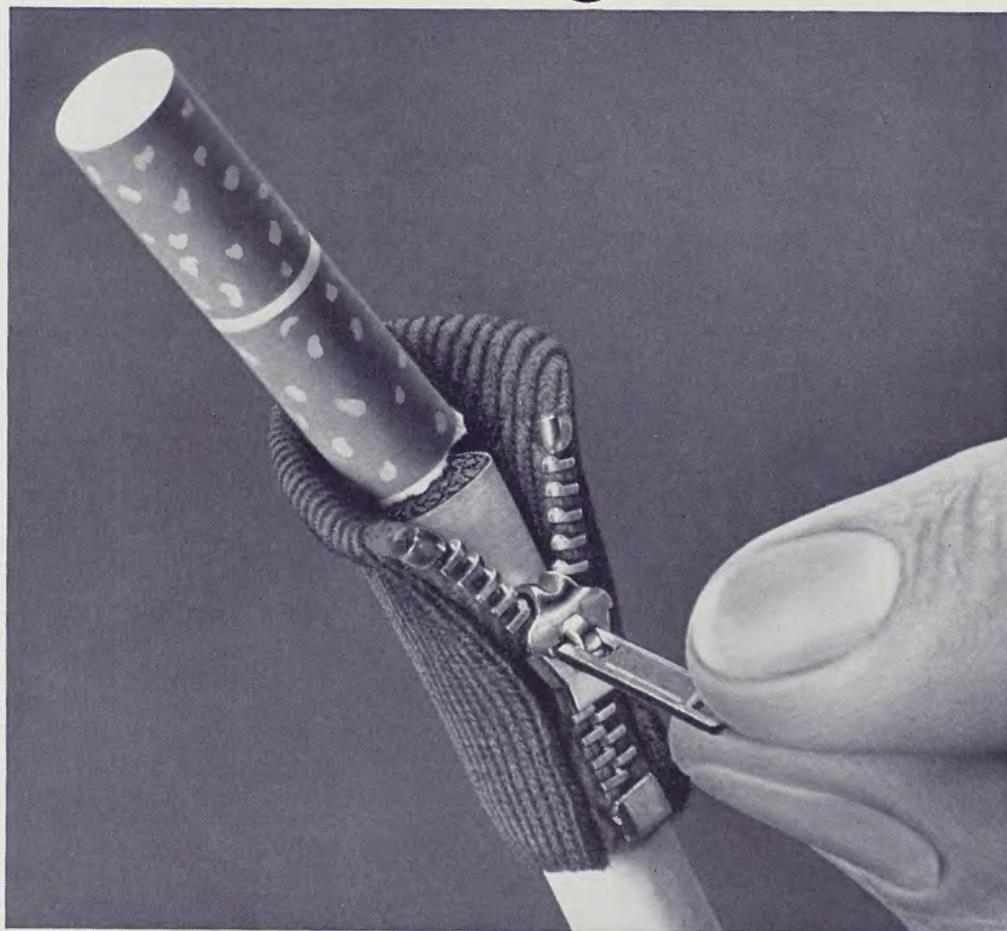
PLAYBOY: OK, Mr. Rickles. We'd like to begin by—

RICKLES: Before we go any further, I'd like to tell you that I've read your Israel Bond spy stories in PLAYBOY, and an Ian Fleming you're not. You're not even an Irving Fleming.

PLAYBOY: Since you'd like to get personal, we've caught your act, and we've heard funnier material on a sinking lifeboat.

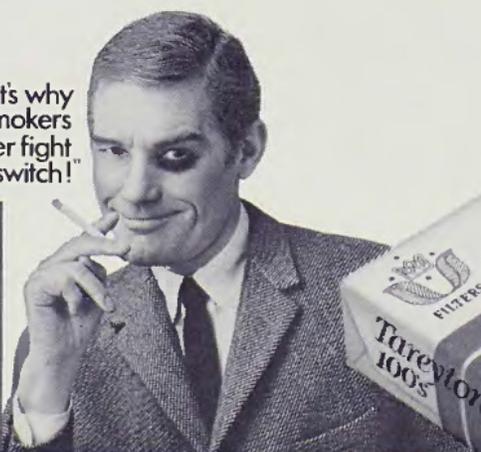
RICKLES: Let me have that stubby, gnawed

If you could put
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on your cigarette, you'd have
a better cigarette.



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pencil of yours for a second. I just want to mark this down: "Semiunknown spy writer flattens big-time super-Jew with devastating put-down, thus grabbing a one-to-nothing lead in the top of the first." Go ahead.

PLAYBOY: For years, the moguls of the television industry shied away from you. Why?

RICKLES: I had one major problem. I was hilarious wherever I performed. They had a cardinal rule on TV: Who needs laughter? They preferred to see some guy on a game show hit a buzzer and correctly identify the days of the week in order, thus winning three weeks in Borneo. On one of those shows I won the trip, but who can fox-trot with a Pygmy? Speaking of Pygmies, I knew right away I'd have trouble selling myself when I met the powers that be in the television industry; they were dressed in Robert Hall suits, Thom McAn no-scaffs and T-shirts without sleeves, and they had these tiny pimples on the backs of their necks. Their biggest kick was getting up at five A.M. to watch the daily farm reports and shouting, "Oh, look, Abner! The heifer is making do-do on the sow! Whoopee!"

PLAYBOY: What prompted the breakthrough that's made you one of the medium's hottest attractions?

RICKLES: Somebody at one of these TV agencies came up with a wild new concept. He called it "talent." They hanged him at high noon on a scaffold in Rockefeller Plaza for such blasphemy, but it did help me crack through at last.

PLAYBOY: You've scored resoundingly on all the variety shows. What kind of relationship do you have with the various hosts?

RICKLES: Let's start with Johnny Carson, who's a peachy guy. I had dinner at his home one night; he made us all sit on the floor and shuck corn. Those Midwest guys never forget their taproots. The first time I ever saw Johnny in swim trunks, I enrolled him in a Borscht Belt health club; a substantial Jewish meal has saved more than one gentile comic from malnutrition. Mike Douglas is a charming fellow, too. Runs a real wholesome, family-type operation. I spent a day in his dressing room sewing name tags on his shorts so he could go to summer camp, and I gave him some animal crackers to eat on the train. Mike's an ex-Kay Kyser band singer who used to perform on those remote broadcasts from hotels in Pittsburgh during the golden days of radio. The announcer would say, "And now, Mike Douglas steps to the microphone to ask the musical question . . ." and Mike would forget the question. No matter what the leader had scheduled, he'd sing *Ramona*.

Recently, I've started appearing with Merv Griffin, another ex-band singer,

whose only hit record was *I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoanuts*, which gives you an indication of his musical tastes. Merv used to sit in a high chair above the Freddy Martin band, banging his spoon and screaming, "I want my Farina, I want my Farina!" I'm generally forced to spend an hour with him before each show convincing him that he's tall. His fondest memento is a daguerreotype taken of him in the company of Blue Barron, Shep Fields and Harry Horlick at a Lawrence Welk barbecue, watching Harry James' lip go bad.

PLAYBOY: Are you as fond of Joey Bishop?

RICKLES: Occasionally. Joey nods to me, starts to engage me in conversation, then decides he'd better not, because I might make him laugh and then his jaw would crack. Seriously, though, I hate to admit it, but Joey has definitely eclipsed me as a star with his new country-and-western album. When I see him, I'll have to give him a bucket of grits.

PLAYBOY: You're well acquainted with most of the funnymen in this business. Who, in your opinion, are the genuine powerhouse comics?

RICKLES: Jack Haskell, Regis Philbin and Strom Thurmond. With a possibility of their being joined by Bud Collyer, "Mr. One-Liner."

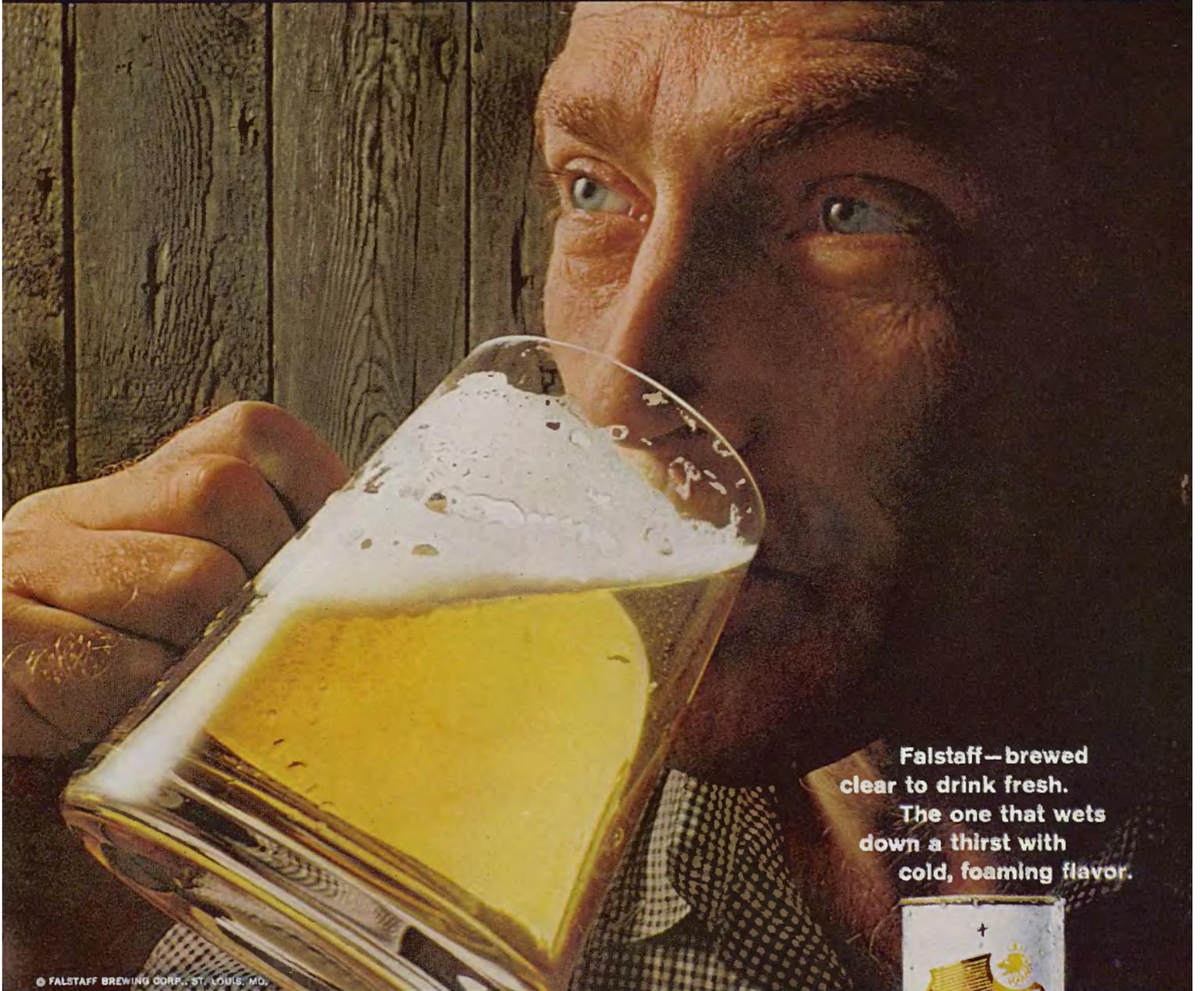
PLAYBOY: This TV season, you're co-hosting some specials on the *Kraft Music Hall*. Since Kraft has somewhat of a conservative image, why do you think they decided to engage your services?

RICKLES: Probably because I was very impressive in my interview with producers Dwight Hemion and Gary Smith. I wore a dark, conservative suit with a Reagan button, Florsheim shoes and, instead of a hanky in my breast pocket, a grilled-cheese sandwich. And I was humming the Parkay margarine song. One of these Kraft shows will feature Alan King, a delightful performer who has done for the suburbs what Nasser did for Egypt. Also with me will be Eddy Arnold, who secretly fathered all the Sons of the Pioneers.

PLAYBOY: Many critics thought your appearance on the last Emmy Awards show saved it from being a complete bomb. Did you agree?

RICKLES: Completely. If I'd been in charge, there would have been some drastic changes in the format. I would have done 90 minutes of cute patter, mailed everybody their awards and then shown a test pattern. I don't know how interested some guy in Fort Wayne is in seeing someone get an Emmy for the best cable pulling during a Miss Universe telecast, the best bulb screwing, the best drawing of Charlie Brown by a Czechoslovakian illustrator or the sexiest lighting for an Excedrin commercial. And they waste so much time on the Emmy show. The announcer introduces the West Coast moderator, who introduces the East Coast moderator. Then

the thirst slaker



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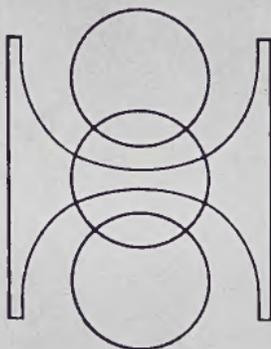
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the West Coast moderator and the East Coast moderator spend five minutes introducing themselves to the announcer, who proceeds to introduce the caterer, who introduces the headwaiter and ultimately the guy who dunks the wienies at the steam table.

PLAYBOY: There was some talk that your own performance in a *Run for Your Life* segment last season might win you an Emmy, but this never panned out. Why?

RICKLES: Because my competition wasn't exactly the three top balloon squeezers on Ted Mack's *Amateur Hour*. I was up against the likes of Sir John Gielgud and Rod Steiger, and there was even a rumor that God was entered in my category. I was promised a consolation prize, though. If anybody dropped his Emmy, I was first in line for the pieces. The statuette is supposed to be a high-priced, gold-plated creation designed especially for the Emmy show, but when I saw Dick Van Dyke knocking his against the wall to get attention, I knew it couldn't be worth much. The brass inscription fell off, and underneath it I saw the words, "To You, Claudette Colbert, for Your Stunning Performance in *It Happened One Night*."

But I did enjoy working with Ben Gazzara on *Run for Your Life*, and I've given his producer a perfect way to extend the series. The doctor says to the doomed Paul Bryan, "We've made a horrible mistake and read the wrong X rays. You never did have a terminal illness, just a mild case of house-itis. So come back next Thursday for a fumigation and you can do another 39 weeks." Incidentally, kid, this interview is going on too long and it's too brilliant to waste on a clod like Hefner. Screw him. Let's sell it to Olympia Press as a dirty book.

PLAYBOY: That's twice you've maligned Hefner. What have you got against him?

RICKLES: You wouldn't print it if I told you.

PLAYBOY: Come, now, Don, **PLAYBOY** is nothing if not fair.

RICKLES: I agree with the first part of that statement.

PLAYBOY: How can you be so vindictive, when Hef had you as his personal guest at the Mansion?

RICKLES: Hef had me as his guest for one reason: He wanted to play trick or treat with me in the dark. Did you ever see Hefner in heat? It reminds me of a melting Fudgsicle flanked by two jelly beans. He wouldn't leave me alone all the nights I stayed there. Kept sneaking into my room with those hot, lovesick Methodist eyes boring into mine. Wanted to know if I'd like my pillow fluffed up, offered to rub Ben-Gay into my tummy. What a weirdo. When he isn't making passes at his guests, he sits around that *meshuganah* Mansion all day

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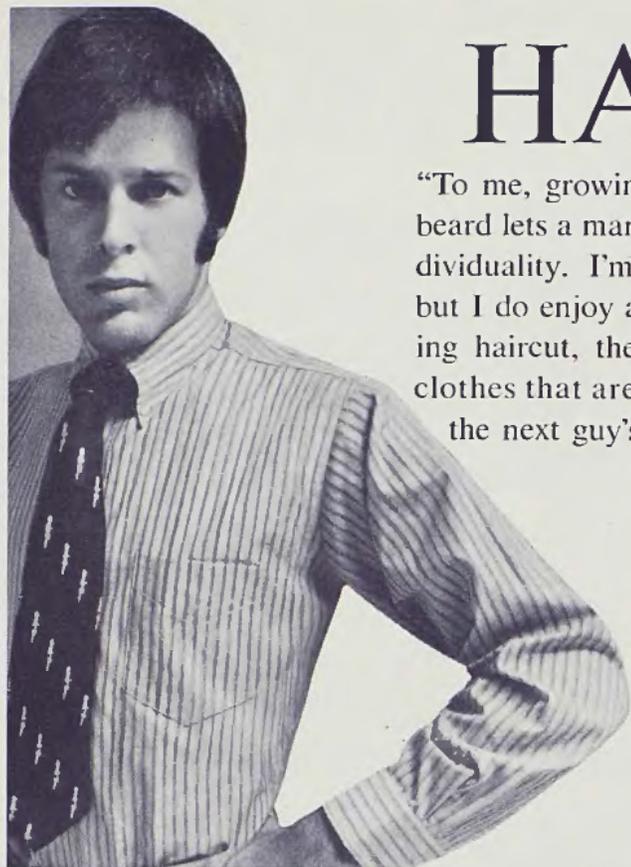
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in those brown pajamas, writing about the sex life of a guppy. The man is definitely bananas. He must be a gay dog at W. C. T. U. meetings. To be frank with you, I didn't find it amusing when he put a rubber band on his ass and kept telling me, "I'm an airplane, Don. Make me take off!" And that bedroom of his. It looks like a Polish janitor's. He keeps jumping up, grabbing oily rags and polishing the trophy he won from *Good Housekeeping* for installing a "dancing waters" fountain in his bidet. I personally think that any guy who hangs around Bunnies all day should be retired to a carrot farm.

PLAYBOY: Why shouldn't Hef hang around with Bunnies?

RICKLES: He claims he's too intellectual, too high-principled to molest these unfortunates, but I've seen his bathroom towels marked HIS and HERS and HERS and HERS and HERS and. . . .

PLAYBOY: That ran once as a PLAYBOY cartoon. Hef has always wondered where you get your material. Have you ever been privileged to attend any of his famous Sunday-night movie screenings at the Mansion?

RICKLES: Yes. What a thrill. He still thinks John Boles is big in the business. Hef's idea of a stag film is *Bambi*. He nudged me in the ribs while it was playing one night and cried, "Look, Don! The deer is running from the forest fire!" His brother had to keep explaining the story line to him, and that's no bargain, because his brother is a hockey puck. These Sunday-night movie sessions generally wind up with a festival of rib-splitting cartoons. I must say, it's a trifle dismaying to see Hugh M. Hefner, Playboy of the Western World, sex symbol of America's heartland, running around hitting his nose against the walnut paneling and singing, "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, ho-ho-ho-ho-ho! It's the Woody Woodpecker song!" Now I'm told he's sunk some of his ill-gotten lucre into a gigantic Playboy resort in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, which is so square it's been turned down by Shriners' conventions. He can't even get the Holiday Inn crowd.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been given a tour of the Woo Grotto downstairs at the Mansion?

RICKLES: That's where old Bunnies go to drown at the advanced ages of 20 and 21, when Hef doesn't want them anymore. When I visited the Woo Grotto, Lon Chaney was crawling around with his *Phantom of the Opera* make-up still on. And once in a while, you'd see a dead plumber floating by.

PLAYBOY: Did Hef play his \$20,000 stereo rig for you?

RICKLES: He spent 20 big ones just so he can pick up reruns of Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club* without static. He keeps the volume up so high you'd think he invited Johnny Belinda for lunch. But he

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that there would be men like you driving cars like that. Do you really think you can get to me with that long, low, tough machine you just rolled up in? Ha! If you think a girl with real values is impressed by your air conditioning and

stereo . . . a 440 Magnum, whatever that is . . . well—it takes more than cushy bucket seats to make me flip. Charger R/T SE. Sounds like alphabet soup. Frankly, I'm attracted to you because you have a very intelligent face. My name's Julia.

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doesn't even listen; he usually spends the day up in his office answering letters from subscribers, those typical queries: "Dear Hef: I'm a zookeeper and I'm having an affair with an anteater. Is this wrong?" And Hef always answers: "Not if the anteater is a consenting adult."

PLAYBOY: Why are you painting such an unflattering portrait of Hef?

RICKLES: Are you kidding? Those are his better points. Let me tell you about some of his less charming qualities—like the way he lets his porridge drip down his leg when he eats, the disgusting noise he makes when he sucks his Ovaltine through a Flavor-straw, the tantrums he throws when his valet won't lift him on his "horsie." On top of that, I happen to know that Hefner puts silicone in his malts to make his breasts harder. I could go on, but I don't want to embarrass him.

PLAYBOY: That's very thoughtful. May we change the subject now?

RICKLES: Not till I tell you this theory I have about Hefner. I think he and Howard Hughes are one and the same.

PLAYBOY: This is a serious charge. Can you support it?

RICKLES: Have you ever seen both of them together? They never appear in public. They have the same initials. They both made their fortunes in questionable enterprises. They both wear white sneakers and like to consummate big business deals at the bottom of abandoned zinc mines. And they both subsidize Holy Roller sects in Lubbock, Texas. I rest my case.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to say that Hefner has done nothing for society?

RICKLES: Well, during World War One, he did block doughboys' hats.

PLAYBOY: If we didn't know you better, we'd think you didn't like him.

RICKLES: That's not entirely true. We did have a barrel of fun once when we hand-wrestled one night, but he started to weep when I broke his pipe. Up until then, he thought he was Popeye. With a body like his, he needs all the spinach he can get. Incidentally, do I get a free subscription to the magazine for consenting to this interview?

PLAYBOY: You'll be lucky to get a copy of the interview.

RICKLES: Tell your peerless leader I hope he gets rhino fungus in any areas he considers important to his manhood—or his womanhood, as the case may be.

PLAYBOY: Let's get off this sour-grapes, knock-Hefner kick. You know he could ruin you if he wanted to.

RICKLES: The only thing Hefner could ruin is a rug, if he drooled on it.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about that famous 13-minute shot on *The Dean Martin Show* that alienated not only Hefner but the entire entertainment industry. Are you grateful to Dean for that opportunity?

RICKLES: Not really. He didn't even know I was on the show. When we were introduced, he thought I was Sam Levenson. All he said to me was, "Bring me more ice, more ice." Dean's lovable, all right, but it's tough to be with him. You get seasick trying to talk to him on an angle. And it's difficult to make yourself heard over the popping of corks. His idea of fun would be to be abandoned in the Mojave Desert with Arnold Palmer, playing putt and pitch. It was kicks, however, to needle all the celebrities that Martin's staff had packed the audience with—especially Pat Boone, who cried so hard he inadvertently cleaned his white bucks.

PLAYBOY: On the strength of that success, ABC assigned you to your own *Don Rickles Show*. How did you settle on a format?

RICKLES: We took the best elements from *The Gale Storm Show*, *Lamp unto My Feet*, *The Hollywood Squares* and Lyndon Johnson's farewell speech to his troops and unified them into a veritable laff riot. If it doesn't turn out that way, you can contact me at the Charley Grapewin Home for Actors. Probably neither you nor Hef owns a TV set, so if you want to watch me on Friday nights, go down to Sears and have them turn one on for you. I do an opening monolog, then talk with five or six people who have oddball occupations—like the Man from Glad or a professional nose groomer—or somebody who's connected in some weird way with a big star, like Sinatra's dentist or Sammy Davis' rabbi or Don Adams' telephone-shoe repairman. Each week it'll be something different, a heckle session, or a sketch, or a stunt. It'll be a loose format that will enable me to be constantly brilliant. My head writer, Pat McCormick, is assisted by Eddie Reider, Frankie Ray and Jack Riley, who used to be the gag writers on *Sermonette*.

PLAYBOY: It would seem you've reached the pinnacle in television. Do you have any desires as yet unfulfilled in show business?

RICKLES: Well, I have my own TV show; my album *Hello Dummy!* is a red-hot item; I own a few apartment houses; I make a tremendous weekly stipend; I'll be moving soon from the Sahara's Casbar Theater to the hotel's main room, the Congo, with a 12-figure, three-year contract—or is it a three-figure, 12-year contract?—and I've just been named a Presidential advisor on comedy. Maybe now, just *maybe*, they'll consider me worthy enough to be the host on the *Hollywood Palace*. It could happen very soon—if Guy Madison and John Forsythe drop out.

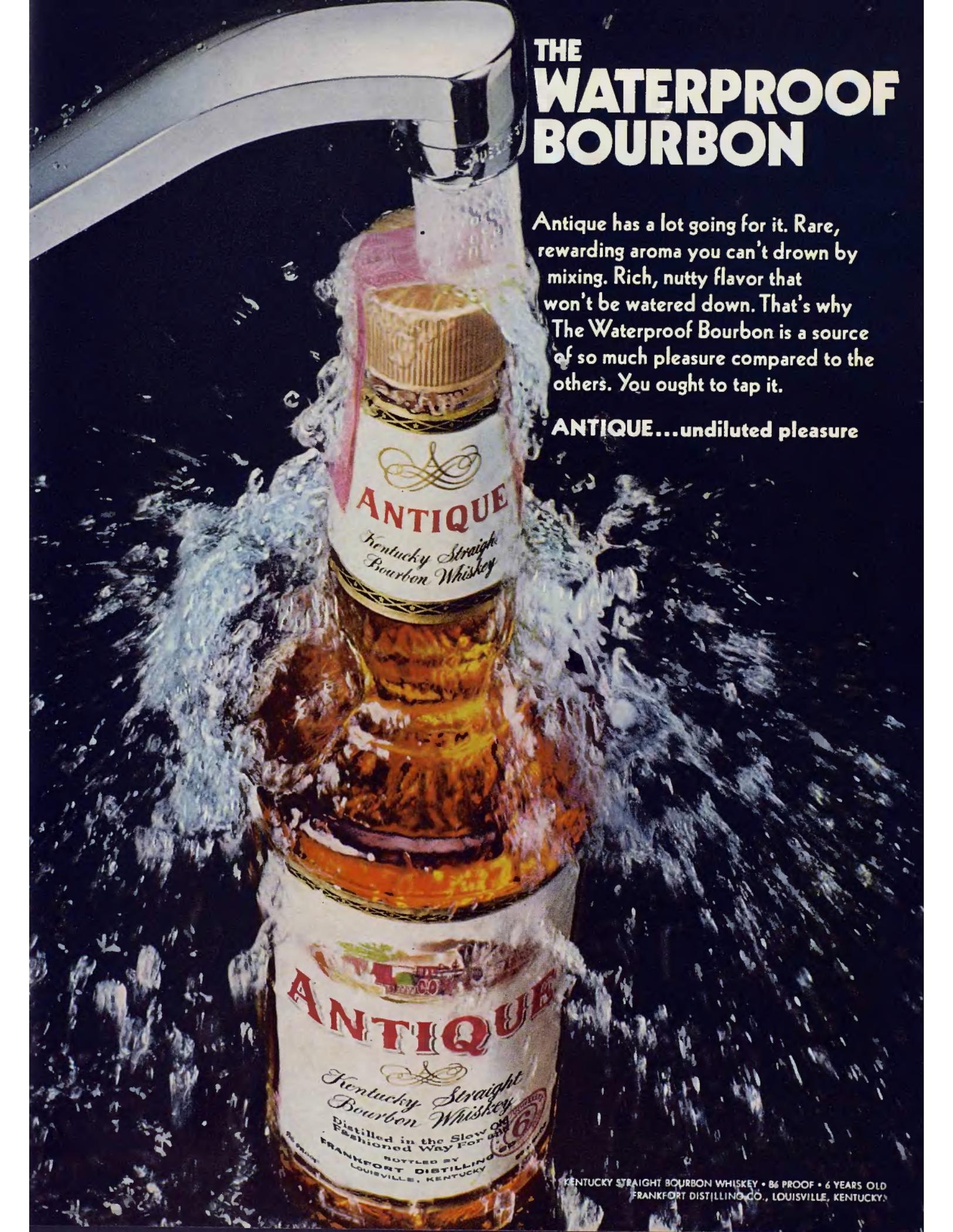
PLAYBOY: One of your biggest boosters has been Don Adams, star of *Get Smart*. What do you think of him?

RICKLES: He's one of my dearest friends,

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but I wish he'd stop kissing my ring; it loosens the stone. Some guys worshiped Mantle, Gehrig, Williams; I've always been Don's idol. It's a terrible bore, but every so often I break down and spend an evening with him, strictly as a mercy mission. He always wants to play spin the bottle or pink belly, but I tell him to grow up; so we usually go out and roll a crippled newsboy.

PLAYBOY: Frank Sinatra had much to do with your early success. Why does he brook insults from you that he wouldn't take from any other comedian?

RICKLES: He knows I have complete prints of *Johnny Concho* and *The Kissing Bandit* in my vault and that I can arrange to have them run on any *Saturday Night at the Movies*, thus sending him back into limbo forever. Did you see Frank in those flicks? For years he gave criminals a bad name. And I have other holds on him. I know for a fact he's a virgin and that the biggest sexual kick he gets is touching the noodles in my mother's chicken soup. That's how he gets in heat.

PLAYBOY: Your act and your private conversation are studded with that phrase, "in heat." Why?

RICKLES: Don't knock it if you haven't tried it. And in your case, I don't think you have. The last sexual experience you had was in a laundry hamper with wet towels on top of you. Give me that pencil back: "Super-Jew floors slope-browed interviewer with roundhouse right to the groin, overcoming deficit to grab two-to-one lead going into the top of the third."

PLAYBOY: That was a foul blow. Getting back to Sinatra—

RICKLES: When you interview somebody, do you always keep your hand on his knee?

PLAYBOY: You're not concentrating on the interview.

RICKLES: Forget the interview. Keep it up and I'll grab you by the ankles and make a wish.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Sinatra: By bringing his Rat Pack to your café performances, he gave your career a big shot in the arm. Now that you're just as towering as Sinatra [Rickles insisted on this description as a condition of his permission to publish the interview—*Ed.*], have you considered forming your own Rat Pack?

RICKLES: I have, and—to answer your next question—Hefner's not going to be a member.

PLAYBOY: Who will be?

RICKLES: My second in command will be Criswell of *Criswell Predicts*, who told me that, according to his astrological calculations, Mount Everest will not be climbed this year by a cardiac patient. Also in the gang will be Huntz Hall, Jane Withers, Snooky Lanson and Pat Nixon. Our court jester will be "Scat-

man" Caruthers; and Frank Sinatra, Jr., wants desperately to be our technical advisor. We plan to dash about in a gay, insane social whirl, speeding from White Tower Restaurant to Howard Johnson's in a fleet of Tucker Torpedoes and planting all sorts of zany quips in Earl Wilson's column, like "Don Rickles said it was so hot in Manhattan today that when he drove by Grant's Tomb, the door was open!" We'll also be a bunch of crazy cutups—tying strings to wallets, squirting water from our boutonnières, wearing ties that light up and say, WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? And we'll throw wild hen fests and smoke cigarettes and talk catty and play cribbage and go off our diets and stay up till all hours. We'll set the tone for society with our hip talk—expressions like "Ain't we got fun?" and "Monkeys is da cwaziest people." And we'll be the envy of Carnaby Street with our Mod outfits: the kind of expensive but casual separates that Bogart wore in *The African Queen*.

PLAYBOY: Don't you plan to invite your pal Bill Cosby to join the Rickles Rat Pack?

RICKLES: Well, some of my best friends are ex-television spies, but this is an exclusive club. Nothing personal, you understand.

PLAYBOY: You appeared as a guest star on an episode of *I Spy*. What was it like to work with Cosby and Robert Culp?

RICKLES: It was like being Nancy Drew on safari with the Hardy Boys. What a sick relationship: They're Frick and Frack with Lugers. When lunchtime came, Culp did the cooking and I waited tables while Cosby sat and ate. That's when I knew equality had arrived in America. They offered me the part of a ruthless, overbearing night-club owner who pushes people around and despoils women. Anxious for a chance to change my image, I jumped at the part. Anybody who really knows me off stage can tell you I'm so docile that I ask permission to go to the bathroom. Sometimes when I hear a bell, I think it's time to go to geography class.

We filmed this particular *I Spy* episode on location in the shade of Cosby's 500-pound friend, Fat Albert. For background music we used Cosby's LP, *Old Silverthroat Sings*, which reaches a new high-water mark in popular singing. Bill is really representative of the *new* Negro: He has a natural lack of rhythm. But he does move well, due to his early days as a quarterback at Temple University in Philadelphia. He's the only spy I know who says, "Take this grenade on a hand-off, run out into the flat and bomb the secondary."

PLAYBOY: From the intrigue of *I Spy* to the folksiness of *The Andy Griffith Show* was quite a jump, but you managed it in another acting role last year. As a big-city sophisticate, why were you hired to appear on such a hayseed series?

RICKLES: Andy originally hired me because he wanted somebody to play the jew's-harp; the way he played it, it came out too genteel. Anyway, I've always had a masochistic desire to get in touch with the real America. Andy and I sat around the ole cracker barrel in Mayberry's general store, just awhittlin' and achewin' the fat: "Lookeee thar. Andy, a cricket! Let's watch him fer a few days." When things got dull, we moseyed on down to the drugstore and listened to the Alka-Seltzer fizz.

PLAYBOY: This kind of homey humor is conspicuous by its absence from your best-selling album *Hello Dummy!*, which has been described as too incendiary for air play. Is it?

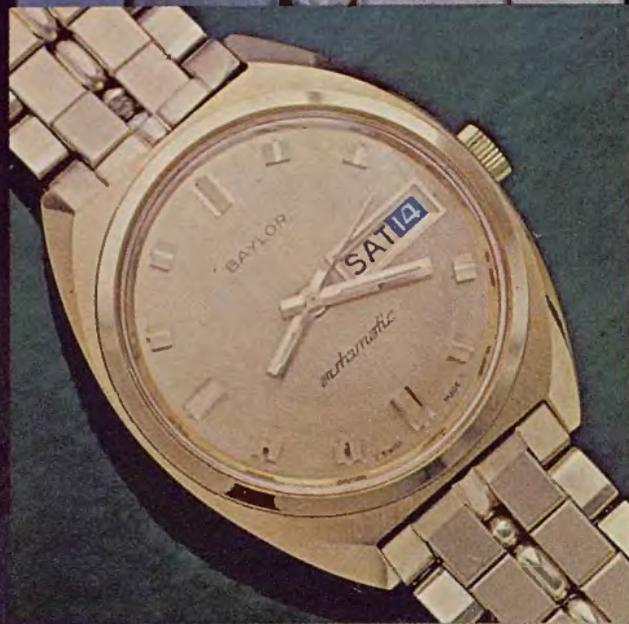
RICKLES: Absolutely not. As a matter of fact, I'm getting plenty of air play for *Hello Dummy!* on several FM stations in Andorra and Madagascar. And the album has been number one for the past 30 weeks at Thule Air Force Base in Greenland. I must confess I had trouble at first getting U.S. stations to spin it, until the record company had the good sense to send out sample discs to all the deejays containing carefully culled ten-second excerpts. Great bits like "And here he is—Don Rickles!" That one got tons of air play. And "Hi, folks!" and "You've been a wonderful audience, folks" and "Well, good night, folks." Listeners haven't been offended in the least by these savage samples of my lethal wit.

PLAYBOY: Another milestone in your meteoric career has been your recent headlining at the Copacabana. Was this appearance valuable to you as a performer?

RICKLES: The Copa is still the most prestigious date in New York, because you get coverage from Gotham's widely read syndicated columnists. They all sit at front-row tables, writing their reviews, which their editors can't read too well because they've only recently learned how to block-print. I have to help Earl Wilson a lot with his capital T's and I's. He still can't figure out which one has the long straight line going across the top.

PLAYBOY: Though it's only about ten miles from the Copa, you've come a long way since you were graduated *summa cum laudemouth* from high school in Jackson Heights. Tell us something about your early life there.

RICKLES: I'm the product of a passionate interlude between a couple whose Atwater Kent radio failed one night. Unable to pick up *Amos 'n' Andy*, they found themselves with time on their hands and begot me. I was born in 1926; but when my mother took her first look at me, she began to holler, "You'll never amount to anything, you dummy; you'll end up like your cousin Sol, a button-holer in the garment district." When she



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kept nagging me. I decided to run away—but the Doberman wouldn't let me out of the closet. After my birth, she and my father got in touch with me on various occasions, which was decent of them, considering that I resided in the same apartment.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying they didn't love you?

RICKLES: Well, I was left on the doorstep with a note pinned to my Dr. Dentons: "Please kidnap." Within an hour, I was spirited away; within two hours, I was dumped back on the doorstep with another note: "Keep him. Please find enclosed check for \$10,000." They used the money to send me to military school in French West Africa. And there were other hints of their disaffection. In the den they furnished for me was a tiny rocking chair with arm clamps and a metal *yarmulke* attached to a pair of electrodes. My toy soldiers shot real bullets; and one Hanukkah they gave me a kiddicar with a bomb wired to the ignition.

PLAYBOY: How did you express your gratitude for their kindnesses?

RICKLES: When I grew older, I would book them on Florida cruises during the hurricane season. And I used to go to Mass on Seder in a Polish church, where I would eat pork chops with dairy silver and hold hands with my Negro sweetheart.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever taken a nostalgic trip back to the old neighborhood?

RICKLES: Yes, and each time I do, the same guys are still sitting on top of the same Pepsi Cola cooler in the corner delicatessen. Apparently their asses are frozen to it, because they were sitting there when I left in 1939. They try to hide their envy in subtle ways, like telling me that no matter how many times I go on *The Dean Martin Show*, I'll still never make their *Jahokte* softball team. My old rabbi, on the other hand, whom I saw on my last visit, has never displayed an iota of envy. He said to me, "Duvid"—that's my Jewish name—"I always thought you'd grow up to be famous, because you were outstanding in the annual Purim play." The Purim holiday celebrates the victory of the Jews over the wicked Persian overseer, Haman, when Good Queen Esther and Mordecai conned the king into hanging Haman. I got rave notices as the queen.

PLAYBOY: Is it true, as Thomas Wolfe wrote, that "You can't go home again"?

RICKLES: Who the hell was Thomas Wolfe? Did he marry a *shiksa*? As for going home again, I never went home when I lived there. It was a stuffy, lower-middle-class flat in a dank cell block on a sunless side street directly over the subway. You had to time your conversations between trains. I don't expect Hefner to know too much about this

kind of life, since he was raised in a silo with a Guernsey for a wet nurse. He'd think a dumb-waiter is a guy who doesn't know how to uncork a wine bottle. We had a German super who used to yell up the dumb-waiter: "It iss Crizz-z-z-muz. Vere iss mein Crizz-z-z-muz prezent?" We used to drop it down to him in a large brown garbage bag attached to an anvil. The place had a lot of charm if you like to listen to your neighbors going to the bathroom—and if you like the *ambiance* of cabbage soup, which wafted from the apartment of the Hungarians on the ground floor, killed flies and darkened the wallpaper in the hall two shades. All this we were able to afford because my dad was a truly big success in the insurance field.

PLAYBOY: What was his approach?

RICKLES: Soft sell, basically. He'd tell a client, "Herbie, I saw your cardiogram and you have about an hour left. Sign here on the dotted line." And they did, thus enabling him to bankroll my *bar mitzvah*.

PLAYBOY: Can you re-create the solemnity of that day in which you bound yourself to the faith of your forefathers?

RICKLES: The synagogue was so crowded that half the services were held in a church three blocks away; but we had a reciprocal deal with each other's spillovers, so it worked out. My speech was somewhat unorthodox—if you'll excuse the expression: "Honorable Father and Mother, worthy Rabbi"—and then I blanked out, forgot all my lines; but I was a real trouper even then. Without a pause, I went into my crowd-pleasing impression of W. C. Fields in *The Bank Dick*, topped myself by cracking my knuckles to the tune of *A Yiddisha Momme* and somersaulted off the stage. What's the Jewish word for excommunication?

PLAYBOY: Did you make out any better at school in Jackson Heights?

RICKLES: I was king of the hill at P.S. 148. As classroom monitor, I turned in a daily truancy list containing the names of anyone who defied me—including the teacher, a shriveled-up old maid who came complete with bun, steel-rimmed glasses and a dress that had enough flowers on it to give you a hay-fever attack. She never dared to flunk me, because I threatened to tell the others that she pasted eight-by-ten glossies of Edgar Kennedy to her bodice. After school, I usually sauntered home, had my glass of milk and watched the water from the clothes hanging over the stove drip into my Orphan Annie mug. A good afternoon for me was going over to the schoolyard and making juice loans to the gentile kids. Otherwise, I spent the mid-Thirties campaigning for Alf Landon; I was the only Jewish kid in the block to do so. It was the same as coming out for

Hitler. But I was never too hip about Roosevelt, anyway. I thought he was a boulevard.

PLAYBOY: Did you play any of those fabled street games that Bill Cosby talks about in his monologs?

RICKLES: We played Johnny on a pony; I was the kid whose *tuchus* ended up on the fire hydrant. The idea of the game is that five guys bend over and ten guys jump on them. I remember thinking at the time, "We should be playing this game with broads." Stickball was another of my big talents; my next-door neighbor was Polish, so I always had a broom to use. But all of our neighbors were friendly and helpful. One of them was Italian, so we always had plenty of oil for my dad's car; Giuseppe just shook it out of his hair, right into the crankcase.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of broads, when did you start to become aware of the fair sex?

RICKLES: At a synagogue dance, when the kids laughed at me for lindy-hopping with a bridge chair. So I asked Bernice Sachs to dance. Bernice's father was so rich he used to stand up in the synagogue every Jewish holiday and yell, "I donate ten thousand dollars—anonymous!" When I returned home from my first date with her, I had a noticeable hickey on my neck; my mother thought an Irish kid had bit me in a fight. That first experimentation with love wasn't a howling success; Bernice begged me to rip off her dress, but my main concern was if my comedy was going over. I thought I'd outgrown that problem until years later, on my wedding night, when my wife failed to laugh when I was ready to make my big move, and I knew it was back again.

PLAYBOY: You were doing comedy routines on your wedding night?

RICKLES: Yeah—the old Adam and Eve bit. Except we didn't have any fruit.

PLAYBOY: Let's move from one combat zone to another. Your biography cites your heroic accomplishments in the Navy during World War Two. Would you care to tell us about them?

RICKLES: No, I'd really rather not toot my own horn that way.

PLAYBOY: But—

RICKLES: Well, if you insist. I was stationed in the Philippines for three years. There were only two Jewish kids on the boat, a PT tender called the U.S.S. Cyrene. It used to be a dock until they put a bottom under it. It was so humid in the tropics that the crew spoiled. Every time we got a taste of action, the rest of the guys would look at the two of us and cry, "Do us a miracle. Part the seas and get us the hell out of here."

PLAYBOY: Seriously, did you really see any action?

RICKLES: Yes, we hissed at the enemy,

ment to the tune of the world's finest Bourbon, Jim Beam. \$7,000,000.00 a day.

now it is American Bourbon which is the favorite."

which is the favorite."

POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the label says cause 86 proof people prefer.

figure alcohol y divide proof by two. But remember the proof is not always quality.

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World's Finest Bourbon a 173-Year-Old Secret

CHICAGO, ILL.—Before you can call yourself the world's finest anything—you'd better have a case in your favor.

Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right climate. The perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam

distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWITZ—When the world's finest Bourbon bottle was featured last night at the Hall, all eyes were on band member Daisey.

Reason: Instant Daisey played the Bourbon bottle. He preferred the Beam said that the square shape "groovy" sound. There was imitation that the J...
...the man...
...sound of...
...where.

Fresh Charred Oak

And there's the great white oak, nearby.

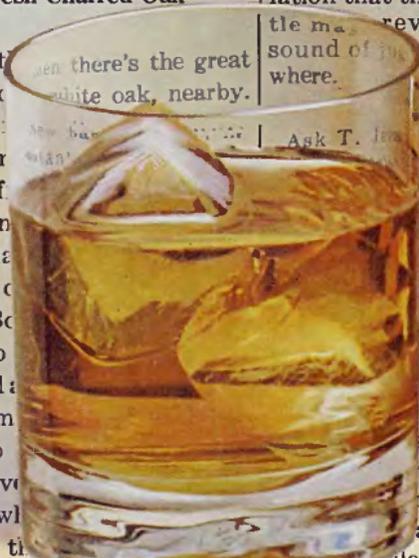
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JIM BEAM BOURBON— MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.



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cursed at him, even fired our weapons at him. That's how we destroyed our ship's movie screen. I was personally responsible for the death of Richard Loo in *The Purple Heart*, and my buddy got Philip Ahn in *Wings over Burma*. Tell your buck-toothed photographer this is all in fun.

PLAYBOY: Who was your commanding officer on this magnificent fighting vessel?

RICKLES: A guy who'd come to us directly from a sea-scout meeting. He thought a sand bar was candy. The atmosphere on board was a trifle strained. We kept looking at each other under the shower, imagining the other guy was Betty Grable on a Bob Hope camp tour. One of the gang had definite effeminate tendencies. He kept on skipping up and down the deck, screeching, "Oh, let me fold the flag!" There was another guy who was always attempting suicide; we had to keep cutting him down from the bulkhead.

PLAYBOY: Who was he?

RICKLES: The morale officer. The whole tour was worse than *Mister Roberts*. If any of us had tried to write a book about it, the others would have killed him for reminding them of it.

PLAYBOY: After the War, you studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. What did you learn there?

RICKLES: How to use make-up effectively. I swabbed it on so liberally I was always being solicited by members of the vice squad. Have you ever seen a policeman expose himself? It's what they call a "cop-out."

PLAYBOY: With this sort of high-caliber dramatic training under your belt, you launched your career in those premiere-showcase supper clubs that comedians refer to as "the toilets." What were they like?

RICKLES: Really high-class places. They smelled like a pair of sneakers after a basketball double-header at the Garden. And the owners were the kind of guys who wore \$5000 pinkie rings and beer-stained undershirts. They'd sit in the front row and spit at the acts. The clientele wore double-breasted Chester Morris suits with Hoover buttons—and this was in the *Fifties*. It was the first time I'd ever seen grown men wearing brown-patent-leather shoes with white anklet socks. And always on their ties was a figure of Roy Rogers' horse. You wouldn't often see Grace Kelly there dancing with Adolphe Menjou.

Many of these gin mills were sailor joints in Washington, D.C., which featured bubble dancers like Monique LaVine, who was in big trouble when her bubble pipe didn't work; you know how opium residue can clog a pipe. We had specialty acts like Zokina and Her King Cobra, which turned out to be a garter

snake with dewlaps. It was retarded, too. Instead of slithering over Zokina's oiled body, it ate its own basket. And one of the strippers, Flora LaVerne, had so many stretch marks on her body she looked like the Mississippi River delta from 30,000 feet up. Occasionally, brawls would erupt, which I avoided by lying on the floor and pretending to be a mound of cigarette butts.

PLAYBOY: Did it work?

RICKLES: You get out of line once more and I'll fix it so you never play the glockenspiel again. The marquee outside these fun spots was a real ego booster. It was a kick to spot your name in lights—if you could see it through all the dead moths on the bulbs. My accommodations were swanky, too. To dress, I had to stand on top of a bus boy. The four-piece combo—piano, bass, drums and spittoon—were all Sammy Kaye rejects. No matter what request the customers hollered for—*Stardust*, *Body and Soul*, *Moonglow*—they broke into *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. They started a wonderful musicians' quiz called "Find the Melody." Generally, there was also a girl singer named Lola Lane or Tish Burdette, who had the sexy, throbbing vocal quality of a wino retching through a kazoo. And the food served in these places could best be described as Forest Lawn for flies. An occasional ribbon of flypaper dangling in the soup added a distinctive Duncan Hines touch. The only reason the place was never condemned by the Board of Health was because they didn't have the guts to go in there and check. The parking-lot attendant had his fun and games, too. You pulled up, gave him the keys to your car and went inside. It was your job to find it the following day at the demolition derby on Route 31 outside Bethesda, Maryland.

PLAYBOY: Were any of these "toilets" operated by hoods?

RICKLES: Perhaps, but I've never worried about the mob element, because I'm a personal friend of Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

PLAYBOY: Plays a hell of a zimbal, doesn't he?

RICKLES: Give me that pencil. "PLAYBOY punster zings in 'zimbal' joke on unsuspecting comedian to take a four-to-three lead in the top of the seventh." You have a quicksilver mind, my child. I both respect and hate you for that. Why don't you dive headfirst into a vat of pickled hair? But to tell you the truth, the gangster image has never frightened me, because I happen to know that Warren Beatty has trouble with the firing mechanism on a cap pistol.

PLAYBOY: Many people who know you primarily as a night-club performer are surprised these days to see you popping up on some of the *Late Show* movies.

Would you like to discuss some of your early film successes?

RICKLES: Hollywood first beckoned to me in 1956 by starring me in a War thriller, *Run Silent, Run Deep*, which also featured Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster in supporting roles. They were adequate in the film, but I got tired of carrying them. The plot concerned an American sub in the Bongo Straits that was trying to fool a Japanese destroyer into thinking they'd sunk us by using the old submariner's trick—disgorging garbage from the torpedo tubes. To this day, I'm bitter about how Clark and Burt looked at each other and said, "We're out of garbage. Let's throw out Rickles."

I also did *The Rat Race* with Tony Curtis, one of our great Cary Grants. When I knew Tony, he was one of the boys; today, he wears love beads and challenges women to duels. Then they threw me into a couple of high-class vehicles called *Muscle Beach Party* and *Beach Blanket Bingo*, produced by American International Pictures, which specialized in low-budget quickies that were shot for a price range of \$40 to \$50; add \$5 if they were in color. This gave me a chance to work with my idols Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon, who got me admitted to their day nursery as a fringe benefit. My dialog consisted of yelling "Surf's up! Surf's up!" every 25 minutes. But Frankie and Annette had to rehearse their lines for hours. It was hard for them to remember "Run, Spot, run!" They want me to act in their new one, *Kiss My Sandbox*.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a big star in your own right, have you been offered any meatier parts?

RICKLES: Only the ones they throw into my cage. Actually, yes, my agent has been deluged with movie offers, but unfortunately none of them are talkies. I've been asked to co-star with Lyle Talbot in *I Was in Heat for a Werewolf*. And Paramount wants me to redo the Quasimodo role with two humps. There was also some talk about me starring in *Planet of the Apes* because the producers thought they could save money on make-up, but I turned it down because they offered me peanuts. Give me that pencil. "Super-Jew lobs in 'peanuts' ad lib, streaks into five-to-four lead in the top of the eighth."

PLAYBOY: Until Hollywood discovers your potential as a sex star, fans can see you at your unexpurgated best only in Las Vegas. For the benefit of those who've never sojourned in this man-made jewel on the desert, could you fill them in on the atmosphere?

RICKLES: You know you're getting into Vegas when the pilots start betting among themselves that they'll clear the mountain. And the weather can be quite

(continued on page 150)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A now breed of man who takes to today's handsome new breed of cars. Sporty makes and spirited models are just his speed. Facts: PLAYBOY is read by one out of three men under 50 in U.S. households owning two or more cars bought new. And by 1,515,000 men 18-49 in households planning to buy a new car next year. Put some sales power behind your bright new entry. Run it in PLAYBOY, the magazine that drives young men to their dealers. Fast! (Sources: *W. R. Simmons Report* and *B.R.I.*)

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

*balthazar and his rampant friend beefy—
abetted by a pair of frolicking ladies of pleasure—
confront the kill-joys of trinity*

A FAIR FESTIVITY

fiction **By J.P. DONLEAVY**

SUNDAY THIS MILD MELLOW WEEK IN DUBLIN. The light morning skies holding a stillness over Trinity College rooftops. Buds crashing out sappy green on the trees. Crocuses exploding yellow across suburban gardens. Balthazar B went down the granite steps from college rooms past the flat green velvet grasses and out the front gate. Through Ballsbridge on the Dalkey tram. To tug the bell chain hanging against the cold cut stone.

Miss Fitzdare stood smiling halfway in the gleaming hall. Of this house rising grayly and ivy clad from great rhododendrons and sweeping lawns. A hushed raven haired maid in her fresh black frock and white lace collar to take my coat with her trembling hand. This massive hall of this big house. A fire flaming flanked by pink marble praying angels. Gilt framed mirrors. Two steely figures of armor, haunted slits for eyes. And Miss Fitzdare wears her purple twinset again. The thick tweed gray skirt and her string of pearls. Tall chiming clock rings one.

"You are awfully prompt. Do come this way. And meet uncle and aunt."

Brass knobbed heavy mahogany door ajar. Polished and glistening faintly red. Held open by the raven haired maid. Tints of blues and whites in this sprawling drawing room. Cabinets of porcelain. A harpsichord in a white arched alcove. This thin gray haired lady. Slowly twisting her lips between her smiles. Offering her long blue veined hand. A short round gentleman in thick rust tweeds. Purple silk hanky and gorse colored tie.

"Aunt Miriam this is Balthazar."

"I've heard so much about you."

"My uncle Frederic. Everyone calls him General. Balthazar."

"How do you do General."

"I do splendidly when my gout doesn't play up. Do please sit. And what can we warm you up with. Whiskey, gin, sherry."

"Well sherry if I may sir."

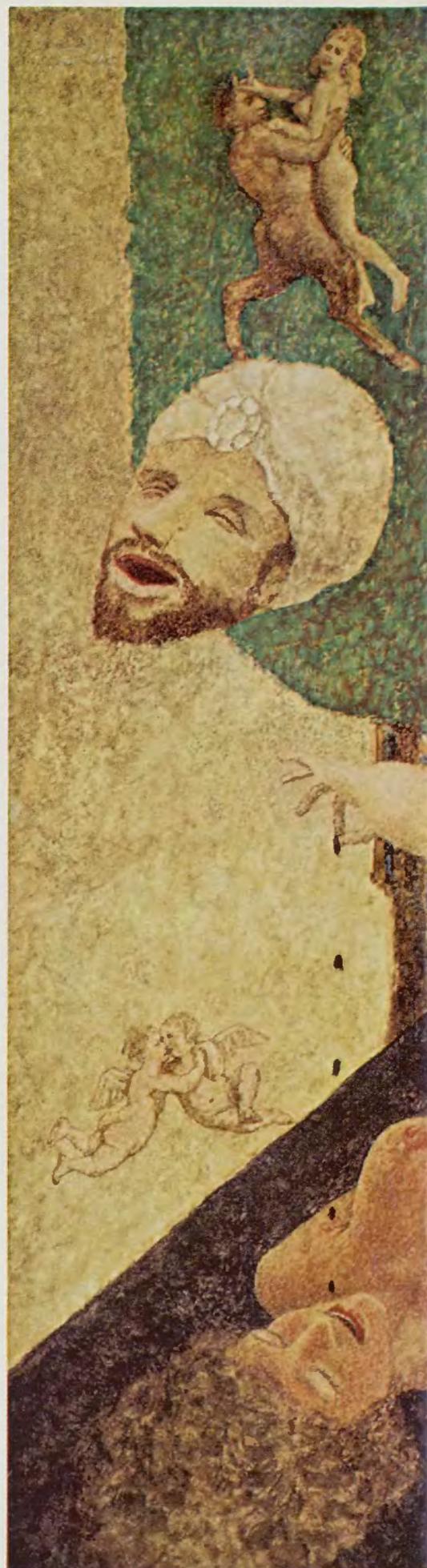
"You may by jove. Medium, dry or that stuff they say is sherry that's very dry."

"Medium. Please."

"Ah, that's a good fellow, know your sherry. Miriam. Sherry."

"Yes today. We'll have a wee bit. Dr. Romney says I'm to leave off but I think today."

The General standing at a high sideboard of bottles, trays and decanters. Pouring the light brown liquid into thin crystal glasses. His brief smile as the silver tray passes to each. Between two facing long light green sofas. The raven haired girl peeks back into the room as she quietly closes the great door. This



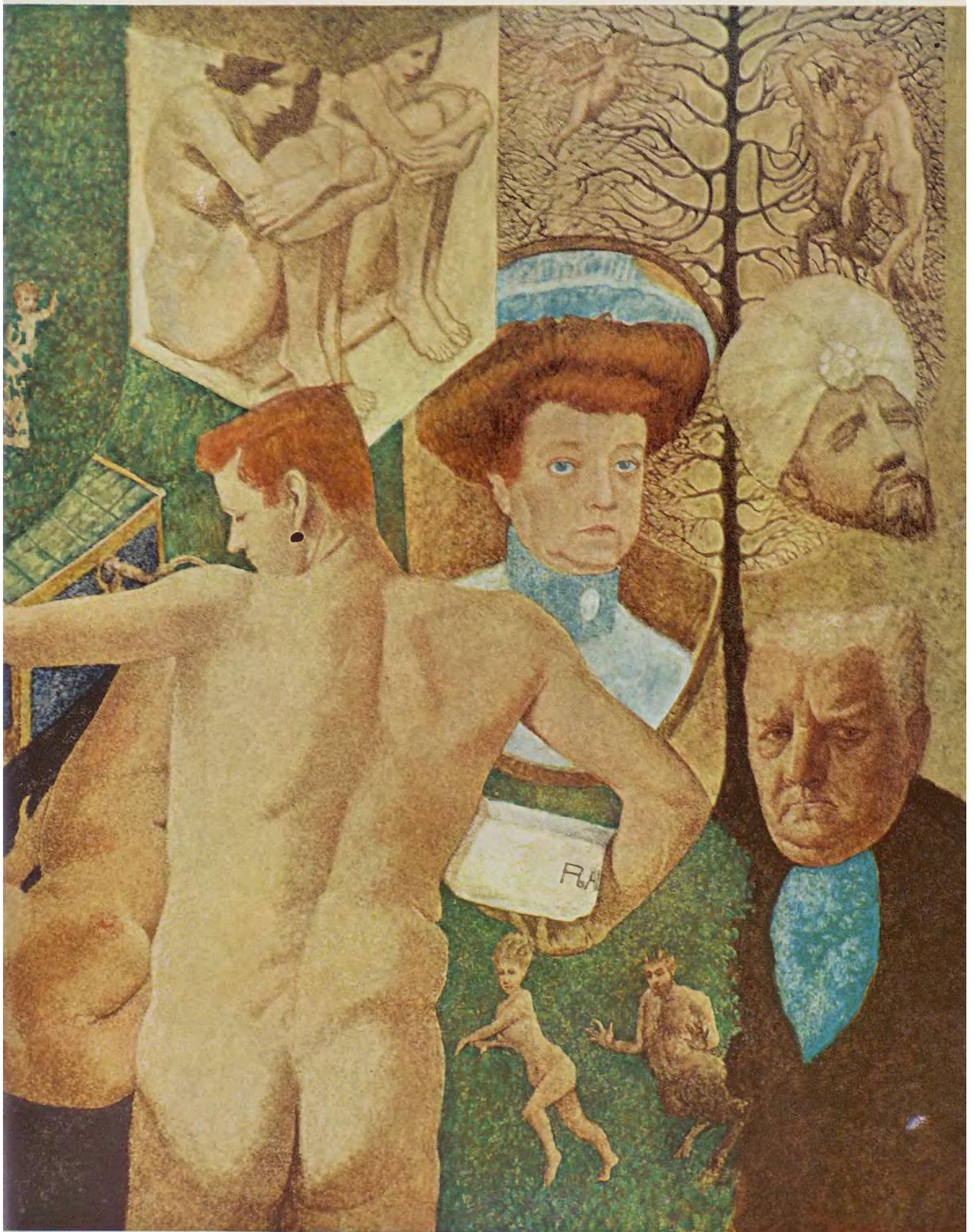


ILLUSTRATION BY MARVIN HAYES

gray haired lady raises her chin and lowers eyelids to speak.

"Mr. B I understand you're new to Dublin. How do you find it. Our dear dirty city."

"Most charming."

"O good. Elizabeth tells us you race."

"Yes I do get to the courses now and again. Not much recently however."

"O. You'll be here for Horse Show week. You must not miss that."

"I sincerely hope so."

"Wonderful time of year. We're at our best then. Always brings one back to times when things were not as they are now. Very sad. So much has passed from us."

"Now Miriam, that's not the attitude. What does Mr. B want to know about that for. He's young. He wants to enjoy himself now. Of course we've had a lot of louts and rabble rousers about but things have settled down. Let them blow up a telephone kiosk now and again and they're quite happy. Are you interested in the stars, Mr. B."

"Yes I am."

"Good. After lunch then. We'll show you about. Would you like to see my astronomical laboratory."

"Very much sir. I had an uncle who was very interested in the sky."

"Good. Ah. There we are. The gong. Brought that back from India. Served out there. When I was Brigadier. Bring in your sherry with you."

Two wide white doors folding back. A long dining table. A fire bursting with flaming black chunks of coal. Two tall windows. Look out across lawns and gardens. Pebbled paths. A stone wall and beyond the tops of blossoming apple trees. Little blue dishes of salt set in silver holders with birdlike paws.

"Sit you all down."

The General at the head of table, Miriam at the foot. Prawn cocktail and thin slices of brown bread. Faint tinge of green in white wine poured. A leg of steaming lamb carried in by a big chested girl of blue eyes and large pouting lips. The General carves. The whole silent afternoon outside. White plates with thin little weavings of gold handed down the table. Roasted potatoes. And sprouts moist in butter. A claret wine of gentle red.

"Elizabeth you ought to have Balthazar come when we're having ham. We feed our pigs on peaches you know. When you've tasted a chappie so fed. I think you'll agree you never realized what ham could be. What."

"I'd very much like that."

"We leave that then to you, Lizzie. Good larder is a man's salvation. People nowadays don't take any trouble. Not the way we used to. Of course then one gets on. Dashed cold winter, what. One of worst in memory. When you get to my age you feel it you know. Get a bit of damned deafness too, it's the wind.

Gets up a pressure. You take port my boy."

"Yes sir."

"Good show. Got a bit there decanted. Laid down when I was a subaltern. Yes. A man's best years you know are the thirties. Plenty of polo, outdoors, that's the way of life. The end comes at fifty. You know then there's no going back. If you don't go forward you don't go damn anywhere. What. Yes after fifty it's all over, you know."

"O Frederic, really."

"Can't overlook the facts Miriam. A man's a man till fifty. You might stretch it a year this way or that but largely speaking, that's when a man puts away his gun. Takes out his port. Of course a lot of it is in the mind you know. Half the battle is keeping up appearances. And appearances be damned as well. A shrew for its weight is more fierce than a tiger. It will seize upon a worm and devour it in an instant."

"Frederic please, not while we're eating."

"Shrew of course will easily die of shock. Poor little fellows. Now I don't suppose either of you two zoologists knew that one."

"No sir, that's fascinating."

"Eat their own weight in food every three hours."

"Now Frederic that's not a pleasing subject."

"There you are my boy. Get your innings in while you're young. Ladyfolk have you later on you know. Hound you about a bit. O we'll wait till the reincarnation. Hope I get a good regiment. Cat's got your tongue Elizabeth."

"No uncle. I'm just amused as I always am at your chatter."

"O ravings of a poor old soldier. But when I was a boy we had to tow the line. Not like these days. My father lined us up as boys. Hair had to be properly combed. Hands clean both sides. Chores done at six fifteen A.M. None of your nonsense. Walk with a straight back. See your face in the tip of your shoes or my goodness you would soon get what for across your what you sit on. Where did you serve my boy."

"I was a friendly alien sir. French."

"Pity. The discipline, routine. Good for every lad you know. Not to be shunned. Have a good swallow more now of that wine. One of the lingering pleasures. If one leaves out bridge."

"Balthazar, do please say if you would like more lamb."

"Thank you I have had a sufficiency."

"Come come my boy. From my memory of rooms at Trinity it's damn chilly there. A person needs a good Sunday lunch. In my time scholars used to come charging through college on horseback waving sabers apropos of nothing at all. But a deuced good fright thrown into servants and porters. Junior Dean got killed, hit on the head with a grate.

Some rough times indeed. Wasn't safe at night, college bloods armed with daggers. Just a little that was before my time. But the chaps left their mark."

Balthazar B remaining to light a cigar with the General at table. As they sampled port. The ladies lightfooted back to the withdrawing room. And there came the tinkle of the harpsichord. Purple shadows of the evening stretching out across the gardens. An old fading moon blunted in the sky.

"You know my boy, you'll pardon me I'm an interfering old rascal. Meddle in right where I have no business to. But our Elizabeth has taken a great interest in you. Took us long enough to get her to get you here. Fine girl. Miriam and I love having her with us. She has a wonderful nature that girl. How many of your women these days would spend three afternoons and evenings in the poor wards. Not many I can tell you. Yes, go down the aisles of some of them. Only way they know whether a wretched creature is dead is to smell them. Often said it's not the kind of work for a young lady. She won't listen, insists going right on. Can't say she's wrong to go her own way. Some of these people haven't been out of their garments all their lives. Come into hospital, can't get the clothes off them. Here, little more port for you."

"Thank you sir."

"They have to cut the clothes off. Put a sling around them and with a derrick they dip them in a vat. Sometimes the shock's too much. These old creatures get so frightened they die on the spot. Nothing as bad as it was in India but still pretty bad. Prostitutes in off the streets, when they get a cure they stay on as nurses to pay off their debt. You know about Elizabeth's work."

"No sir, I'm afraid I don't."

"O. Perhaps I've breached a confidence. Hope not. Strange girl our Elizabeth. Very rare girl."

"Yes she is sir."

"Looks like her mother. Mother died you know. Burned up in a fire. Quite awful. Elizabeth was only twelve. Poor little creature cried for weeks. We had her here. Beautiful woman her mother. Great horsewoman. Cost her her life. Saving horses in a burning stable. Brave woman. Elizabeth's the same. Well come now, that's been enough of this chitter chatter. Shall we join the ladies. Then we'll take you up. Might spot Mars on the horizon. Give it another hour or so."

Now I walk with her. And touch her hand. As we go about in the district. After lunch and harpsichord. Along Sydney Parade Avenue. To the strand of Dublin Bay. The tide out across the strange gray flatlands and scattering sea birds. We step down the granite steps to the sand. Make footprints there. A gray whiteness across the water to Howth.

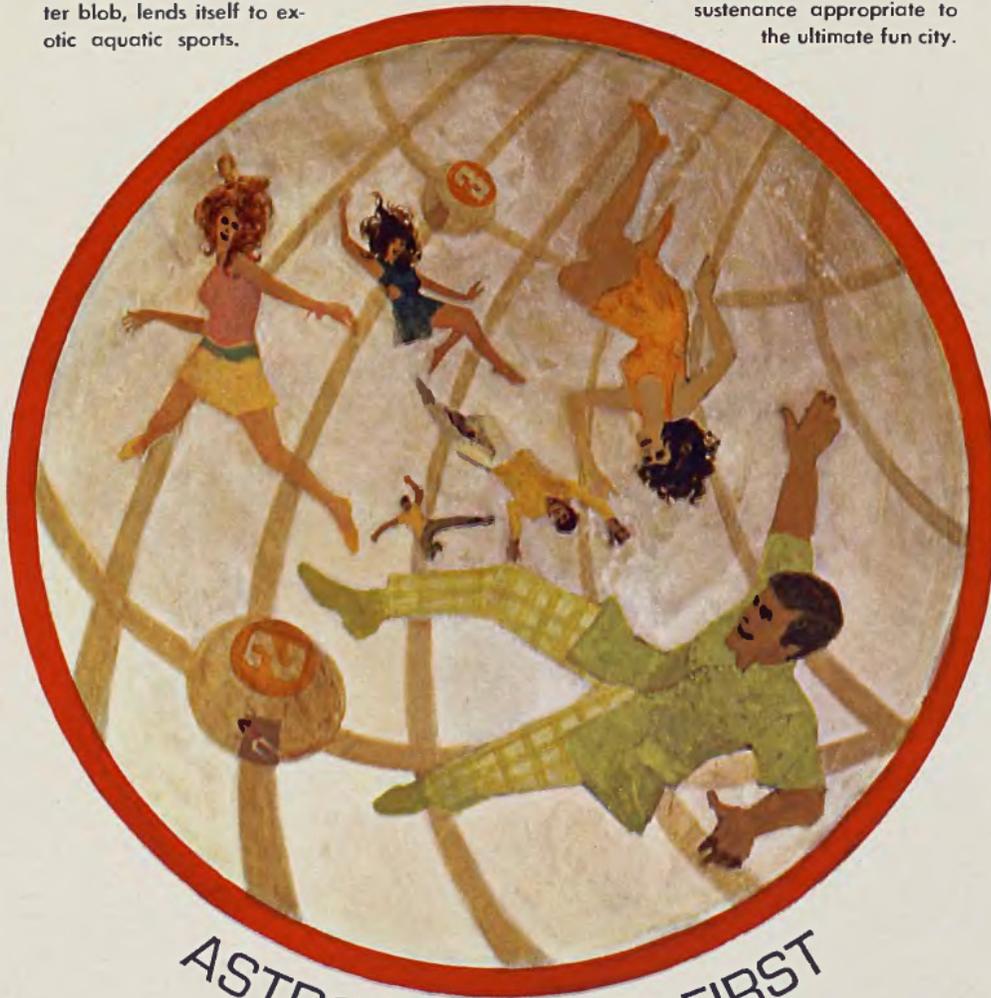
(continued on page 198)



*"I'm probably the first man ever to say this, but
we seem to be out of gas."*

Free-floating out-of-this-world travelers in a Dynarium—one of Astropolis' two giant gravity-free spheres—go through the maxigrations of the latest space dance. The other Dynarium, containing a gigantic water blob, lends itself to exotic aquatic sports.

Astropolis' Dynariums are housed in globes on the vertical axis of the space resort, right. Pointing toward the red Dynarium are the complex 24 hotel towers; its other pods and globes provide all the services and sustenance appropriate to the ultimate fun city.



ASTROPOLIS: THE FIRST SPACE RESORT

*plans for a pleasure paradise
in orbit above the
earth—not fantasy but
a prediction of high probability*

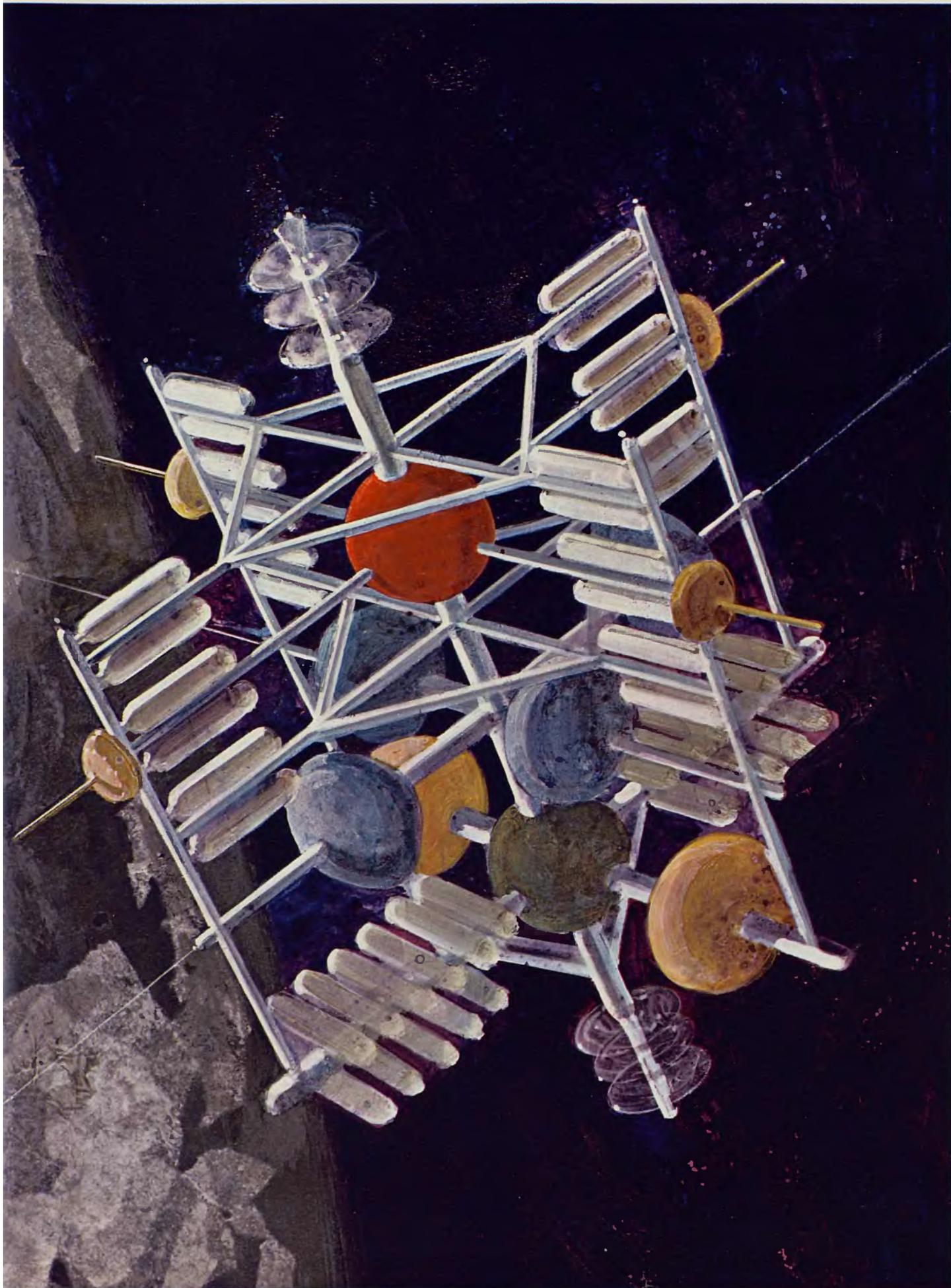
future living By KRAFFT A. EHRICKE

IT'S NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1999, and a cheerful contingent of merrymakers has gathered together to wish one another a happy new century. The scene is rich with the familiar and the traditional—the drinks, the noisemakers, the paper hats, the laughter, the strains of *Auld Lang Syne*—only the locale is new. It's not an urban night club, not a private home, not a resort in Sun Valley or the Bahamas. It's not even on this planet.

It's a vast, variegated paradise, a pleasure palace floating in orbit far above the surface of the Earth. It's a city in itself, a city that looks out upon the stars and, for that reason, is named Astropolis. It is, in fact, the first space resort. Science fiction? Hardly. Rather, the first space resort is a completely attainable extension of the science fact of 1968. It can be realized as soon as the Government decides to employ the benefits of space research for individual pleasure.

Few people today associate space with enjoyment, except the kind derived from accomplishment or scientific research. But our oceans and our





mountains, originally thought of as incompatible with pleasure, are now big business for recreation. We have become enlightened enough to enjoy ourselves almost anywhere on Earth. Our scientific knowledge and control have overcome the adversities of new environments that have challenged us. And now we use them for both practical and recreational purposes. Space need be no exception.

Extraterrestrial tourism will evolve quite naturally in the wake of explorative and applicative astronautics. As Earth's unspoiled natural habitats become fewer—and as the growing number of her children find fewer opportunities for seclusion or adventure—supervacations in Astropolis will offer far-out fulfillment and fun.

As you join your congenial companions on December 31, 1999, in ringing out the old century and ringing in the new, you may fleetingly reflect on the incalculable amounts of time, work, money and planning that went into the making of Astropolis. It took ten years to build, a year to assemble in space and \$100,000,000 in private capital. (The cost may seem small—but it is based on an investment in space as a national resource that, by 1999, will have amounted to over 250 billion dollars. Astropolis is just one of the many returns on this investment in humanity's future.)

Circling Earth in a polar orbit, Astropolis is but 30 minutes from the launching pad via fast passenger rocket transport. Round-trip fare to Astropolis is \$10 per passenger pound. Accommodations there average \$80 per person per day, American plan.

Gigantic by space architectural standards, Astropolis is a self-sustaining, closed-system space city quartering 1000 guests and 100 personnel. It has four 12-story hotels, a varied array of restaurants, clubs and bistros, ballroom, two theaters, a casino and a shopping center. The theaters and casino feature top live entertainment from every country on Earth—jazz combos, symphony orchestras, stand-up comics, Shakespearean repertory—plus first-run films months before their release down home. Astropolis also has two Dynariums—enormous playrooms for sports unknown to the Earthbound.

For \$80 a day, you will hardly want to live on algae and duckweed. The mouth-watering international cuisine is based on plants and livestock raised on board. The menu is varied and entirely Earthly. From the Astropolis farms come the raw materials for everything from *filet mignon* to ice cream, vichyssoise to apple pie, soda pop to vodka (though drinkers will be warned that the lower gravity conditions in orbit will produce tipsiness much more quickly than on Earth). The hydroponic farms boast a dazzling variety of plants. These fruits, vegetables and their derivatives are raised

for the consumption of both the human and the animal populations. The animal farms—stocked with the most perfectly developed animals science can breed—provide the choicest poultry, pork and beef. All of these, in their various forms, are destined for the tempting hotel and restaurant menus. But nothing is wasted in Astropolis—not even waste. Residual matter (bones, skin, innards, shells, etc.) is finely ground, chemically processed and fed into the hydroponic farms with other transmuted waste materials, to serve as nutrient, thus coming full circle in this closed-cycle ecology.

The sanitation system and the menu of self-sustaining Astropolis are based on the use—reprocess—re-use cycle. The entire system is powered by electricity from nuclear reactors, monitored by sensors at all levels, controlled by computers and supervised by highly skilled personnel.

Grade-one (drinking) water is of the highest purity. Grade-two water, still bacteriologically pure, is used for washing, cleaning, cooling and for animal consumption. Grade-three water is used in the hydroponic farming. The air in Astropolis closely resembles the oxygen-nitrogen atmosphere we breathe on Earth—but it is purer. The ecological air-cycle system removes poisonous gases, humidity and pollutant particles. Air pressures compare with those in a 1968 jet liner flying at 6000 feet.

Fully supplied and occupied, Astropolis would weigh about 2,200,000 pounds on Earth. Its facilities are mounted on a 1200-foot-long central axis and four 600-foot extensions. The entire complex spins around its central axis at about two revolutions per minute, for precise gravity control. Vacationers come and go through docking facilities at the outer ends of the spin axis. Entering through the hollow central axis, they reach their staterooms by turning into one of four wings.

Each hotel complex comprises six 12-story cylinders. Each floor has a 12-foot-high ceiling and an inner diameter of 30 feet. Complete floors are available as four-bed suites; others are halved into two-bed rooms. Staterooms combine the usual terrestrial conveniences—music, television, custom air conditioning—with those peculiar to an orbiting space resort. Gravity levels vary from .5 *g*—*g* being the force of surface gravity on Earth—on the first floor (which is closest to the spin axis) to .7 *g* on the 12th. On special observation screens, you can watch the action in the Dynariums or switch to views of Earth at a variety of magnifications. Via synchronous-orbit switchboards, you can videophone Earth or even chat with an intrepid crony on the moon.

The most relaxing effect of an orbital vacation lies in the removal and/or reduction of that constant stress upon the

body and heart: the force of gravity, from which there is little escape on Earth. Depending upon where you are in Astropolis, the artificial gravity climate varies from 0 to .8 *g*; the farther from the center, the higher the *g* level. It follows that there is a scintillating spectrum of physical things you can do, ranging from innovative fun and games to weightless rock 'n' roll. The wildest dance on Earth is a drag compared with three-dimensional dancing on the ceiling and the walls, or gyrations in the space between.

If weightless dancing isn't paradise enow, you can work out in a Dynarium. Astropolis has two—each combining space environmental effects that permit many activities that are impossible to duplicate on Earth. In one Dynarium—a zero-gravity, 200-foot-diameter sphere—you are dwarfed in what may be likened to a three-dimensional swimming pool filled with air instead of water. Its low-pressure oxygen-nitrogen atmosphere provides a swimsuit environment. Here, you can dart from padded wall to padded wall; or you can float, tumble and roll with the circulating air currents. To those who enjoy weightlessness, the Dynarium is as irresistible as the breakers are to the surfer, the dizzying precipices to the mountain climber, breakneck speed to the race driver, air currents to the glider pilot and great heights to the sky diver. Forgetting the difference in dimensions for a moment, imagine yourself jumping from the top of the Empire State Building to the top of the Chrysler Building. Next you aim yourself at a small target—a window on the ninth floor of the General Dynamics building—and land softly on the glass. Now you decide to get artistic. You descend to the 45th Street floor, jump over to the United Nations Building, rebound and land back on top of the Empire State Building. Superman and the Flying Nun have nothing on you.

The other Dynarium contains a large sphere of water within its Teflon-lined walls: the Null-Gravity Aqua Pool. Because water will not cling to Teflon, under zero-*g* conditions the water assumes a free-floating, spherical shape. You can hurl yourself from a wall, approach the water globule at high speed and dive through it without completely breaking it up. The splash effect upon impact and egress causes small quantities of water to split off, forming a cluster of spherical "satellites." The swarm of bubbles finally forms into a single sphere, which you can bat around or push back into the main water globule. You can swim around inside the globule or approach it slowly, cause a shallow depression upon its surface with your body and just float there.

Other air-filled enclosures at moderate *g* levels reduce your weight to one sixth
(concluded on page 222)

THEATER OF THE NUDES

BY HOWARD JUNKER

*eclipsing even hollywood,
the new york stage is taking
it off—taking it all
off—and the reactions range
from outrage to accolades*

THE THEATER, in case you haven't noticed, has stripped for action. The nude revolution is under way. It comes long after the movies discovered the naked body, long after high fashion gave the see-through go-ahead and long after topless restaurants became historical curiosities. And it comes just when the theater seemed to be dead, killed by its own stuffiness. But at least—and at last—it's here. The taboos about bare breasts, bare buttocks and even exposed genitals have been broken. Skin can now be employed as a costume—and that's healthy.

So far, the experiments have been timid and tentative. Nudity on the legitimate stage is still a special issue, too "shocking" to be accepted in the normal course of a play. And its possibilities have been investigated by as many fakers and exploiters as true artists.

When a rather mature schoolgirl strips to the waist in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, she keeps her back to the audience. She is posing for her lover, an artist. But for her to turn completely toward the audience, says producer Robert Whitehead, might "detract from the continuity of the play." That sounds reasonable; but the day is coming when Broadway will be able to watch a girl undress without losing complete track of the story.

There's a good joke about audience expectation in Bruce Jay Friedman's black comedy *Scuba Duba*. Instead of having a pneumatic beauty show her topless charms, there's a droopy matron who flops her pendulous bare breasts about. The sight is disgusting, but it's a brilliant parody of titillation. Here, again, someday no one will be disappointed if it's only the ugly actress who undresses.

Both the beautiful and the ugly hip-



pies take it all off in "The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical," *Hair*. That's a revelation and a joy. The kids do it and they seem to be having fun. But then they just stand there. And somehow, it would be better if they danced or made love, although the revolution may not be ready for that much activity—yet.

While Broadway has stopped at variations on the striptease, the avant-garde has pushed beyond skin-deep realism. Theatrical lovemaking has become incredibly explicit. In Rochelle Owens' *Futz!*, a tragicomedy about a farmer who loves his pig, director Tom O'Horgan has his actors go through extremely raw, though symbolic, burlesques of oral, anal and genital intercourse.

In several other recent productions, there are direct physical confrontations between the actors and the audience it-

self. In *The Concept*, a psychodrama presented by former addicts, actors come up to you and ask, "Will you love me?" And you're expected to stand up and return a hug. It's frightening and a strain, but it's real.

In Richard Schechner's total-theater bacchanal, *Dionysus in 69*, you're invited to dance with the cast in a *discothèque*-inspired revel. Better yet, when the freak-out really gets going, if you're lucky, you're invited out into the playing area, where seminude actors ease you to the floor and fondle, kiss and caress you. Said one critic: "The . . . actors' involvement with the spectators has so intensified that one fully expects to get laid during the next evening at the theater."

But don't hold your breath. The legitimate theater will never become that permissive. On the other hand, at some of her recent Happenings, Yayoi Kusama, a Japanese avant-gardist now working in New York, has begged the audience to join in a love-in that means what it says. Nobody has yet, but Kusama keeps hoping. Lately she has been conducting naked guerrilla raids on such landmarks as the Statue of Liberty, Wall Street and Central Park. Acting fast to avoid the cops, Kusama's boys and girls throw off their clothes and paint themselves with polka dots. After the polka-dot painting, everyone dances to the rhythm of African drums. The tourists take pictures and the lookouts keep watch for the police. By the time the cops *do* come, hopefully, everyone is dressed—and gone.

Obviously, part of Kusama's thrill is her narrow escape from the forces of "decency." One of her Happenings last winter—a naked "crucifixion" with two youngmen (text continued on page 104)

HAIR

At the be-in that ends act one of Broadway's "American Tribal Love-Rock Musical," part of the young, exuberant cast emerges topless (and bottomless) from beneath a billowing, psychedelically lighted communal sheet. Unabashedly confronting the audience, from left to right, are Steve Curry, Emmaretta Marks, Hiram Keller, Sally Eaton (also in close-up), Steve Gamet and Melba Moore. Director Tom O'Horgan believes in "putting emphasis on the emotional, sensuous element in life. I've been to be-ins where the kids have thrown off their clothes because they felt that way—they just wanted to break that barrier. We couldn't cast professionals who aren't part of this scene; it wouldn't work." These kids fit the part—to a hair.



FUTZ!

O'Horgan also staged (and wrote the music for) this off-Broadway play performed by the off-off-Broadway La Mama Troupe about a rube named Cyrus Futz, who's in love with his saw. The pig is never seen, but little else is left to the audience's imagination. Seth Allen—wha won last year's best-actor Obie award for this performance (and wha doubles as stand-by for the lead actor in *Hair*)—defltly portrays Oscar Loop, a neighboring yokel whose exposure to the animal lover provokes him to the point of committing rape and murder. In jail, where he awaits hanging for his crimes, Loop is visited by his mother (Marilyn Roberts) and regresses to a graphic suckling state in a scene with religious as well as erotic avertanes.



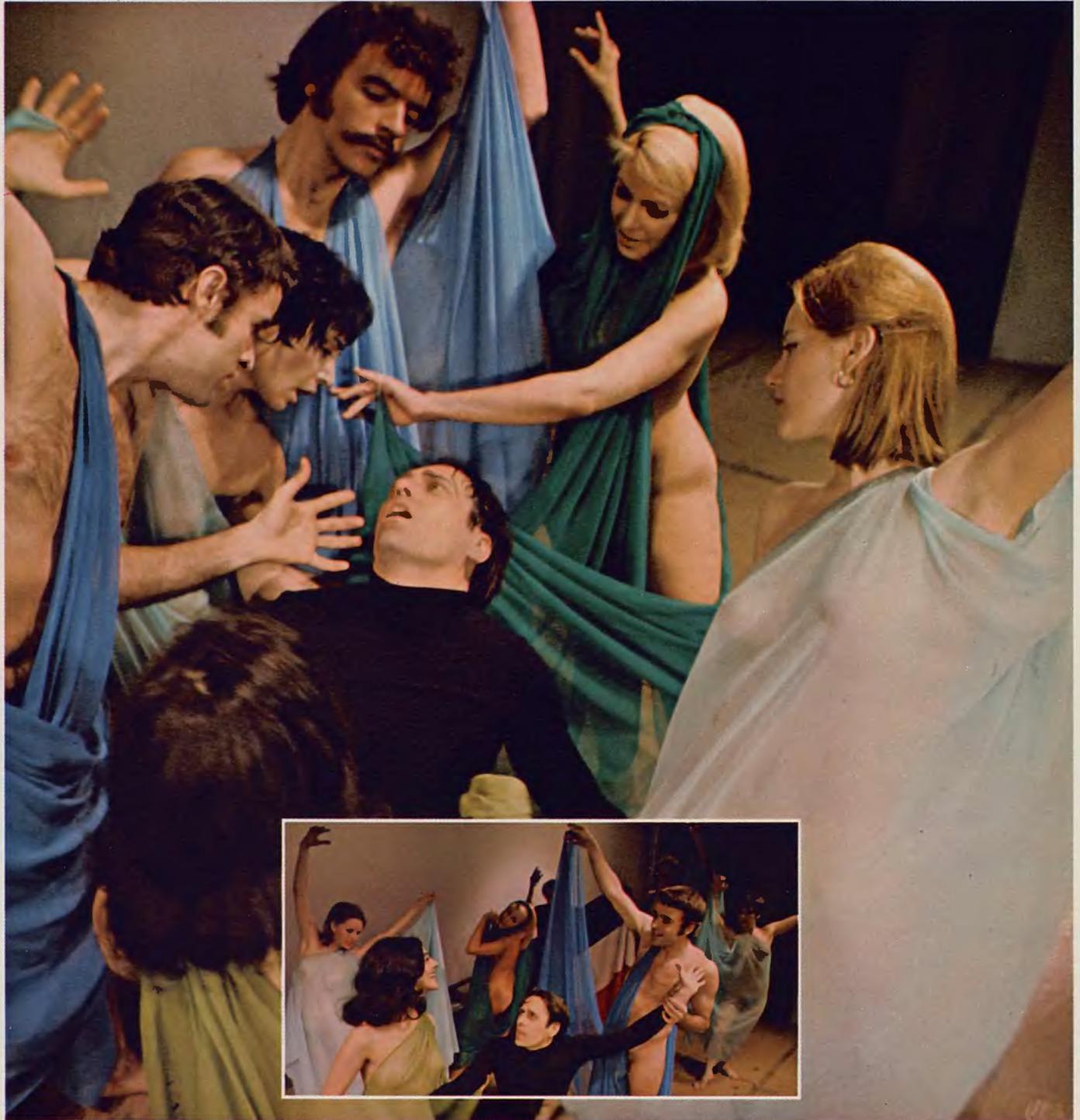
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE

The lady of the title is a Scottish schoolmistress of middle years and enlightened views, fanatically dedicated to her pubescent girls and they to her. Passing her prime unmarried (because of her fiancé's death in World War One), she vicariously intends to make surrogates of her favorite pupils—the girls who constitute "the Brodie set." Using her credo of "stimulate, enliven and uplift," she urges one of them (Amy Taubin) to become the mistress of the married-but-philandering art teacher (Roy Cooper) she really loves herself. A lyrically sensuous scene in which the artist paints the girl is considerably more demure than these pictures indicate; on stage, unfortunately, it is only Miss Taubin's back that the audience sees.



Tom Paine

Another O'Horgan hit, *Tom Paine* portrays its hero not only as a revolutionary pamphleteer but also as a wretched alcoholic finally destroyed by the Americans he helped free. The most memorable scene shows Paine (Rob Thirkield), drunk in a tavern, hallucinating a group of diaphanously draped tormentors who swirl about him in what O'Horgan calls "a Blake-like vision of innocence." Surrounding Paine, clockwise from bottom, are Marcia Haufrecht, Gary Britton, Adriana Hines, Spalding Gray, Lucy Silvay and Barbara Press. "I think of my work," says O'Horgan, "as kinetic sculpture. The stage needs to be expanded—rigid conceptions broken, a little blood allowed to flow through." That makes *Common Sense*.



making love beneath the cross—was raided by a black policeman. He was, of course, an actor. But *Hair's* nude scene is also "raided." The current nude fad still depends on our desire to do—or view—the supposedly forbidden.

Some laws governing exposure, obscenity and permissible public acts are still on the books. But in New York, as of this writing, there hasn't been a bust, you'll pardon the expression, since Charlotte Moorman was arrested for playing a cello topless. For one number, she even attached battery-operated toy propellers to her breasts. That was too much for criminal-court judge Milton Shalleck. In his now-famous decision, he said he doubted that "Pablo Casals would have become as great if he had performed nude from the waist down."

Topless and bottomless is the way the San Francisco rock band The Allmen Joy played recently at the hippie culture palace the Straight Theater. The Joy were part of an all-singing, all-dancing group grope titled *Carnival and Resurrection of the Blind God Orpheus Under the Tower in the Place of Lost Souls*. Scripted by Monte Pike, *Carnival* was a tedious evening of slack-jawed social protest, until the very last moment. Then the Joy, urging everyone "to be free," flung off their clothes. The 26-man cast started walloping one another and the audience with pillows. And finally, 50 brave souls from the audience joined the melee.

It was one of Broadway's leading playwrights, Robert (Tea and Sympathy) Anderson, who first satirized the fad of theatrical exposure. Well before critics remarked on "the now-obligatory flash of nudity," Anderson wrote a mini-spoof of the "pleasurable shock of recognition" as the first sketch in *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running*. Way back in early 1967, Anderson portrayed an earnest, middle-aged playwright asking his producer about the chances of showing a 43-year-old husband walking, naked, from his bathroom into his own bedroom. When he got there, he would tell his chattering wife, "You know I can't hear you when. . ."

The big question the playwright had for the producer was: "Why in hell should we in the theater be so far behind the times?" The producer declared that he knew what had been happening in movies and novels. But he also knew what would happen in the theater: They'd all be put in jail; the audience would walk out; no actor who ever hoped to play *Hamlet* would even audition; ultimately, there would be a demand for onstage sexual intercourse. "No," countered the reality-starved playwright, "the next thing I want to show is the agony of a guy on a hot date running a race with his bladder."

There are some real-life situations, Anderson was saying, that don't make

good theater. But what is "good theater"? Anderson takes a conservative view. He feels that the rebels who have been exploiting nudity and audience participation have simply "thrown a pot of red paint over everything. They've used up valuable areas of experience and cheapened them." For Anderson, the theater is a place where the playwright tries to "say something." Essentially, he uses words, and the best way for the audience to tune in is to sit back in a darkened theater and listen.

The radical dramatists and directors who are creating what's now called the New Theater couldn't disagree more. They don't want the audience sitting safely in the dark. They want to knock down the barrier between art and life and make the audience part of the action. Drama will then become a tribal ritual, where everybody is involved and the sound and fury is all around.

Nudity is part of that revolution. It stands for freedom, for shedding old taboos, for throwing off the up-tight conventions of the older generation. Nudity is the way to be open and honest. It means bare facts and true emotions. For actors, trained to hide behind their roles, nudity can be a challenge. Actors have to work free of their own inhibitions in order to peel before an audience. Perhaps this kind of liberation will work for the audience, too. Instead of hiding behind conventional responses, it will come alive, jolted by the confrontation of naked self with naked self.

. . .

Nobody has jolted theatergoers as electrically as has director Tom O'Horgan. A veteran of the off-off-Broadway La Mama Troupe, O'Horgan broke through last season with three award-winning shows: *Hair*, *Futz!* and *Tom Paine*.

The nude scene in *Hair* became the classic, mainly because it was the first time Broadway had ever seen beautiful young hippies—or any actors, for that matter—stark, raving naked. According to the script, the scene was a be-in at the end of the first act. And according to O'Horgan, be-ins are events where stripping comes naturally. So he had his hippies clamber out of their beads and clothes under a gauzy drape, then pop up through coy little holes to face the audience full front. The lighting is dim, not for modesty's sake but so an overhead projector can bathe the hippies with images of flowers. And because the scene is dark, some onlookers miss the nudity altogether. Others snap away with their cameras.

O'Horgan decorates *Tom Paine*, Paul Foster's story of the American Revolution's great pamphleteer, with rollicking songs, acrobatics and strange musical instruments. He even has the actors improvise a debate with the audience. Then there is a nude scene, a dream sequence fashioned after a William Blake

water color. (Blake was a friend of Paine's.) O'Horgan found that covering the actors with opaque black drapes looked "heavy and weird," so he stripped the cast, then clad them in diaphanous chiffon veils. Thus, the boys and girls swirl around the sleeping Paine, their bodies fully visible beneath their flowing robes. Besides this ferocious sexual nightmare, there's another, seldom-reported nude scene in *Tom Paine*. To emphasize a moment of "cannibalistic horror," O'Horgan has "freshly killed" soldiers, their pants pulled down, their shirts pulled up, strapped to poles and paraded across stage. Here, exposure is meant to be brutal, not seductive.

In *Futz!*, O'Horgan uses nudity for quick shock. A mother visits her son in jail, where he awaits hanging as a rapist-murderer. To comfort him, she bares her breasts and—depending on the actress playing the role—suckles him or merely folds his head within her dress. Overtones of Madonna and child. But O'Horgan is after high parody, not pathos. So he quickly shapes the mother and son into a Renaissance *Pietà*, then exaggerates their sexual intimacy by having the mother stick her leg down her son's shirt. Then he sticks his head up her skirt. And, in a final triumph of impudence, he asks, "Why couldn't I have been my own father?" For an answer, she slaps him.

This kind of bitter buffoonery could hardly be misread as "commercial exploitation." But the box-office potential of nudity has not been lost on producers. (*Hair's* producer, Michael Butler, has pegged a dozen of his seats at an awesome, record-breaking \$50.) But precisely because nudity is so fashionable, some producers will have none of it. David Merrick has "absolutely, unequivocally" no plans for nude scenes in any of his productions. His complacent reasoning: "If you can sing *Stormy Weather*, you don't need to take off your clothes."

Off-off-Broadway playwright-producer Ed Wode admits he "took a chance with nudity out of desperation, in order to get publicity for the little theater I started." Wode's farce about liberals and racism, *Christmas Turkey*, put a totally nude chick on a tabletop platter. She never moved and seldom said anything. But she was pretty and naked. And the play ran a respectable 14 weeks.

With this success behind him, Wode returned to the classics, booking plays by Strindberg, Garcia Lorca and Brecht. Then he came back with another creation, *The Fall of Atlantis*, which features another total nude. She's a daughter of Aphrodite, and she moves around and suggests intercourse with a parrot man. "I was tempted to present the real thing," says Wode, who claims to have had two willing actors. "But I'm not out to be

(concluded on page 197)



"I've a good mind to dress like that myself sometime, and when they come falling all over me, I'll cut them dead."



skiing: from A to V

*aspen and vail offer superb runs,
luxe digs and jet-set après-ski*

travel **By Len Deighton**

ASPEN, the silver town, 1893. It had ten churches, three banks, three schools, a hospital, a courthouse, a hotel with electricity and a population of nearly 12,000. They wrenched the silver out of the mountain by the ton and the mines had names like Smuggler and the Mollie Gibson. One day in 1894, they found a single nugget that was so big it had to be chopped down to 1840 pounds before it could be dragged up the mine shaft. They said at the assay office it was 93 percent pure; but by then, nobody was interested in big nuggets and the news



caused hardly a ripple. By 1895, the silver bonanza was all over.

The Federal Government had opted for the gold standard and Aspen, a town built literally on top of a fabulous fortune, found itself bankrupt and apparently doomed. The miners fled to the gold camps, the girls from Hunter and Spring streets followed, and the mine shafts slowly filled with water. All that was left to mark Aspen's brief romance with prosperity and a braver age was the name of the river that skirted the town to the north, the Roaring Fork. That and the massive silence of the surrounding mountains.

It took the Second World War to revive Aspen. The Tenth Division Mountain Infantry went into training at Camp Hale and the instructors who toiled up the liftless slopes took one look at the terrain and decreed the new boom—skiing. Two years after the War was over, another land rush was launched in Aspen; and if it lacked some of the color of the old silver days, it was no less frenzied. Abandoned mining properties that had a year earlier changed hands for \$100 now became unobtainable at almost any price, while deserted houses whose Victorian parlors had been used as playgrounds by the town's children were quickly snapped up by the new wave of eager prospectors.

There was also a culture boom in Aspen. It was begun by the late Walter Paepcke, chairman of the board of Container Corporation of America, who thought the town was a perfect summer setting for cultural festivals. Albert Schweitzer left his jungle mission to deliver a lecture in the former mining town and José Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish philosopher, made his first journey out of Spain to deliver another. Great symphony orchestras performed, the restored opera house rang to Wagnerian renditions by Traubel and Melchior, and a host of intellectuals and artists gathered from all corners of the globe for the annual seminars at the newly created Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies.

In the winter of 1950, Aspen was chosen for the site of the World Ski Championships, by which time the town's future was finally settled. A coma that had lasted half a century was over.

Aspen today is one of the largest and most famous ski resorts in the world (as well as being a warm-weather mecca for intellectuals and artists in residence and out). In Colorado, it's the oldest and biggest. It has four mountains, miles of forested trails and open slopes, and seven chair lifts capable of moving 5500 skiers every hour.

There are really four ski areas in Greater Aspen—Buttermilk, Snowmass, Aspen Highlands and Aspen itself. Shuttle buses connect them and tickets for lifts and instruction are interchangeable.

Each mountain in the region offers

different challenges—beginners and intermediates at Buttermilk, novices and experts at Aspen Highlands and a mixture of all classes at Aspen and Snowmass.

Most people stay in Aspen because it's the only genuine town in the area and it's where the action is found after dark. The Highlands and Buttermilk, though excellent for skiing, are not self-sufficient resorts, although accommodations are available at the Highlands and both have restaurants. After Aspen, the Highlands is the most popular of the four. Swiss-born Fred Iselin, one of Aspen's earliest pioneers, opened the town's first ski school in 1947, and today runs an excellent 80-instructor ski clinic in the Highlands. Co-author (along with PLAYBOY Editorial Director A. C. Spector) of *Invitation to Modern Skiing*, Iselin has taught his international ski technique to such pupils as Leonard Bernstein, William Wyler and Kim Novak. Knowledgeable male visitors make a point of skiing all four areas, because it's in the cafés at the bases of the mountains and on the slopes that people meet to make plans for the evening. In fact, many of the skiers who are lifted to the halfway stops spend the entire day on the sun deck, taking in the view and the abundant talent, and donning their skis only to descend at day's end.

Snowmass is a full-time resort with inns, condominium apartments, restaurants, night clubs, a theater-banquet hall, shops and all the usual resort fittings, including a school run by the famous Stein Eriksen. It's about ten miles from the town of Aspen, much of the distance on a loose-dirt road that will have been paved by the time you read this.

The quickest way to all four areas is by Aspen Airlines, which operates direct flights from Denver. They give you a low-level and breath-taking view of the Rockies and if the ride is bumpy, as it often is, it doesn't last too long. The season runs from late fall to the end of April, by which time the aspens that gave the town its name have their spring patina of fine dust that is kicked up by every passing vehicle on the thawing streets.

There's nothing sedate or delicate about the new Aspen in midwinter, the height of the ski season. If it is a town that came back from the dead, it doesn't show it. Three-point-two beer, the legal maximum for under-21s but over-18s in Colorado, flows like the spillover from a giant dam: The 80-odd hotels are filled to capacity, as are the 40 or so restaurants. And the dozen night clubs are choked with customers whose bleary sun-scorched faces will be seen early the next morning hanging over endless cups of strong black coffee in the cafés at the bases of the slopes.

The majority of visitors seem to be

young and single, though at the town's heady altitude of just under 8000 feet (more than 11,000 at the summit), few who arrive unattached spend very long in that state. Indeed, Aspen is perhaps the most popular winter resort in North America with college-age visitors of both sexes—many of whom take part-time jobs for the season—and with the under-30s.

An influx of hippies, if that word still has any meaning, has, inevitably, angered and disturbed the town's conservative element, which is solidly entrenched in the local tourist industry. One renowned Aspen magistrate, a restaurant owner whose Tyrolean steakhouse bears a sign prohibiting long-haired customers, is reputed to impose excessive penalties on shaggy defendants who appear in his courtroom, a frequent occurrence in a town that many people feel is overly policed. A petition was circulated earlier this year for the removal of the magistrate and though it was signed by many of the prominent liberals in town, it was rejected by the town council. Aspenites recall with considerable delight that the Federal Bureau of Investigation caught up with one of its ten-most-wanted men not too long ago—he was employed as a chef's helper in the kitchen of the magistrate's restaurant.

Aspen in the winter is a one-industry town—tourism. People go there to ski and sometimes to skate or take a ride on a dog sled; and when they're not doing any of these, they're eating in one of the town's many excellent restaurants, dancing or being entertained at the clubs and bars or just partying in another visitor's digs. A large contingent of regulars owns its own homes or condominiums, but most of the people who go to Aspen don't get invited to the private affairs, which means they remain tourists and which also means they get no chance to take part, even for a short time, in the established social life of the town itself.

This, of course, is true of any large resort; but in Aspen, the sense of being a transient stranger is heightened by the natural difficulties of the terrain and the hazards of the climate. After a heavy snowfall, the smaller roads are blocked. Should you feel like exploring some of the nearby ghost towns, such as Ashcroft, Independence or Ruby, you can't. What you can do, however, if you're looking for respite from the slopes or from the clattering of beer mugs, is explore what little is left of the old Aspen—the Victorian houses that were built to last forever, the ruins of the mining equipment that lies by the river (there's supposed to be an old locomotive somewhere behind the courthouse, but I couldn't find it)—and play the popular tourist game of searching for the bullet

(continued on page 212)

COLORLESS IN LIMESTONE CAVERNS

*like those blind fish from
the depths of the earth,
the scientist's mind floated
in submarine darkness*

fiction By ALLAN SEAGER

THE METAL TANK containing Reinhart's fish occasioned no excitement when it arrived. Why should it have? From the same truck appeared a crate containing a magnificent puma, somewhat gaunt, rendered languid by the tranquilizers the shipper had injected, and a plywood box full of air holes, holding six pungent skunks. Such shipments were routine and the lab helpers—morose, giggling men from the university maintenance department—were used to handling them.

But if Reinhart had known just which truck it would be and exactly the time it would appear, he would have been glad to drive his new car out to meet it on the superhighway and escort his fish into town and supervise their safe stowage in the laboratory. He was terribly excited. However, he knew that the dignity of his new estate forbade such patent eagerness. He had only this term proceeded to associate professor (hence the car supplanting a bicycle) and he would have to restrain himself and take the notification of his fishes' arrival through the proper channel, a bill of lading in his mailbox.

The lemurs had gotten him tenure, tenure at 29. ("*Fabelhaft*," his mother had said.) He had taken six of them, frightened them by banging on iron bars, touching off a pistol full of blanks and playing records of horn music and train wrecks, and noted their reactions with the patience of a Chinaman. Then he had removed the frontal lobes of their brains. When they had recovered, he frightened them again. Deprived of their frontal lobes, the monkeys behaved differently. From this elegant experiment, Reinhart had drawn enough useful conclusions to make up six papers for the learned (continued on page 114)

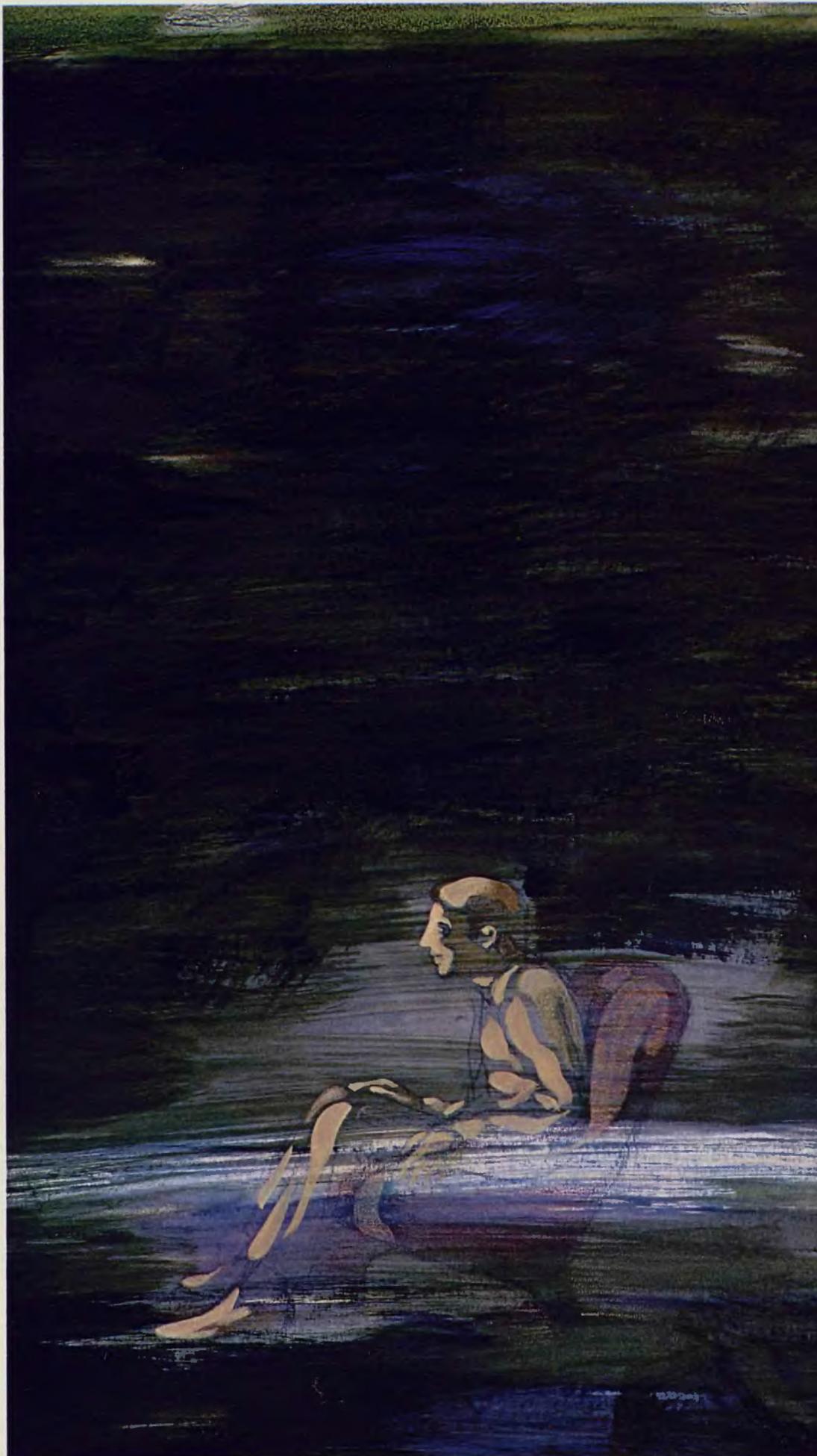


ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR PAUL

**PSYCHOCHEMISTRY:
PERSONALITY
BY PRESCRIPTION**



today's drugs can turn you on or off, bend your mind and alter your perception, but tomorrow's will do everything from curtailing your need for sleep to boosting your intellect and even reshaping your psyche

article By ERNEST HAVEMANN AS ANYONE can plainly see, this is one of mankind's strangest eras. On the one hand, all is pessimism: The world is plagued by violence, starvation, overpopulation and alienation. Yet never have so many well-informed men been so rosily optimistic: There is a strong school of thought holding that all our problems are basically chemical and will soon yield to solution as readily as the question of what happens when two atoms of hydrogen join with an atom of oxygen. (In case you have forgotten, $H_2 + O = H_2O$; namely, water. As simple as all that.)

It is typical of our era that Dr. Glenn Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, should have taken time out from worrying about the atom to tell an audience of women, not entirely in jest, that they will soon have a marvelous "antigrouch pill" to sweeten the dispositions of their menfolk. (Presumably, it could be slipped into the unsuspecting male's morning coffee, like a lump of sugar, to turn him from terrible tiger to purring kitten.)

It is also typical that two other respected thinkers, one a scientist and one an author, should have placed the rather humorous-sounding antigrouch pill on a serious global basis. The scientist, Dr. Heinz Lehmann of Canada's McGill University, has predicted an "antiaggression drug" that will overcome what seem up to now to be the natural human tendencies to pick quarrels and to make war. The author, Arthur Koestler, claims in his *The Ghost in the Machine* that most of man's troubles are caused by a conflict between his "old brain," which controls his emotions, and his "new brain," which determines his thoughts; this gap will eventually be bridged by a drug that will give us all a "coordinated, harmonious state of mind," making us far too contented to fret or to fight.

There are also respected researchers on record as believing that man will soon have drugs that will cure his major mental disturbances, eliminate his fears and anxieties, keep him fat or lean at will, let him decide for himself how long, if at all, he cares to sleep, make him much smarter than ever before and even permit him to live longer. You name it and there is somebody—not a wild-eyed visionary but a sane and skeptical scientist—who believes it is just around the corner.

Are we really on the verge of a chemical breakthrough in the control of human personality?

If you were a psychiatrist at a mental hospital, you would have to think so. You might be inclined to say, indeed, that the breakthrough has already been made. What has happened in the mental hospitals has taken place so rapidly and spectacularly that the events have outsped communications; they constitute one of the great untold and unappreciated stories of our time. Few people know about it except the veteran staff members who worked in the hospitals in the old days—meaning before about 1955—and who work there yet.

In the mid-Fifties, there were 560,000 patients in mental hospitals and the figure was rising by 12,000 a year. For all practical purposes, the hospitals might have borne the same legend that Dante said was inscribed on the gates of hell, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Some of the patients were in strait jackets, lest they kill one another or the guards. Some of them were in wet packs—wrapped in wet sheets in a bathtub—in an attempt to cool them down. The wards were full of men and women tearing out their hair, cursing, using the floors for toilets. Even the calmest of the patients were terrified of the future. The staffs were overworked and frustrated; there was time only to guard the overcrowded buildings and prevent trouble, no time at all to practice the intensive psychotherapy that was then considered the only possible glimmer of chance

for improvement. Everybody knew that the very atmosphere of a mental hospital was enough to drive a normal man crazy, that almost nobody could be expected to recover there; yet for the hopelessly disturbed patients of the day, there was no alternative.

Into this dismal picture, one day, there suddenly dropped the first of the chemical weapons against mental disease—two tranquilizers discovered at almost the same instant, chlorpromazine and reserpine. Physicians gave one or the other to their most difficult patients and sat back in utter disbelief. Dr. Nathan S. Kline, the veteran research director of New York's Rockland State Hospital, still displays the excitement of the successful explorer when he recalls what happened: "We knew the minute we tried the drugs that this was it. We knew it not after the first one hundred patients, not after the first fifty, but after the first six."

Today, of course, there are many tranquilizers, all of which have a remarkably benign effect on the schizophrenic patients who have the world's most crippling psychosis. There are also drugs to combat the symptoms of depression, another common psychosis, as well as the symptoms of the manic state that often alternates with depression. The atmosphere in the mental hospitals has totally changed. They are less crowded now—425,000 patients instead of 560,000. The patients are far less destructive, far less terrified, far more "normal" in their behavior. The staffs have more time to treat the patients, with individual or group psychotherapy as well as medicine. And patients do recover; more than twice as many as before go back to rejoin their families and to work at jobs, like anybody else. In human terms, the improvement is nothing short of magnificent. Even in cold financial terms, the drugs to control mental disturbances have been of astounding value. Dr. Kline estimates that they have saved the U.S. some 20 billion dollars in the cost of new buildings and beds and continuing care that would otherwise have had to be provided for the mentally disturbed.

All this, in the almost unanimous opinion of the researchers, is only the beginning. It is a cliché in psychiatric circles to say that the present mind drugs do not cure mental disturbance but only relieve the symptoms, thus enabling the patient to live a more normal life and sometimes making him amenable to the talking-out benefits of intensive psychotherapy that may get at the roots of his conflicts. That is to say, most psychiatrists and psychologists and almost all psychoanalysts continue to believe that mental disturbances are usually functional—caused by some kind of disturbance in personality dynamics—rather than due to physical causes. Yet even the functional theorists tend to believe that better drugs are on the way. Dr. Sherwyn Woods, director of graduate education in psychiatry at the University of Southern California, is, for example, one of those who believe that the basic cause of schizophrenia lies in functional problems in thinking and human relations. Yet Dr. Woods also believes that the functional problems lead to or are associated with biochemical disturbances that determine the symptoms of schizophrenia, and he believes that even the most stubborn symptoms will mostly prove treatable with new drugs. "Within twenty years," he says, "we should have chemicals that are effective in controlling hallucinations and delusions and making patients far more comfortable than they are even today."

Even more optimistic are those psychiatrists who, impressed by the success of the tranquilizers and antidepressants, are beginning to think that all serious mental disturbance is basically biochemical in nature, some kind of abnormal bodily chemistry that poisons the brain and makes it act in strange and unfortunate ways. Dr. Kline, for example, says flatly,

"I think schizophrenia is probably an organic disorder, and I'm almost sure that 80 percent of depressions are organic." In his private practice, Dr. Kline relies strictly on medications and no longer practices any psychotherapy at all. ("Some of my patients," he concedes, "seem to be disappointed that I don't ask them about their sex lives and masturbation and sibling rivalry and all that; I guess I lose some of them that way.") And Dr. Kline is one of those who forecast that new medicines will prevent even that currently hopeless form of psychosis caused by damage to the brain due to senility. ("The trouble with the human brain," he says, "is that it's grown too big for the human skull; it doesn't get enough blood supply, especially as we get older. But someday we'll find a new way of nourishing it and keeping its cells from dying off.")

If all psychoses are organic, then all of them theoretically can be cured—or at least controlled, completely and permanently, like diabetes—with the right kind of medicine. Indeed, a situation might arise similar to one of the present ironies in physical medicine. Nowadays, it is almost better to have pneumonia, which can easily be cured with antibiotics, than a common cold, for which no cure exists. Someday it may be better to have a major psychosis, curable with some specific drug of the future, than to have one of the minor psychoneurotic disorders, such as an anxiety state or a sexual obsession, which even Dr. Kline and his fellow theorists consider to be functional in origin and treatable only with psychotherapy.

What is the layman to think about the argument of functional versus organic? Until recently, the functional viewpoint had all the better of it; all attempts to find a physical basis ended in either failure or controversy. Now, however, the scales may be tipping; there is strong new evidence that any one of several physical abnormalities may be associated with schizophrenia. One of them concerns a part of the blood plasma known as alpha-2-globulin. This substance is present in everybody's blood stream; but in the blood of schizophrenics, it has been found in amounts far above normal. The finding is particularly impressive because it was made independently by three research laboratories, two in the United States and one in the Soviet Union. One of the researchers, Dr. Jacques Gottlieb of the Lafayette Clinic in Detroit, theorizes that an excess amount of alpha-2-globulin may bore its way into brain cells and cause them to function something like a short-circuited switchboard.

Another possibility also has been discovered by several researchers, among them, C. A. Clarke of the University of Liverpool; they have found that the urine of schizophrenics, but not the

urine of normal people, often contains a complicated chemical called DMPE. This chemical has a structure that is similar both to adrenaline, which is secreted in large amounts by the human adrenal gland in states of stress and emotion, and to mescaline, a chemical found in a Southwestern cactus plant that was chewed by primitive American Indians to produce a binge that looks for all the world like some forms of schizophrenia. The Clarke findings would seem to indicate that schizophrenics, owing to some hereditary defect in burning off their adrenaline, might be continuously intoxicated by a mescaline-like chemical produced by their own bodies.

Without much fanfare, this sort of possibility has now been carried a step further. Dr. Mark D. Altschule, a Harvard scientist, and his colleague Dr. Zoltan L. Hegedus have announced the discovery, made in a test tube, that human blood contains enzymes that can convert adrenaline into several chemicals called "brain poisoning indoles," presumably capable of causing all kinds of mental aberrations. Moreover, reported Drs. Altschule and Hegedus, the tendency to produce large quantities of these indoles seems to be greater in schizophrenics than in normal people and also to be hereditary; it appears to be higher among the relatives of schizophrenics than among other people. Score another point for the theory that the body and brain of the schizophrenic might be a sort of hereditary chemical factory for converting adrenaline into its own intoxicants.

A great many scientists are now working on biochemical research into mental disturbances, following these leads and seeking new ones. Even Dr. Linus Pauling, the Nobel Prize winner, came out this year with a new organic theory of mental disturbance. Dr. Pauling has decided that normal mental functioning depends on the presence of many kinds of molecules, including those of many of the B vitamins, vitamin C, uric acid and other substances normally present in the brain. The average person, Dr. Pauling contends, gets enough of these substances from his daily diet or produces them in sufficient quantity through his own bodily chemistry. The mentally ill person, however, owing to some kind of hereditary difference, needs more of them, because he burns them off faster or cannot produce them as efficiently. His bodily chemistry, especially the chemistry of his brain, is off in such a way as to make him suffer, in effect, from a deficiency disease, like rickets or scurvy. The way to treat him, says Dr. Pauling, is to pinpoint the deficiency and correct it—a new kind of treatment that he calls orthomolecular psychiatry (meaning to provide the right amount of the right molecules at the right time and place). Dr. Pauling's theory has been challenged by some psychiatrists—

but his record shows that it is hardly safe to dismiss his ideas.

There is one form of brain abnormality, it should be added, that has been treated successfully with a specific drug for many years. This is epilepsy, not a psychosis but a strange disorder in which parts of the brain seem to become overexcitable, leading from time to time to what might be called electrical explosions, accompanied by seizures ranging from mild blackouts to intense convulsions. Julius Caesar suffered from epileptic "fits," and so would more than 1,000,000 people today, were it not for a drug called Dilantin. Taken daily, Dilantin restores the brain's nerve cells to normal excitability and prevents them from firing too quickly or too often; its use permits most epilepsy patients to lead perfectly normal lives, free from fear of a seizure. Recently, there has been speculation that Dilantin may also relieve some kinds of depression, control irrational anger and break the obsessive, "round-and-round" thinking patterns that seem to plague many people. (The noted financier Jack Dreyfus, Jr., who reports that his own mood and thinking abilities have been greatly improved by Dilantin, has set up a foundation to explore these possibilities.)

. . .

Besides relieving the symptoms of mental disease—or possibly even curing it—what else can the chemical breakthrough do? One thing it has already done is revolutionize human sexual behavior; for the first time in man's history, it has separated the sex act from the act of procreation. To most Americans today, the word "pill" means one thing first and foremost—the birth-control pill, 99.7 percent effective in preventing pregnancy. The pill is by far the most efficient method of birth control ever invented; indeed, it is the only sure method, short of sterilization. It works by delicately tinkering with the female hormone cycle and thus preventing the monthly release of a ripe egg. No egg, no pregnancy—regardless of when sexual intercourse takes place.

As good as the pill is, it has some disadvantages. Some women object to the fact that it must be taken every day for 20 days and then stopped for eight days; they have trouble remembering. Never mind. Soon a woman will be able to go to her physician and get a single shot that will do the job for three months, and no remembering necessary. Or, if she finds it more convenient, she will switch to the new "minipill," already tested and found effective. This one will be taken every day of the year, and no need to consult the calendar. The same hormones used in the minipill could even be implanted under the skin, in a slightly

(continued on page 131)



BOLD AND BRAUNY fur greatcoats, with a look that's right out of F. Scott Fitzgerald, are this season's smartest trappings. Available in a variety of sumptuous skins—seal, bear, beaver and marmot, among others—greatcoats bring a new warming trend to the frostiest of football stadia. And their calf length, thick pelts and full lapels help the urbanite weather the

attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN**
*a fur-out way to
 kick off the big game season*

GREAT
GREATCOAT

fiercest blizzard in great style. The stalwart sportsman standing here—accompanied by a jazzy cheering section aboard a vintage Packard touring car—is fashionably furred for the day's big game in a windowpane-plaid six-button double-breasted Chinese marmot great greatcoat featuring a high, wide collar and deep slash pockets, by Georges Kaplan, \$795.

LIMESTONE CAVERNS (continued from page 109)

journals. They had given the department a slight but definite cachet and he had been rewarded, a coming man.

Reinhart did not really know why he had chosen fish for this experiment. A city boy, he had never seen fish except dead in the market, their sea hues faded, their tails curling. He had not exhausted the experimental possibilities of lemurs, by any means, yet he had been drawn uninquiringly to fish.

They were southern cave fish, *Typhlichthys subterraneus*, "colorless in limestone caverns," his books had said. "The body bristles with nerve endings keyed to detect moving worms and crustaceans." They were totally blind. Indeed, when Reinhart first saw them in the glass tank in the laboratory, he had switched on the light and the four of them sank to the gravel bottom of the tank and lay inert among the ornamental shells. Although they could not see, they were apparently sensitive to light. It was not a word Reinhart had ever used, even to himself, but they seemed full of decorum. He was fascinated.

He went home to tell his wife. She was a thin little girl with a rather pretty face, from Hunter College. She met him at the door as she did customarily, delighted as she was customarily.

She said, "You can't wear jeans to the lab anymore. You'll have to wear your suit." She adored his promotion.

"Sara, they came. The fish," he said.

"Are they—all right?" she asked. What does one say about fish, even one's husband's?

He looked her straight in the eyes, expecting her to understand him. "They're wonderful."

She waited for him to tell her more, but he sat down on the couch with his hands hanging between his knees, silent. Thus, without any inkling of it, he began to grow away from her.

He was silent through the eggplant and cheese and the little chocolate sundaes from the supermarket. She had never seen him like this and she thought he was ill. Gently, she urged him to go to bed. Docilely, he went. She gave him two aspirins and a glass of water. As she turned off the light, he said, "If you turn on the light, they sink to the bottom of the tank."

This was a warning, but how could she take it as such? She thought he had a touch of flu.

In the morning, he was up earlier than usual. He bustled through shaving and bustled into his clothes. He never bustled. He was standing by the stove in the kitchen, looking out the window, when she came out in her pajamas. "How are you feeling, David?" she asked.

He looked at her as if her question were odd and unpredictable. He said, "Why, fine. I feel good." And he re-

sumed looking out the window. He loved her, of course, but they had been married long enough so he did not think about it. They once had long talks about the future. He had been a virile, healthy man, concerned about his career; and now, for the first time, she thought, he is ill—he has the flu and the fever that goes with it. She wanted to coax him back to bed and minister to him, but he left the apartment without embracing her, hardly saying goodbye. How was she to know?

The lab was dark. Even the assistants had not yet arrived. Reinhart switched on the light over the fishes' tank. As if stunned, the fish arrested their suave glidings and sank, their fins rippling, down to the gravel bottom, where they lay, three of them on their sides, one propped on its belly against a shell.

He drew up a stool and watched them. Without any regret or alarm, he could feel his entire research project slipping away from him. He had thought himself interested in their feeding habits and he had conceived his project to be an attempt to prove which way they swam to their food—rectilinearly or in an S curve. Now it did not seem to matter. Were they beautiful? He watched them, the smooth vestigial sockets of their blind eyes, their strange transparent bodies with their internal organs shaded throughout their interiors as if with some cryptic writing. He sat there the whole morning, his chin on his hands. At lunchtime, he turned off the light, dropped some worms and tiny shrimps into the tank and went out to eat his own lunch, not out of a brown paper bag anymore but in a restaurant.

When he returned after lunch, he switched on the light again. The fish sank to their floor of gravel, as if shocked, and this time all four lay on their sides. He stared down at them. It had been years since the blind—blind humans, that is—had aroused any sympathy in him. It had been bitten by their dogs, clubbed down by their canes, shut away in their Braille novels, its voice drowned out by their free records supplied by the state. Everything was done for the sightless human; nothing for these. Nor did they need anything. Cossetting his mind with a phrase remembered from some literature course, he said to himself, "In the Stygian gloom of their caverns, their lives are simple." And they, no one else, had modified all the strings of their nerves to enhance those simple lives. Reinhart was lost in admiration.

Each morning he came to the lab, sat staring on his stool for four hours, gave them darkness and food at noon, ate his lunch in a student restaurant where his colleagues did not go and, afterward, he stared at the fish again until six o'clock.

He did not ask himself why. Thoughts darted through his mind continually and he did not believe he was idle.

He ate well, slept nine hours a night, but he and his wife no longer conversed. He would answer direct questions after a pause during which he seemed to be returning from some distance; otherwise, he did not speak. He never asked for a beer. He did not watch the new television set. He seemed as willing to sit in one chair as another, his eyes wide open, his hands dangling from the end of the chair arms, his feet flat on the floor. He was relaxed and calm. It was his calmness that frightened her; yet, since he had been in analysis only two years before, she rejected a fear of any psychic disorder. For a day or two, she entertained the pandemic bugbear of the faculty wife, another woman, but she was forced to reject that also—he was home every night. He went to bed at nine o'clock. He did say, "Good night."

She had quit her job when he was promoted and she had little to do but worry. One day she caught up with him as he was returning from lunch and said she wanted to see the fish. "All right," he said, pleasantly enough. She had often visited his lab. Trained as a psychologist at Hunter, she understood his work and its importance, and she liked to keep up with his projects.

The lab was in darkness, but he found his way to the light switch easily and, following him, she was just in time to see the fish stop swimming and sink decorously, their fins and tails rippling, to the bottom.

"Why, they're luminousensitive, even if they are blind." She said that, "Luminousensitive."

"Yes."

"But you can't observe their feeding habits in darkness."

He did not answer. He had pulled up the stool and sat down with his head between his hands, watching the fish.

She began to chatter nervously. "But I've got a great idea. I know what you can do. You can get an infrared camera and photograph them, no matter how dark it is."

He turned his head and looked at her. "Why?" he said softly.

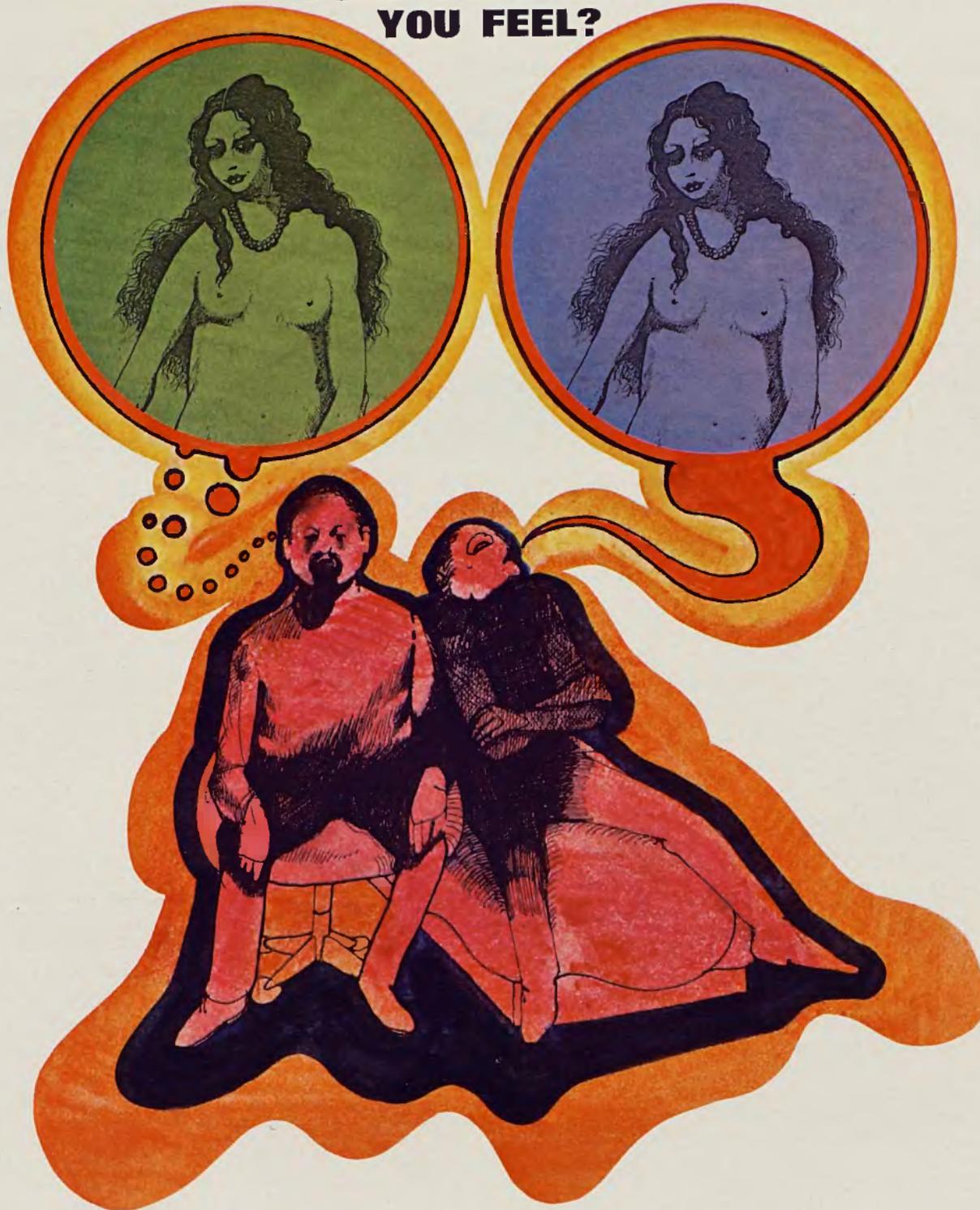
"Of course, you'll have to apply for a supplementary grant. . . . What did you say?"

He had turned back to the fish and did not reply. She watched the fish and then him for a minute and went away despondent. She had only tried to help.

It was not an easy decision, but she called his mother in New York and asked her to come out. Since she could not tell her exactly what was the matter with him, her statements seemed cryptic and sinister and they alarmed Mrs.

(concluded on page 190)

HOW DOES THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?



what to star married to what sex symbol pulled a gun on what \$100-an-hour shrink?

fiction By JEFFERY HUDSON AT FOUR O'CLOCK on Thursday afternoon, Peter Finney rushed past the beautiful receptionist in the waiting room and burst into Dr. Eyck's teak-paneled Hollywood office. There, seated behind his free-form, polished desk, beneath the Picasso sketch, to the right of the Giacometti sculpture, was Dr. Eyck.

"You bastard," Finney said. "You stinking, rotting bastard."

If Dr. Eyck was surprised, he gave no indication. He

glanced at his watch and said mildly, "You're early today, Peter. Is something troubling you?"

"You're goddamned right," Finney said. "You're goddamned right, you slimy, crud-coated Kraut."

Dr. Eyck stroked his goatee thoughtfully and nodded toward the black morocco couch. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"Hell, no," Finney said, kicking the couch. "I'm tired of talking. I'm tired of pouring out my heart to you at a hundred bucks an

(continued on page 156)

LIKE YOUNG

*november's painting playmate, paige
young, mixes her media—art
and aquatics—at her malibu hideaway*



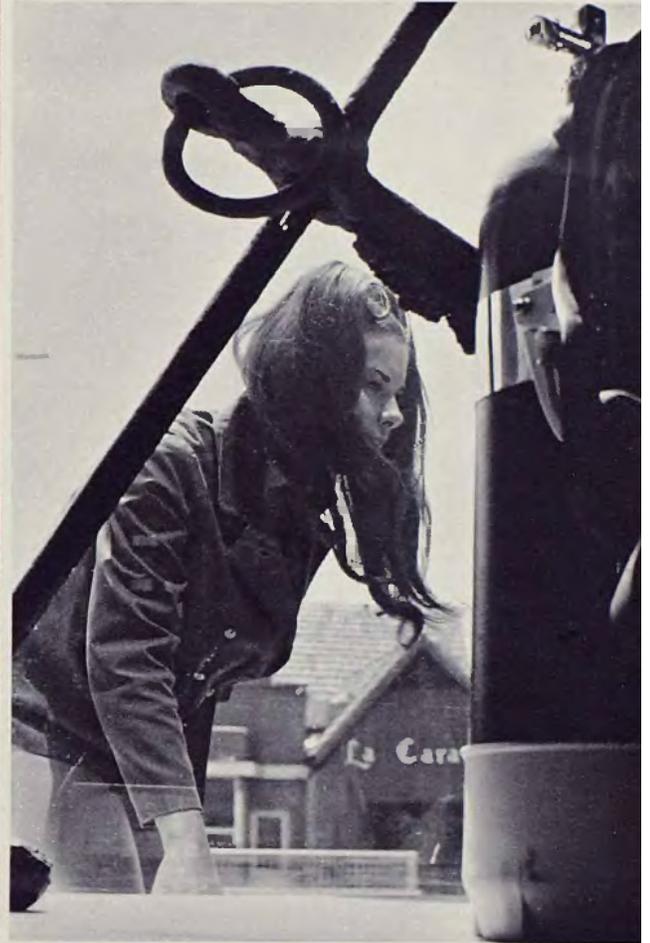
"ALL GOOD THINGS ARE WILD AND FREE," observed Henry David Thoreau about a century ago, thereby providing Paige Young—who counts the New England iconoclast among her favorite authors—with a perfect capsule summary of her outlook on the world. Avoiding the hemmed-in routine that leads to what she likes to call "the nine-to-five doldrums," Miss November has created for herself an



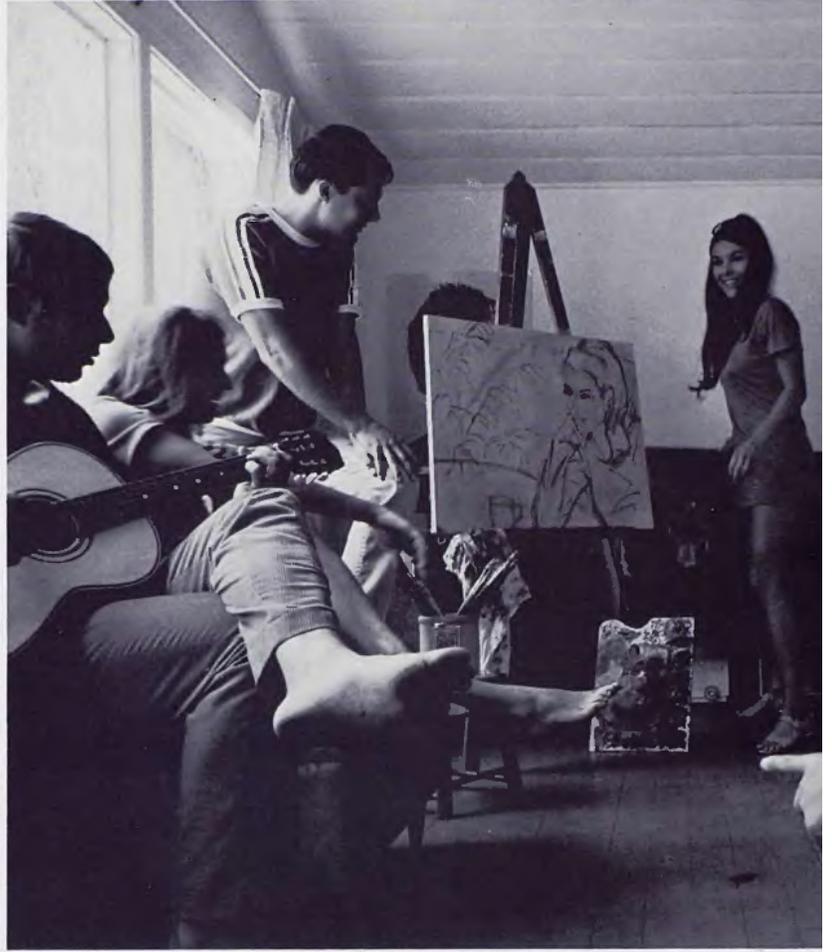
Though she's devoted to her art, Paige Young savors her leisure hours with equal vitality, filling them with ventures as varied as all outdoors—where she spends most of her free time. "To be an artist," she says, "you have to be completely tuned in to yourself and your environment. I guess that's why I dig nature so much; it has the kind of elemental beauty and energy that I try to put into my painting. I learn more by being outside than I could in any art course."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GOWLAND



Before leaving her studio for a morning of scuba diving, Paige pauses before a recent creation—her portrait of Truman Capote. "I've been offered five hundred dollars for it," she says, "but Capote is a hero of mine and I'd like to give it to him someday." A quick trip to a Santa Monica Canyon shop that rents scuba gear yields the required equipment—plus some tips from a helpful salesman. Minutes later, a wet-suited Paige, bobbing in the chilly water, is joined by a fellow mariner displaying a lobster he's speared.



Inviting several other skindiving enthusiasts back to her beach-front studio for a broiled-lobster cookout, Miss November takes expert charge of the culinary duties. After the meal, everyone moves indoors for a folk-song session—during which Paige gives the group a sneak preview of a self-portrait in progress. Paige and a friend later that afternoon transport a selection of her paintings for a showing in Westwood's Eros Gallery—where, that night, she attends to the pleasant business of chatting with prospective customers.

MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



untrammelled life style as a free-lance artist. "Painting for a living is a struggle," she says. "I have to work at it, but at least my time is my own and I'm working for myself—not for some impersonal corporation." Brought up in Los Angeles and currently based in a beachside Malibu studio, Paige is an enthusiastic eclectic in matters artistic—painting (and selling) everything from portraits and neoimpressionist seascapes to bold abstractions. About the only trend that leaves her cold is pop: "It's real and it says something about today's culture—but I wouldn't waste my paint on it. I can do without the pop scene in general; it gives me a headache." No fan of the far-out fads and plastic pleasures that abound in California, Miss November prefers such traditional alfresco activities as invigorating romps along the shore and peaceful strolls through the woods. Paige also boasts a creative culinary flair and likes nothing better than orchestrating an exotic dinner for a deserving date—followed by a fireside dessert and plenty of good conversation. "If people would just sit down and really talk to, instead of *at*, each other, I'm sure they'd be a lot happier," says Paige—who, we're sure you'll agree, is something worth talking about.

Lured away from her canvas by Joshua, her Weimaraner, Paige has a friendly tussle with him—then uses the interruption as an excuse for a spirited sprint along the beach. "I'm a sucker for the seashore," she admits, "and Joshua knows it."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

According to a waggish pundit we know, the trouble with political jokes is that they sometimes get elected.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *high noon* as a four-martini lunch.

A colonel was chatting with a young second lieutenant in the officers' club when a major approached, coughed discreetly and said he'd like to speak to the colonel about a matter of some importance. "Go ahead," said the colonel.

"I'd rather not in front of the lieutenant, sir," murmured the major.

"Well," observed the colonel, "spell it, then."



"Any bad habits, Miss Anderson?" asked the young exec, interviewing a shapely secretarial applicant: "Gumchewing, tardiness, gossiping, chastity?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Jamaica* as what's usually asked of a fraternity man when he comes back from a date.

Enervated by his life's hectic pace, the swinger determined to take a leisurely drive across the country. At first the pastoral sights pleased him, but by the time he got to Kansas, he was dying for some action. Pulling into the only gas station in a small town one Saturday evening, he asked the attendant, "Is there any night life in this town?"

"Not anymore," the native replied. "She moved to Chicago."

We recently attended a wedding where the bride was six months pregnant—the guests all threw puffed rice.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *primate* as a sultan's favorite wife.

For several weeks," the distraught factory worker confided to his psychiatrist, "I was obsessed with the idea of putting my organ in the pickle slicer. The thought kept me awake nights. When I finally fell asleep, I would dream about it. I couldn't work effectively. All I could do was stare at that pickle slicer and daydream. Finally, I couldn't control my passion. During lunch hour yesterday, I stayed in the factory and fulfilled my desire."

"My God!" gasped the psychiatrist. "What happened?"

"The foreman came back from lunch early," said the worker, "saw what was going on and fired me on the spot."

"What happened to the pickle slicer?"

"Of course," the worker responded, "she was fired, too."

The little boy pointed to two dogs in the park and asked his father what they were doing. "They're making puppies, son," the father said. That night, the boy wandered into his parents' room while they were making love. Asked what they were doing, the father replied, "Making you a baby brother."

"Gee, Pop," the boy pleaded, "turn her over—I'd rather have a puppy."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pillage* as about 16 for most girls.

Why do you lower your eyes when I say 'I love you?'" the young man asked the attractive girl in the nudist camp.

"To see if it's true," she replied.

Before retiring on his wedding night, the young minister turned to his bride and murmured, "Pardon me, darling, I'm going to pray for guidance."

"Sweetheart," his wife answered, "I'll take care of the guidance. You pray for endurance."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *minimum* as a tiny British mother.

Reminiscing with her girlfriend about their childhood, the sweet young thing asked, "Did you ever play with jacks?"

"Oh, yes," her friend replied. "And with Tommy's, Bill's and Freddy's."

Then there was the coed who passed biology by giving her body to science.

I don't really mind him being unfaithful," sighed the wife to the marriage counselor, "but I just can't sleep three in a bed."

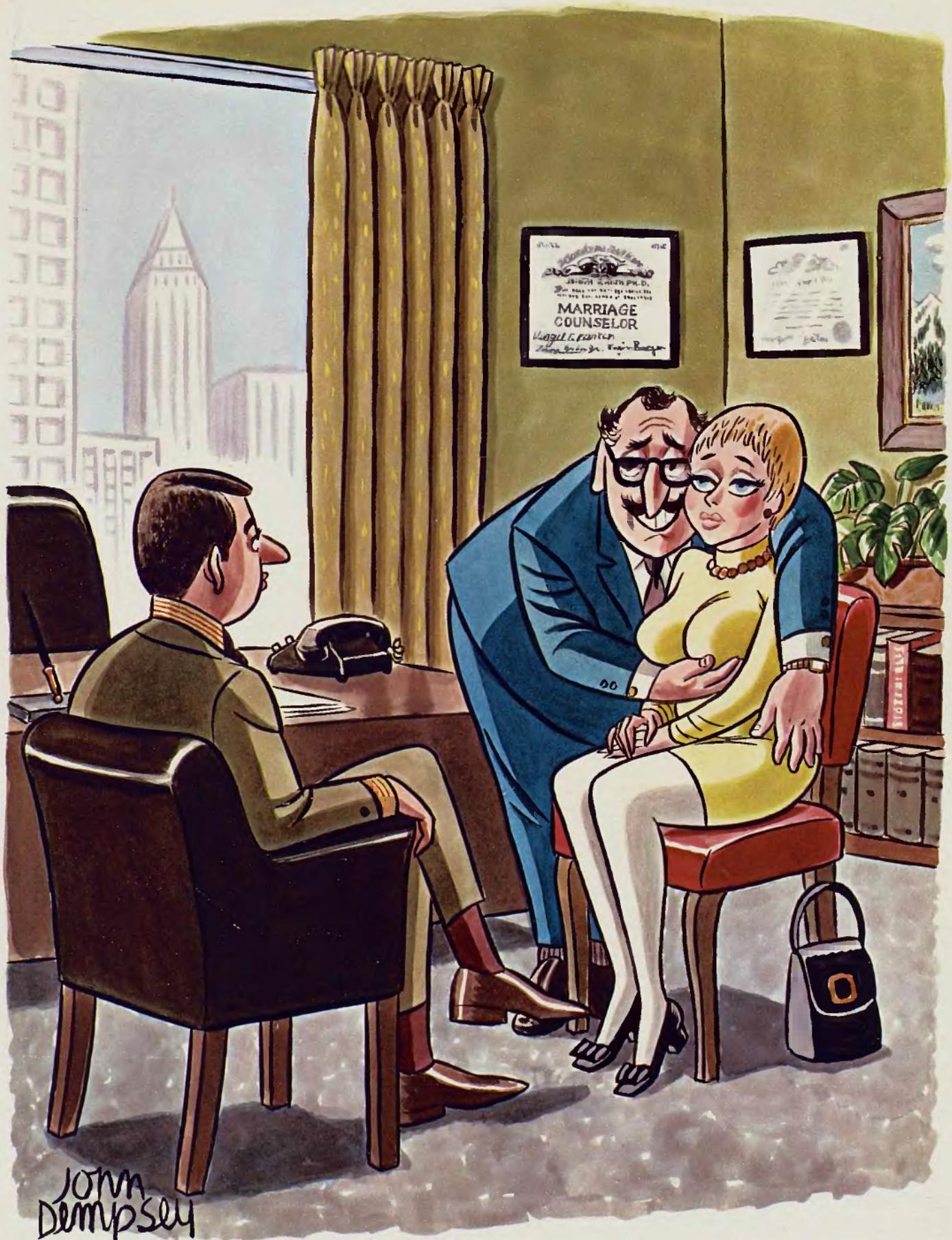


Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *madam* as one who offers vice to the lovelorn.

Plymouth Colony had fallen on evil days, and Governor Bradford called a meeting to berate the townspeople for their wayward practices. "Terrible deeds are being done," he said. "Men are illicitly knowing their neighbors' wives and daughters; men are having vile relations with other men. And there is bestiality—human beings fornicating with dogs and cats, horses and cows, pigs, sheep, chickens—"

From the back of the room came a voice of disbelieving horror: "Chickens?"

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.



*"If you really don't want her any longer, Mr. Brownly,
I'd like to have her."*

article By ROBERT CRICHTON THE ONLY THING I ever wanted to accomplish in life was to write a good novel. I wanted this so much that I came to think of myself as a novelist, even though I had never written one. Despite this little failing, I was quite convinced that were I to die right then, my obituary would read "Crichton, Novelist, Writes Last Chapter," because everyone would know how much it meant to me. And it would only be fair; I had the novels in my head. All that was lacking was the technical formality of transferring them to paper.

This state of affairs went on until I was past 30. When no novel had appeared, in order to account for the void and save my self-respect, I was driven to conclude that I was a classic example of the pitfalls of Grub Street. I was a free-lance magazine writer then, living from one assignment to the next, always one advance behind, and I saw myself as a victim of the literary sharecropper system, as hopelessly snared in my web of circumstances as those wretched cotton farmers James Agee described in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*.

The matter was out of my hands. I was a victim and I was quite happy that way until the spring of 1962, when a magazine publisher named Henry Steeger came back from a lunch he had had with some Italian winegrowers and told me the story of a small Italian hill town where the people had hidden 1,000,000 bottles of wine from the Germans, and of how they had managed to keep their secret.

"Someone should write that," Mr. Steeger said. "It has the quality of legend and yet it happened in our own time."

I could recognize that much. I was astonished, in fact, that this fat plum of a story, swelling with possibilities, was still unplucked. By this time, however, I had so perfected my defenses to repel anything that even hinted at the potential of becoming a novel that I was able to tell myself that it actually wasn't a very good story at all. I increasingly found it more desirable to apologize for a book I hadn't written (but which just might be great) than to apologize for one I had written.

Camus wrote that ultimately all men are prey to their truths, even in the act of denying them, and Santa Vittoria became one of mine. Even while denying it, I knew the story of this town was the basis for a big grab bag of a novel, a *Bildungsroman*, in which, because of the sprawling framework of the story, almost anything goes and anything works. Against my will, the story preyed upon me, fermenting in my doughy spirit, fizzing there like a cake of yeast in a winevat.

I woke one morning in March—there was snow and thunder, very rare and very strange—with the line "In dreams begin responsibilities" running through my mind. It is a line from Yeats (borrowed from some obscure Indian poet, I have since found out) that I used to write in all my notebooks when I was in college. It is a line that has been the subject of profound scrutiny, and some subtle interpretations have resulted from it. But on this morning, the line was very clear to me: If you dream about something all the time, you have a responsibility to do something about it. I apologize to William Butler Yeats. I began going around New York that morning trying to raise enough money to take me to Italy. I felt the least I could do was look at this place that had become my responsibility. When I accumulated \$800 beyond the round-trip air fare, I set out for Santa Vittoria.

The trip to Italy, which in any terms other than those of a writer would have to be classed as a continuous disaster, I include here because it illustrates something important about the craft; namely, anything that happens to a writer can, with good fortune, be turned into something of value. In a matter of weeks, I was run down by a car in Rome, robbed in a country inn and managed to make a profound fool of myself in Santa Vittoria; and each event turned out to be more fortunate than the one before it.

The car incident is a good example. I was in a pedestrian crosswalk that guaranteed me the right of way, when the car bore down on me. I, an American and a believer in the sanctity of signs, couldn't believe he was going to keep on coming. He couldn't believe I wasn't going to jump out of the way. He must have been a good driver, because he drove only halfway over my body before managing to stop. I had my first intimation of the way things were going to go when a man helped me out from under the car.

"You're very lucky," he said. "You didn't dent the fender."

My last intimation, or my first revelation of truth, came in the police station. I was talking about justice and my rights and I could see that they felt I was not well balanced. I didn't get the idea, they assured me. The car was bigger and faster





The Real Secret of Santa Vittoria

a free-lance author tells how he became a best-selling novelist through a series of disasters and a monumental writing block

and stronger than I and therefore the car had the right of way. Couldn't I see that much?

So, on only my second day in Italy, I was privileged to begin to understand the basic fact of Italian life, which is that power, the balance of it, the having and not having it, is the key to all life. Survival depends on a respect for it. The possession or the lack of it determines the course of a man's existence. Success depends on how well you learn to manipulate it. I was never able to get anyone in Italy to be sympathetic about being run down in a safety zone. They would listen to the story and they would nod and then they would always say: "Yes, but why *didn't* you jump out of the way?"

These people, then, who pass themselves off to the world and to themselves as romantics, are the most realistic of people. Two broken fingers and the knees gone from the pants of my one good suit were a small price to pay for such knowledge. I might have spent months in Italy before learning what I did.

The robbery was a very Italian kind of crime. I was headed north to Santa Vittoria, taking all the back roads available so I would have a feel of the country before getting there, and I took a room with a terrace on the second floor of a country inn. Few Italians would have taken that room. It faced away from the inn and not in toward the courtyard. Italians like to be with people. Americans, who have allowed the north-European psyche to inflict itself upon their national soul, prefer privacy. Even if he took the room, no Italian would have then opened the window onto the terrace. They don't trust the night air and what might come in with it. Americans like to clean the portals of the mind with fresh night air and they like to be trusting and believe in the possibilities for humankind to be good.

It must have looked like a ritual scene from some old Italian *novella*. The thief came up the stone wall at night and onto the terrace and into the room and through my pockets. I should still be angry with him, but the thief did one marvelous thing; he left me half of my money. I picture him working swiftly and dangerously in the dark to leave me my share and I warm to him. He was a humanist and a man generous to strangers, which is as good a definition of a gentleman as any. So another factor: Life is a matter of power tempered by an incorruptible humanity, which in itself is a kind of power. I was a more tolerant man after that and I was also one long step down toward poverty and my ultimate entry into the Italian lower depths, where few outsiders are allowed to go.

In Santa Vittoria, on my first day, I was invited to a luncheon at the winery

held for some American wine buyers and I proceeded first to praise and then to rave about one particular wine, which I assured those present made all the rest taste like scented toilet water. Certainly someone should have warned me that the wine I was praising was a comparison wine, designed to make the local wines taste good by comparison. It was suggested by a company official after the lunch that I didn't seem to be the right man to tell the story of the great thing they had done in Santa Vittoria. I left the town the same day I arrived in it.

And this was fortunate, too. Fearful of attempting a novel, I had determined to write a nonfiction book; but now I had no alternative. I also thought that I would be able to live off the generosity of the people I was writing about, and now I was condemned to live off the land. I headed south, down the spine of the Apennines, in search of my own Santa Vittoria. In all, I stayed in 20 hill towns, each one separate in my mind and yet all of them finally merging into one conglomerate city, richer than the sum of its parts. I learned some things of value along the way.

In the beginning, I had the belief that people would resent my intrusion and I sat at solitary tables in the café in the piazza and, like Proust at a party, "*j'observe, j'observe.*" It took some time to learn that my discretion only bred suspicion. No one told me anything honest. At last, I fell back on the tactic of simple honesty. On arriving in a new town, I learned to approach the first person who seemed to command respect and tell him exactly what I was doing in his town. I was an American, a writer. I was planning a book on just such a town as this one, but not this one, and I wanted to know everything good and everything bad about life in a hill town that anyone wanted to tell me. Very often, the man would take me to the mayor, who would tell me everything good about the town, and then the people would come and tell me everything bad about it.

Every day I grew poorer, and this was good, since it put me into the hands and then the homes of people I couldn't have met otherwise. Toward the end of my stay, I was reduced to knocking on strangers' doors and asking if they would like to sell me a plate of peas and rice or some soup and bread and wine for 100 lire. They were always happy to do it. Someone could always go without a meal, but where could they get an extra 100 lire? I learned a great many things with my soup.

The trouble with poverty as a tactic is that you can't fake it. I don't think you can plan to be poor and in this way get to meet what are always referred to as the people. I tried it afterward in Apalachia and in the coal fields of Scotland and it was no good. Peasants smell

the poverty in you. When you pay the 100 lire, you have to feel the sweat on your forehead as you count the money out. And you have to do sneaky little things to save little sums of money that peasants recognize but which the bourgeois never even notice.

There is little to do in hill towns after dark and because of it, the loneliness, I developed a system of information gathering that has proved invaluable to me since. From a simple need to communicate, with no specific purpose in mind, I began to write long, rambling letters home, putting down everything that interested me or puzzled me during the day. Months later, when I sat down to start on the first draft of *Santa Vittoria*, it was the letters that turned out to be filled with the kind of information I needed. My notes were mostly useless.

The reason for this, I think, is that a letter is an inclusive thing. Notes tend to be selective and, therefore, exclusive. When a person is taking notes, he generally has some idea of what he is looking for. The haphazard, the irrelevant, the unexpected, since they don't fit the pattern, are ignored or not even seen. I suppose it is possible to do as well by keeping a diary as writing a letter, but most people tend to cheat in diaries. As time passes, entries tend to become more terse and cryptic; the diary becomes filled with one-line notations the writer is sure he will be able to re-create later, with all the emotion and sounds and smells. In a letter, since it is going to someone else, the effort to re-create has to be made right then, if the letter is going to make any sense at all. It's more interesting to write to someone other than oneself, anyway. The only people who write good diaries are people who know their logs will be part of history and egoists who hope theirs will be.

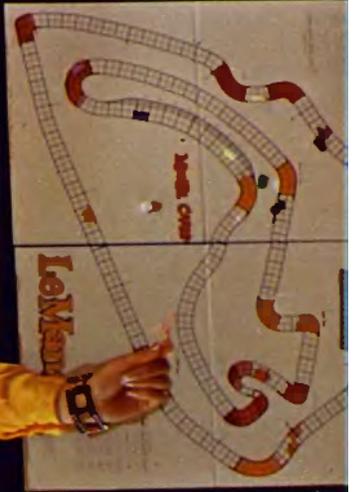
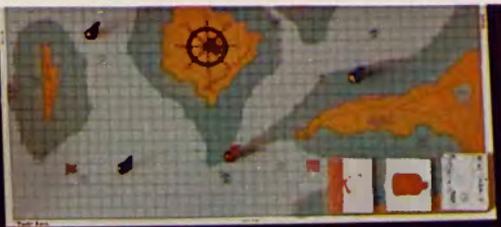
When I returned from Italy, I attempted to organize my notes, because this was what I felt writers did. The notes were so meager and pointless, however, that I began making notes from the letters. These I put in a large shoe box, because I couldn't think of any sensible way to file them. It was sloppy and disorganized and yet the system had an unexpected virtue to it. In order to find out something, I was compelled to flip through as many as 100 notes; and while doing this, I was reminded of all kinds of facets of Italian life that I wouldn't have remembered if I had been able to go to the source at once. Some of this haphazard extraneous information was bound to seep into the scene I was working on and the scene would be a little richer for it. In time, I came to think of the shoe box as my compost pile, a dung heap for potential fertility, and the leaping from note

(continued on page 192)

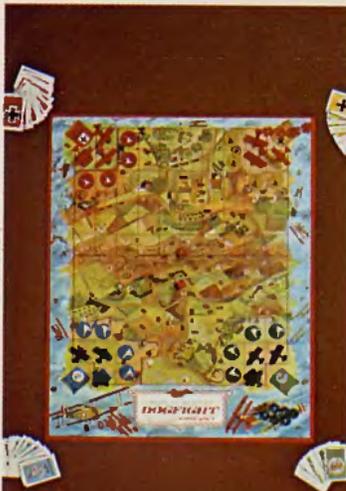
Switched-on spellers toy with a giant three-dimensional Scrobble game called RSVP; it comes with 75 cubes, by Selchow & Righter, \$650.

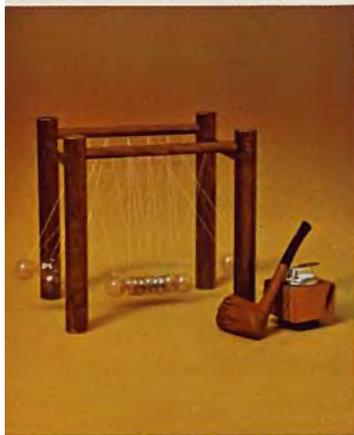
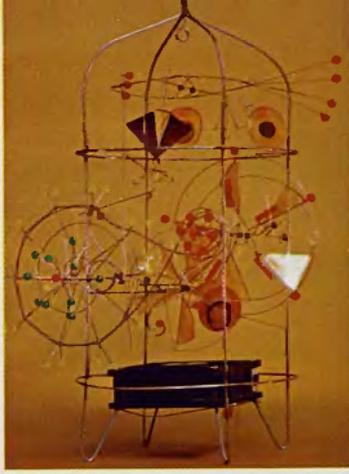
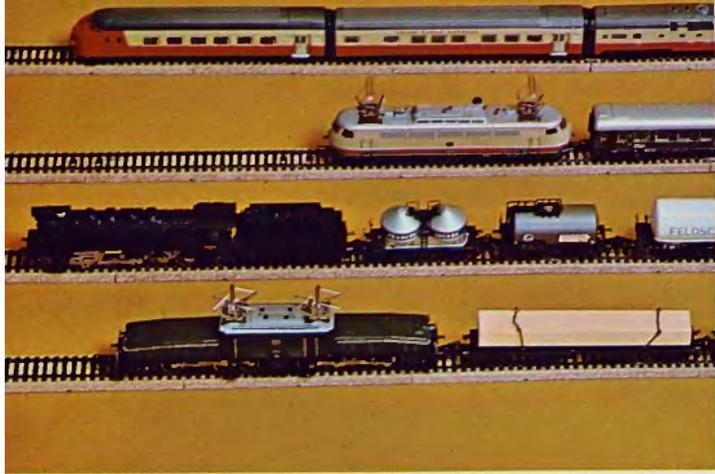


games, puzzles and scale-model playthings that spell christmas fun for giftee and giver



Engaging twosome curls up with a custom-made Picasso-reproduction jigsaw puzzle, by Par Puzzles, \$300; others available to \$1800. Around the couple, clockwise from ten: Wheel & Deal trading game, by Cadaco, \$7.50. Yacht Race game, by Parker Brothers, \$9.50. Le Mans auto-racing game, by Avalon Hill, \$5.98. Seduction, for the indoor sportsman, by Createk, about \$6. Tarot wheel that's used to prognosticate the future, \$7.98, and a deck of fortuneteller's tarot cards, \$5.50, both from Tarot Productions. Risk!, a game of strategy and world conquest, by Parker Brothers, \$8. Regatta, for the armchair yachtsman, by 3M, \$7.95. This page, left to right and top to bottom: Shakespeare can be played by both literary navices and scholars, by Avalon Hill, \$7.98. Mr. President, a political game, by 3M, \$7.95. Buy or Sell, for stock-market-minded entrepreneurs, \$8, and Cooperation, a psychological game for couples, \$3.50, both by KMS Industries. Psyche-Paths puzzle game, from Creative Playthings, \$4. Bookshelf games include: Jumpin, Bazaar, High-Bid, Phlounder, Acquire, Oh-Wah-Ree, Quinto, Twixt and Breakthru, all by 3M, \$7.95 each. Bumps and Grinds, an intoxicating game for adventure-some bibbers, by Diplomat, \$5.95. Dog-fight is based on air battles of World War One, by Milton Bradley, \$5. Balaroo, a battery-operated gambling game, by Milton Bradley, \$7.50.





This page, left to right and top to bottom: German-made Marklin HO-gauge model railway system features a variety of locomotives, cars and other detail-perfect miniatures, from Reeves International, about \$2 (box-car) to \$52.50 (Swiss locomotive) per piece. Christmas Machine, a William Wainwright sculpture activated by a built-in fan, from D/R, \$350. Scalextric slot-car set, from Model Rectifier Corporation, \$55. MRC-Futaba MU2 radio-controlled airplane, \$159.95, including transmitter; and a Stinger radio-controlled fiberglass runabout housing an Enya engine and a Controlaire receiver, \$213 in kit form, that can be operated with the Contralair transmitter shown, \$59.95, all from Downtown Fair Hobby Shop. Swinging Wonder, a desk-top trinket that illustrates Newton's law of action and reaction, by Scientific Demonstrators, \$8. Wileco steam engine can act as power plant for other miniatures, from Games Imported, \$175. Horse-racing game mounted on a hardwood case, by F. A. O. Schwarz, \$75. Corner, a stock-market game, comes with an electronic computer that adjusts prices of stocks, by The Barrett Game Group, \$155. Full-sized pinball machine, by Chicago Coin Company, \$525. The tuned-in couples at right are turned on by Hip Flip, a game far swingers, by Parker Brothers, \$8, and Ride-A-Roo, an inflatable ball for airborne high jinks, from Heeter, \$9.95.



porous capsule that would permit the proper dose to leak into the blood stream each day. Without causing any undue problems, the capsule might be large enough to last for 20 years, thus constituting a sort of "20-year pill." (If the woman decided at any time during this period to have a baby, she would simply take another kind of chemical to cancel out the effects of her 20-year pill.) Or, if the right technique can be perfected, it is entirely possible that the woman of the future can have herself vaccinated against pregnancy; this would be done with a serum producing antibodies in her blood stream that would make her immune to the effect of sperm, just as present vaccinations make her immune to smallpox germs. The woman who has sexual intercourse only rarely, and does not want to bother with any of the other techniques, may be able to indulge without fear of pregnancy because of the availability of the "morning-after pill," already tested but not yet perfected; the morning-after pill will prevent the fertilized egg, if there should be one, from becoming implanted in the wall of the womb. Even pills for men, safely making them temporarily sterile by preventing the development of living sperm, are theoretically possible. In fact, one such pill has already been found effective; it has never been marketed, because the user suffers a violent reaction if he takes as much as a single alcoholic drink.

The pill already controls pregnancy, and more convenient versions of it are just around the corner. What about that other fear of so many women (and of men as well)—the problem called obesity? Here one gets into difficult psychological ground. Many psychiatrists think that people get fat strictly as a form of self-protection: the overweight man is shielding himself (or, more often, the overweight woman is shielding herself) from life's obligations to be socially attractive and adept and to lead a normally active sex life. Making a fat person skinny, according to this school of thought, will only add to his (more often, her) anxieties. Yet it is well known that bodily weight depends upon how much food is eaten, and the amount of food that is eaten seems to depend upon two small areas in the brain. When one of these areas is removed from the brain of a rat, the animal loses almost all interest in food; it has no appetite at all to speak of. When the other area is removed, the animal seems to be constantly hungry and soon becomes grossly fat. Taken together, the two areas serve as a sort of "appetstat" that says when to eat and when to stop. Why not assume that the fat person's appetstat is simply off kilter—in a way that could be corrected by some specific drug? (There already

are drugs that can reduce appetite after a fashion, but all of them are also stimulants and therefore not specific.)

What about drugs to make people happy—not just to get them out of depressions or to tranquilize them but to make them actively and buoyantly happy? We already have drugs that put people in a happy mood; the most accepted one is alcohol, and among the legally forbidden ones is marijuana. But alcohol and marijuana are what one researcher calls "sloppy drugs," even though alcohol is such an integral part of social ritual that it will probably always remain on the human scene. There undoubtedly are better drugs, just waiting to be discovered, that would make a person wake up smiling and sing through his day, without ever affecting his mental judgment or getting him in trouble with the law. There probably also are drugs yet to be found that will enhance a person's ability to perceive the beauty in his world—to recapture the delight of the child who thinks of a shiny penny as not only a piece of money but an object of art. And if human perception can be enhanced, why not human intelligence?

• • •

Intelligence is a strange thing; the unhappy fact is that no one even has an acceptable theory as to why one person should be smarter than another. Certainly, intelligence (or lack of it) depends in some way on the brain, whose trillions of possible nerve circuits act as a feedback system that absorbs information from the eyes and ears, processes it, stores it and at the appropriate time sends it back to the vocal cords, to be uttered as words of wisdom, or to the finger tips, to become the written evidence of learning. But why one brain should be better at this job than another is a mystery. Mere size does not tell the story; most human brains run about three pounds and deviations from this weight are not necessarily related to intelligence; there doubtless have been Eskimo fishermen with bigger brains than Einstein's. Mere numbers are not the answer; while the genius has upward of ten billion nerve cells in his brain, so in many cases does the low-grade moron. (Indeed, a young low-grade moron may have more brain cells than an older genius, for these cells die off at the rate of 100,000 a day after a person reaches 35.) The efficiency of the nerve cells and their fibers as conductors of the nervous impulse does not seem to be crucial; the long fibers that stretch from our spinal cords and enable us to wiggle our toes, and that presumably have scant effect on how smart we are at atomic physics, are better and faster conductors than the fibers inside the brain.

There has been much speculation that

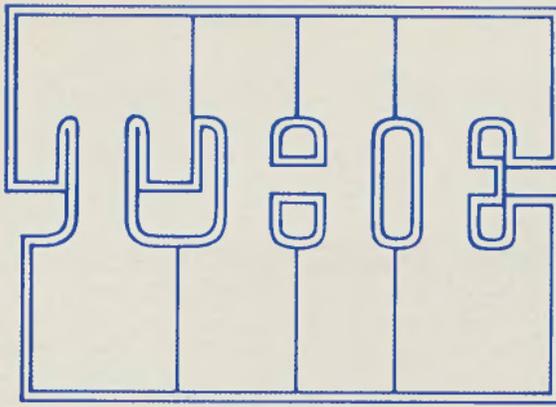
learning depends upon a permanent alteration of a living chemical called RNA inside the nerve cell; this theory stems from the work of a Swedish scientist named Holger Hydén, who trained rats to balance on a wire, then analyzed individual nerve cells and found changes in the molecular structure of their RNA. This chemical is closely related to DNA, which carries the code of human heredity (see *Second Genesis*, PLAYBOY, June 1968); and, like DNA, it is so complicated in structure as to be capable of taking trillions of possible forms, each a little unlike any other. If the molecules for DNA can contain the entire code that directs the development of some cells into the human bone structure and others into the human heart, and can make some people tall and brown-eyed and others short and blue-eyed, then it seems reasonable to suppose that the RNA molecules inside the nerve cells might possibly carry the code for all the most complicated details of human learning.

More recently, Dr. Hydén has reported a further complication involving the 100 billion so-called glial cells that support and help nourish the nerve cells of the brain. In a new experiment, he trained right-handed rats to use their left paws to pull food from a tube, and left-handed rats to use their right paws. When he analyzed their brains, he found not only altered RNA molecules but also new forms of protein. It is his theory that the RNA instructed the glial cells to manufacture these new proteins, which then became part or all of the memory trace. Another investigator working along similar lines with pigeons, Boston's Dr. Samuel Bogoch, has also reported finding new brain proteins—plus, just to add another complication, new chemicals that are a combination of protein and sugar.

If learning depends on chemical changes of the RNA inside nerve cells, or on the manufacture of new chemicals as directed by RNA, then some exciting possibilities open up. Researchers have been quick to explore them, and the result has been a series of the most fascinating—and controversial—experiments in all scientific history. The first occurred at the University of Michigan, where a psychologist named James V. McConnell taught some primitive little animals called flatworms to escape a shock signaled by a flashing light, then chopped them up and fed them to some other flatworms. The "cannibals," he found, were unusually quick to solve the problem of escaping the shock—for all the world as if they had absorbed knowledge along with their food.

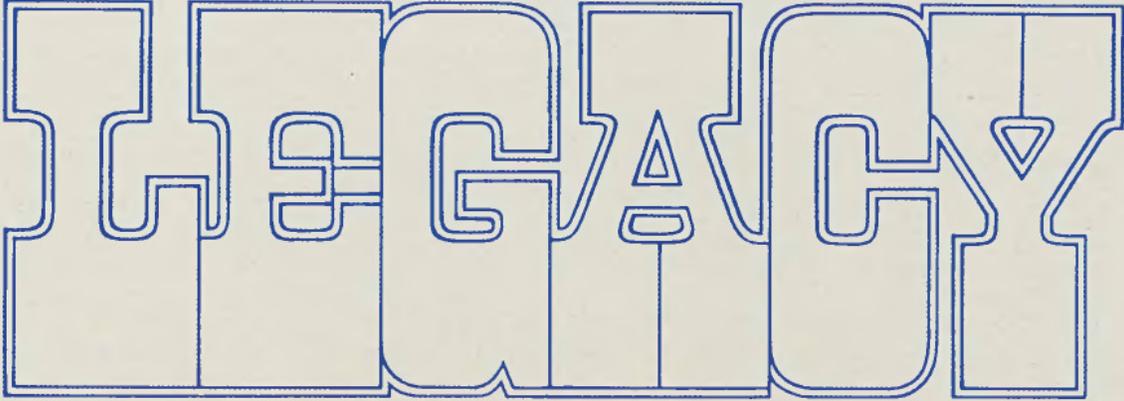
As if this were not enough of a scientific sensation, psychologist Allan Jacobson of UCLA soon came up with a topper. Using rats and hamsters, he taught half

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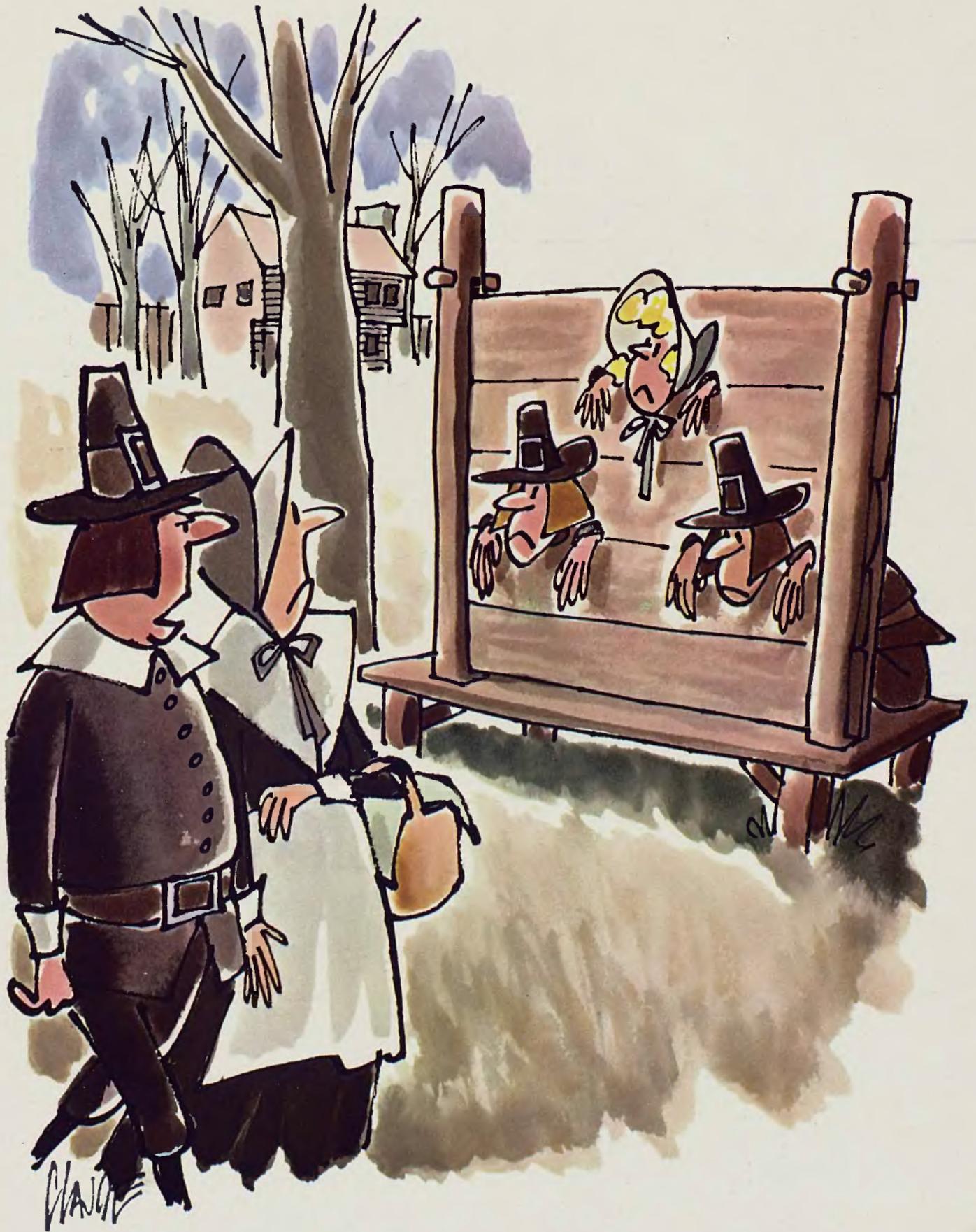


fiction By **MICHAEL LAURENCE** Hal Demeter, a mild, pleasant young man, with the kind of pleasant-seeming American face you pass in the street without noticing, lived in a good apartment on East 68th Street without child or wife, cat or dog—no companionship, in fact, except for a recurring bad dream. To the married, family-surrounded man, dreams come as a kind of trap door through which he can vanish into a land of his own endless luck or endless misery; but to the solitary man, they are a kind of society. Hal's dream was perfectly realistic without being real.

While reading late at night, he often fell asleep on the green-silk-covered sofa in his living room, slipping not into any fantasy country but simply back again into (continued on page 224)



you've learned the secret of the money game; you've beaten the market; collect all the cash on the board and advance 30 squares to claim your destiny

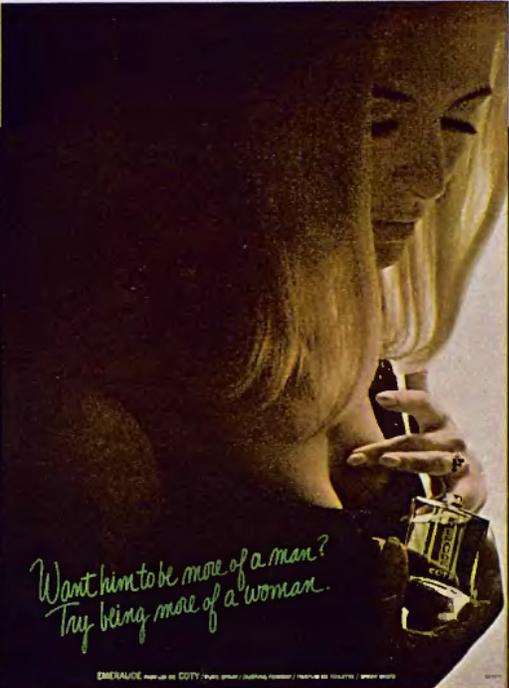


"Some sort of triangle, I suppose."

playboy presents an undress parade of contemporary ad classics



BACK IN SEPTEMBER of 1962, faithful readers will recall, this magazine proffered *Playboy Salutes Madison Avenue*, a baker's-half-dozen advertising classics of the day revamped to suit our splendid notion that the only thing more attractive than a pretty girl is a pretty girl outfitted in nature's own. We felt we had uncovered a fresh nude approach to the conventional marketing bag that the minions of Mad Ave had overlooked. In the ensuing years, of course, the ad biz has come up with different campaigns in keeping with the tempo of the times, but again we feel that agency men have missed the boat, baggagewise. We therefore have come up with these new take-it-offs on well-known advertisements. Our versions may not move products, but we think they're well calculated to move the reader.



*Want him to be more of a man?
Try being more of a woman.*

EMERALDINE made up by COTY. Photo: [unreadable] / [unreadable] / [unreadable] / [unreadable] / [unreadable] / [unreadable]



*Want him to be more of a man?
Try being more of a woman.*

Today, the one who wears the pants chooses the Scotch

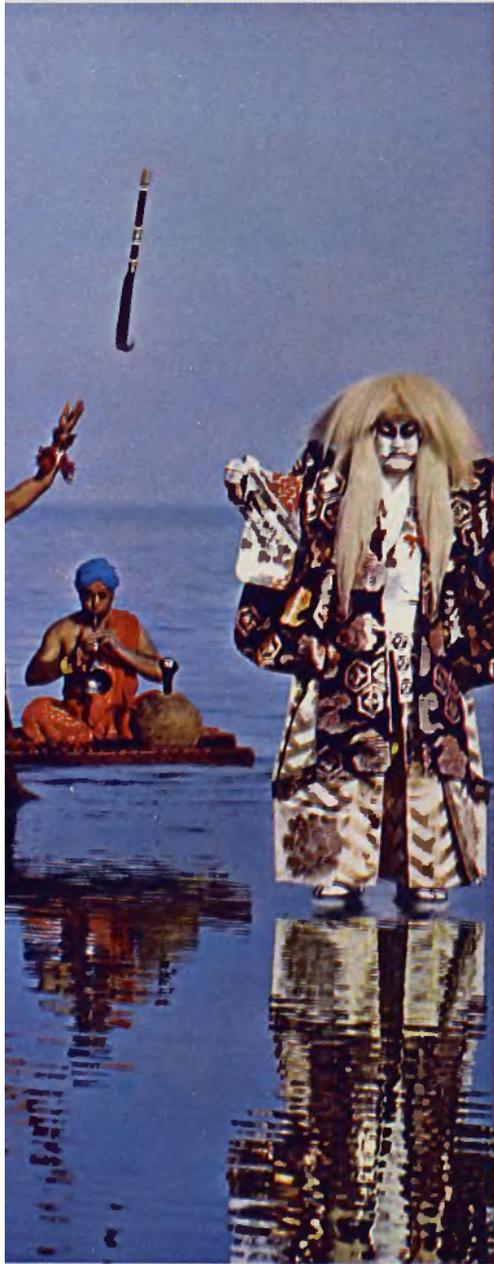


Today, the one who wears the pants chooses the Scotch



Can't the "bad girls" get
tougher—hey there, with this, they
don't. They wear the Scotch they wear the
White House. In fact the more you
put on a girl about, either you enjoy it,
or you shouldn't. It's in all hands.
Or ask the Good Guys at the bar for it.

The Good Guys are always
on the White Horse.



"Aren't you wearing Tweed ()?"

LENTHÉRIC



"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"

Do I really have to do
this sort of thing to earn
my Canadian Club?

Yes.



A reward for men. A delight for women.

Do I really have to do
this sort of thing to earn
my Canadian Club?

Yes.



A reward for men. A delight for women.
Smooth as the wind.
Mellow as sunshine.
Friendly as laughter.
The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



Ron Rico. Wasn't he the dance director who spotted Ruby Keeler in the Ziegfeld line-up?



Ron Rico. Wasn't he the
dance director who
spotted Ruby Keeler in
the Ziegfeld line-up?



You. Although Ronrico and the light moments
do go hand in hand.
But Ronrico's a rum - a very light and
softly fantastic rum. The lightest, the finest, perhaps the
smoothest tasting rum in all the Caribbean.
Try it and you'll know exactly how
it feels to discover a star.

© 1984 Ronrico Rum Co. Ronrico is a registered trademark of Ronrico Rum Co. Ronrico is a registered trademark of Ronrico Rum Co.



**Ronrico. A rum
to remember.**



Don't
be a
paleface!



"Coppertone gives you a better tan!"

You do get a better tan with Coppertone. The best tan possible with maximum exposure procedure... plus sunbathing and tanning oil. Coppertone contains the most widely beach-tested ingredients. It's also enriched with lanolin, cocoa butter and other ingredients that make your skin more sensitive. Get a better tan... deep, dark, superbly smooth. Coppertone makes them all because it just does them all!

Don't
be a
paleface!

Join the tan-ables—with enriched Coppertone

Get the best of the sun with the Coppertone products best for you: Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, Shave, extra protection for blonde skin, all with the same rich, smooth, all-weather tan. Available in Canada. Coppertone is a reg. TM of Paragon, Inc.



New!
Coppertone
for young
people

Yes, don't burn... use Coppertone... most popular, most complete line of suntan products!



★ EXTRA ★
AMERICA'S GOING DRY!



Canada Dry makes any drink better. C'mon and mix with us!

C'mon and mix with us!



Kayser
is
marvelous
in bed



*"Now, isn't that better exercise
than jogging, Mr. Baxter?"*

IF YOU STAY AROUND the west part of Robertson County very long, you're bound to hear tell a lot of stories about the Bell witch, some of 'em true and some of 'em plain damn lies. Now, it all started before the War between the States, when John Bell owned a fair-sized plantation back in old North Carolina—a dozen or more field-hand slaves to work it, mules, cows and hogs aplenty. Mr. Bell had a wife, a young daughter name of Betsy, and how many other young'uns I don't rightly remember. Betsy was the one, though. She was just about 16 then and pretty as a spotted puppy.

Bell got along just fine until, what with all the work, he got him an overseer. Strong young fellow, good-looking, too, and sweet as sugar cane with the womenfolk. But he had a temper. They say Mr. Bell got into many a row with him and threatened to get rid of him more than once. Whenever that happened, the overseer would go out and black-snake some of the field hands, for they were the only critters he could abuse and get away with it. He was a bully like the kind of overseer you hear about in Yankee stories.

Bell had a temper himself, and it was only because Mrs. Bell took up for the overseer that he didn't get shed of the man long ago. But a fight was bound to happen. One day it did. Mr. Bell was coming around from behind a cotton house unbeknownst to the overseer, who looked up and saw Betsy come riding along. When the overseer said something to her and when Mr. Bell heard what it was, he pulled out his pistol. And the next thing, Bell was walking away, blowing smoke from the pistol barrel and muttering about white trash. But the overseer never went away.

Of course, Bell had to go to court, but he pled self-defense and the jury let him off. Then he went home and hired him another overseer and he thought everything was settled. Fact was that things were plumb *unsettled*.

For two years running, crops on the Bell place were mighty bad: bumblebee cotton and scraggly tobacco and nubbin corn. Mules died of colic; cows and hogs got sick of something the horse doctor couldn't cure. So Bell finally sold off his slaves—except for one old woman—and his land and hit out for Tennessee, where he bought him a house and a patch of land near old Andy Jackson, who'd left off being President and was living in a big place called The Hermitage.

Well, sir, strange things began to happen in the Bell house. The young'uns kept being tumbled out of bed in the night by something and they'd wake up on the floor in the morning. Old Auntie, the cook, said it was the hant of that overseer sure enough pestering the children. And though she felt might jibus about hants, she had spunk and she swore to spend the night under the bed to see if she was right.

In the middle of the night, there was a squall like a panther; and when Mr. and Mrs. Bell ran in, they found Auntie stiff on the floor, her eyes like saucers in a dishpan. "Fo' Gawd, hit's him!" she screeched. "He peneched me all over. He stuck pins in me, and Lawd how he whup me!" The Bells got mighty scared at that.

Old Andy Jackson didn't believe in hants, and so he decided to ride over. As he came through the gate, he spoke his mind out loud about tarnation fools that believed old nigra tales. He just got the words out of his mouth when something whaled him over the head and skipped his hat 20 yards down the road. Old Andy didn't say more; he motioned his boy to hand him the hat and he turned around and rode home again.

Well, as time went on, all kinds of things happened, and there are lots of other stories that will describe 'em for you—how the witch ate food out of the kitchen, how he scared the mules, how he seemed to cure Mrs. Bell of a sickness one time, how he run off all the young beaux who came courting Betsy. He even got to exchanging words with John Bell, hiding behind an andiron in the fireplace.

One night, he spoke up and told Mr. Bell he was in love with Betsy and he wanted to get married. Bell said no right off, respectful like but firm. "I got a claim on you and yours, John Bell," said the witch.

"If we're going to add to this family, I want to see what we're adding," said Bell. "Why, what if you had children? What do you reckon they'd be like? Do you think I want a passel of soapsuds young'uns floatin' round and poppin' up

into puffs of wind every time I wanted the stovewood brought?"

"But I love Betsy. And remember, John Bell, remember."

"So do I, and that's why you can't marry her. What if you up and quit her for some young hussy, which you could do easy enough? Betsy'd have a hard time keepin' up with a stack of wind and a voice, and I'd have a hard time trackin' down and shootin' a low-down, no-count dust devil. No, when Betsy marries, it'll be a man with a solid body."

"I gather, John Bell, that you're opposed to me courting your daughter. But she's the one to say. I promise that you'll be my father-in-law yet."

"What shape have you got, if any?" John Bell asked.

"Shake hands, then," said the witch. "But don't squeeze." To his dying day, Mr. Bell swore that he felt something soft and warm and delicate, just like a newborn-baby's hand in his. Then it was gone.

"Please don't speak to Betsy," said John Bell. "You'll drive her crazy."

But what the witch said to woo Betsy and what Betsy said back, nobody will ever know. Anyway, the witch moved in with her. All day, Betsy would wander up and down the yard under the gloomy old cedars, walking in her sleep like. The color left her face: there was a faraway look in her big dark eyes like she was trying to see something that wasn't there. Every day, she got up later and went to bed earlier.



At night, the Bells heard strange sounds from her room—sighs and whispers and the bed shaking. One bright moonlight night, John Bell went and opened Betsy's door a crack. What he saw was unearthly. The girl lay naked on her bed, looking for all the world as if a man were giving her pleasure. Her body heaved and there was a dreamy smile on her face. But there wasn't any man, only the moonlight.

Finally, there came a day when Betsy couldn't get out of bed, she was too weak. In the evening, a screech owl hollered in a cedar right by the gallery. That night her fever was high, and by midnight she was raving. "I'll quick saddle a horse," said John Bell. "but with the roads the way they are, it'll be two hours going and two hours coming."

Just then, there was a knock at the door. The young doctor came in. "Who's sick here?" he said. "I kept hearing a voice hollering at my window to come out here. I couldn't see a soul, but thought I better come, anyway."

He examined Betsy. "It's her mind and nerves," he said, shaking his head. "Humor her and be patient. I'll give you some medicine that will let her get some rest."

But the girl pined, and in a week she was dying. As Mrs. Bell held her in her arms, Betsy said, "Momma . . . I see him at last. Momma, I love him."

Some say that the witch tortured the girl to death for revenge on John Bell. Some say that she'd secretly loved the overseer and she could never be happy until she became a ghost, too. And the mean, sarcastic ones say it wasn't that at all—it was simply that when a witch makes love that powerful way, he just doesn't know how or when to stop.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 90)

distressing. During a typical Vegas sandstorm, I often put a hanky over my mouth and go out looking for Rommel's tanks. The heat can be appalling, too. It hit 125 degrees here at the Sahara one afternoon and the pool had to be rushed to the hospital with heat prostration. In other parts of the world, the hotels bear dignified names—Hilton, Statler, Plaza, St. Regis. Here, the owners have delusions of grandeur. They call them Sahara, Aladdin, Thunderbird, Caesar's Palace. The only hotel in town that makes any sense is called the Mint. They hit it right on the head. The residents of this town have one shining philosophy: Roll the customers, but do it legal. In my hotel, the Sahara—

PLAYBOY: Your hotel? We're sure Del Webb would take umbrage at that claim.

RICKLES: Del Webb doesn't get laughs—not intentionally, anyway. I put this hotel on the map. Before I came here, they had thrilling lounge acts like Milo Waslewski and His Accordionettes, featuring Wanda Kropnik, the first topless eggsucker.

PLAYBOY: Since you started working in Vegas, nude shows have taken over most of the big showrooms. As a devoutly religious man, how do you feel about making your living in this sexually liberated atmosphere?

RICKLES: Well, it was a shock to discover that many of the girls are not wearing their dresses at a decent, respectable mid-calf length, and that there is gambling going on here openly and nobody is saying a thing about it. And the language is revolting. I don't believe I've ever heard the words "hell" and "damn" used so casually and by people of such obvious breeding. I'll definitely have to write an exposé for the *Watchtower* on these developments.

PLAYBOY: We hear a good deal about your storied confrontations in Vegas with Fat Jack Leonard, who likes to call himself the "fastest mouth in the West." Can you set the scene for one of these showdowns?

RICKLES: Somehow, the word gets out that both Jack and I are in town and a hush falls over the Strip. Saloonkeepers board up their establishments. Kids and old ladies are hustled off the streets; even hustlers are hustled off the streets. Danny Thomas kneels in his combination chapel and night club and prays for our souls. Then at high noon, Jack and I start a measured walk down the Strip toward each other. I can see by the way his cheeks are puffed up that he has 20 new one-liners jammed in his mouth. I myself have 25, including five that Sheky Greene sent over on the Wells Fargo wagon. We've agreed to start spewing lines at the count of three; but at two, Jack cheats, spits his lines out

and I get knocked off as usual. I know Jack claims I've been doing his act, but at least I've been trying to improve it.

PLAYBOY: With or without Jack's help, you've cornered the market on the ethnic insult. How did you uncover this mother lode of malice?

RICKLES: What do you mean, ethnic insult? May your yam nose get caught under a West German steam iron; may your bird shrivel up into a pea pod; may a Green Beret drive a personnel carrier over your kumquats. But to answer your question, pal, it happened one night when the audience bolted toward me carrying their knives and forks with them. I had an idea it wasn't for the purpose of asking for autographs, so I hurled a few ethnic gibes to fend them off. About half of them reeled back, and the rest began to laugh at them, which they took as deadly slander; in a moment, they were at each other's jugulars. Then I called the police and had them all arrested for starting a race riot.

PLAYBOY: Is it really necessary for you to be so hostile?

RICKLES: Would you rather I came on stage like Art Linkletter and sang 4-H cookie-baking songs? If I did that, my audience would consist of two Cuban waiters in the back, slapping at mosquitoes with their napkins.

PLAYBOY: What have you been saying lately to the various ethnic groups in your audience?

RICKLES: If I see an Italian in the audience, I tell him, "Domenico, spit out the nails and tell me if my shoes are ready." To the Poles: "You're wonderful people. When Jewish-owned cars break down, who else has the strength to push them back to the garage? And thanks for giving us the *Warsaw Concerto*."

PLAYBOY: To Mexicans?

RICKLES: "Every time you get the runs, Manuel, stop over at the state highway department. They need someone to make the white lines down the middle of Route Sixty-six. If you don't like that, you can kiss my *tacos*." That's Castilian for *tuchus*.

PLAYBOY: Do you spare those of your own faith?

RICKLES: No, why should I? I usually say something like, "If you took that roll of bills out of your pants pocket, you'd look like a eunuch."

PLAYBOY: How about the WASPs?

RICKLES: I always know when WASPs are in the audience. They're the ones still wearing World War Two discharge buttons. They order corned beef on white bread with a glass of milk and a pickle. They call each other "Mother" and "Father." The Negroes call them Mother, too, only they pronounce it different.

PLAYBOY: Ever get any Arabs in the crowd?

RICKLES: Sometimes. It would be the easiest thing for me to malign the Arabs, to get cheap laughs at their expense, but I tell them, "Look, we're all part of humanity, so let's bury the animosities of the past." Then I tell Achmed and Abdullah to stand up in the spotlight and take a bow.

PLAYBOY: Do they?

RICKLES: Yes. And as soon as they do, I yell, "Open fire!"

PLAYBOY: Have you ever reduced anyone in your audience to tears?

RICKLES: One night some old broad yelled out, "You're great, you're great!"; so I cut her up with a hundred insults. I just can't stand people who fawn—though I must admit, it was a rotten way to treat my own mother.

PLAYBOY: Must there be celebrities in your audience for you to be at your best?

RICKLES: Oh, no. Human beings have a habit of laughing, too.

PLAYBOY: A guy like you seems to beg for hecklers. What devastating lines do you direct against a really rowdy specimen?

RICKLES: I say, "Please try to be more polite. Your frequent interruptions have a deleterious effect on my timing and thus diminish my over-all effectiveness as a humorist." He generally runs off crying.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you afraid of being assaulted physically when you toss off barbs like that?

RICKLES: Not really. I tell any hostile elements in the audience, "If you strike me, a squadron of Mirage bombers will level your home." I have also studied Korean *Fung Kyu*, the deadliest form of openhanded combat. With one blow of my left hand, I can shatter every bone in a child's body.

PLAYBOY: Do you work yourself into a rage before you come on stage?

RICKLES: My, my, the cockamamie interviewer is so clever he asks his questions in rhyme. Why don't you swing with a Burma-Shave sign and get splinters in your thighs? My usual procedure before facing a Sahara crowd is to allow myself to be bitten by a vicious dog. Working with rabies germs coursing through my veins helps my comedic flow.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware that a growing number of your devotees would like to see you committed to an institution?

RICKLES: Yes, I can understand how lonely it gets for them in those cages; they're just as entitled to a little entertainment as anyone else.

PLAYBOY: In view of your seething hostility, it seems logical to ask if you've ever submitted to psychiatric evaluation.

RICKLES: A guy named Lennie once recommended it to me. He also wanted me

(continued on page 215)



The author, W. D. Jones (left), and his friend Clyde Barrow in 1932. "The way they showed Clyde in that movie is all wrong."



Jones with Bonnie Parker. "During the five big gun battles I was with them, she never fired a gun. But she was a hell of a loader."

RIDING WITH BONNIE & CLYDE

"BOY, YOU CAN'T GO HOME. You got murder on you, just like me."

That's what Clyde told me. That was what he said after I seen him kill Doyle Johnson in Temple, Texas, on Christmas Day, 1932. For me, that's how it all started.

I had got with Clyde and Bonnie the night before in Dallas. Me and L. C., that's Clyde's younger brother, was driving home from a dance in his daddy's old car. Here come Bonnie and Clyde. They honked their car horn and we pulled over. I stayed in the car. L. C. got out and went back to see what they wanted. Then he hollered at me, "Hey, come on back. Clyde wants to talk to you." Clyde was wanted then for murder and kidnaping, but I had knowed him all my life. So I got out and went to his car.

He told me, "We're here to see Momma and Marie." (That's Clyde's baby sister.) "You stay with us while L. C. gets them." I was 16 years old and Clyde was only seven years older, but he always called me "Boy."

Them was Prohibition days and about all there was to drink was home-brew. That's what me and L. C. had been



Film facsimiles Beatty and Dunaway with Michael Pollard, who played Jones as C. W. Moss.

*the real-life model
for c. w. moss tells
it like it was*

memoir

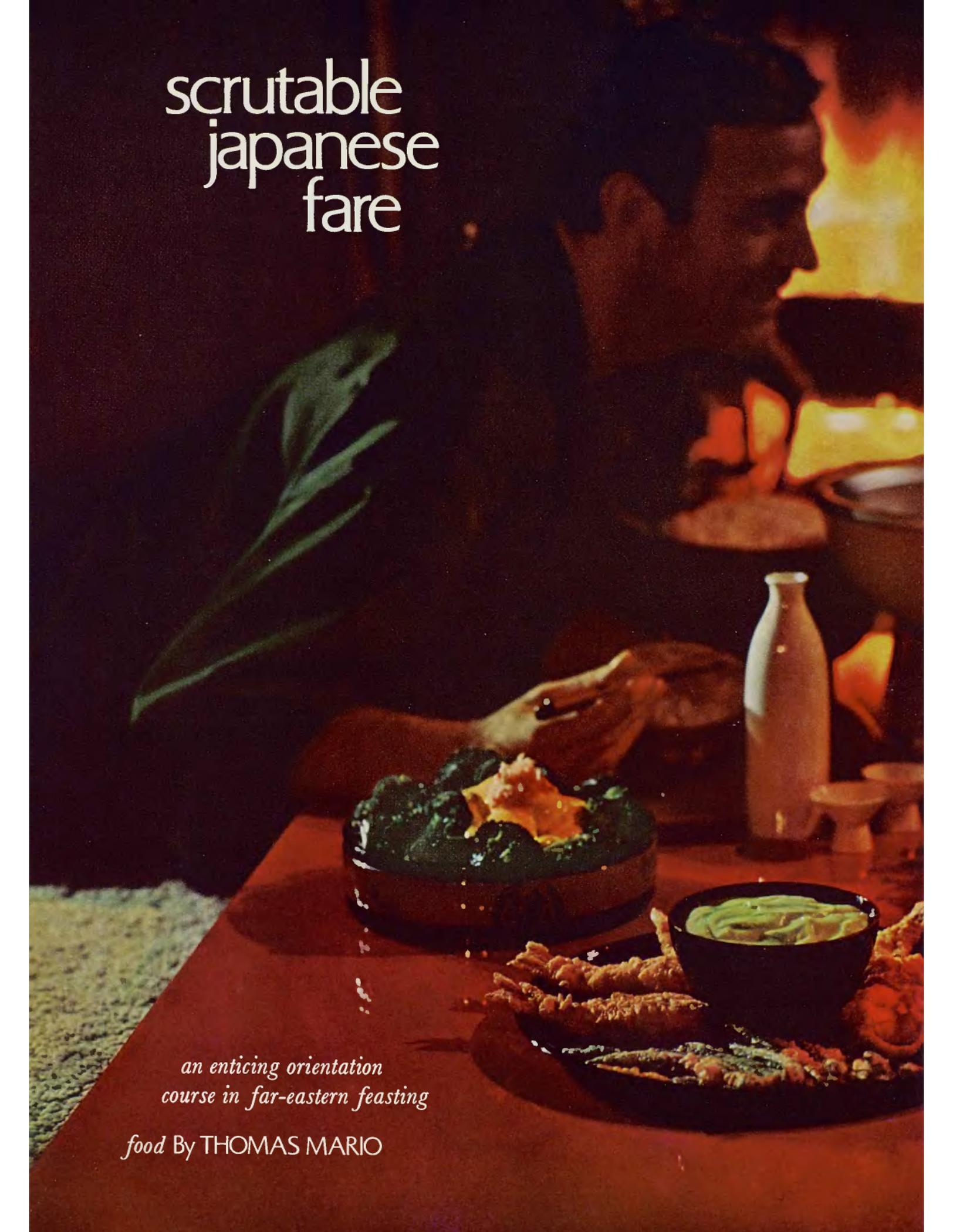
By W. D. JONES

drinking that Christmas Eve and it was about all gone. Clyde had some moonshine in his car, so I stayed with him, like he said, while L. C. fetched his folks. They lived just down the road in back of the filling station Old Man Barrow run.

After the visiting was over, Clyde told me him and Bonnie had been driving a long ways and was tired. He wanted me to go with them so I could keep watch while they got some rest. I went. I know now it was a fool thing to do, but then it seemed sort of big to be out with two famous outlaws. I reckoned Clyde took me along because he had knowed me before and figured he could count on me.

It must have been two o'clock Christmas morning when we checked into a tourist court at Temple. They slept on the bed. I had a pallet on the floor.

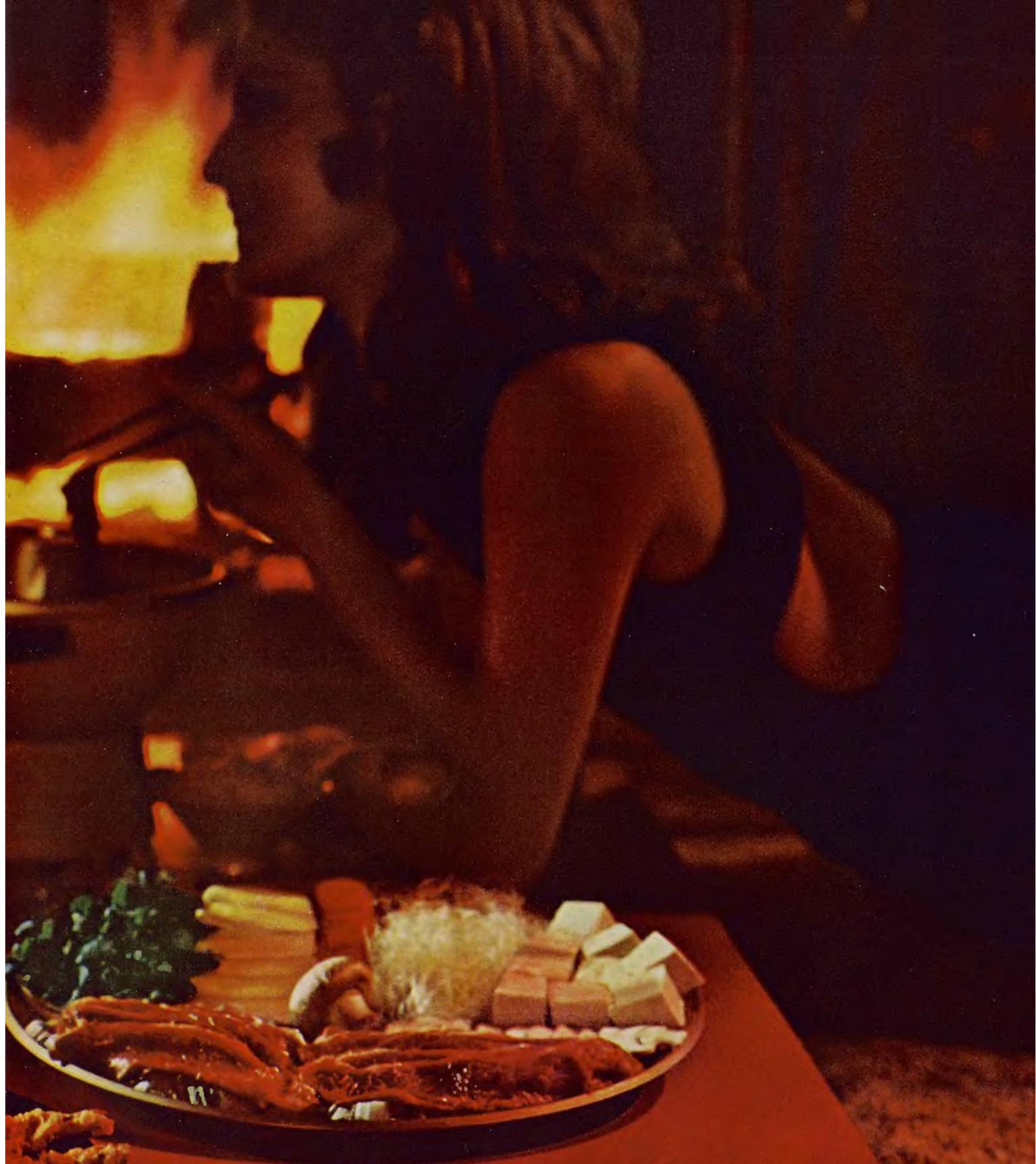
Next morning, I changed two tires on that Ford Clyde had. Clyde really banked on them Fords. They was the fastest and the best, and he knew how to drive them with one foot in the gas tank all the time. We went into town and stopped around the corner from a grocery store. (continued on page 160)



scrutable
japanese
fare

*an enticing orientation
course in far-eastern feasting*

food By THOMAS MARIO



THE HOST WHO'S INTERESTED in dining Japanese style will benefit from the fact that the Oriental criterion of fine art—which holds that less is more—reigns supreme. His needs are minimal: He can eschew chairs and conventional legged tables; his soup bowls function sans spoons; napery is almost nonexistent; and he is often able to do away with the kitchen completely. There is a basic Japanese seafood stock called *dashi* that he can dash off in a snappy five minutes, and many of the dishes take no preparation at all—from wafer-thin slices of tuna fish to fresh strawberries the size of plums. In short, the host has a good thing going when he decides to prepare a Japanese repast. But his guests benefit equally from this ancient art.

For a long time, sukiyaki was the cornerstone of Japanese cooking at American tables; but in

recent years, that epicurean but elaborate entree has been yielding first place to *shabu shabu*. As a party production, it would be hard to imagine anything more relaxing for the host and more fun-filled for the guests; in order to eat, everybody has to get into the act. As with *sukiyaki*, the mere sight of the food—raw prime ribs of beef sliced as thin as bacon, creamy-white mushrooms, bamboo shoots, crisp onion slices and, sometimes, cooked noodles, among an infinite variety of possible adjuncts to the beef, spread out on platters—is enough to draw everybody to the table. But unlike *sukiyaki*, which the host alone prepares for his guests, *shabu shabu* permits him to sit back while each guest dips his or her own tidbit into a pot of bubbling broth. In about a minute, the scalding-hot food is retrieved and swirled into a cooling dip, so that it can be popped into the mouth. If a *shabu shabu* fancier likes his beef medium or well done, he merely keeps it in the bubbly stock for a moment or two longer than the rare-beef addict. After the beef has been dispatched, the vegetables and thin noodles are turned into the now richly flavored stock. Also, by this time, the unpremeditated elbow brushing, chopstick wielding, sake sipping and comparative taste testing will have divested the diners of their culinary inhibitions.

The would-be delver into the nuances of Nipponese cuisine should take note of the way the shoeless Japanese diner sits on his *tatami* mat; it is the key, the very ginkgo nut of Japanese dining; to wit: It must be at once graceful and informal. Only the Japanese tea ceremony is a stylized production; a dinner party is something else altogether. For instance, consider *tempura*, fried in an almost feather-light batter. The shrimps, clusters of fried watercress, slices of mushroom, strips of green pepper or whatever happens to strike the chef's fancy at the last moment are gleefully scattered over the tray in no fixed pattern. And yet even one learning to use chopsticks for the first time won't be able to mar the picturelike appeal of the *tempura* at the table.

Some Japanese restaurants on these shores that attract large numbers of *nisei* often have more patrons in the kitchen than cooks. One customer will want some slices of sweet yam in his *tempura*; another will ask for a chunk of abalone; another, for more onions. But the whole bumptious feeling, the free-and-easy humor between the chef and his guests, makes the guests feel just as they do at their own private *tempura* party. It's the kind of unceremonious fun that makes *tempura* in this country such a deliciously informal idea for late-night kitchen suppers.

Few hosts these days need an Admiral Peary in a chef's hat to introduce the

array of Japanese prepared foods such as bottled sauces and seasonings now coming to the U. S. The beauty of most of them is that even for non-Japanese menus, their uses are as flexible as young bamboo. Japanese soy sauce, more mellow than the Chinese, may be lightly brushed on any broiled food, from fresh salmon to *shashlik*, and it will impart delicate, nutty, rich flavor overtones. There's another sauce of the soy family called *menmi*, bottled by Kikkoman; you'll probably have to go to an Oriental food shop for this one. In Japan, it's widely used in a broth with noodles—requiring merely the addition of water. Add a spoonful or two of *menmi* to any soup or stew, be it Gallic or Greek, and the original flavors will suddenly blossom with a new, vivid richness. You needn't wait for a full kimono Japanese dinner to try wasabi powder, a pungent seasoning made from the strong wasabi radish. It rivals Chinese or dried English mustard in sharpness and goes as well with a *pot-au-feu* or even a New England boiled dinner as it does with any Oriental dish.

Even more useful for freewheeling parties is the Japanese style of cooking—as anybody who uses a fireplace *hibachi* can testify. Japanese steakhouses in this country have unveiled the miraculously simple way of cooking shell steak, shrimps and vegetables right on the metal slab that is part of the dining table. The technique, as easy as sprinkling sesame seeds, can be applied rewardingly to chicken, swordfish, lamb, sweetbreads, venison or any other tender flesh that can be cut into fair-sized cubes. The old problem of keeping food hot simply disappears when the sizzling steak is delivered directly from the grill to your waiting plate.

To really appreciate sake, the delightful Japanese rice wine, you have to drink it slightly mulled. At room temperature, it's a different potable, reminiscent of dry vermouth or *fino* sherry, although the *mirin* sometimes used for cooking is less dry than the table sakes. A second reason for drinking it warm is the Japanese belief, easily verified, that the effect of warm sake on the body is instant rather than slightly delayed, as in drinking unheated wine. Sake should be poured from the bottle into the small porcelain *tokkuri* pitchers, one for each guest, and immersed in hot water until it reaches about 120° or until the neck of the pitcher feels warm—not burning hot. It's then poured into the small *sakazuki* cups that are usually refilled about a dozen times during a meal. Like certain rieslings and all rosés, sake must be drunk young to be at its best. It should be consumed not later than a year and a half after its bottling, which means that sake shouldn't be honored with dust and cobwebs and should be bought at a thriving liquor store, preferably one that

caters to Oriental sake sippers. The best sake comes from Nada, a region of Japan that bears the same relation to other sake-producing sections that cognac does to other brandies. At the beginning of a Japanese-inspired party, the land of the rising sun is best toasted with the *sakimi*—a very dry martini, with sake used in place of dry vermouth and garnished with a paper-thin slice of unpeeled cucumber.

Americans who were stationed in Japan after World War Two may remember having knelt alongside the Japanese as they prayed to their food goddess and to the souls of the departed salmon. In this country, no such ceremony is required to show an appreciation of the joys of Japanese cooking. A well-fed look is enough of a votive offering. Recipes fit for the gods follow, each of which serves four.

BROCCOLI SALAD, GOLDEN DRESSING

- 1 bunch broccoli
- 3 egg yolks
- ¾ cup cold water
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 teaspoons prepared horseradish
- 3 large red radishes

As a rule, Japanese salads are served in Lilliputian bowls; Americans prefer the more generous proportions given here.

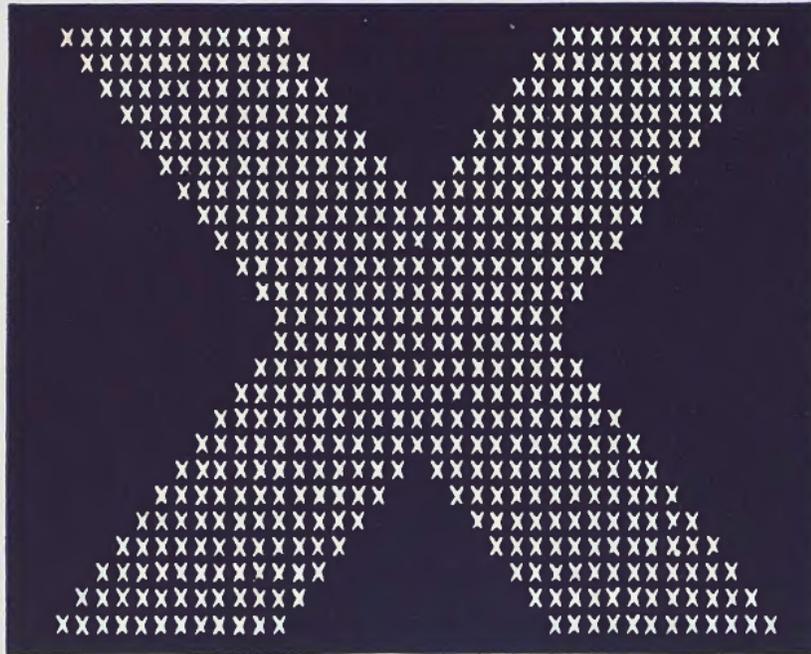
Cut flowerets off stalks of broccoli, letting about 1-in. stem remain on each. If flowerets are large, cut in half lengthwise. (Balance of stems may be cooked as a vegetable at another meal.) Bring a pot of water to a rapid boil. Drop a handful of flowerets into water and cook for ½ minute, no longer. Lift broccoli from water with slotted spoon or skimmer. Cook balance of flowerets in same manner, then chill in refrigerator. Put egg yolks, water, vinegar, sugar, salt and cornstarch in blender and blend at high speed until smooth—about ½ minute. Pour into top of double boiler over simmering water. Cook, stirring constantly with wire whip, until thick and fluffy. This will take only a few minutes. Stir in horseradish. Chill in refrigerator. Place broccoli on a platter or wide shallow serving dish. Spoon dressing on top. Grate radishes through coarse holes of square metal grater and sprinkle over dressing.

CABBAGE SALAD, SOY DRESSING

- 1 head Chinese cabbage
- 2 large scallions, white and green parts, thinly sliced
- 1 green pepper
- 2 medium-size white radishes
- ¼ cup rice vinegar or cider vinegar
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate

(continued on page 187)

INSTITUTION



ELECTORATE

article By ROBERT SHERRILL *electronic referendums could render our inefficient legislatures obsolete, but such "total democracy" might well create more problems than it would solve*

THE IDEA THAT SOME ELECTRONIC MEANS might be found to take over Congress' job has been around for some time. Ten years ago, writing in a scholarly political-science journal, Congressman Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn, who already had been on the public's payroll for 35 years and made no secret of wanting to stay there for many years to come, worried that "science-fiction writers, undoubtedly, will soon envision an automatic legislator that will supplant the Congress, just as the automatic translator seems to be about to supplant human linguists." He tried to brush aside the threat as a bit of make-believe, but it clearly made him uneasy to see computers translating English into Russian, and he warned that the next step might be an automatic evaluator that could read, even translate, the letters that come into Washington from the voters. "When that time comes, will Senators and Representatives no longer be required to perform . . . the arduous task of ascribing the proper weight and significance to the thousands of messages which come to them annually from the people?"

Celler's decade-old specter of a computerized "Congressman" whose mechanical mind is activated by mailbags is much too clumsy, however. That is no way to govern. For one thing, it would disenfranchise thousands of Americans who don't write letters. But worst of all, because it fails to utilize all the electronic techniques now available, it merely substitutes a robot Congressman for a humanly limited one. Why not go all the way, with a conglomerate instant electorate, a system by which each voter is equipped with a push-button tie-up with Washington? The middleman, Congress, could be bypassed in progressive stages; first the electorate could send its broad, general directives to Washington ("We, the people, instruct you to lower the price of groceries"), leaving the details for Congress to work out, and then the electorate could take over the decisions on specific legislation and eventually—when the nation has decided that Congress is no more workable or necessary than Prohibition—the legislative appendage to the Federal Government, having withered away, could be cut off by an amendment repealing Article I of the Constitution. (For that matter, some modifications to this portion of the Constitution, which defines Congressional powers, would already have had to be made.)

As for the mechanics of it, that's one of the lesser problems. *Time* recently wrote: "Possibly in a generation, polls may lead to instant national referendums. Every voter would have a small electronic box with 'yes' and 'no' buttons. The President could ask for public opinion on any issue—Should the nation invest 50 billion dollars to send men to Mars?—and the presumably informed electorate would flash back an immediate response. Technically, this is feasible right now. Automated democracy might dilute the power of a lot of Congressmen—no loss to democracy in some cases." On that unlikely day when the establishment decides to give its legislative powers back to the people by setting up this electronic electorate, it can be done rather easily, considering the scope of the job. There would be a certain number of snafus, to be sure; radio programs that poll their listeners on such social questions as "Should there be sex before marriage?" have demonstrated on more than one occasion that it is easy to knock a telephone exchange out of commission for hours. Inflate that load to 50,000,000 Americans all voting telephonically (continued on page 168)

hour—one hundred shiny crisp ones—when all the time you and Gloria. . . .”

His voice trailed off. He clenched his fists.

“Sit down,” Dr. Eyck said calmly. “You are agitated.”

“Agitated, hell. How do you expect me to be, you leprous creep?”

“I don’t know the answer to that yet,” Dr. Eyck said. “Shall we find out?”

“There’s nothing to find out,” Finney said. “I’ve already found out everything. Tuesday and Thursday nights at El Greco, when my so-called wife is attending her so-called bridge game. The back booth. At El Greco. Right?”

“Sit down,” Dr. Eyck said, his voice soothing. “Calm yourself.”

“I don’t want to calm myself.”

“What do you want to do?”

“I want to kill you,” Finney said, reaching into his pocket and taking out the gun. It was a short, stubby black automatic.

“How long,” said Dr. Eyck, “have you wanted to kill me?”

“Since yesterday,” Finney said. “Since yesterday at seven o’clock, precisely.”

“How is that?”

“Yesterday, at seven o’clock precisely, I found out.”

“You found out,” Dr. Eyck repeated.

“Yes, you bearded bullshitter. I found out what my wife was doing on Tuesday and Thursday nights. I should have guessed before, of course. Gloria’s passions don’t really include bridge; she’s not the type. But you know all that, you scabrous scum.”

“Tell me exactly what happened,” Dr. Eyck said reasonably.

“Yesterday,” Peter Finney said, “we ran late on the set of *Peter and George*. We were doing interiors, and the lightman has hepatitis, and the replacement didn’t know the system. Everything was slow; the schedule was shot to hell. So I didn’t get off the lot until nearly seven that night.”

“How did it make you feel to get off later than usual?”

“It made me mad,” Peter said. “The damned lightman, and his damned hepatitis, screwing everything up. They can’t keep me late. I’m the star of the series.”

“Go on,” Dr. Eyck said.

“So,” Peter said, sitting down on the couch and placing the gun beside him, “when I got through, it was late, and I was tired. George suggested that we have a quick one. I wanted to get home, because Gloria worries about me on the freeways—after my seventh car accident, you know—but George insisted, so we went for a quick one. At El Greco, on Wilshire and Lewis. Across the street from Dropsy’s. But you know where it is, you rare-roasted turd.”

“Why do you say that?” Dr. Eyck asked.

“Because, when we got into the bar at El Greco, and we’re having a quick one, I hear the bartender talking to some out-of-towners. Talking up the stars who come in there. Steve McQueen and Paul Newman and Angie Dickinson. The bartender is giving the hicks the low-down. And they’re lapping it up and buying more drinks.”

“More drinks,” Dr. Eyck repeated. It was a trick he had, repeating the last part of a sentence.

“Yes, you son of a skunk and a toad. More drinks. And the bartender keeps talking. And finally, he mentions that even Gloria Starr comes into El Greco, but only on Tuesday and Thursday nights. That’s when I begin to listen seriously.”

“Seriously.”

“Yes, I’m all ears, sitting there curled over my vodka gibbon with the bartender jabbering on about Gloria Starr and how beautiful she is, how lovely and desirable, and a nice person under it all. And he never mentions her husband.”

“How did that make you feel?”

“Mad,” Peter Finney said, lying back on the couch and placing the gun on his stomach. “Very mad. I mean, shit. Gloria hasn’t done anything—*anything*—for a year and a half, and the last thing she did was *Dawn Beach Party*, which was hardly box-office boffo, and not your sterling artistic success, and there I am with the lead in the biggest tube series going, bar none, the biggest comedy, the Nielsen killer, *Peter and George*, and there’s the two of us—me, Peter, and George sitting next to me—we’re loved by forty-two-point-one percent every week, and this creep never even heard of us.”

“You resented the bartender?”

“I didn’t resent him. I hated his guts, is all.”

“Hated his guts.”

“Damned right,” Peter said. “There he is, talking about Paul Newman and Steve McQueen. What marvelous actors they are. When everybody knows they can’t act, they just run around on motorcycles and make films with their shirts off and bat their piercing blue eyes at the cameras and that’s supposed to make them great actors. That’s supposed to make them sexy. And they have these sexy wives.”

“Sexy wives,” Dr. Eyck repeated.

“Yeah,” Peter Finney said. “Sexy wives.”

“What does that make you think of?”

“Well, look, I’ve got a sexy wife, too. Gloria Starr. Nothing sexier. A thirty-eight-D, a *real* thirty-eight-D, not your press agent’s thirty-eight-D; I mean, you have to admit, Gloria is really *sexy*.”

“How does that make you feel?”

“Fine,” Peter Finney said, “until I heard the bartender explain that she came into El Greco on Tuesday and Thursday nights with a fat guy who had a goatee, you bloated bag of gas. I felt just fine until then.”

He sat up on the couch and gripped the revolver carefully in his right hand.

“I don’t follow you,” Dr. Eyck said, frowning. He was ignoring the gun.

“You follow me fine, you two-faced crud.”

“Do you mean that you identified with me when the bartender mentioned a fat man with a goatee?”

“I didn’t identify with anybody,” Finney said. “I just thought to myself, who do I know that is a true-blue, twenty-four-carat, crap-plated bastard? And fat, and affects a goatee?”

Dr. Eyck sat back in his chair and nodded. “And what did you decide?”

“You,” Finney said. “I decided it was you.”

“Do you think that was a reasonable decision?” Dr. Eyck asked reasonably.

“Yes.”

“And what did you do?”

“I said to George, ‘I’m going to kill the creepy son of a bitch.’”

“How did it make you feel to express your hostility toward me?”

“Not as good,” Finney said, “as I’ll feel when I put a bullet through your fat gut.”

“Why,” Dr. Eyck asked curiously, “do you say I am fat?”

“Because you are. Look at you: that big, self-satisfied Kraut paunch hanging out. . . .”

“Have you always considered me fat?”

“No. I don’t think I ever noticed it until now. I never paid any attention. But now I see clearly—a big, fat, greasy cuckold.”

“Then your perception of me has recently changed?” Dr. Eyck said.

“You’re goddamned right it has, you sulphurous slob.”

“In fact,” Dr. Eyck said, “my family name is Dutch, rather than what you refer to as ‘Kraut,’ and I am not fat. I weigh only two hundred pounds and am more than six feet tall. I am stocky, but not what most people would call fat. That is why you never thought of me as fat before.”

“Wrong,” Peter Finney said. “I never thought of you as fat before because I never looked at you before, you hairy lecherous leech.”

“Los Angeles,” Dr. Eyck continued, “is a city of more than two million persons. The last report I read stated that twenty percent of males were strikingly obese. And you know that there are many fat men in this city with beards. You can name several stars yourself.”

“That doesn’t matter,” Peter said.

“Why?”

“Because you’re the one.”

Dr. Eyck sighed patiently. “No, Peter;

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(THE SMOOTH SCOTCH)

you are deluding yourself. You are saying that because you would like to think it is true. Isn't that so?"

"I know it's true," Finney said.

Dr. Eyck shook his head. "Last night," he said, "you entered a bar in an irritable mood. Your pride was then wounded by the remarks of the bartender. But then, when this same bartender, who is, by your own admission, uninformed—when this same man mentions your wife and her alleged rendezvous with a mysterious fat man with a beard, you immediately associate this man with your analyst. Why?"

"Because you're the one," Finney said stubbornly, but he put the gun down.

"When you first heard the bartender talking of your wife, did anyone else come to mind? Any other possibilities?"

Finney bit his lip. "No," he admitted.

"You immediately assumed the bartender was referring to me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Finney hesitated. "I don't know."

"Did you call the bartender over and ask him for more details? Did you question him more fully?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I didn't want to," Finney said.

"How is that?"

"I didn't think it was necessary," Finney said slowly.

"But surely this was a matter of concern to you. You would want more information."

"When he made the remark, it just seemed immediately evident to me.

Very clear. I knew exactly who he was talking about. At least I thought I did."

"And now?"

"Well, now, I'm not so sure."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, when I first thought of you, I also thought of our last session, where we had been discussing my mother and my difficulties in relating to people in a warm way. Discussing Gloria and my insecurity concerning her."

"Why did you recall this?"

"I don't know."

"You mean you don't want to know."

Finney hung his head, looking miserable. He said nothing.

"In fact," Dr. Eyck continued, "we were discussing your insecurity in relation to sexual matters, isn't that right? So that when you heard a rumor concerning your wife's infidelity, you felt threatened. You were anxious and you associated with your last period of anxiety, which was discussing sexual matters with me."

"I guess so," Finney said.

"So in your anxiety, you became aggressive, angry, hostile. You fantasized murder."

"Yes."

"But you never really intended to kill me, did you, Peter? It was just a fantasy."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Do you understand why?"

Finney frowned, thinking hard. "I guess," he said, "I was projecting. When I sat in that bar and heard that creep talking about Gloria, I was humiliated. I

wanted to kill myself. I was so humiliated, but I projected and decided I wanted to kill you."

Dr. Eyck nodded wisely. "I think that is a very good insight, Peter. How does that make you feel?"

Finney sighed and relaxed. His muscles loosened and he lay back on the couch, breathing easily. "I feel better now," he said.

"Good. Do you want to talk more about it?"

"No," Finney said. "Let's talk about something else."

"Your mother?"

"All right," Finney said. "My mother."

• • •

At the end of the hour, Peter Finney shook hands pleasantly with Dr. Eyck, apologized for bursting in on him and went out past the beautiful receptionist. Alone, Dr. Eyck sat at his desk, brooding and stroking his goatee. Then he made a telephone call, dialing the number without looking it up. When the woman answered, he said, "Darling, we had better change plans."

"Why?" Gloria Starr said.

"Peter was just here. He knows you're meeting someone at El Greco."

"Does he suspect—"

"Me? Yes. But I took care of that. Everything is fine now."

"What should we do?"

"Wait a week," Dr. Eyck said. "Then we'll try L'Estragon. Do you know it?"

"I can find it, lover," she said in a low voice.

"A week from Tuesday, then. At the usual time."

"All right," she said.

When Dr. Eyck had hung up, he looked over and saw Peter Finney standing just inside the door. Peter Finney looked very grim, definitely angry, almost certainly homicidal. He had his hand in his jacket pocket, clutching the gun.

"Peter," he said, "you mustn't jump to conclusions. I swear that—"

Peter Finney grinned. "I just wanted to say," he said, "that I'll be in for my regular appointment Friday at four-thirty."

Dr. Eyck was stunned. He struggled for composure.

"Is that all right?" Finney asked innocently. "You look upset."

"No . . . no, it's fine."

"You see," Finney smiled, "I would hate to desert you now."

"How do you mean?"

"You'll need the money."

"Money?"

"Yes. My hundred dollars an hour. You'll need that, and a lot more."

"I don't understand."

"It's quite simple," Finney said. "Why do you think I have been filling your delicate ears with stories of Gloria for the past six months? Why do you think I have described in glowing, meticulous



"No, thanks. According to the A. M. A., that stuff can significantly reduce one's social productivity."

detail her bedroom abilities? Why do you think I have concentrated on my impotence and her frustration?"

"Those are the things that bother you," Dr. Eyck said.

"What bothers me," Finney said, "is that the stupid broad isn't working and is draining me—draining me—at the rate of two thousand a week for her clothes and cars and crap. I've hit it rich with this series and she's been bleeding me to the bone. I've never liked Gloria. She is a stupid, selfish, petty, ignorant woman."

"But, Peter—"

"My only problem," Finney said, taking the gun from his pocket, "was divorcing her. I'm making a lot of money, a hell of a lot of money, and she could sue for a whopping alimony. And she'd never remarry: Who in his right mind would marry the unemployed star of *Dawn Beach Party*? So you see, I had to arrange an affair. Another man. That was where you came in."

"Peter, this is all—"

"My lawyers knew an excellent and discreet detective agency. They have everything, including infrared pictures. Quite the latest stuff. You'll pardon me if I have to name you in the divorce proceedings, but it's worth a great deal of money to me."

"Peter—"

"The trouble was," Finney continued, waving the gun at Dr. Eyck, "that we needed something extra. That final touch, the proper witness. Someone who would be attractive and sympathetic on the stand. And someone related, in some way, to the situation. The obvious answer was, of course, your delightful receptionist, Miss Patrick. Miss Patrick and I have been seeing each other for some weeks now. She and I decided that a girl in her position couldn't help but overhear her employer's telephone conversations from time to time. Quite by accident, you understand."

"Peter, this is all quite—"

"So she listened in," Finney continued. "For the past two weeks. But you were careful, you never called Gloria from the office. You were being very cagey. So Miss Patrick and I decided to arrange something. A little something to spur you into action."

Dr. Eyck sat back in his chair, shaking his head slowly.

"So you see," Finney said, "that's how it is."

He raised the gun and fired three rounds at Dr. Eyck. The room was filled with thick acrid smoke, and it was a moment before Dr. Eyck realized that he hadn't been hit; the gun was filled with blanks.

Peter Finney laughed.

"There, now," he said, as Dr. Eyck coughed in the smoke. "How does that make you feel?"



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Clyde handed me an old .41-caliber thumb buster and told me, "Take this, boy, and stand watch while I get us some spending money." Later, I found out that gun wouldn't shoot because there was two broken bullets stuck inside the chamber. I had to punch them out with a stick.

I stood outside the store while Clyde went in. Bonnie was waiting in the car around the corner. After he got the money, we walked away toward Bonnie. Now, the blocks in them days was longer than they are now; and before we got halfway back to the car, Clyde stopped alongside a Model A roadster that had the keys in it. I don't know if he'd seen something over his shoulder that spooked him or what. But he told me, "Get in that car, boy, and start it." I jumped to it. But it was a cold day and the car wouldn't start. Clyde got impatient. He told me to slip over and he'd do it. I scooted over. About then an old man and an old woman run over to the roadster and began yelling, "That's my boy's car! Get out!" Then another woman run up and began making a big fuss. All the time, Clyde was trying to get it started. He told them to stand back and they wouldn't get hurt. Then the guy who owned it run up. Clyde pointed his pistol and yelled, "Get back, man, or I'll kill you!" That man was Doyle Johnson, I learned later. He came on up to the car and reached through the roadster's isinglass window curtains and got Clyde by the throat and tried to choke him.

Clyde hollered, "Stop, man, or I'll kill you." Johnson didn't move, and Clyde done what he had threatened. About then he got the car started and we whipped around the corner to where Bonnie was waiting. We piled into her car and lit a shuck out of town.

It all seemed pointless then as to why Clyde wanted that car. I've thought about it since, and I figure he must have wanted the laws to think we was in Johnson's car. Of course, he didn't have no way of knowing he was gonna have to kill Johnson.

We headed out of town toward Waco. A mile or two down the road, Clyde pulled over and said, "Boy, shiny up that pole and cut them phone wires. We don't want no calls ahead." I done it and we went on.

As I look back, cutting them phone wires was slick. That was about all you had to do to cut off the law in them days. There wasn't no two-way radio hookups like now; and when a police used them long-distance phone wires to call the next town, it run up expenses. Them was hard times and even towns didn't have much to spend. There

wasn't as many laws then, either, and they just couldn't catch up with Clyde in them V8 Fords he drove. Ted Hinton and Bob Alcorn, the Dallas lawmen I come to know a year later, told me Clyde was about the best driver in the world. They said them Fords and Clyde's driving was what kept him and Bonnie free them two years. Hell, I knowed that. I rode with him. He had me drive some when he was tired, but Clyde stayed behind the wheel when the heat was close. He believed in a nonstop jump in territory—sometimes as much as 1000 miles—whenever it got hot behind. He and Bonnie didn't intend to ever be taken alive. They was hell-bent on running till the end, and they knowed there was only one end for them. Sometimes I thought Clyde liked the running. He dreaded getting caught, but he never give up robbing to work for a living. I reckon Clyde just didn't want to work like other folks. For one thing, he never liked getting his hands dirty.

I've seen that Clyde and Bonnie movie. The only thing that ain't plumb silly the way they play it is the gun battles. Them was real enough to almost make me hurt. I've still got some lead in me from them fights with the law. When I tried to join the Army in World War Two after I got out of prison, them doctors turned me down because their X rays showed four buckshot and a bullet in my chest and part of a lung blown away.

The way they showed Clyde is all wrong. Clyde never bragged. And he wouldn't have lived 90 days running his mouth like they had it. Quiet as a cat with the dogs close was the way he was.

That C. W. Moss in the movie was me, up to the end, when he let his old man turn in Clyde and Bonnie. It was Henry Methvin that done that, not me. I was in jail when that happened. The papers was right when they said Moss was a composite of me and Methvin.

Moss was a dumb kid who run errands and done what Clyde told him. That was me, all right. But they messed up showing Moss as driver of the car so much and having him fix on it all the time.

Clyde drove most always, 'cause he didn't trust nobody else to drive like he could. As for me working on the car, I'd change a tire or a battery or something like that. But we'd junk a car if anything went wrong with it and get another one. I don't know how many cars I stole for Clyde. I do remember we never kept one more than a week or so, because it'd get too hot.

Now, I had been in trouble with the law before I turned out with Clyde and Bonnie. The first time was over a hot

bicycle a kid got caught with. He laid a story on me. It was when I was 11 years old and selling newspapers on a Dallas street corner—newspapers I couldn't even read. I had never liked school and I dropped out after the first grade, before I learned reading and writing. Somebody else had to tell me the headlines in the papers, so I'd know what to hawk. I knowed nothing about that bicycle, and I finally convinced the law of that.

Another time, me and L. C. got picked up in Louisiana after a car wreck. The laws took us back to Dallas to face car-stealing charges. The car we had torn up belonged to a bootlegger who had hired us to deliver his liquor. We got to pulling on a bottle and just hooked 'em with the liquor and the bootlegger's car.

I first saw Clyde Barrow under the Oak Cliff viaduct in Dallas when I was five years old. His family and my family was camped out there because we had nowhere else. Daddy had brought Momma, a daughter and five sons to Dallas from Henderson County, Texas, where he was a sharecropper. Times was hard and lots of folks was moving off farms in them days. We finally got a house in West Dallas and Daddy went to work at an iron plant. The Barrows moved into a house down the street. About a year later, Daddy, my sister and my oldest brother took sick and died of the flu. Momma, when she got herself out of the hospital and was well from the flu, supported us four boys as best she could. She done washing and took in boarders, and us kids did what we could to make a buck. Momma tried another marriage a few years after Daddy died, but he couldn't put up with us kids. Because of that, she couldn't put up with him. Momma was never one who could divide her loyalty.

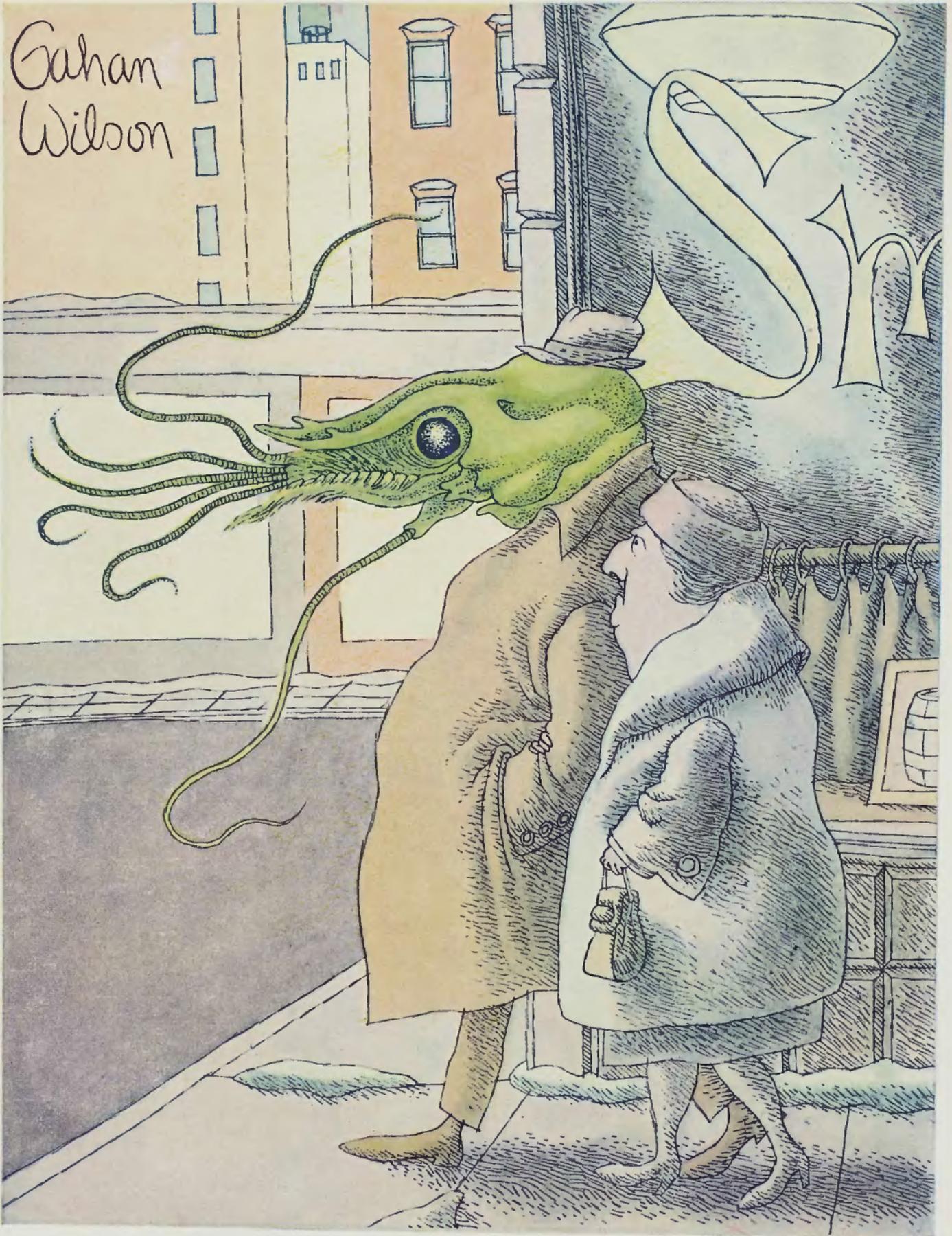
Clyde run with my older brother and he used to come calling on a girl who boarded at my house. He went with her before Bonnie. He had a good job then with a big manufacturing plant in West Dallas. I was just a kid, but Clyde always treated me nice and I liked him. Then one day, his girl moved off to where her folks was in Oklahoma, and I heard he'd got her in a family way. Clyde took up with Bonnie after that.

He was pushing that Ford for all it was worth toward Waco when Bonnie said, "What you gonna do, honey? You can't go back to Dallas now. That man's shot and probably dead." He was, too, we found out later.

"Hell, I know that. He can't go back, either." Clyde said, nodding at me. "You know that, don't you, boy? You can't go home. You got murder on you, just like me. You can't go home."

He was right. They was supposed to

Graham
Wilson



"Harry, I really think you ought to go to the doctor."

take me home to Dallas that Christmas Day. He had promised that, but I couldn't go home after Doyle Johnson got killed. I had murder on me, just like Clyde said. I was an outlaw, too, now, so I stayed with them. The robbing and the killing never stopped, and neither did we.

I run with Clyde and Bonnie for more than eight months. That was all I could stand. I left them up in Mississippi and hitchhiked back to Texas. The law caught me in Houston. My running was over. I was in the joint when word came on May 23, 1934, that Clyde and Bonnie was killed near Arcadia, Louisiana.

I've heard stories since that Clyde was homosexual, or, as they say in the pen, a "punk," but they ain't true. Maybe it was Clyde's quiet, polite manner and his slight build that fooled folks. He was only about five feet, six inches tall and he weighed no more than 135 pounds. Me and him was about the same size, and we used to wear each other's clothes. Clyde had dark hair that was wavy. He never had a beard. Even when he didn't shave, all he had on his chin was fuzz.

Another way that story might have got started was his wearing a wig sometimes when him and Bonnie had to drive through a town where they might be recognized. He wore the wig for disguise and for no other reason.

Clyde never walked right, either. He'd chopped off his big toe and part of the second toe on his left foot when he was in prison, because he couldn't keep up with the pace the farm boss set.

Or the story could have come from sensation writers who believed anything dropped on them and who blew it to proportions that suited their imagination.

I knew a lot of convicts the years I was in prison—some of them years on Eastham Farm, where Clyde had served his time—and none of them had a story on him being a punk. Matter of fact, nobody—not the police who asked me questions for hours and hours or the reporters who got in to see me—ever mentioned it. The subject just never come up then.

It's just here recently, more than 30 years since Clyde was killed, that I've heard the story. I was with him and Bonnie. I know. It just ain't true.

Some of the tales about us robbing banks all the time ain't true, either. The time I was with Clyde and Bonnie, we never made a bank job. He liked grocery stores, filling stations and places there was a payroll. Why should we rob a bank? There was never much money in the banks back in them days in the Southwest.

But that's not the way the papers put

it. They'd write we was heisting a bank in Texas when we was actually off in Tennessee or somewhere else. I remember one time we stopped at a tourist court in a little town. I went across the road to an inn to get some sandwiches. The waiter was all excited. "Bonnie and Clyde was just here," he told me. "They stopped for gas. The police come out, but they got here too late. Bonnie and Clyde was already gone and they couldn't catch them." It shook me some when he said that, but I stayed calm.

I took the food back to the tourist cabin and told Clyde what the man had said. He got a good laugh out of that, but after we had eat, he said, "You know, that man might have been giving us a tip. He might have recognized us. We better move on."

I always figured some of them reporters was holed up somewhere with some booze during the time they claimed they'd been off with the law in hot pursuit of the outrageous Barrow gang. They was just writing from their imagination, it seemed to me. I couldn't read what they was saying in the papers then, but we'd pick up the newspaper in whatever little town we was traveling through and Bonnie would read it aloud. That way, we kept up with where the law thought we was and we'd head in the opposite direction.

We never stayed long in one place. It was too risky. We had to keep moving. When our clothes got dirty, we'd take them to a cleaners if we thought it was safe. But we didn't wait until they was ready. We'd drive on somewhere else and, in a week or two, swing back to pick them up, if there was no heat behind. Sometimes we never got back. We'd buy new clothes.

Any shopping we done was done alone. Me and Clyde would wait in the car down the street while Bonnie went in and got what she wanted. Or he would go in a store while we waited out in the car.

Clyde always believed in being prepared. He was the quickest man I ever seen. He never wanted to kill. He'd kidnap the police instead of killing them, if he could. But he killed without hesitation when he had to, because he wanted to stay free. He was the complete boss, not Bonnie, like some have said. Clyde dominated all them around him, even his older brother, Buck. Clyde planned and made all the decisions about what to heist and when to pull out and leave a job alone. One time, up in Tennessee, we were on the way to hit a cotton mill. We figured there was a big payroll there. But Clyde called it off, because there was water in the ditches alongside the road we'd have used and we wouldn't have been able to cut cross-country to make time on the getaway.

I followed him, just like everybody who was ever with him did.

Clyde never had no big vice to indulge like the robbers you read about nowadays. He was no dopehead. He never drank to excess. He didn't gamble. Clyde just wanted to stay alive and free, and Bonnie just wanted to be with Clyde. He'd made the first wrong turn and couldn't go back. He was the kind who'd kill in a hot instant and everybody who knew him knowed it. Nobody fooled around with Clyde.

He had that sawed-off 16-gauge automatic shotgun along with him all the time. It had a one-inch rubber band he'd cut out of a car-tire inner tube attached to the cutoff stock. He'd slip his arm through the band and when he put his coat on, you'd never know the gun was there. The rubber band would give when he snatched it up to fire. He kept his coat pocket cut out so he could hold the gun barrel next to his hip. It looked like he just had his hand in his pocket.

The meanest weapon in our arsenal was Clyde's automatic rifle we'd stolen from a National Guard armory. He had cut off part of the barrel and had got three ammo clips welded together so it would shoot 56 times without reloading. Clyde called it his scatter-gun. We had a couple of regular automatic rifles and some pistols. There was so many guns in the car it was hard not to show them when we got out at a filling station or tourist court.

Clyde liked to stay sharp and would sometimes hit the car brakes of a sudden, bounce out to the roadside and open up with that cutoff automatic rifle on a tree or a sign for practice. He was never more than an arm's reach from a gun, even in bed, or out of bed on the floor in the night, when he thought we was all asleep and couldn't see him kneeling there. I seen it more than once. He prayed. I reckon he was praying for his soul. Maybe it was for more life. He knowed it would end soon, but he didn't intend for it to be in jail.

Bonnie was the only one Clyde trusted all the way. But not even Bonnie had a voice in the decisions. His leadership was undisputed. She always agreed with him when he hinted he might like to hear her advice on something. As far as I know, Bonnie never packed a gun. Maybe she'd help carry what we had in the car into a tourist-court room. But during the five big gun battles I was with them, she never fired a gun. But I'll say she was a hell of a loader.

One time she did pick up Clyde's shotgun and threaten him with it. He'd said something to me because the jack I was using to change a flat tire kept slipping. Clyde thought it was taking too long. Bonnie come to my side and held Clyde at gun point. He turned around and walked off. When a car stopped and the driver asked if we needed help,

The whole idea
of a man's cologne
is to start a kind of fire
in a woman.

Burley
starts the kind of fire
a woman can't put out.



A NEW FRAGRANCE FROM THE MEN AT OLD SPICE. BURLEY: COLOGNE, AFTER SHAVE AND GIFT SETS.

and that policeman worked right hard to get that battery in the car like Clyde wanted. We got the car started and Clyde turned him loose. We drove off and left him there. He had to walk back to town, but he was thrilled just to be alive and free again, and he thanked us.

We never wanted to kill nobody. But during the time I was with them, five men got it. Four of them was lawmen shot in gun battles. We was hit, too. Sometimes we was hurt so bad it seemed like the end. I got shot in the side at Joplin, and my belly ached so bad I thought the bullet had stopped there. Clyde wrapped an elm branch with gauze and pushed it through the hole in my side and out my back. The bullet had gone clean through me, so we knew it would heal. A lawman shot off the tips of two of my fingers in Arkansas after me and Buck made a job there. There was two officers, and they run onto us accidentally as we was getting away. We had hit another car and they stopped to see about that. Buck killed one. The other run off and hid up the road on a farmhouse porch. Our car was wrecked, so we got in the police car and was about to take off when that law started firing. That man could shoot. All he had was a pistol and he was about 200 yards away from us, but he knocked the horn button off the steering wheel with me trying to get the car turned around. That's how he got my finger tips.

Clyde and Bonnie wasn't along that time. He was taking care of her back at the tourist court. She'd been burned so bad none of us thought she was gonna live. The hide on her right leg was gone, from her hip down to her ankle. I could see the bone at places. She had got hurt when we run off into a river bed where the bridge was out near Wellington, Texas. The car caught fire while Bonnie was still hung inside. It was nighttime, but some farm folks sitting on their front steps had seen us go off the road. They helped get Bonnie out; but when they seen all them guns in the car, they called the law. Clyde drew on them when they rolled up, and we took their car. He set them in the back seat with Bonnie across their laps, and we drove on to meet Buck and his wife, Blanche. Buck was all for killing the two lawmen; but Clyde, thinking how gentle they had been with Bonnie, said no. He told Buck to tie them up in the woods and we'd be on our way. When Buck come back and told how he'd tied them to a tree with barbed wire, Clyde got mad. "You didn't have to do that," he said.

Bonnie never got over that burn. Even after it healed over, her leg was drawn under her. She had to just hop or hobble along. When she was so bad at first, we had to carry her to the toilet and take her off when she finished and put her back in bed.



"At the rate you're going, you'll never get an education; and if you want to participate in student demonstrations, it will have to be as a policeman."

I was carrying her on my back—half stumbling, half swimming—when me and her and Clyde got away from that posse near Dexter, Iowa. That's where Buck and Blanche was captured. Buck died a few days later. Clyde had a machine gun holding the posse off us. He'd taken a shot in the leg and was hopping along. I'd been hit in the chest with a bullet and taken some shotgun pellets in the face and chest and was losing a lot of blood. Then Clyde caught a bullet in the head on the side. It must have bounced off a tree, because it didn't go in. It just dazed him. He run out of ammunition just as we got to a little river. We didn't have nothing to shoot with no more, but we made it across. Clyde went ahead and run up on some farmers, who don't know he's out of bullets, and he gets their car. That's how we finally got away.

Way on down the road, when we figured it was safe, we bought gas. We was wearing some sheets that was left in the car. We'd cut holes in them to stick our heads in. Bonnie was lying in the back seat all covered up. The gas-station man looked at us funny, but it was wear sheets or show how bloody and shot up and muddy we was.

I reckon most folks find it hard to believe we never went to no doctor, but that's a fact. We stole a few doctors' bags out of cars and used that medicine.

And we bought alcohol and salves at drugstores. But we couldn't risk going to a doctor and getting turned in.

I left Clyde and Bonnie after they was healed up enough to get by without me. Clyde put me out to steal a car and I hooked 'em back to Texas.

I'd had enough blood and hell.

But it wasn't done yet. I had to pay. A boy in Houston, where I was working for a vegetable peddler, knowed me and turned me in to the law. They tried me for killing a sheriff's man at Dallas. Clyde done it, but I was glad to take the rap. Arkansas wanted to extradite me, and I sure didn't want to go to no Arkansas prison. I figure now that if Arkansas had got me, one of them skeletons they've dug up there might have been me.

That Bonnie and Clyde movie made it all look sort of glamorous, but like I told them teenaged boys sitting near me at the drive-in showing: "Take it from an old man who was there. It was hell. Besides, there's more lawmen nowadays with better ways of catching you. You couldn't get away, anyway. The only way I come through it was because the Good Lord musta been watching over me. But you can't depend on that, neither, because He's got more folks to watch over now than He did then."

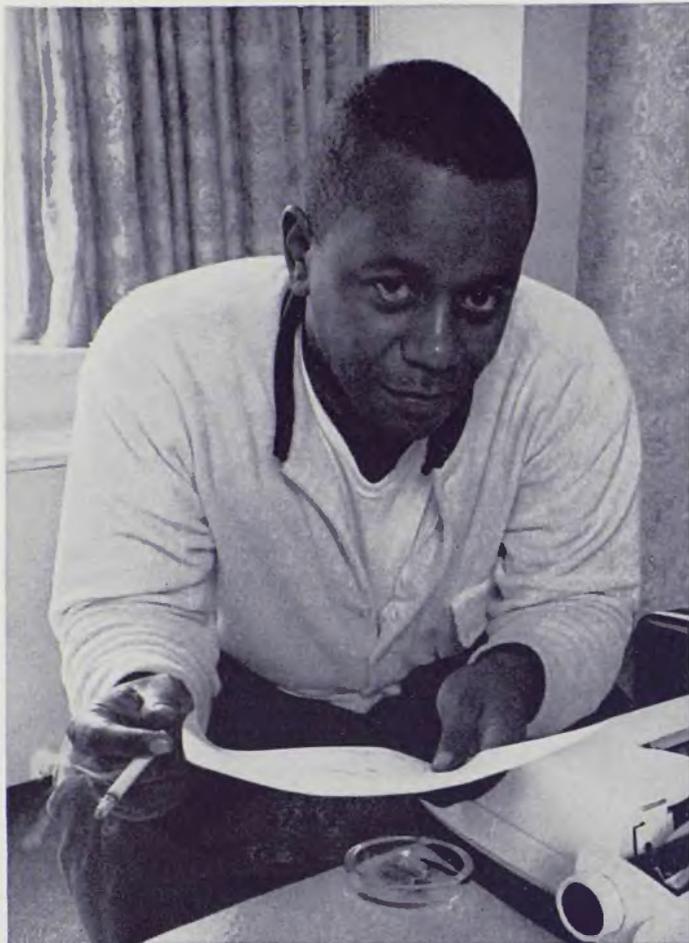


ON THE SCENE

EDWIN NEWMAN *weighty anchor man*

"TWO OF THE QUALITIES that give Edwin Newman's commentaries their special distinction are his wit and depth of understanding, both conspicuous rarities to be cherished and honored," says the Peabody Award citation that NBC's versatile critic at large received last year. Anyone who's turned him on and tuned him in is familiar with Newman's perceptive combination of common-sense reporting and sardonic wisecracking—a happy blend that suggests Huntley and Brinkley rolled into one. Whether anchoring a special news report or subhosting the *Today* show, he's equally capable of well-informed comment and expert ad-libbing. Newman once extemporized a speech about TV's men behind the scenes—the "unsung heroes"—saying that he'd never heard a word about a "sung hero"; he finally concluded it must be "a Chinese restaurant that sells Italian sandwiches." Newman's exhausting schedule makes him, at 49, about the most ubiquitous broadcaster around; his agenda includes narrating documentaries, conducting a weekly interview series titled *Speaking Freely*, doing his own early-afternoon newscast, reporting the evening news, occasionally moderating *Meet the Press*, acting as trenchant drama critic on the late news and as a freewheeling observer on NBC's radio series *Emphasis*. He's also called upon to cover marathon crises such as the United Nations debates on the Israeli War, during which he wryly observed, "Some of the 'distinguished representatives' of the UN are, as it happens, strikingly undistinguished." But he's at his best when tackling the grueling assignment of floor reporter at the national political conventions. Taking a swipe at the use of computers to project the outcome of an election, he says, "As a journalist, I find that the use of all these machines destroys the mystique; I rather regret that, because I think it takes away something from those of us in the business. The machines are replacing us." In Newman's case, that's not likely.





FLIP WILSON *witty gritty*

THE ANTIC WIT of Flip Wilson is at its best when the 35-year-old comic deals with interracial subjects: In one of his routines, Wilson tells of a pollster who enters a suburban home to ask the parents if they'd object if their daughter married a Negro. The husband shouts to his wife upstairs, "Ethel, would you mind if our daughter married a Negro?" Comes the high-pitched, Butterfly McQueen reply, "Honey, she kin marry anybody she *want!*" Although such stories take just seconds to tell, they're usually several years in the making. Says Wilson, "I've been compiling a book on the laws of humor ever since I started out in show business." Flip remembers deciding to be a comic when he was eight, after seeing a comedy revue in his home town of Jersey City, New Jersey. The tenth of 24 children, Wilson was raised in—and ran away from—a succession of foster homes and, at 16, lied about his age to enlist in the Air Force. "When I got out," he recalls, "I gave myself 15 years to become a success. I figured that doctors and lawyers have to put in time going to school and getting established, so why should comedians be different?" For the next decade, Flip hitchhiked across America, playing tiny clubs and passing the hat for food money. "I never had anything to call my own, anyway," he says, "so being broke didn't bother me. And I knew I was making progress." The lean years ended abruptly in 1965, when Flip broke up the host—and his audience—on *The Tonight Show*. Since then, he's worked the Playboy Club circuit, has been a frequent guest star on *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* and is much in demand for night-club dates and college concerts. In January, Flip takes another major step: His first TV special, a pilot he's done for NBC, will be shown in prime time—and could lead to a series of his own. If sales of his two recent comedy LPs are any measure of his popularity, it's safe to say that much of America is now turning to the Flip side.



LEONARD COHEN *renaissance mensch*

"I HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON with the beatniks and more with the hippies," says Leonard Cohen. "The next thing may be even closer to where I am"—a prediction unlikely of fulfillment, unless the post-hippie era finds us in a full-blown renaissance, the only climate in which the 34-year-old Canadian poet-novelist-composer-singer would be at home. Scion of a Montreal clothing family, Cohen briefly tried his hand at the family business after graduation from McGill University, but soon decided that poetry would have to take precedence over haberdashery. He wrote three volumes of tough-tender verse before turning 30, and his first novel, *The Favorite Game*, a staccato reconsideration of his childhood, his Jewishness and his girls. Especially his girls. In the last chapter, Cohen's hero praises "all the bodies in and out of bathing suits . . . growing in mirrors, felt like treasure, slobbered over, cheated for, all of them, the great ballet line. . . ." *Beautiful Losers*, a second novel, followed in 1966, the year Cohen started setting his poems to music—and singing them. By the end of that year, the haunting *Suzanne* was an underground sensation in the repertory of Judy Collins; it is now the featured number on Columbia's *Songs of Leonard Cohen*, the writer's own first album. His second album, as well as a series of concerts and readings and several appearances on the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* are all scheduled for the next few months, in the wake of one of Cohen's periodic forays from the Greek island of Hydra, where he lives with his wife and son. "A kite is a victim you are sure of," one of his poems begins. "You love it because it pulls/gentle enough to call you master / strong enough to call you fool." Though kite-flyer Cohen seems to regard himself more as a fool than as master of his many gifts, it's clear that the gentleness and strength of those gifts have established him as both poet laureate and minstrel to a new generation.

at the same time, and the present Bell system would be in deep trouble. But if we can believe half the predictions being made by A. T. & T. executives, a new era of limitless electronics is just around the corner. Every home tied in to a telephone or a cable television (CATV) line, they say, will then be able to have a private fashion show via Picturephone, after which one will place his order with the store by some push-button arrangement; two-way video communications will allow businessmen to close their offices and handle their work from a couch at home; newspapers will be printed electronically right in the front room; and electronic banking—already in its infancy—will have progressed to the point that your doctor, after holding a round-table electronic conference with doctors in other cities as to what causes your pain, will be able to push a few buttons and have money transferred from your account to his.

Instant electronic democracy will be one of the easier additions to this scene. The day's legislation would be carried over radio and television (of which there are more than one-quarter billion sets in use in the U.S. today) and in the daily press, for those who still prefer to handle what they read. The hookup, of course, might have to be expanded; some economists estimate that it would cost about \$6,000,000 to wire all the homes in a city of 100,000—not allowing for existing telephone and CATV lines. This is \$60 a citizen, which some might consider to be an expensive investment in grass-roots democracy; but if it brought about the abandonment of Congress, including committee staffs, the savings in salaries alone for one year would wire several dozen cities that size.

One could legislate by first dialing his registration number on the telephone and then dialing the prescribed number for "yes" and "no." Voters without phones but who are hooked into CATV would have some similar push-button arrangement. In any event, no special household switchboard would be required. John R. Pierce, executive director of Bell Telephone Labs, has given his assurance that the same wires that bring in gossip or soap ads will be able to carry democracy out of the house. "Once you have the transmission facilities available," he said, "they can be used for everything interchangeably. You don't have to build a completely separate communication system for everything you want to try."

American political ingenuity being what it is, there would almost certainly be schemes devised for padding the ballot box via the corner phone booth, but there is even protection against that not far away. S. F. Damkroger, one of A. T. & T.'s assistant vice-presidents, said

that perhaps by the 1970s, scientists will have perfected telephone "input devices that can understand the human voice in its millions of varieties." Your voice will be as unique as your fingerprints, and nobody will be able to imitate your voice and vote for the Columbia River Basin budget against your wishes.

. . .

Since the three-way balance of power in our Federal Government is supposed to be too sacred to tinker with, it is startling to see proposals surfacing from time to time that would make Congress no more powerful than the British royal family. In a faint, usually indefinable way, the idea does keep fluttering around at the back of the politically sophisticated people in this country. Usually, the suggestions are oblique; they talk of strengthening the Presidency or they defend the U. S. Supreme Court for writing laws rather than merely interpreting them. And this is what makes the idea of an instant electorate replacing Congress, at least in part, much more than merely hypothetical.

For the truth is, Congress, by its inaction, has driven people to desperate thoughts. Problems sometimes drag on to such intolerable lengths that even the best of people begin to think of radical mutations to tradition. Faced with the longest war in our history, a gold crisis, the highest interest rates in almost 100 years, an increasingly nasty racial confrontation and an urban pudding that includes everything from feces-clogged rivers to auto-clogged streets—Congress, in its special wisdom, has passed no major remedial legislation in the past two and a half years.

One of the old clichés around Washington describes Congress only in negative terms—"The House kills the good bills and the Senate kills the bad"—and although this is not altogether accurate, it does underscore the decades that sometimes elapse between the public's awareness of needs (medical insurance, voting-rights laws, consumer-protection laws, rapid-transit subsidies, etc.) and Congressional response to those needs. When Harry Truman went around the country in 1948 winning public support for his candidacy by denouncing "that do-nothing 80th Congress," he was, in fact, committing something of a fraud, because the 80th Congress was no more of a do-nothing Congress than most Congresses; and in the intervening 20 years, the public has come to realize this and admit it. After Congress refused to touch President Kennedy's major proposals in 1963, Walter Lippmann echoed a prevailing anger among the egghead electorate when he asked, "What kind of legislative body is it that will not or

cannot legislate?" No answers were forthcoming. And two years later, such was the concern among scholars at the decay and atrophy of Congress that a group of eminent political scientists met at the Harriman estate in New York to decide what, if any, hope remained for revitalizing Congress. The report issued at the conclusion of that meeting sounded rather pessimistic. It saw Congress as continuing to operate in a 19th Century fashion, "insulated from the new America . . . losing its ability to act quickly and decisively," and warned that unless it somehow reforms itself, "Congress may cease to be a legislative body in the traditional sense."

Outsiders aren't the only ones to think so. The realization that Congress may be incompetent to cope with the problems and needs of 200,000,000 people has even penetrated the mind of Congress itself. Senator Joseph Clark recently wrote a book with the self-explanatory title *Congress: the Sapless Branch*. Richard Bolling, an outstanding moderate of Missouri, whose two decades in Congress have left him limp with cynicism, authored a book in which he acknowledged that his side of the Capitol, the House, is "ineffective in its role as a coordinate branch of the Federal Government, negative in its approach to national tasks, generally unresponsive to any but parochial economic interests"; in other words, virtually worthless as a Federal legislature.

If anything made the campaigns of Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy seem different, despite a great deal of standard rhetoric, it was that—largely because they were being deprived of the support of the political professionals—both candidates recruited an impressive following with one basic theme, "Turn politics back to the people." Disenchantment with professional politics, and especially with Washington's variety, can no longer be considered merely the grumpiness of the sophisticates. In only one brief period has the public stated its confidence in the conduct of Congress, 1964–1966, the few really productive years since Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term. Before and since that unique 1964–1966 blossoming, only about one third of the public consistently said it thought Congress was doing a good job. Just as thumping Congress long ago became part of our folk humor (Mark Twain: "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly American native criminal class except Congress"), despising the products of Congress has become a serious part of our folkways, reasserted on July fifth of this year, when pollster Louis Harris released a survey showing only 13 percent of the



SOKOL

*"You may be a pretender to my throne, but keep
the hell out of my bedroom!"*



"Well, for heaven's sake! Stop blowing that silly horn and maybe he'll stop roaring and beating his chest!"

American people thought politicians were doing a better job than they had in the past (88 percent held that favorable opinion of physicians), but 38 percent felt politicians had slipped considerably in quality and 42 percent thought they were barely holding their own.

• • •

However, inasmuch as the initiative for a constitutional amendment must come either from Congress itself or from the state legislatures, the people's electronic proxy will never be set up. One of the chief reasons is that in the everlasting tug of war between rural and urban forces for political domination, the rubes are still very much in control. In recent years, the farms have been losing population at the rate of five percent a year; the population majority, and with it the major problems of the nation, has swung to the urban centers. But, in general, state legislatures do not address themselves to this urban majority.

Far less does Congress. There are 21

standing committees in the House of Representatives; only six chairmen come from urban centers of more than 100,000 population, and two of these six—George Mahon of Lubbock, Texas, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and William Dawson of Chicago, chairman of the Government Operations Committee—grew up in a rural or small-town atmosphere, Mahon on a farm and Dawson in Albany, Georgia. Six of the chairmen hail from towns so small that they are not listed in *The World Almanac*, which lists any center of more than 2500.

The three most powerful men in the House are Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, who comes from Kensett, Arkansas, with less than 1000 population; William Colmer, chairman of the Rules Committee, whose home is Pascagoula, Mississippi, population 17,155; and Mahon of Lubbock, which is not so much a city as it is a big general store for the vast farming

and ranching area of which it is the hub.

These three men, who represent both legislatively and spiritually the most stagnant backwaters of America, have much to say about the pace and style of our national life, because they are empowered to answer these three most basic questions: Which bills will be permitted to come to a vote? Who and what is Congress going to tax and who and what will it allow to escape taxation? How, where and when is the money going to be spent?

Their power—like most of the power around Congress—comes from the impregnable seniority system, not from their having been singled out because of noticeable wisdom and leadership qualities. Yet if the answers they help supply somehow seem more in tune with the time of Harding and Coolidge, it isn't that rural and small-town politicians are any dumber than city ones; they are simply quite accurately representing their constituencies. Having grown up themselves where it was normal to swim in lakes and rivers and uncrowded pools, they can't understand why big-city youngsters fight to have the fire hydrants turned on; getting one of the local nice girls in trouble was the greatest sin imaginable where they came from, so the bountiful carnage and thievery of the big cities strikes them as just too vile to think about, much less try to solve; they no more want to come to grips with the muck of the "inner city"—a phrase most of them probably find offensively pedantic—than Senator Jacob Javits (who grew up on New York City's Lower East Side) wants to learn how to milk a goat.

The House Un-American Activities Committee, which tries to set the standards of patriotism for the country, is marshaled by Edwin Willis, the outstanding resident of St. Martinville, a 7000-population Louisiana town where some of the inhabitants still believe in voodoo. The Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, which determines whether the giant sequoias of California should be spared the lumberman's ax and whether dams should be built in the Grand Canyon for the benefit of power companies, is run by a former fruit farmer, Wayne Aspinall, whose home is near the family orchard in Palisade, Colorado (population: 860). Harley O. Staggers, who presides over Interstate and Foreign Commerce matters, is an ex-coach and ex-sheriff who lives where he was born, in Keyser, West Virginia (population: 7041).

The House, obviously, is close to Norman Rockwell's America. Its leaders are a languid fraternity of uncomplicated men who are guided by the principle that the simplest things are best; therefore, it is quite appropriate that the man who presides over the Education and

Labor Committee (Carl D. Perkins) hails from a Kentucky town of 793 and never graduated from college; that Mendel Rivers, who chairs the Armed Services Committee, comes from a small town in South Carolina and was never in an active service; that John McMillan, chairman of the District of Columbia Committee and thereby the unofficial mayor of the most integrated major city in America, is from a 25,500-population town in South Carolina and is himself an unshrinking segregationist; and that Wright Patman, the 75-year-old gentleman from Texarkana, Texas (population: 30,000), who guides the Banking and Currency Committee, is so entrapped by antiquated economic feuds that he periodically makes a speech denouncing John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who has been dead 31 years, and thinks that the pinnacle of his career was reached in 1932, when he proposed the impeachment of Treasury Secretary Andrew Mellon.

Apart from the fact that an electronic electorate would take the power center away from the boondocks, there is another threat, perhaps even more ominous to Washington's officeholders: What would happen to the booty they are now knocking down for themselves and their friends and constituents?

It is impossible to list all the pork-barreling that would make important Congressmen laugh at the idea of volun-

tarily surrendering their powers to the people. Laughing hardest of all would be Mendel Rivers, who has established so many military installations in his South Carolina district that its Federal payroll comes to almost \$300,000,000 a year and, judging from some of his recent remarks, considers this just a beginning.

Most impartial Government experts admit that the U.S. merchant marine, as presently operated, is one of the biggest branches of deadwood kept alive with subsidies; but the subsidies are certainly going to keep flowing if Edward Garnatz, chairman of the House Merchant Marine Committee, has anything to say about it: his home town is Baltimore, the fourth largest ocean shipping terminal on the East Coast.

One of the most fascinating franchises in Congress rests in the agriculture committees. Except for defense industrialists, no group of businessmen is so protected by the American taxpayers as those big-big farmers who prefer to call themselves "agribusinessmen." It is for them that the Department of Agriculture is funded by Congress. While the noncompetitive small farmers are forced to sell out in larger numbers each year, the agribusinessmen grow fatter from Federal price supports and for not planting certain crops (the euphemism is "acreage diversion"). The biggest

windfall payments go to the cotton states; and it is no surprise to find that of the 35 members of the House Agriculture Committee, 20 are from cotton states; on the Senate Agriculture Committee, it's 8 of 15 members. W. R. Poage, who owns two farms in Texas, is chairman of the House group; Texas gets the largest handout of all—\$295,713,000 last year, nearly one third the total paid to the nation's cotton farmers. Texas also got the fifth largest handout for feed grains; Poage raises feed grains. In terms of seniority, the next eight Democrats on the House farm committee are from Arkansas, South Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky, Texas and Georgia. The chairman of the Senate farm group is Allen Ellender of Louisiana, whose cotton-raising constituents received \$38,000,000 last year; Louisiana also received \$8,158,178 (just behind California and Hawaii) under the Sugar Act Program—a program whose effect, if not goal, is to keep sugar prices high in the grocery store. Ellender has always been looked upon as a stout friend of the sugar lobby, and it was perhaps because of this that he received certain favors in return, such as the reportedly preferential prices on land sold to him by a sugar company in Louisiana. The personal involvement of Ellender in farm affairs, however, is trivial compared with that

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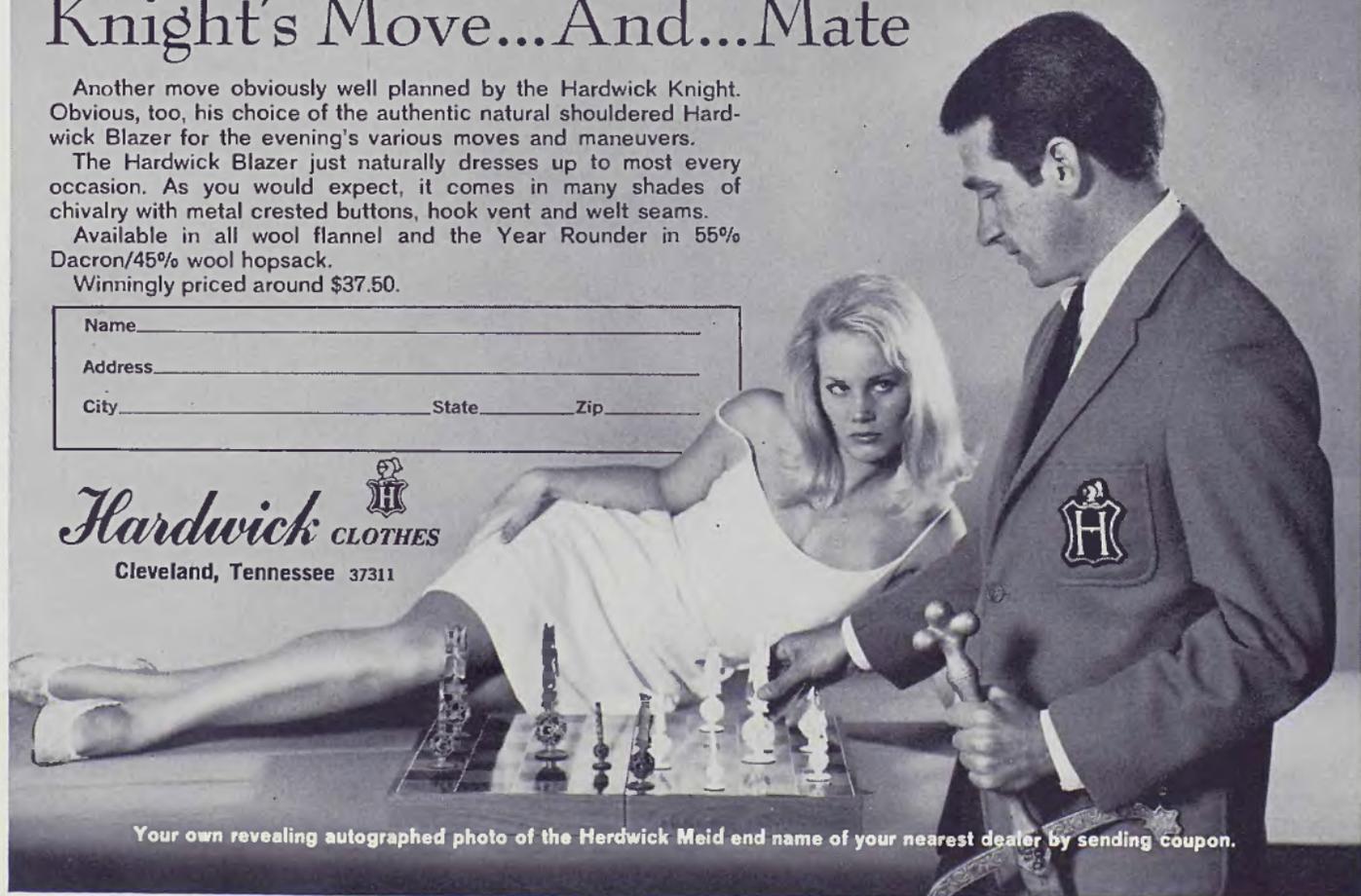
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of the third-ranking member of the Senate committee. James Eastland, who owns a 5800-acre plantation in Mississippi, for which he annually receives from the Government more than \$130,000 in subsidies: and, according to the Federal Reserve Bank, that is just the beginning. Whether these men are interested in increasing their popularity and fortunes at home or whether they are simply interested in the welfare of their constituents, they are not likely to willingly give up their powers to a button-pushing Yankee city dweller.

Even if the people in other sections of the country agreed that the cotton farmers deserved the kind of help they are now getting from the Federal Government, they might insist that the distribution of the money be changed; the local U. S. D. A.-directed committees that determine who will be permitted to plant how much cotton are, at this time, altogether made up of white men, and the result has been that those Negroes lucky enough to own land have been given piddling cotton allotments, if any at all. That is one reason Negro farmers are selling out and heading for West Coast and Northern cities; as they leave, their lands are bought up by the white giants. It is an exodus that hardly benefits the North, and this is one reason the Southern-dominated agriculture committees in Congress would not exactly welcome turning the matter over to an electorate in which New York, Cleveland and Los Angeles voters would have a sizable vote.

Of the 535 men and women in Congress, about 300 are attorneys; some have found extra profit in being both a Congressman and an attorney. Senator George Smathers of Florida, for example, claims that he has not practiced law since he entered Congress in 1947. Yet for some reason, his Miami law firm is popular with such clients as Pan American World Airways, Seaboard World Airlines, Standard Oil Company, Gulf Oil Corporation, McKesson & Robbins and Western Union Telegraph Company—all of whom, except Pan American, hired his firm after he became a Senator. Smathers is not unusual, except that he does pretend to have nothing to do with his firm; most Congressmen don't bother to pretend. Senate Republican leader Everett Dirksen's law firm in Peoria has such customers as paper companies, bottling companies, insurance companies, steel companies and a score of other industries. Senator John McClellan, chairman of the Permanent Investigating Subcommittee, by supposedly being quite an inveterate foe of naughtiness, is in a wonderful position to protect his own friends and thereby be rewarded. He once held a brief—very brief—investigation into an oil-lobbying scandal, but

he cut it off before involving such clients of his Little Rock law firm as Standard Oil, Seaboard Oil, Carter Oil and Tidewater Oil. McClellan has, with a great deal of fanfare, investigated bank scandals; he has been quieter about the fact that he opposed the chartering of banks that would compete with two in which he holds stock. Congressman Emanuel Celler maintains an active law office whose income is probably not hurt by the fact that he is chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Spessard Holland, second-ranking Democrat on the Senate Agriculture Committee, has a law firm in Tampa; among its clients is a major fruit-packing company. Thomas Gettys is a member of the House Banking Committee, from which promontory he can watch over the welfare not only of the Rock Hill, South Carolina, bank in which he controls substantial stock but also of the trust accounts for which he is an attorney. It is almost useless to begin a list such as this, because no matter how elaborate it is, many of the connections would be missed.

It must be clear by now that we are not dealing simply with the questions of efficiency and democracy but with that much more tender consideration, money. Just as half the Pentagon budget has nothing to do with defense and everything to do with economic pump priming, so would the existence of Congress be viewed by many of the nation's leaders as an economic necessity, to help support the multimillion-dollar legal and lobbying industries that have grown up around it. If Congress should disappear, or if its powers were dispersed, it would be a tremendous blow to the pocket-books of such august Washington-based law firms as Covington and Burling; Arnold and Porter; Hogan and Hartson; Corcoran, Foley, Youngman and Rowe; Clifford and Miller; and Ginsburg and Feldman.

One of Washington's favorite success rumors is of how Clark Clifford, now Secretary of Defense, split a \$1,000,000 fee from E. I. du Pont for help in persuading Congress to take the company off the hook in a tax case. At no time in his career did Clifford register as a lobbyist; he felt he was above that sort of thing. "We run a law office here," he once explained haughtily, "with a background of experience in the general practice of law, topped off by an intimate knowledge of how the Government operates." He did not lobby Congress himself in the Du Pont case, but he selected the lobbyist and he told him where to go. Where could he tell the lobbyist to go, if there were no Congress? And how could such eminent attorneys as James Rowe (one of Humphrey's top advisors in the 1968 campaign) and Thomas Corcoran (who started with F. D. R. and has

been in and out of the White House back door ever since) stay so effectively in the thick of things, if there were no Congress to lean on, by leaning on the President? Such men would continue in a very wealthy way to manipulate the agencies and bureaucracies of the Federal Government, but part of their foundation would be missing and with it would go much of their usefulness, as well as much of their pride, in being the *real* Government—the persuaders.

Nobody knows how much is spent by lobbyists on themselves and on their quarry; each year, about 300 organizations report spending from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 and individual lobbyists report another \$1,000,000 or so; but most observers agree that if the 1946 Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act were really obeyed, at least twice this amount would be reported. The rewards are many. It is a matter of great pride for an insurance lobbyist, say, to hear Senator Dirksen read the speech the lobbyist wrote; he could not hope to find the same place in history for himself if he were dealing directly with that chaotic mass, the instant electorate. The American Legion can have an impressive effect on 535 Congressmen by spending about \$150,000 a year; lobbying the public with that amount would come to virtually nothing; it would pay for 20 full-page ads in *The New York Times*, and that's about all. And what would the Iron Ore Lessors Association do with its \$55,000 lobbying slush fund if it had to deal directly with the public? The idea of the Iron Ore Lessors Association launching a direct-mail assault on the minds of America's housewives somehow doesn't seem realistic. And the same might be said of all those countless other esoteric, but in their way important, lobbying groups, such as the Central Arizona Project Association (which spends more than \$100,000 a year trying to persuade Congress to favor Arizona rather than California in the dispute over Colorado river water). Quite apart from the fact that the public simply is not interested in the causes of most special-interest groups, a great many who can now afford to lobby Congress in a meager style could not begin to think of lobbying even a measurable fraction of the electorate. What, for instance, could the South Potomac Citizens' Crisis Committee hope to do along those lines with its \$3032 lobbying fund? Or the Colorado Open Space Coordinating Council with its \$2817?

The coordinated powers standing together to defend Congress against change, it seems clear, would be great enough to doom any prospect for a coup by the electorate.

• • •

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every fairly calm observer of the American political process has agreed that if the country is to survive, it must be kept out of the hands of the people.

In Congress' incapacity to act rests one of the great safeguards of the republic. The lagging, sometimes dull-witted and often insensitive Congress protects the majority from those half-baked patriotic certainties that it would like to carry into action immediately. The push of an electronic button would be none too fast for most people. It is this impulsiveness for which Congressmen properly see themselves as antidotes.

Not long ago, I put this question to several high-ranking people: "If we were able to establish a system by which the entire electorate could mandate Congress—that is, if the electorate could say, 'We want you to bring such and such a program into being, but we will leave the details to you'—and if that mandate carried the weight of law, would you favor it? There would still be a Congress, but the people could require action from you."

Only one—Senator Stephen Young of Ohio—thought it might be a good idea. He forecast that the change would be "a great leap forward." (But the strength of his opinion was diminished later in the conversation when he said that should the instant-electorate mandate ever come into existence, he wouldn't want to be in Congress. Even under present conditions, his constituents sometimes drive him wild. He once wrote an Ohio voter, "If you just want somebody to sit down here in Washington and vote according to the weight of his mail, you should hire a butcher's apprentice for \$100 a week and stop paying me \$30,000 a year"—and when that letter was made public, the Lucas County Meat Cutters Association immediately passed a resolution condemning him for slander. One has the feeling that Senator Young would like to turn the business of politics over to the voters simply to escape them.)

Wright Patman, the old populist from east Texas, said he wouldn't think of taking orders directly from the electorate. "That system doesn't contemplate intelligent consideration of the facts. Intelligent thought requires a body where all the facts can be presented. I don't object to town-hall meetings, but when a judgment is required based on facts, that requires a contemplative body like Congress. I've had to vote against some things that the public's for. But when you explain your vote, they are usually for it."

The same kind of response came from Congressmen known for their liberalism: Henry Reuss, whose attitude and record in Congress are often faithful to the radical socialist traditions of his native Milwaukee; Robert William Kastenmeier, one of the creators of "The Liberal Pa-

pers" of the late 1950s; Phil Burton, one of the liberal dissenters California sent to Washington; Claude Pepper, who was chased out of the Senate by the Florida electorate for his liberalism in 1950 and wangled his way back into the House by moving to a liberal district; and Don Edwards, an ex-president of the Americans for Democratic Action but, in fact, much more progressive than the mass of that organization. Here is a group of men who have pitched their careers to fighting that vague bogey "the establishment" and championing what Henry Wallace used to call, just as vaguely, "the common man." But, one and all, they shudder at the thought of the public's dominating the machinery of Government. Burton made no pretense of respecting his constituents' depth of understanding. "The best votes I cast are those for bills that, at first blush, my constituents would be against." Kastenmeier implied the same thing: "I may be cynical, but if I followed the wishes of my people, I would never again be able to vote against the draft (I favor a volunteer Army) or against HUAC. It's not that I don't have confidence in the electorate; I just like to think they have confidence in me." Further conversation indicated that he meant he had confidence the electorate would send a good man to Congress who then would have the strength to disregard the people who supported him. Each year, Kastenmeier faithfully polls his constituents as to their ideas on this or that subject—and then, just as faithfully, disregards their wishes. His reasoning is the same as Reuss: "The procedure has even broken down in the New England town meetings, because the questions have become so very complex. We aren't just dealing with problems; we are dealing with the problem of stating the problems. A lot of static would come through the electronics gear." In other words, the people are ignorant. Pepper says it, too. "If you were to ask the people, 'Do you want to clean up the slums?' most people would say yes. But if you asked them, 'Do you want to pay 30 billion dollars more over a certain period to clean up the slums?' you'd get a different response. It's a very difficult thing to establish priorities. Congress, in its bungling way, is in a better position to see the whole picture and to make the decisions." Of them all, Edwards—although he flatly states, "The worst thing you could have is simply a reflection of what the people think"—is perhaps a shade more trusting than the others. He sees Congress less in the role of a father than in the role of a teacher. He calls it "an educational institution" that is necessary "for the evolution of modern and higher-level thinking."

Putting aside the inevitable dash of vanity that leads Congressmen to such a conclusion, it is quite easy to construct—

from the Government Printing Office—an enormous pile of evidence that the public could not begin to cope, even in broad terms, with the job that Congress handles. What position, for example, would the electorate take, via its millions of push buttons, when the question at issue concerns the District of Columbia Area Transit Compact (to which the House Judiciary Committee, in however slipshod a style, devoted several hundred pages of hearings)? Or what would the electorate do with the Interstate Taxation Act (to which the same committee devoted 1879 pages of testimony and evidence); or with the copyright-law revision (2056 pages of testimony and evidence)?

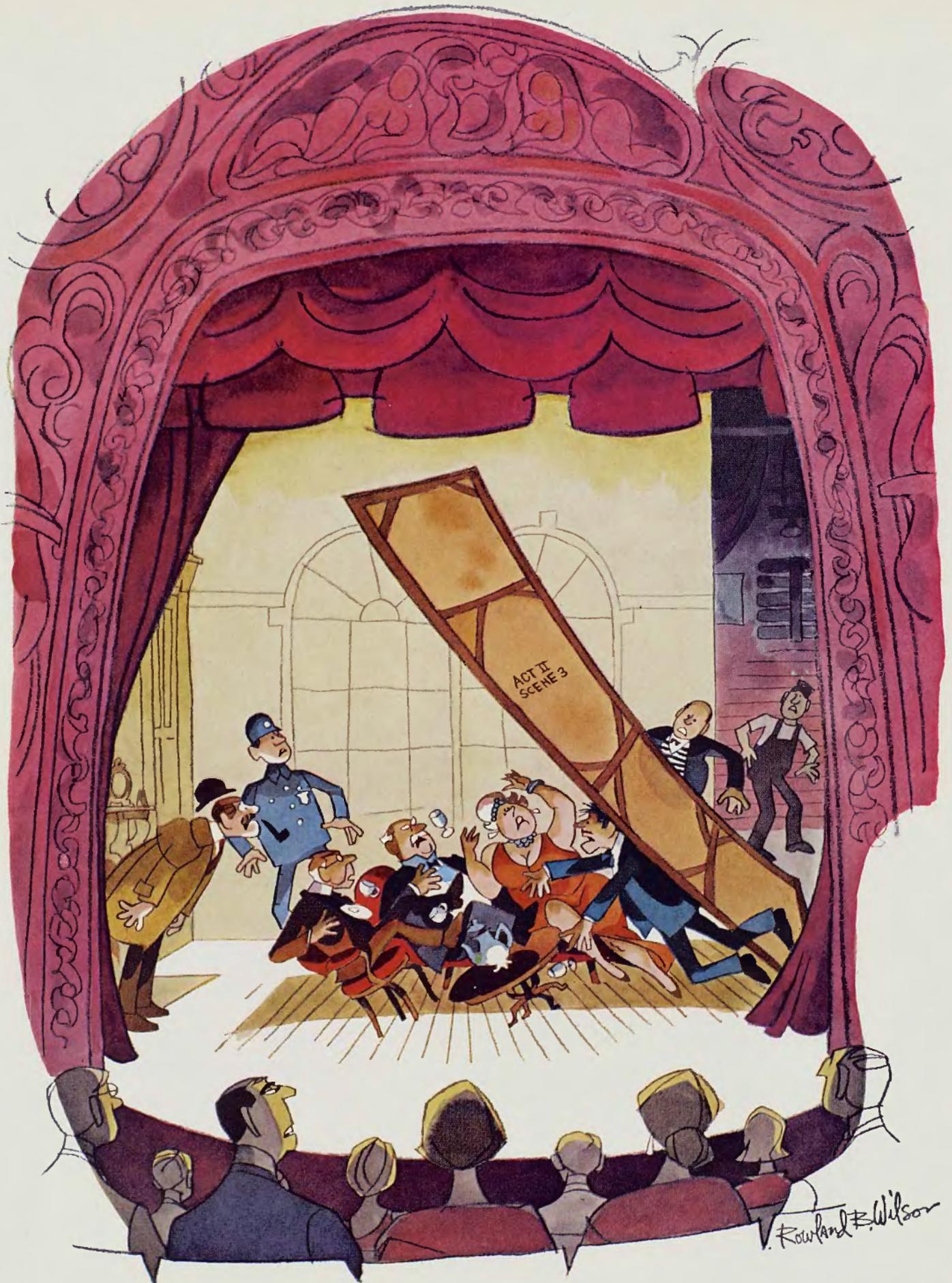
Boring, repetitious, sometimes devious, usually complex to the extreme, the debate that rolls out in these committee hearings is, nevertheless, the pulse beat of a nation's life. There is no way for an entire electorate to experience it.

Simply as a work horse, if for nothing else, Congress is indispensable. Last year, it processed 17,546 bills and joint resolutions and weeded out of this tangled mass only 249 bills that it considered suitable to become laws.

Probably two thirds of these bills were repetitious or useless, but that would still leave almost 6000 for the instant electorate to cope with—for an average of 22 bills to be considered every weekday, the year around. The amount of intelligent consideration these bills would receive, jammed in between watching TV and a trip to the corner tavern, would not likely be impressive.

The public could hardly be expected to grasp the content of all this legislation, seeing as how Congressmen, with the best of will, can't do it. Many of them admit that they spend 90 percent of their time on "casework"—deciding who is going to be the next rural mail carrier or getting some soldier home in time for his mother's funeral. Some Congressmen say they find it impossible—because they have to do so much grubby work for their constituents—to be intimately aware of what is contained in more than two or three important pieces of legislation each session. The costliest bills to pass through Congress have to do with the defense budget, but, as one conservative Republican House member acknowledged: "I'd say that not one percent of the House knows anything about the work of the Defense Subcommittee. In this business, you've just got to trust your colleagues, especially when it comes to the committees on Ways and Means and Appropriations. The legislation those committees deal with is so complicated it is virtually impossible for the ordinary member to have any idea about what is going on. It is an unsatisfactory way to legislate, but I don't know of any alternative."

If Congressmen decide their votes by



"The plot thickens. . ."

following the leader as the best alternative to flipping a coin, they nevertheless display sheer brilliance compared with the electorate, which seldom is familiar with any legislation except the most critical and knows it only in the broadest outline. This is hardly a recent development. In 1954, the Congressional fight over Senator Bricker's proposal to curb Presidential powers in foreign affairs stirred Washington to a uniquely bitter division; for days, the headlines of the national press were full of the debate; but Gallup found 81 percent of the population cheerily admitting it had never heard of Senator Bricker's proposal. Three years after Senator Joseph McCarthy was censured by his colleagues, polls found that more than half the electorate had forgotten what the McCarthy furor was all about. Periodically, Gallup asks people if they know the names of their representatives in Congress; usually more than half admit, without remorse, that they do not know. Polls have found that only about 20 percent of the people ever get into political discussions with their friends. Early this year, 18 percent of the people interviewed by Gallup's pollsters said they had a "great deal" of interest in politics, but twice that number said they had little or no interest at all. Shortly after the Israeli-Arab conflict broke out again last year, half of the people who talked with Louis Harris' pollsters admitted they weren't following the dispute closely enough to care what was going on; then, with typical ambivalence, 77 percent said they would prefer to work things out through the United Nations; but 49 percent went on to say they thought the UN was ineffective in the crisis.

A Government run by the electorate would be a Government made giddy by fluctuating passions. Shortly after the assassination of Robert Kennedy, Louis Harris found that two out of three Americans believed "something is deeply wrong in America." But only two weeks later, George Gallup reported that only one out of three still felt that society was sick. In May 1967, Harris found that Johnson failed by three points to have a majority support; the next month, the Johnson balloon was flying again, however, and a six-point majority said they would favor Johnson in an election. The reason for the electorate's shift? Simply that Johnson had stayed out of the Middle East crisis—making this perhaps the sharpest reversal of public sentiment recorded in recent years as the result of *no* action. Four months later, the polls showed Johnson again would lose to Romney, Rockefeller, Nixon or Reagan, if an election were held right then; but six months later, the public had reversed itself once more and said

it would favor Johnson over any of the G. O. P. contenders. Perhaps because its vision is so close to the ground, no magazine comes up with more evocative quotes from the man in the street than does *U. S. News and World Report*; nothing better expresses the public's quality and degree of stability than the quote *U. S. News* carried last May from Juan Cruz, a human-relations coordinator for the Chicago Board of Education: "If the election were held tomorrow, I would have to vote for Nixon, the man with the most experience. I might change my mind later and go for Kennedy. But I still think the country should draft Johnson. I don't think we should change horses in midstream." *Semper fidelis.*

. . .

Comparative brilliance and efficiency, however, is really beside the point. If the instant electorate made disastrous decisions on bread-and-butter issues, the republic would survive; the bureaucracy would somehow keep the planes flying, the butter refrigerated. The *big* worry is whether the electorate, given its head, would maintain for more than 48 hours anything resembling our traditional constitutional democracy.

For the truth is, a dangerously large slice of the American public yearns for totalitarian solutions. "It is in protecting our civil liberties," says Don Edwards, "that Congressmen run into the most serious opposition from their constituents. We have had poll after poll that shows the people would not re-enact the First Amendment to the Constitution [freedom of religion, speech, press and assembly] if the question were put to them today."

The most significant polls of the sort referred to by Edwards have been conducted within the past ten years; their results have, for good reason, not been publicized by the Voice of America, because they portray a side of our nature that America's propagandists would just as soon forget, especially when talking with Europeans who remember the good, decent Germans who were the foundation of the Nazi empire.

Using Tallahassee, Florida, and Ann Arbor, Michigan, as sample areas, a university survey showed that more than half the electorate would be in favor of refusing to allow a Communist to speak publicly, that more than half the electorate would bar a Communist from taking office even if he were elected fairly, and that 58 percent would even bar Communists from political candidacy in this country.

A survey conducted by University of California professors discovered that on a "totalitarian" scale, 33.8 percent of the general electorate sounded happily fascist. The method of the survey was to present to the sampled voters a series of

statements and ask if they agreed. Here are some of the results:

"The majority has the right to abolish minorities if it wants to"; 28.4 percent agreed.

"We might as well make up our minds that in order to make the world better a lot of innocent people will have to suffer"; 41.6 percent agreement.

"I don't mind a politician's methods, if he manages to get the right things done"; 42.4 percent agreement.

"The true American way of life is disappearing so fast that we may have to use force to save it"; 34.6 percent approval.

"Almost any unfairness or brutality may have to be justified when some great purpose is being carried out"; 32.8 percent agreement.

"If Congressional committees stuck strictly to the rules and gave every witness his rights, they would never succeed in exposing the many dangerous subversives they have turned up"; 47.4 percent agreed.

When the question is a high-flying cliché of democracy, the general electorate can really wring its heart, but it collapses when the principle of fair play and constitutional law is applied in the particular case. To the statement "No matter what a person's political beliefs are, he is entitled to the same legal rights and protections as anyone else," 94.3 percent of the general electorate agreed; yet 69 percent of these same people turned around and agreed with the statements "Any person who hides behind the laws when he is questioned about his activities doesn't deserve much consideration" and "If someone is suspected of treason or other serious crimes, he shouldn't be entitled to be let out on bail." And while 81 percent of the general electorate agreed with the broad concept of freedom of the press ("Nobody has a right to tell another person what he should and should not read"), more than half of these same people changed their minds when the statement was reworded to a particular application ("A book that contains wrong political views cannot be a good book and does not deserve to be published").

Herbert McClosky, the professor who put the study together, was hardly being pessimistic when he concluded, "The findings furnish little comfort for those who wish to believe that a passion for freedom, tolerance, justice and other democratic values springs spontaneously from the lower depths of the society, and that the plain, homespun, uninitiated yeoman, worker and farmer are the natural hosts of democratic ideology. . . ."

It is not difficult to imagine the sort of clobbering the electorate would deliver to freedom of speech if the voting button were pushed according to a Louis Harris poll that showed that 53 percent of the public agrees with the position

taken by General Lewis Hershey, head of the Selective Service, that students who impede campus recruitment should be drafted (a doctrine that is in dispute with the U. S. Department of Justice and which the courts have struck down).

Many in Congress, of course, go along with the passionate electorate in such matters. Lawrence Speiser, head of the Washington office of the American Civil Liberties Union, says that "hundreds of bills" are introduced every session of Congress to undo the civil-libertarian decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court. Most of these bills contract a fatal dose of Congressional torpor. Right now, Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and 19 of his colleagues are pushing legislation that would overturn every Supreme Court decision relating to internal security; Senator Everett Dirksen and a sizable (but uncounted) following in Congress are attempting to overturn the Court's decision outlawing a prescribed prayer for public school children. And Speiser, who speaks the fears of many A. C. L. U. officials, is convinced that if the issues were left to the general electorate, Eastland and Dirksen and their like-minded associates would have their way at once.

Likewise, if it were left to the electorate, the militarists would be freed from the restraints that already seem very

loose, indeed. When the military-appropriations bill is up, usually no more than three members of the House and no more than half a dozen members of the Senate will vote against it. Seldom is a mean word said in either house about the seemingly endless suction of the Pentagon on the Federal budget. Yet these few complaints are, by ratio, much greater than those the public lodges, for the reason that (as Dr. Arthur Burns, former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, recently pointed out) "the military-industrial complex has acquired a constituency including factoryworkers, clerks, secretaries, even grocers and barbers." They are afraid that a slump in the war will affect their income. And weak as it is, it was the voice of dissent within Congress, not the public's voice, that persuaded the Administration periodically to try a bombing pause in the Vietnam war. Whenever President Johnson pulled back the bombers ever so slightly, the polls showed his popularity skidding critically; when he sent the bombers back in with heavier loads, his popularity shot up again. And by early 1968, when the Congressional builders of the Great Society publicly lamented the destruction of their social programs by the drain of the war budget, still the electorate urged Congress—by a ratio of 52 to 30, Harris poll—to pursue the Vietnam dis-

aster, even if it meant forgetting the tragedy of the slums.

. . .

At the height of the gun-control debate that shook the nation after Senator Robert Kennedy's assassination, polls regularly showed that more than 80 percent of the electorate favored stiff restrictions on the sale and ownership of firearms; but Congress ignored the advice, just as Congress has ignored, for more than 30 years, the public's regular demands for universal medical insurance. Though the public hoots and jeers and complains of such boondoggle legislation as building a canal across Florida, Congress goes right on robbing the Treasury for favorite contractors and shippers and land speculators. These men call themselves Burkean conservatives, but that is just a philosophical excuse for not listening to the voters. Nevertheless, when one considers the alternative—that the electorate actually govern—then the obstinacy and thickness of Congress seems no more than beautiful proof that democracy is the most satisfying, if not the most efficient, form of government, in that just about every voter considers himself smarter than the men he has elected to run the country. On the average, it is probably all the satisfaction he deserves.



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"curse and abuse." We were not informed of our rights, were not permitted to make a phone call and were told by the jailers that our hair was to be cut. I asked them not to, explaining that long hair is an occupational necessity for a young musician. They said it was "the judge's orders" and proceeded to shave my friend and me. I put up no resistance, but my friend, who struggled, was held by two jailers while one hit him in the head and in the stomach. They then handcuffed him and shaved his head. After that, they let us use the phone. When our fathers came to get us out of jail, on \$500 bond, we learned that the charges against us had been changed to "trespassing."

We lost the case, paid heavy fines and have been out of work ever since.

How and when will this kind of thing be stopped?

Tommy Wyatt
Opp, Alabama

INTERRUPTED VOYAGE

Regarding sociologist Howard S. Becker's opinion that psychedelic drugs do not cause psychoses but only unusual perceptions that some psychiatrists call psychoses (*The Playboy Forum*, July), I found it very refreshing to hear an enlightened viewpoint from a gentleman of the establishment. Once, while under the influence of LSD, a male acquaintance dropped a tab of STP into my Coke without my knowledge. I wandered around the city for a few days in a sometimes beautiful, sometimes confused state of mind, exploring inner space and inner time. The trouble began when I found myself in the hospital. I was led into the acute ward, the door was locked behind me and I was told to "Follow the lady down the hall—she'll show you where the showers are." It wasn't the showers I found but, rather, a room approximately 6' x 11' with only a hard, gray pad on the floor. After much struggling, two

doctors and a nurse forcefully succeeded in changing my clothing to huge, gray pajamas that were held on with a thick cord. The door was locked and I was left alone for a few days, except for occasional visits by the nurses—they brought me crud in cardboard doglike bowls and I was told to eat it.

After a few days, I was moved into a room with some other girls. It was a bit more peaceful, except for the times during the night when I was awakened by a flashlight shining in my eyes. I soon became used to the place and was just about finding myself when the surprises began. The first ordeal was an interrogation by a number of doctors who were interested in my thoughts on drugs. Then the electric tests began—so many pins were stuck into my head that I began to feel like a pincushion. Little did I realize then that the worst was yet to come. One day I was awakened at six A.M., asked not to brush my teeth nor to drink any water and told not to get dressed but to sit in the "living room" and "wait for your name to be called." When I heard my name, I bravely walked to a curtain that had been hung in the front of the room. A man grabbed me and told me to lie on the table. The straps were hooked, I felt something on my head and the machine was turned on. My doctor, the only sensitive person I had discovered in the place, held my hand and told me to raise my arm—and keep it raised. But I couldn't—the electricity surging through my body was too much to bear. The ten faces around me blurred—I heard someone shout "Give her oxygen" and in a few seconds, I passed out. After undergoing this horrible nightmare ten or fifteen times, I was finally told that I could leave. This was electroshock therapy—which many psychiatrists, such as Robert Lindner, Thomas Szasz and Wilhelm Reich, have roundly condemned but which is still in use in many mental institutions.

Nine months later, I am functioning and thinking normally again. I am now able to work and I feel very lucky that my mind is as sharp as it used to be. For this, I thank God, not the hospital that almost drove me mad.

As Dr. Becker says, drug users are much better equipped to rescue their fellow voyagers from doubt and confusion than is the average psychiatrist.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

PSYCHIATRIC WITCH HUNTING

Sociologist Howard S. Becker's comment that LSD trippers are often inaccurately diagnosed as psychotics and, as a result, locked up (*The Playboy Forum*, July) only scratches the surface of an important civil-liberties problem in America today. As the mental-health movement has grown, the increasing



"I don't have any etchings, but I have some great pornography."

number of psychiatrists has included a proportionate number of incompetents so lacking in insight and real knowledge of their own science that they are likely to pronounce as insane anyone who departs from their own narrow and conformist personalities. For instance, in the past four years, I have become acquainted with four cases that have filled me with horror. The first concerned a homosexual in Dayton, Ohio, who was committed to a mental hospital by his parents when they discovered his sexual "deviation." The man is coherent, self-supporting and nonviolent, but a psychiatrist was willing to sign the papers that would lock him up. The second was a girl in Columbus, Ohio, who was committed by her politically right-wing father after she became involved in the stop-the-war movement. The third case was a pacifist in Chicago, who has been put in mental hospitals by the police no fewer than three times because he goes limp and refuses to cooperate when arrested; he is one of the most brilliant people I have ever met and a poet of great talent. Fourth, and saddest of all, was a 20-year-old girl in New York who was railroaded into the madhouse by her parents and by a cooperative psychiatrist, who adduced as the only proof of her mental illness the fact that she continued to live with her boyfriend after repeated attempts to persuade her that this was sinful.

Freud was one of the great liberators of mankind, but too many of his followers in America today are nothing more than witch hunters, who lock up people (sometimes for life) when no crime can be proved against them, except what George Orwell called "thoughtcrime"—i.e., individuality.

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

A letter writer in the July *Playboy Forum* relates a particularly revolting example of the persecutions that occur today in the name of "mental health": when a psychiatrist serves not to help people but to pass judgments on them for third parties. I have had a similar experience. One fall, I accepted a position teaching English at an Illinois university that requires that all new faculty members submit to a so-called "physical examination." The rules stipulate that anyone who fails the examination is automatically limited to one year of employment. Believing that it was truly a physical examination, I was therefore foolish enough to make some indiscreet admissions and flippant jests that caused the examining doctor to suspect emotional instability and to refuse clearance. After further consultation, I was told that I could obtain clearance only if I submitted to a "psychiatric evaluation," and the case was referred

to the school psychiatric consultant. At the age of 26, I was subjected to such questions as the following: Why are you a bachelor? Do you plan to get married soon? Have you ever had an affair? Have you ever committed the sexual act with a woman? Have you had sexual contacts with men? Do you still have nocturnal emissions? Do you still masturbate? The inquisition lasted about 90 minutes and touched on many topics, none of them relevant to my competence to teach English. The doctor then told me that I would have to return for a second interview before he could make a decision. When I stated in exasperation that all I wanted to do was teach English and make a living, he dismissed me with the words: "Well, I want to practice psychiatry." Three days before the appointed time of the second interview, I was told that I would have to pay for it myself. Since the outcome was doubtful and my finances limited, I declined to reappear. I am now employed elsewhere.

Psychiatrists should be required by

law, as Dr. Thomas Szasz suggests, to follow standard medical ethics and to practice their science only on patients who come to them voluntarily. They should never be allowed to interfere with law-abiding individuals who don't feel sick and who don't ask for treatment. If psychiatrists won't abide by standard medical ethics, they are not scientists but inquisitors.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

BEHAVIOR THERAPY

I was very interested in the letter about behavior therapy from psychologist David Barlow (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Your previous reference to this form of treatment for personality disorders, the letter from Dr. Gerald C. Davison (*The Playboy Forum*, April 1967), concerned a sadist who was converted to more wholesome sexuality by the use of negative conditioning during his usual sadistic fantasies, combined with positive conditioning during specially induced healthy fantasies inspired



"And then, of course, it's a deer rifle, so in a pinch you could always shoot deer."

by your Playmate pictures. How is Dr. Davison's patient doing these days? Did the therapy effect a permanent reversal of the undesired symptoms?

As a homosexual who would be heterosexual "if I had my druthers," this is a rather important subject to me. Is behavior therapy effective for this problem?

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

In answer to your first question, Dr. Davison informs us that his ex-patient is doing fine, despite a rather ill-advised experiment he tried six months after leaving therapy, in which he deliberately induced a relapse and then cured himself by the same conditioning techniques that Davison had used. Advised not to try such experiments again, the patient is now leading a normal life and no longer suffers from sadistic fantasies nor from the paralyzing shyness that had prevented him from dating girls.

Behavior therapy has been employed successfully on patients with a variety of sexual problems, including premature ejaculation, impotence, frigidity, transvestism, voyeurism, exhibitionism—and homosexuality.

Psychiatrist Edward Dengrove has pointed out that there are two types of homosexuals encountered in therapy, the "hard-core homosexual" and the "pseudohomosexual." The sexual preference of the former, Dr. Dengrove writes, "is probably based upon a process akin to imprinting in the early years." (Imprinting is a form of conditioning that occurs in infancy and is virtually irreversible.) Thus, the hard-core homosexual does not regard his sexual orientation as an illness; it is an intrinsic part of his self-image. He comes into therapy only "if he has been arrested and offered the choice of jail or therapy; or if he is married and his wife insists on it; or if there is another problem superimposed upon his homosexuality, such as a phobic condition." In such cases, only the most powerful forms of aversive therapy are useful, such as conditioning the patient to identify his homosexuality with such unpleasant experiences as electroshock or apomorphine (a drug that produces acute nausea). "Results have been equivocal, with some successes and some failures," Dengrove writes.

The pseudohomosexual, on the other hand, "voluntarily presents himself for treatment." He feels his sexual orientation as a pathology or "foreign body" that he wishes removed; in your words, he would be heterosexual "if he had his druthers." According to Dengrove, it is this type "who is most amenable to change" by the kind of simple conditioning therapy utilized by Dr. Davison. Heterosexuality is reinforced by appropriate stimuli, such as pictures of pretty girls, and homosexuality is countercondi-

tioned through mental associations rather than violent physical techniques.

CONSENSUAL SODOMY

I read with great interest the July *Playboy Forum* letter about the trial and conviction of Charles O. Cotner in a case of consensual marital sodomy in Indiana. The case was also described in *Time* magazine, giving the Playboy Foundation credit for helping free Mr. Cotner.

As a registered lobbyist in the Delaware House of Representatives, representing the Homosexual Law Reform Society, I argued this past session that the state sodomy statute violated the 14th Amendment's prohibition of state laws abridging the right of privacy.

A new criminal code was introduced in the Delaware legislature, but it did not get out of committee, as there were so many sections of the proposed code that were objectionable to a great many vested interests. One of the writers of the new code argued that wire tapping was a violation of the right of privacy and of the 14th Amendment, but he insisted that consensual sodomy be included as a crime under the new code. The inconsistency of this provision was demonstrated by its removing sodomy between male and female from the code but making sodomy between two males or two females a crime. I feel that this law would also be in violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, being discriminatory because of sex.

The legislature has now adjourned and this code is dead until next year, at which time I will resume my work for the revision of these unjust laws. I hope that the Playboy Foundation will keep up its good work and continue to enter into controversies in other states to help people who have been caught in the web of legal entanglements.

James R. Vane
Bear, Delaware

CRIMES WITHOUT VICTIMS

You will be interested to know that I recently ran for the office of district attorney in Los Angeles on a platform very similar to that urged in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

One major issue I raised was the question of crimes without victims. California prohibits most sex acts, except so-called normal intercourse between husband and wife, and prohibits the use, for pleasure, of any drugs or chemical agents other than nicotine and alcohol.

My campaign argued the case against such laws from a practical viewpoint. California has a system of criminal statutes designed to rehabilitate the offender. This does not mean coddling criminals. It means changing antisocial behavior patterns by a correctional program that includes extensive use of probation and parole procedures. The system works badly, because it is grossly overloaded.

Real crime (violent crime that injures people and property) is a problem that causes the public increasing concern; yet the public refuses to spend more tax money for increased police, court and correctional staff. Therefore, the only sensible approach is to find some place to cut back. This is why we can no longer afford the luxury of enforcing statutes dealing with morals offenses and other crimes by definition.

In Los Angeles County, 25 percent of felony preliminary hearing time is devoted to cases of simple possession of marijuana. This means that case loads both in the courts and in corrections could be reduced substantially if the law ceased to discriminate between those who prefer to smoke their intoxicants rather than drink them.

Further economies could be accomplished by ceasing the prosecution of all sexual offenses between consenting adults: fornication, adultery, oral copulation, sodomy and homosexual acts. None of these things are of any legitimate concern to anyone except the people engaged in them. The same reasoning applies to so-called obscenity and pornography, since no one is forced to buy or to read it.

As a candidate for Los Angeles district attorney, I promised that if elected, I would simply cease prosecutions in these areas. That is, of course, within the discretion of every prosecuting official. He must always consider, on a case-by-case basis, whether the prosecution justifies the public expense involved.

I received 23 percent of the total vote cast—nearly 500,000 votes. To my mind, that was a victory, not a defeat, since (1) this is the first time such a radical program has been offered to the voters of Los Angeles and (2) the incumbent spent \$80,000 on billboard advertising alone, while my own campaign was financed on a shoestring of only \$8000 for all expenses. When both of these factors are considered, I believe I demonstrated that the opinions expressed in *PLAYBOY* are not those of an insignificant minority but those of a large and growing segment of the public.

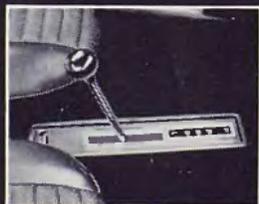
Michael Hannon
Attorney at Law
Los Angeles, California

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of his animals that they could get a food pellet by pressing a bar whenever a light flashed; the other half, whenever a click sounded. When they had thoroughly learned their lessons, he killed them, extracted RNA from their brains and injected the RNA into a new group of rats and hamsters. Lo and behold, he found that the new animals injected with RNA from those trained to respond to a light flash showed a significant tendency to do the same thing. Those who received RNA from the click group showed a strong tendency to respond to the click. This time, it appeared that learning had been transferred with a hypodermic needle.

The implications of these experiments are fantastic. They would seem to forecast a day when the laborious process of education could be short-cut; college students would learn about atomic physics not by hitting their books but by receiving injections of surplus RNA from the brains of their instructors. The immense learning of a man such as Einstein could be preserved by feeding slices of his brain to a selected group of young scholars. But, alas, this whole area of transfer of learning is currently sur-

rounded by doubt. Shortly after Dr. Jacobson reported his findings, other scientists tried to duplicate his results; 18 such experiments were set up and all 18 failed. The question now is whether he did something wrong or the other experimenters did, and an attempt to find the answer is being made in many laboratories across the nation. Some of the early results look promising for transfer of training, and one scientist who took part in the 18 experiments that appeared to prove Dr. Jacobson wrong has now changed his mind. But other results have thus far been inconclusive or flatly negative. At the moment, it appears to be the majority opinion among scientists that transfer of learning is impossible and the RNA theory of memory, dubious.

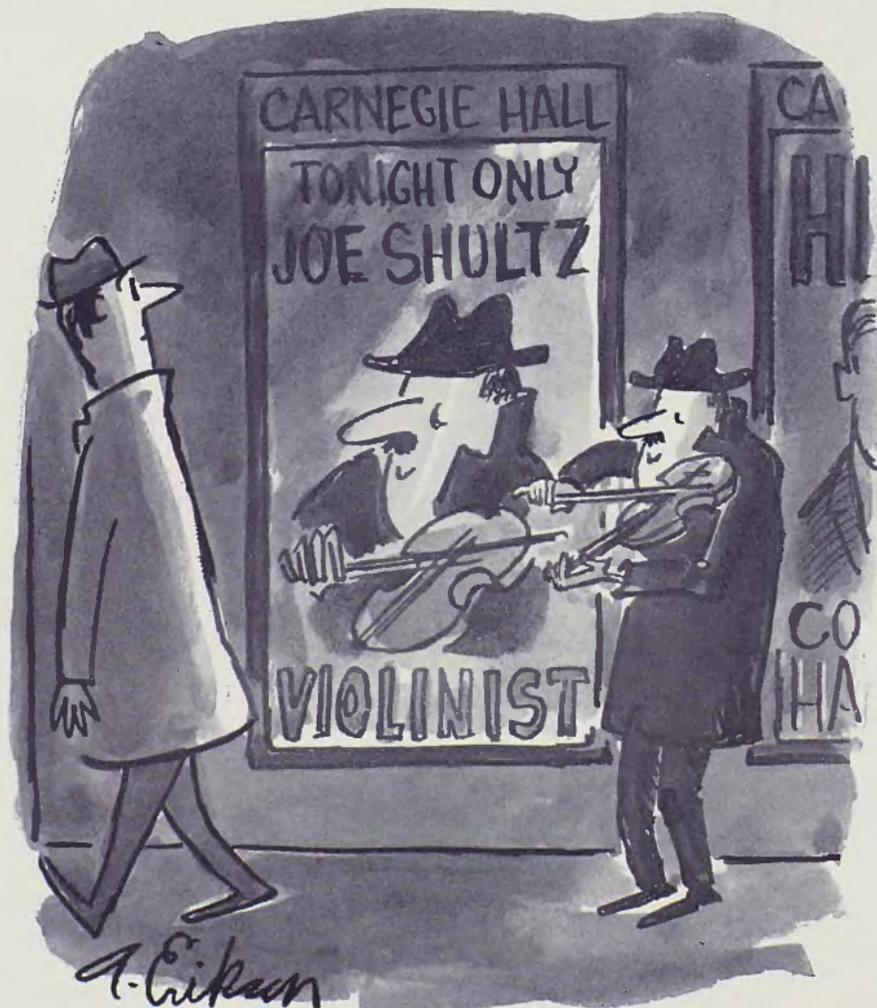
If not the RNA inside the nerve cell, then what about the myriad switching points inside the brain? As everyone who has taken a freshman psychology course knows, each nerve fiber ends in branches that form connections called synapses with other nerve fibers. The nervous impulse, though it is a tiny electrical charge, cannot leap like a spark of electricity across a synapse. Instead, it

can only trigger the release of a chemical that may or may not stimulate the next nerve to fire. Could it be that efficiency at getting a message through the synapses is the reason one person is brighter than another?

Under the electromicroscope, it would not seem so, for all synapses look remarkably similar. There seems to be no reason to think that the synapses are any closer or tighter in the genius than in the dullard or, for that matter, than in the monkey. On the other hand, it is known that learning can cause a nerve cell to grow, like a tree proliferating its roots and branches, and form additional synapses with other nerve cells from which it had previously been isolated (just as the tree taps new sources of food and light). At the same time, other changes take place that may act as a sort of soldering of connections at the synapses.

Some quite remarkable results have been reported by Dr. David Krech, a psychologist at the University of California at Berkeley, who had the ingenuity to undertake what he has called a Head Start program for young rats. He placed the rats together in a special cage, where they could react not only to one another but also to all kinds of "creative playthings," such as ladders to climb and wheels to turn; at the same time, they could watch all the sights and hear all the sounds of a bustling human laboratory. Simultaneously, he raised their twins in solitary confinement, in quiet and dimly lit cages, where they got no intellectual stimulation at all. The Head Start rats proved much smarter at solving rat-type problems than did their twins, and post-mortem examination of their brains showed some striking differences. The cortex—the highest or "thinking" part of the brain—was much better developed. The nerve cells were bigger; there were more glial cells and larger blood vessels. Moreover, the cortex contained more of the enzyme (called acetylcholinesterase) that acts to transfer the nerve impulse across the synapse.

In thinking of a "smart pill" that would improve human intelligence, perhaps it does not matter whether the feedback circuit depends on RNA, the synapses or something as yet unimagined. One scientist who has speculated on this point is Dr. John Eric Holmes, a physiology professor at the University of Southern California Medical School, whose learning experiments have even included an unsuccessful attempt to teach the mimosa to fold its leaves in response to light and darkness as well as to touch. Says Dr. Holmes, "Whether RNA is the key or a blind alley, it still should be possible to increase an individual's learning ability." Indeed, the world already possesses a smart pill that has worked, for reasons unknown, on mice. As Dr. James L. McGaugh has



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found at the University of California at Riverside, injections of such powerful central-nervous-system stimulants as strychnine or Metrazol can greatly improve the ability of a mouse to learn a maze. The effect seems to be more pronounced for dull mice than for smart mice, possibly indicating that the ideal smart pill, when it is discovered, will do more for the mentally retarded than for those who are already near the biological limit of human performance. At least two drug companies are known to have been testing such a pill for human beings, composed of chemicals much less lethal than strychnine but nonetheless promising.

Just as it has been found possible to stimulate learning in lower animals, so has it been found possible to stop learning. Dr. Murray Jarvik, at the Albert Einstein Medical School in New York City, has experimented with rats placed on a small platform above the floor of a cage. The rat's natural tendency is to very quickly step down from the platform. If it gets a painful electrical shock from the floor, however, it learns right then and there to stay on the platform; the next time, it will remain there without budging for as long as the experimenter cares to wait. What Dr. Jarvik has done is to teach a rat to expect the shock, then quickly disrupt its brain chemistry by using a sort of electroshock treatment. The next time the rat is placed on the platform, instead of remembering its lesson, it steps right down, as if it had never learned to expect a shock. (Human beings who undergo electroshock treatment also lose their memory for recent events.)

At the University of Michigan, Dr. Bernard W. Agranoff has blotted out the memories of goldfish by injecting them with puromycin, an antibiotic drug that interferes with the ability of RNA to perform its normal function of synthesizing new protein materials inside the cell. He teaches the goldfish to avoid an electric shock by swimming across a barrier to the unlighted end of its tank; if he then immediately injects puromycin into the fish's skull, all memory of the training vanishes. Oddly enough, even a "stupid pill," such as puromycin seems to be, might have value to human beings. As Dr. Krech has pointed out, a drug of this type might boost the learning ability of a person who remembers so many details as to get hopelessly bogged down at the task of sorting out what is essential.

In functional terms, human intelligence or learning ability seems to depend on three quite different skills. First, one must be able to pay attention, to concentrate, to get the message or, in the words of Dr. Sidney Cohen of the UCLA Medical School, to "comb down on the problem." Next, one's brain must

lay down some sort of lasting memory trace, perhaps in the form of changed RNA molecules, perhaps in the form of proteins manufactured under the direction of RNA, perhaps in chemical changes at the synapses, perhaps in some other way. Lastly, one must have a retrieval system, a method of scanning the memory traces and focusing on the right one. "All three processes," says Dr. Cohen, "could possibly be improved chemically; so I see no reason chemicals couldn't be contrived that would improve our thinking abilities." The smart pill may be not just one pill but several, to influence the various processes involved in learning. The drugs may work best, as Dr. Krech's studies would indicate and as Dr. Cohen also believes, in conjunction with improved psychological methods of training and disciplining that wonderful and as-yet-unrealized instrument called the human mind. But they seem to be merely waiting for a discoverer.

• • •

Like intelligence, sleep is another of nature's great mysteries. We need sleep; many of us need eight hours; we must spend a full third of our lives in this state of unconsciousness. But why? At one time it was thought that the waste products of normal activity accumulated in the blood stream and eventually drugged the brain; while the body was at rest during sleep, these waste products were then eliminated. But studies of Siamese twins, who share a common blood stream, have disproved this theory; scientists have observed one Siamese baby sound asleep while the other remained wide awake. Now, sleep has been traced to two centers in the brain. If one of these centers is removed from an animal, it will sleep constantly. If the other is removed, it will not sleep at all—but eventually, proving that sleep is a biological necessity, it will go into a coma and die, as if from utter exhaustion.

Brain waves change during sleep; indeed, electroencephalograph studies of human beings have shown four recognizable patterns of waves that seem to indicate four stages of sleep, ranging from light to very deep. Obviously, something goes on during sleep, certainly in the brain and possibly elsewhere; this something is essential to good health and even to staying alive. But why this should be is unknown. Dr. Nathan Kline, one of the researchers who have been fascinated by the problem, speculates that at the beginning of mankind's history, perhaps not all men needed to sleep. But man's nighttime vision is poor; a man who wandered around through the darkness would have been subject to accident and fair game for beasts of prey. Thus, evolution favored those men who, for some rea-

son, were forced by the requirements of their own brains and bodies to spend the hours of darkness in a state of suspended animation and in a protected spot. If Dr. Kline's thoughts are correct, we sleep today, though there is no longer any evolutionary need for it, because only those of our ancestors who required sleep managed to survive and pass along their trait. Dr. Kline has also pointed out that the old Mogul emperors, in contrast to most more-or-less-modern human beings, are said to have got along just fine on no more than three-and-a-half hours' sleep a night. Was this also an inherited trait, passed along by some strange evolutionary accident? Or did the Mogul emperors have a drug?

Some drugs have already been found to reduce the need for sleep; patients who go on the antidepressants often find themselves, like the Mogul emperors, getting along on three to four hours' for as long as they take the medicine.

(These medicines are usually prescribed for only brief periods; what would happen to the patients if they continued to sleep so little is not known.) At any rate, there seems scant doubt that the mystery will eventually be solved. Says Dr. L. R. Hines, director of biological research for the Hoffmann-La Roche drug company, "There's unquestionably a biochemical explanation for sleep and someday somebody will find it." Will this mean that we will then simply swallow a pill when tired, instead of going to bed? Conceivably, it will mean exactly that.

If science can promise us a pill that will end the need for sleep, then why not something that is really far out? Why should science not bring true the ancient dream of a Fountain of Youth and give us some magic elixir that will keep us young and active to an age denied to previous generations? Why not, indeed? One scientist who believes the dream may be within grasp is Dr. Denham Harman of the University of Nebraska Medical School, who has already had considerable success in lengthening the life expectancy of his laboratory mice. Dr. Harman's secret is hardly a secret at all; it is nothing more than a well-known chemical called BHT, commonly used to prevent spoilage of the fats and oils in potato chips and bottled salad dressings. When Dr. Harman fed his mice a special diet including BHT, they lived 50 percent longer on the average than other mice of the same breed—presumably because the BHT slowed down some of the chemical reactions inside the body that cause aging and eventually death. He has not yet had much luck at increasing the maximum age to which the hardiest of his mice live; in human terms, he has helped



"I got my man while he was getting his woman."

more of his mice live to 80, rather than pushed the maximum age to 120. Moreover, a good deal of additional testing must be done before anyone would recommend for the human race a daily dose of BHT or something similar. But Dr. Harman is convinced that an increase in the human life span, through diet and the addition of chemicals, is almost sure to come.

Dr. Harman's predictions, of course, raise an interesting philosophical problem. It has long been accepted that the benefits of science and medicine should belong to everyone. But suppose the day actually arrives when science has a pill that will lengthen the human life span. Should everyone have it—the moron as well as the genius, the criminal as well as the philanthropist? Would a Republican Government try to limit it to Republicans and a Democratic Government to Democrats? At this time, when overpopulation threatens man's future, should anybody at all be entitled to the pill?

The antisleep pill would also introduce some tricky new problems into human affairs. Social scientists are already worried about the new age of leisure that is being spawned by automation; they wonder how man will ever manage to fill his time. How would he occupy himself if he suddenly found his waking hours, thanks to an antisleep pill, increased by one half? As for the smart pill and the stupid pill, if these are perfected, who will decide who gets which? If the smart pill creates a world in which everyone is equally bright, will man be happier, or will his affairs grind to a halt?

• • •

Even today's drugs have already created problems—for example, the tranquil-

izers. When a tranquilizing drug is given to a mental-hospital patient who would otherwise murder the attendants or beat his own head bloody against a wall, there seems to be no moral issue involved. But what if the same tranquilizer, or one of its cousins, is taken in large doses by an ordinary, everyday, more-or-less-normal person who is not about to do himself or others any harm, is getting along all right at his job, has no burning personal conflicts and merely likes the relaxed and easygoing feeling that the medicine produces, just as he might like to take a cocktail or two before dinner?

In this early stage of the pharmacological revolution, there already are millions of people in the U. S. who are on some kind of behavior-controlling drug. Physicians write more prescriptions for various kinds of tranquilizers, antidepressants, sleeping pills and pep pills than for medicines to combat pain or heart disease; about a third of all new prescriptions written this week by doctors across the nation will be of this type. (So great is the demand that the doctor has to write the prescription, whether he believes the patient needs the drug or not, else he loses the patient to another doctor.) In some circles, especially among businessmen and middle- and upper-class housewives, pills to calm jittery nerves or to help get the day's work done are a chief topic of social conversation. At parties, people exchange pills like recipes or golfing tips: "Here, try one of mine." "This pill has made a new man of me; take one and see." "My pills don't seem to be working anymore; let me have one of yours."

The thought of all this is already working as a sort of antisleep pill for researchers in the drug field; worrying about it causes them many a restless

night. In the first place, all known drugs have side effects; even the common aspirin tablet possesses its dangers, and the behavior-controlling drugs are far more potent than aspirin. Some of them cause temporary sexual impotence; some of them create muscular pain or spasms so severe that a doctor who did not know the cause might well be inclined to perform surgery. Some drugs are dangerous when taken along with alcohol or sleeping pills; some will shoot blood pressure to alarming heights when taken along with even such a common food as cheese. Some are addicting and some, if improperly used, can actually kill the patient. Thus, the indiscriminate passing around of pills is the most risky kind of self-medication. "The potential hazards," says Dr. Sherwyn Woods, "are really horrendous."

Besides the physical dangers, there are also moral dangers; this is especially apparent today in the case of the tranquilizers. "Who's to say," asks Dr. Woods, "what the appropriate level of tranquillity is? Certainly, we know that too much of it interferes with motivation and creativity. In fact, the kind of problem solving in general that has got man where he is today has been stimulated mostly by a lack of tranquillity." Dr. Cohen says, "I'm not in favor of reducing anxiety except when it gets to be disintegrating to the patient; I can't think of any kind of anxiety-free, conflict-free, challenge-free society that would be a worthy society. Muscles atrophy when they have nothing to work against, and so does the mind." And one drug-company executive adds, "The last thing on earth I'd want to see, in a world still as imperfect as ours, is everyone walking around so completely tranquil as to be oblivious to all the defects."

To most of the experts, the thought of an antiaggression drug, as suggested by Dr. Lehmann, or of the "harmony drug" suggested by Arthur Koestler, is one of the great hopes of the pharmacological age. "It would be wonderful," says Dr. Cohen, "if we could control criminality, violence and cruelty. And it certainly seems possible that we can find a calming agent, rather than a tranquilizer, that will reduce man's hostilities without taking the edge off his awareness and enjoyment of life." Yet even here there are conceivable dangers. If everyone in the U. S. were taking a calming pill and harboring not a single harsh thought toward anyone, our nation might be at the mercy of another aggression-bound nation that chose to ban the pill. Like the Industrial Revolution and the discovery of atomic energy, the pharmacological revolution has its hazards. We will have to learn to live with them, for the effects of the revolution are here to stay.



“. . . And if the verdict is 'not guilty,' I'm sure Miss Lane will want to thank each of you personally."



scrutable japanese fare

(continued from page 154)

Cut Chinese cabbage crosswise into 1/4-in.-thick slices. Pour boiling water over it and drain well. Combine cabbage and scallions in mixing bowl. Cut green pepper in half lengthwise; remove stem end and seeds. Force pepper and radishes through coarse holes of square metal grater and add to cabbage. Add vinegar, soy sauce and monosodium glutamate and toss well. Place a piece of waxed paper or a plate over salad and press down firmly. Place a weight, such as two or three cans of food, on the paper. Let mixture marinate at least 1 hour before serving.

SESAME DIPPING SAUCE

- 2 tablespoons sesame seeds
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup shelled walnuts

Put sesame seeds in a heavy dry pan over a moderate flame. Stir constantly until seeds turn light brown. Remove from heat and combine with balance of ingredients in blender. Blend 1 minute at high speed. Chill before serving. Pour a small cup of sauce for each guest.

SCALLION DIPPING SAUCE

- 1 cup *dashi* or soup stock
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons sake
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon freshly grated ginger
- 3 tablespoons finely minced scallions

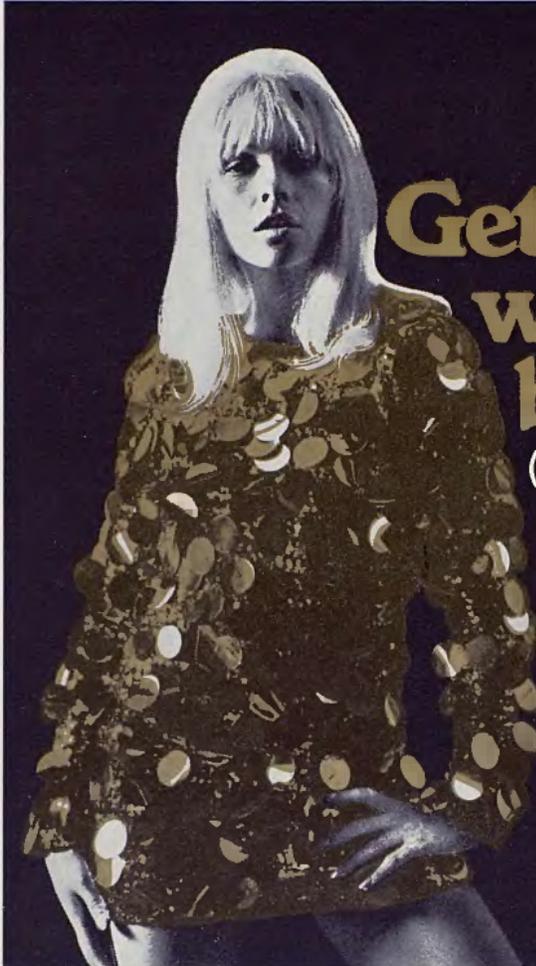
The Japanese basic stock called *dashi* is normally made from dried *konbu* or seaweed and dried bonito. Since the main ingredients are dehydrated to start with, they lend themselves perfectly to packaging in paper bags now exported to the U. S. The bags are used in the same manner as tea bags. For those who prefer a nonfish flavor, chicken stock or any other stock may be substituted.

Pour all ingredients into saucepan and bring to a boil. Remove at once from fire and chill well. Pour a small cup of sauce for each guest.

CHICKEN YAKITORI

- 3 double breasts of chicken (6 halves)
- 4 large scallions
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- 2 tablespoons sake
- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 tablespoon sesame oil

Remove skin and bones from chicken or buy boneless breasts. Cut chicken into pieces approximately 1 in. square. Cut off and discard green part of scallions. Cut white part diagonally into



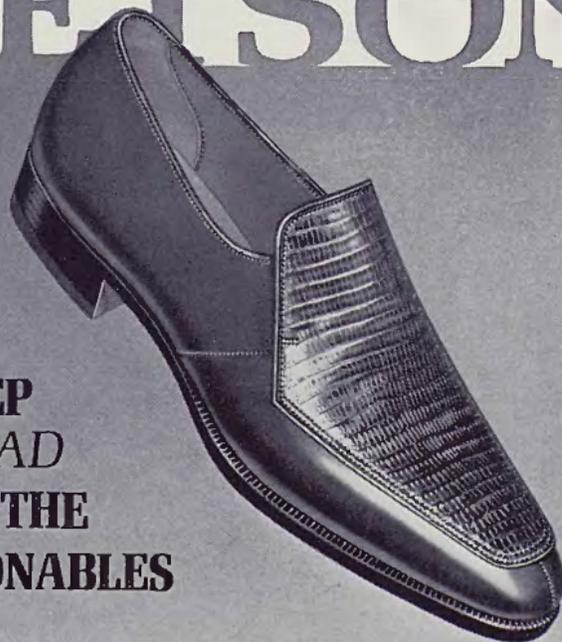
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1-in. pieces. Combine all other ingredients in mixing bowl. Add chicken and scallions and marinate 1 hour. Fasten chicken and scallions on long skewers. Broil over hibachi about 4 ins. above charcoal or in preheated broiler until well browned on all sides. Brush several times during broiling with marinade. Serve with either or both of the salads and dipping sauces above. Pass a bowl of rice.

SHRIMP TEMPURA

- 3 lbs. shrimps
- 1 small eggplant
- 1 large green pepper
- 1 large Spanish onion
- 2 bunches watercress
- 12 large white mushrooms
- Salad oil

Like all batter-fried foods, tempura is at its best when it's hissing hot; the guests should wait rather than the tempura. One device for party service is to hire a domestic geisha who will fry and deliver it in batches. Another technique, in a large open kitchen-dining area, is to sit atop a kitchen or bar stool at a counter, facing your guests, and fry a limited amount of tempura at a time, letting guests who wish try their hand at the skillet. At the dinner hour, tempura is usually served with rice; for a late-night supper, it may be presented as a leisurely hot hors d'oeuvre.

Peel shrimps, leaving tails on. Remove veins in backs and cut shrimps lengthwise, without separating halves. Press each shrimp to make it open flat. Peel eggplant and cut into finger-length strips. Cut green pepper into long strips about ½ in. wide. Peel onion and cut crosswise into ½-in.-thick slices. Separate slices to make onion rings. Cut about 1 in. off base of watercress stems. Cut mushrooms into slices about ¼ in. thick. All vegetables should be dry and spread out on platters for easy handling. Preheat oil to a depth of 1½ ins. in an electric skillet set at 350°. Use two pair of tongs or chopsticks, one for dipping food into batter and lowering into fat, a second for removing tempura from fat. Dip pieces of food into batter (recipe below). Hold for a moment to let excess batter flow off. Slide food into skillet, being careful not to drop it so that fat spatters. Fry small amounts at a time, until light brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper or rack. Serve as soon as possible. Remove stray pieces of batter from fat with skimmer or slotted spoon. Serve with sauce below. Wash tempura down with cold Japanese beer.

BATTER FOR TEMPURA

- 1 cup all-purpose flour
 - ½ teaspoon salt
 - 1 cup ice water
 - 2 egg whites
- Sift flour and salt together. Beat water

and egg whites in a large bowl until top is foamy. Add flour all at once and stir only until flour is moistened; the batter should be somewhat lumpy. Avoid overmixing.

SAUCE FOR TEMPURA

- 1 cup cold *dashi* or other stock
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon sake
- ½ cup grated daikon or white radish
- ¼ cup grated fresh ginger

Dashi may be made from *dashi* bags. Combine *dashi* with soy sauce, sugar and sake. Pour into individual cups for each guest for dipping. Pass daikon and ginger for each guest to add to his dipping cup.

JAPANESE STEAK DINNER

- 4 lbs. shell steak, ¾ in. thick
- 2 lbs. large shrimps, peeled and deveined
- 1 lb. fresh bean sprouts or 1 1-lb. can bean sprouts, drained well
- 2 10-oz. packages frozen large asparagus spears, thawed
- Salad oil
- ½ lemon
- 2 teaspoons sesame seeds, browned in oven or toasted in dry pan
- Soy sauce
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 2 medium-size onions, sliced ¼ in. thick
- 8 large mushrooms, sliced ¼ in. thick
- 2 tablespoons butter

In Japanese steakhouses, the heavy metal grill on which the steak dinner is prepared is part of a huge dining table, with guests seated on three sides, the chef working from the fourth. For home-size tables, the best arrangement is to set two electric skillets near the dining table but not on it. All food may be precut in the kitchen before it is brought to the skillets, or cut alongside the skillets as part of the entertainment. If bean sprouts are fresh, place in cold water, bring to a boil and drain well. Cut off all fat and bone from steaks and cut into ¾-in. cubes. Shrimps should be neatly lined in rows and cut into ¾-in. cubes. Cut asparagus diagonally into 1-in. pieces. All food should be neatly arranged on platters before the cooking commences. Preheat both skillets at 400°. Pour 1 to 2 tablespoons oil into first skillet. Place shrimps and asparagus in skillet. Sprinkle with juice of ½ lemon and sesame seeds. Sprinkle with soy sauce, salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Sauté, turning food frequently with long spatula, until shrimps are cooked through, about 3 to 4 minutes. Asparagus will be semitender. Serve shrimps and asparagus as the initial stanza of the dinner. Cut onion slices in half. Pour 1 to 2 tablespoons oil into second skillet. Place steak, mushrooms and



"Would you like to know what I really want?"

onions in skillet. Season generously with soy sauce, salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Sauté, tossing frequently, until browned and glossy-looking. Add butter. Place steak on serving plates. In same skillet, place bean sprouts and sauté only until heated through. Each person should have a bowl of rice, one or both of the dipping sauces above and one or both of the salads.

SHABU SHABU

- 3 lbs. boneless rib or shell of beef
- 4 large white mushrooms
- ½ lb. fresh bamboo shoots or 12-oz. can bamboo shoots
- 2 ozs. fine-size noodles or green vermicelli, if available
- 1 medium-size Spanish onion
- 1 bunch watercress
- 1-oz. can wasabi powder
- ½ lb. bean curd, cut into 1-in. squares
- 1 medium-size carrot, peeled, sliced ½ in. thick
- 2 cups Chinese cabbage, ¼-in. slices

Beef should be from the small end of prime ribs, cut on a slicing machine, no thicker than bacon. Cut mushrooms through caps and stems into ¼-in.-thick slices. If bamboo shoots are fresh, parboil 15 minutes and slice ⅛ in. thick, or use canned sliced bamboo shoots, well drained. Break noodles into pieces about 3 in. long, boil until tender and store in cold water until needed. Peel onion and cut in half through stem end. Cut into slices ¼ in. thick. Cut about 1 in. from bottom of watercress stems. Prepare wasabi powder, following directions on can, or use strong English or Chinese mustard; add this to

the dipping sauces. Provide each guest with a bowl of rice, with both of the dipping sauces above and with one or both of the salads. Drain the noodles and arrange all ingredients on platters and place on table. Pour boiling water or boiling stock to a depth of 4 ins. in a large metal marmit pot or fondue pot over a table flame. If fondue pot is small, two may be used instead of one. The flame should be strong enough to keep water at a slow boil. Provide each guest with a fondue fork or with chopsticks. Each guest turns one beef slice at a time into a loose roll and immerses it in the boiling liquid until done. Beef is then dipped into a cool sauce. Some of the vegetables and bean curd may be put in stock along with meat, or meat may be eaten first and vegetables cooked afterward. Noodles are added at end and entire contents of the pot are then turned into soup bowls. Replace liquid in pot from time to time, if necessary, to keep it close to original level. Seasoning of broth—if water is used—may be corrected with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste or may be strengthened with *menmi* sauce or soy sauce.

Of course, there's no hard-and-fast rule that says you have to serve the preceding dishes in a felicitously Far Eastern manner; but if your accessories complement your cuisine, you'll be striking the proper note of pentatonic harmony. Your guests will then come through with the Occidental equivalent of "*Ogochi-so sama de gozaimashita*"—"It has been an honorable feast."



LIMESTONE CAVERNS (continued from page 114)

Reinhart excessively. She said she would fly out the next day.

Mrs. Reinhart had not had to deal with misbehavior in any of her children in some years. Sara took her to the laboratory and let her in alone. Reinhart raised his head and said, "Hello, Momma," as if he had expected her, and resumed looking at the fish. Passionately worried, she fell back on a method that had always worked when he was younger and at home—she recited his accomplishments to him, relying on shame to do its work. Falsely and frantically cheerful, she asked him to remember how he could read in the *World Book* at three, how he had won a prize in grade school for having the best marks and—here she gave a really dreadful little laugh—how he had been the best stickball player on the block. The swimming medals at camp followed—"all pure gold"—and led to the culmination: He had been valedictorian of his class at the High School of Science.

It failed. Reinhart did not change his position. He did not speak.

Mrs. Reinhart's hands were moist with fear. In desperation she said, "David, I'm your mother."

Reinhart moved one finger and pointed to the fish. "There is my mother—and my father."

She was too shocked and bewildered to reply. She stared at him a moment, patted his shoulder and went out into

the corridor, where Sara was waiting.

At first Reinhart had not known what he was doing, why he stared at the fish. He was confused but happy. Later it occurred to him that he was contemplating them. He knew nothing of contemplation except what he had heard at evening parties, where it was linked with LSD and Zen; but after some days, he discovered that the contemplative's mind is either full or empty. His was full—he held the fish in a mental embrace so strong that the edges of his mind seemed to waver like their fins and tails in the tiny subaqueous currents of their tank. At night, sitting relaxed in his chair, with the living fish no longer there to dazzle him, he attempted with perhaps a relic of his scientific training to describe them; but his descriptions were not scientific, and in the part of his mind where he knew he was neglecting wife and career, he knew that, too. Were they beautiful? He had no way of determining that. They were simple, but in a way nothing he had learned had taught him to comprehend. One afternoon, one of the fish had pressed its head against the glass of the tank a few inches from his nose. The blind socket seemed to be trying to see him, as if, sensitive to light, it were sensitive to him as well, as if he were a light. Then he felt a bond of kinship flooding him like his blood—they were not alien, the fish. He felt they were teaching him some-

thing. Theirs was not a mindless immobility flawed only by the movement of the water. They contemplated an infinity he was only beginning to be aware of.

They were, he now believed, superior beings. Moving in darkness, supine in light, they were innocent. They were legless and armless, with only their weak fins as instruments, while his hand was the father of invention and in its bones and tendons lay Rome, Germany and other abominable crimes. And, innocent, they lived in a vast unending peace. Which he could achieve. Which he, too, could achieve.

He was beginning to feel quite new, like a leaf unfolding.

The first evening of his mother's visit, he came home to an empty apartment, and for the first time in his married life, dinner was unserved. It was waiting for him in saucepans on the stove. He ate, washed up the dishes and sat down in his darkened living room with the fish in his mind. He was not surprised, however—he had almost foreseen it—when, about nine o'clock, his wife and mother returned and switched on the light. They had brought three of his friends, all psychiatrists, and the women went into the bedroom so they could have a free hand with him.

They spoke to him with the ominous kindness they used with patients. They asked how he was and awaited his answer with genuine concern.

With numb resignation, Reinhart cast the fish violently away. He said genially, "I know Sara has been worried, worried enough to call my mother, obviously, but my previous research has been incomplete, really, because I didn't get fully enough acquainted with my subjects and their habits. I saw, don't you see, only simple problems, because I was ignorant. Lately, I have really concentrated on my fish and I have learned a great deal. Perhaps my concentration was too intense. Certainly it was intense enough to pain Sara. But now I have filled out the order for an infrared camera [This was a lie, but it would be true soon enough. He knew he had been caught.] and the work will proceed." He stood up. "It's nice of you to come in. Can I get you a beer?"

They looked at one another. "Why not?" one of them said.

He brought out a tray of beer and pretzels. In a few minutes, all their professional constraint vanished and they were talking with animation. It was like old times.

The next day, Reinhart ordered an infrared camera. Ten months later, the fish were dead; he had fathered a son and written three excellent papers; but the lemurs, gentle and lethargic, still occupied their cages. No one knew what to do with them.



"He must come from a very sophisticated monastery."

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Santa Vittoria (continued from page 128)

to note as an act of cross-fertilization. Marianne Moore once wrote something close to "Thank God for the privilege of disorganized things"; and in this case, she is right.

I kept making notes, because I was afraid to actually start the book. For the same reason, to avoid starting, I began to read a great deal about Italy, hill towns, wine making, despite the fact that I had been led to believe that it wasn't a good idea for a novelist to read too much about the subject he would be writing about. The idea was that the reading tended to rob the writer of his individuality and that he would be exposed to material similar to his own and would not want to use it, although he might actually handle it in quite a different fashion. There is also always the danger of reading something so superlative that the writer will be smothered by it. Who wants to write a novel about the War of 1812 after reading *War and Peace*? In my case, while admittedly stalling, the reading turned out to be enormously rewarding. Everything seemed to trigger some kind of creative response in me. It didn't matter very much what the subject was or whether the writing was good or bad; everything I read had the potential to give birth to an idea, often one that had no relationship to the reading at all. Some African

tribes believe that energy creates energy, and it got this way with my reading; every response seemed to create a climate for a heightened response. One of what I will boldly call the more effective scenes in *Santa Vittoria*, a competitive dance in a wine press, was suggested to me by a series of letters from an Edwardian schoolteacher to her class while on vacation in Sicily. She thought the wine pressers were ugly, because they looked like hairy pagan goats. One incident, which plays an important part in the book, occurred to me while reading the financial statement of a modern wine company. When the barometer of the creative nature is set for a spell of writing, evidently anything can excite it; and in my experience, and to my surprise, reading had the strongest potential of all.

There finally came a time when I could no longer find a believable excuse not to begin. I even announced the fact to my family and friends. "Tomorrow, I begin." I made it easy on myself. I vowed I would write exactly one page and write just one page each day for a week. This shouldn't frighten anyone and at the end of the week, I would be like a colt let out to his first pasture.

But I couldn't do it. All day I sat at my desk and I wrote one word. If. Toward evening, I wrote the word in pencil, so that it covered the entire page.

The next day, I wrote, "So now I begin," and never got further than that. The day after that, I tried the reliable weather-and-date technique. "On a cold blustery morning in May 1943, on the sunless eastern slopes of the Apennines, spring was coming hard. . . ."

After that, I quit. I rented an office away from home, not to inspire creativity but to hide from those who could see me doing nothing for hours on end. I gave up the idea of one page; this goal seemed insurmountable. I thought that if I could get one good opening sentence, the keynote, and get it down right, the rest of the book would unravel itself from there. I was very conscious of the fact that I was like the man in Camus' *The Plague* who spends 30 years on his opening sentence, honing it, pruning it, polishing it; but it didn't matter. Who was to say if he had gotten his sentence right the rest of his book wouldn't have inevitably followed? It was all I had to hang on to.

"How did it go today?" my wife would ask.

"It's coming; it's coming," followed by several very strong drinks.

One afternoon, I realized I was never going to write the sentence; and once I understood that, I arrived at the idea of disowning art. I had become so self-conscious about style and craft that I had become incapable of reading or hearing words any longer. When I said them, they sounded strange; and when I put them down on paper, they looked strange. I recall writing "This book begins" and then stopping because the word "book" looked wrong. What kind of word was book? An indefinite word. It could be a checkbook or the Bible. Volume was better. Journal even better. "This journal begins. . . ." Too pompous. But I couldn't go back to book. Novel, that was the real, precise word I wanted. But what kind of novel? The reader had a right to know.

In this way, the day went. It was possible to fill a wastebasket in a day and never write over four different words. I always used a clean, fresh sheet for a clean, fresh start. With every empty sheet there was hope, and failure. On this afternoon, however, I began to write the story of *Santa Vittoria* in the form and style of a *Dick and Jane* first reader.

"There is a little town on a hill called Santa Vittoria. It is in Italy. The people in the town grow grapes and make wine. A great thing took place in the town. One day, not too long ago. . . ."

It astonishes me now that I was able to keep this up for several weeks. Because the words didn't count, the words poured out. And I was happy about the sound of my typewriter, because I had



"It all began when my daughter came home from Bryn Mawr and offered to turn me on."



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Hathaway reveals the shape of shirts to come



While previewing the new shaped look of men's suits with the International Fashion Council in London last April, Hathaway hit upon a breakthrough for the shape of shirts—the most revolutionary streamlining they've had in fifty years.

The changes Hathaway has made are radical, but subtle. One even involves an optical illusion. Our sketch shows how two extra seams down the back take out the blousiness and add to the illusion of slimness. The whole idea is to make you look broader across the chest, narrower at the middle. And it works.

Hathaway also came across a long-forgotten fabric in England called Regency poplin. Patriotically, we've had it copied in a remarkably smooth domestic cotton with an almost silken lustre. This color is Wedgwood.

The collar is new, and English-inspired: the *Kensington*. Wider, almost like a cutaway, for the new wide ties with bigger knots. Price, about \$11. For store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

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Cotton, you can feel how good it looks.

grown embarrassed by the silence from my cubicle.

"What's he do?"

"He's a writer."

"Oh. What's he write?"

"I don't know. I never heard him write."

I heard that. Now the pages were piling up and I felt good. It was silly, considering the manuscript was one that I would have shot someone before allowing him to see it; and yet the feeling was real. In the end, I had several hundred pages filled with one-syllable words; and while I pretended to disown the pile of paper, it meant a great deal to me. It was no good, but at last I had something that was no good. All kinds of things were missing, but now they were missing from something. I was conscious that through *Dick and Jane* I had outflanked art.

A week later, I cut the manuscript down to 125 pages and, in the process, something strange happened to it. In the starkness of its naked simplicity, the book became mysterious in tone. In the cutting, the manuscript had become fragmented into a series of pared-to-the-bone pastiches and I was faced with the realization that somehow, inadvertently, I seemed to have written *A New Novel*. I had the wild thought that Alain Robbe-Grillet would discover me. The book would be published by Grove Press and reviewed by *The New York Review of Books*, perhaps—who could tell how far it might go—by Susan Sontag, favorably, of course, thereby immortalizing me to my peer group; and then the thought passed. I was a fraud and what could be more fraudulent among the grapes and stones and lives of Santa Vittoria than a novel Alain Robbe-Grillet could approve of? Marienbad, *oui*, Santa Vittoria, *non*.

I had the bones of a book. The problem now was to flesh out the skeleton. I was still afraid to begin, but not as much as before. The first act of creation is the terrifying thing; and once this is done, it now seems to me, no matter how badly, something menacing has been overcome. I wasn't swimming yet, but I was in the water.

I began by putting *place* in the book. I wanted a sense of the town to permeate it, because place plays such an important part in the book. What happened could only happen in an isolated hill town. Whenever there was a change of scene, I began to describe in detail what the new place would look like, whether it was a room, the piazza, the entire town itself. In this process of supplying place, the absence of people made itself evident. Almost in spite of myself, I began to people the places; and in this way, the book began to get itself written.

I have never had any idea about character. It is one reason I don't think I

could teach literature. I seem to see only what people do. I don't recognize an evil man until he does something evil, and then I'm not sure that he meant it to be evil. The same goes for good people. There is no good or evil in itself, as Camus has pointed out, but only the consequences of acts. All things are in all people at all times. So I couldn't plot out a character or even conceive of one, they simply happen, and from day to day, capable of a ridiculous, mean action one day and something generous the very next.

"The character lacks unity." What nonsense. "He wouldn't have done that." What nonsense. He *did* it. Everyone is ultimately capable of almost everything, which is, after all, the fascination and horror of life.

In his book *Individuals*, P. F. Strawson has written that "the primary conceptual scheme must be one that puts people in the world. A conceptual scheme which puts a world in each person must be, at least, a secondary product."

This idea is one of the few dogmas about writing that I am conscious of holding. I didn't want my characters to stand for anything, to explain, to symbolize, to account for anything, but simply, in the words of Denis Donoghue when describing what a novel should be, possessed of life to a degree of irrelevance . . . all carelessness and luck, who, when given their first push, would leap on their way.

My final concern was style, although I didn't know it then. I am ashamed to admit that I thought of style as a mannerism, the decor of a book. I learned later that this is a technique, an artifice, not a style. The best description of style I have ever read and one of the most valuable lines about writing is by the same Donoghue, who says: Style is the right feeling animating the voice.

I had no voice. I didn't know who was telling the story and why he was telling it. If I chose a Santa Vittorian, I would be compelled to accept the limitations of a peasant's vision of life. I could choose to be the author as God, omniscient, willful, intolerant, irrational, as gods tend to be; but I knew I didn't function well as God. It's not my type. One day, I thought of an Italian writing a novel about life in Conway, Arkansas, and I almost fell apart. The opportunities for error were endless. As a result, my decision was made for me. I was forced into what might be called a literary cop-out, but which became inevitable. To account for my ignorance, I invented as narrator an Italian-American airman, a deserter, who parachutes from his plane after a pointless bombing of a nearby hill town and who has remained in Santa Vittoria after the War because of his fear of returning and a misguided sense of shame about what he did. He

hopes that by telling this story, he can earn some money; and by explaining why he deserted in one part of the book, in exchange for telling the greater story, perhaps redeem himself.

Was it the proper voice? Does it meet Donoghue's criteria? Probably not. In the long haul, the narrator is not truly a voice but a device and not a character (he mercifully almost never appears in the book) but a sound. The worst part of it for me was that I didn't commit the errors that I was certain I would. So I didn't need Robert Abruzzi after all; but I didn't know it then and that was important. He served me well, but let him know this. If he came back to Santa Vittoria again, I would have him stood up against a wall and put to death.

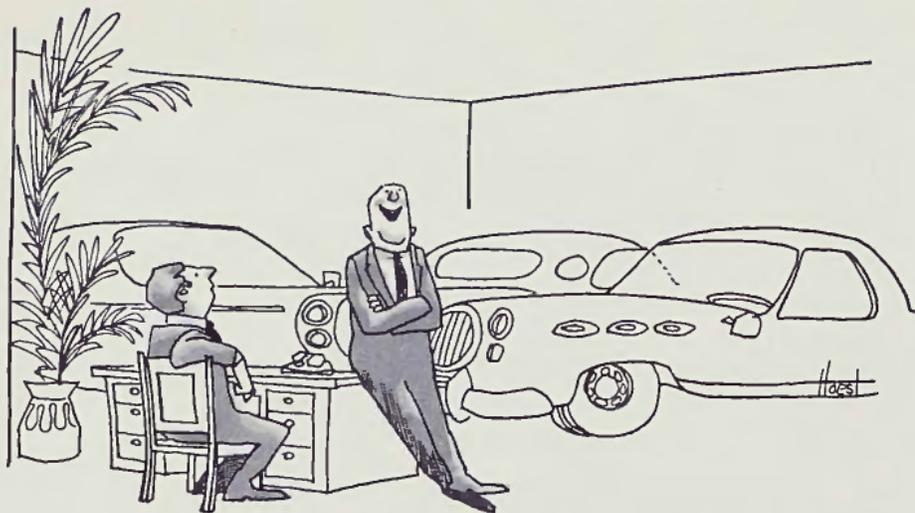
When I had written 150 pages through the eyes of Abruzzi, I sent what I had done to my publisher, Simon & Schuster, in the hope of getting an advance. Unfinished manuscripts tend to seem more promising to editors, I was told. Also, if the publisher gives an advance, he now has a vested interest in the final product. An advance tends to blind an editor's judgment of a manuscript, since the house is already committed. Finally, the advance is supposed to bolster the unsure writer's confidence.

"They really *want* me. They *believe* in me."

None of it worked this way for me. I did nothing until I got the advance; and when I did, it had the effect of stopping me altogether. Now there was no way out. I had taken the money and I was the one who was committed. I had a contract. They could take me to court if I didn't produce a novel. But perhaps it was all to the best. I determined not to spend the money, but I did; and it was finally my fear of having to pay the money back, which grew stronger than my fear of failure, that led me to finish the book. It was this version the publisher bought.

I felt they were wrong to buy it. I knew the book was all wrong. I had the place I wanted in the book and the people and the story, but each of these elements stood in its own place, one immovable chunk of writing hard by another. The novel seemed to me like a freshly blasted quarry with no one to pick up the pieces. By chance, I saw an editor's note about the book that said: "This is really very good, you know," and I felt the note was a plant, a kind of editor's water wings designed to buoy me up for the sea of revisions ahead.

They asked for very few revisions, and this I took as a very bad sign. If they were really interested in the book, they would want all kinds of changes. I figured they had given up on the book but would go ahead and print it in the hope of recovering their advance. They gave me two weeks to make the revisions we agreed to. One of them was on



"Last night I dreamed my wife was recalled to correct certain imperfections."

page one, a four-letter word that wasn't called for but which I had included to show right off that I wasn't afraid to use four-letter words. I scratched the word out and the page looked messy and so I retyped it and it came out a line short, so I retyped the second page and it came out wrong, so I went on to the third page. I began cutting some paragraphs and then an entire scene and adding dialog and changing dialog and somewhere along the way that morning a new character entered the story. I had meant to work until lunch; but when I stopped, I was surprised to find that it was five o'clock in the afternoon and I had written 42 pages. I had no sensation of having worked hard. I intended to stop the next day, but I didn't. I wrote 35 pages that day, much of it a complete reworking, and I knew that evening I was going to do the whole book. There was no question that it was exciting to me and that I knew I was doing something good, because for no reason I could explain, the immovable blocks were beginning to join one another in a way I had never been able to make them do.

The word I have found for the experience is immersion. It is something I intend to work to find again. Previously, I had worked on the book and at the book, but all at once I was immersed in the book. It seemed to be carrying me instead of me pushing it. It was a very rare sensation. The book was much more real than anything else in my life then. As I went into the second week, I had the sensation of being drawn very fine, as if I could thread myself through a needle. I seemed to have my own sense of the way things were, while before I had always been listening over my shoulder to see if I could get a lead

on the way things should go. I was out of life, under water, immersed.

I was, of course, making mistakes, but they were my own mistakes; and because of this, they at least had the virtue of a certain consistency about them. I told no one what I was doing, for fear of breaking the spell. Physically, I must have shown it. In three and a half weeks' immersion, I lost 20 pounds. One night, my wife said, "Bob, you seem so small"; but the only physical effect I experienced was the phenomenon of the missing drinks. In the evening, I would pour myself a drink; and when I looked for it, it would be empty. Evidently, I was masking fatigue with alcohol and I must have drunk a great deal to sustain myself, but I had no conscious desire to do this and never got drunk. At the end of 23 days, I finished a manuscript that, when published, occupied 447 reasonably tightly printed pages. The following day, while walking down Madison Avenue, I collapsed in the street. It was, I tried to tell the doctor, a case of the bends, coming up too quickly after my immersion; but he didn't understand.

What were the mistakes? I think I know most of them now. Most of them were the products of a lack of self-confidence caused by a lack of experience. Partially, they were the results of waiting too long, so that the assurance of youth, when one trusts one's judgment, even if one has no reason to do so, gave way to the doubts of middle age, which is far more dangerous. I couldn't imagine who would be listening to me and who would want to read anything I wrote. As a consequence, I determined to make them hear, if I could. I overloaded scenes that were loaded enough as they were. If there was a legitimate chance to grab the reader by

the lapels, I took it. I left nothing to trust and I presumed my potential reader was half deaf and half blind. I even worried about Marshall McLuhan and tried to make everything as visual as possible, so I couldn't be accused of being a disciple of Gutenberg. The result is that there is too much muscle in the prose. I could see none of this then. When I turned in the book, I thought it was thin and reedy and hollow and that wind could blow right through it. I now know that it is actually a rather dense book (in the best sense of that word), too dense, but I didn't know. Now perhaps I will.

Out of the whole experience, I developed one tactic of writing that other writers might be able to profit from. I call it across the river and into the prose. During the Second World War, a friend of mine serving in the Alaska Scouts noticed that when an American squad came to a river near the end of the day, the squad would ford the river, so they could build fires and dry their equipment and be dry when starting out in the morning. The squads with Indians always stopped on the near shore. The reason for this was another facet of immersion. In the morning, the Americans, comfortable, warm and dry would tend to move very carefully and slowly across the tundra, to avoid getting wet. They would detour for miles to avoid crossing a stream. The Indians, on the other hand, would start the day by fording the river and they didn't give a damn what happened to them after that. The worst had already been done.

I felt this could be applied to writing. There is a desire to finish a paragraph or a chapter and enjoy the satisfaction of finishing. It is a good feeling. But in the morning, there now is only that blank white sheet of paper to be filled. I have wasted days trying to regain a momentum I have lost. Now I don't allow myself the luxury of finishing, of getting dry and comfortable. When I am going good but have worked enough for the day, I stop before finishing a paragraph I am anxious to finish and then I stop in the middle of a sentence. It is irritating and frustrating but also effective. There is nothing in writing harder to do than to start. But in the morning, I finish the sentence that has been left unfinished and then I finish the paragraph, and all at once I am in the river again.

Now I intend to write the book I intended to write all along, the one I used to think I had written, the one they would mention in the first paragraph of the obituary. There is a saying attributed to the French that no man should write his first novel until he is 40. This is the age when most Americans cease writing their last novels. I do hope the French are right.

THEATER OF THE NUDE (continued from page 104)

immortalized as the first one to try it."

The producers of *Her First Roman*, the Broadway musical based on Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, worked out a flexible policy toward nudity before their show began its previews. Their script had two scenes that begged to be fleshed out: a boudoir view of young Cleopatra, shielded by a translucent curtain, and a Roman bath scene, with the legionnaires cloaked in sheets and their lovely attendants in loose shifts. "Despite all the pretentious explanations," said producer Joseph Cates, "nudity is a commercial device. We can justify it artistically as well as the next guy. And if we get bad reviews or if business falls off, we'll just snip away at Cleopatra's curtain."

How long will this snipping-away process take for the theater in general? How long will it be before the novelty has worn off and nudity can be used or not used as the occasion demands? The experience of modern dance suggests that the value of shock is quickly exhausted. In 1965, Robert Morris and Yvonne Rainer did a classic, though naked, *pas de deux*, clasping each other tightly, front to front, and moving austere across a bare stage. Also classic was the nude Joseph Schlichter, who positioned himself inside a huge plastic

cube and patriotically splashed about with buckets of red, white and blue paint. Last year, San Francisco's Ann Halprin staged the ultimate striptease at a Hunter College recital in New York. She had her dance troupe go through a marathon of undressing, dressing, undressing. . . . The rhythm was that of each dancer's breathing. And the ceremony was majestic and mysterious. But Manhattan's district attorney was not impressed; he warned the troupe never to come back with that particular number. Fortunately or not, Miss Halprin is no longer interested in nudity. "Getting undressed on stage," she declares, "has become excessively popularized."

Popular or not, there are still many things to be done. Director O'Horgan feels he may have found his own "ultimate solution to the nudity problem." Working with the La Mama Troupe at a Brandeis University production of Megan Terry's *Massachusetts Trust* last summer, O'Horgan experimented with "naked suits," outfits that look like skin and are equipped with full sexual regalia. O'Horgan put them on actors of the opposite gender under their street clothes. At the finale, the boy and girl stripped first to their naked suits and then to their own bodies.

Playwright Anderson suggests another

way to mock the theater's sexual hang-up. He imagines a skit about a middle-aged actor whose current role requires the performance of sexual intercourse. The curtain rises with the actor at home, in his own bed, with his wife. It is morning, and she asks him to make love. "Honey, you know I can't," he replies meekly. "You know I have a matinee and an evening performance to do."

Or, as a hippie-actress declares in the second act of *Hair*: "Harry, you've seen the nude scene. Now can we go home?"

A couple of seasons ago, critic Kenneth Tynan, surveying the state of the theater, predicted that acts of sexual intercourse would soon be staged. His prophecy was correct. In London, censorship by the Lord Chamberlain ended in September. Now that the lid is off, the crop of earthy, experimental explorations that flourished only in private theater clubs and lunch-hour cafés should begin to surface. For playwrights like John Arden and John Osborne, who have waged a constant battle with the censor, the liberation should be tremendous. The same surge to free expression can be expected in this country. If we saw more of the body last season than ever before, nudity in the theater is still not a part of life. Soon it may be. And nobody should be the worse for wearing less.



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FAIR FESTIVITY

(continued from page 94)

Night comes east. I want to say marry me.

Returning to the big house. To go up a spiral stair to a great room. Gleaming brass knobs and telescope. Copper domed roof. A shutter opened at the sky. The General twirling handles. Miss Fitzdare laughing at my surprise. At the craters in the moon and the orange sparkling light of Mars. At seven at the door. Her white slender fingers and gleaming nails. Leaning against the cut stone, Miss Fitzdare said goodbye.

"I hope it wasn't all too dull for you."

"I enjoyed every moment. Thank you so much for having me."

Balthazar B this night rode the roaring tram back to Dublin. In mild darkness and an eastern breeze from sea. Along the Merrion Road. To go lighted and merry on this iron wheeled vehicle. And at the bridge to alight down the steps from the greeny upholstered seats.

Balthazar strolled along the Grand Canal Dock. By dark pouring waters and shimmering light. Past the bridge into Ringsend and Irishtown. It says Shelbourne on that pub. The pleasure of being all alone with the air gently on the face. Her mother burned to death in fire. Across that waste ground, ships setting sail for sea. Lighted portholes. Never know which is red for port or green for starboard. Just see the blue eyes and black hair of you Fitzdare. Sparkle of your teeth. All your grace. Now I walk back again. To look at these great walls of blackened bricks. The gasworks. Sooty grime and fire in there through these bars. Dark shadows. Men moving with their lighted ends of cigarettes. Fitzdare. Will ever we wed. All flowing veils. Trumpets blow out across England to our country house in Somerset. Away in the soft green peace Fitzdare. You will touch the stems of flowers every day. On hall stands through the house. Bring your horses with you. We'll fox them all at Ascot.

Misery Hill. A name down these black streets. And a walk along here by the water on a narrow edge of granite by this plank wall of a coal bunker. And suddenly a shadow is looming up above my head. A figure with an arm raised and in a hand a lump of coal. Good God. Someone to kill me. Knock me on the head. That I would fall to this granite, to take my money and roll me into the greasy water.

Balthazar raised up a shielding arm. And the figure high in the bunker teetered and fell from sight. An old gray bewhiskered face. Staring and mad. And all I can do is run. Away from here. To the Liffey. By all the long rusting sides of ships. And rats nipping over the wet gleaming cobblestones.

Balthazar B chased along the Quay, chest choked with a beating heart. De-

touring from walls, shadowy cranes and dark doorways. Heading west for the life and lights of the city. Past gangways up to merchant ships. White shirted figures in the portholes. Others leaning with lighted cigarettes looking down from the ship's railings. A warehouse ahead. Keep out on the clear road. Away from harm.

At the corner of the shed Balthazar B gasped as he bumped into and confronted a figure. Of strange lighted eyes. And a round suddenly smiling face, so unsurprised.

"Beefy."

"Balthazar."

"Beefy what are you doing here, you frightened the life out of me, I was nearly murdered a few minutes ago."

"I am looking for sin."

Balthazar staring at these two unflickering globes. Jacket askew on his shoulders. Tie loosened from his collar. All the strange rumors. About this man. Who reads divinity. That Fitzdare would never say. To find him here. As he finds me.

"I was nearly hit on the head with a lump of coal."

"Dear boy. There are no rules down here on the Quay. No rules. Do you understand. I have come for sin. I know where to find it. Come with me."

"Beefy what do you mean?"

"Deepest most sordid sin. I have been to the latrines. But I am randy again. I have other places too. Come. The deepest and most sordid sin purifies. I bugger old men. I lay old ladies. Some of them are dying when I do it."

Balthazar looking into these burning eyes. A tremor of fear takes a fluttering hold of the heart. The lips smile. A ship hoots.

"My God Beefy, I don't know what to say."

"My pleasures are utterly beautiful Balthazar. Sacred. I mingle my elegance with their wretchedness. This city is a sewer flowing with rancor and decomposed flesh, rotting through all these streets. Disease eats out these hearts. Bodies full of poison. I come with my beauty. I bugger them. And do appalling things. And I invite you to come too."

"I was rather planning an early evening."

"I shock you."

"You terrify me out of my wits, Beefy."

"Ah. I thought so. But I will introduce you slowly to the pleasuring. Very slowly. You will thank me. When you get into the grisliness. That you can savor such things as I can show you. The sin. I love the sin. That's what I most desire. You look so left out of it all Balthazar."

"Would you care to come back to my

rooms with me and have some cocoa Beefy."

Along the Liffey quays this night, puddles of water on the cobblestoned street. Lonely lamplights. Coal dust and barrels, crates and bundles of wire. Great shadow of the gas tank rearing in the sky. A whiff and sniff and smell of pine timber. Beefy reaching up his arm to put a hand on Balthazar's shoulder. To look with easy warm eyes on this pale blond apprehensive face.

"Balthazar, my dear man. I am most awfully sorry. I could not resist to shock you. Do you know you are a most handsome fellow. You are in fact very beautiful. Your beauty would lend so well to my planned defilement. Look at you. I've never seen anything like your saintliness. Have you been seeing Miss Fitzdare?"

"I had lunch with Miss Fitzdare and her aunt and uncle."

"O my God how charming. Did you sit poised on the settee?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss Fitzdare tinkle the wires of her harpsichord?"

"Yes."

"I knew it. For joy. I knew it. She is a lovely creature. But think what wonderful defilement you could lend your spirit to tonight. Sunday. After all the prayers are said. But I think it's so splendid. You and Fitzdare. It crucifies me, your blond and her black beauty. O my God."

"Please come and have cocoa, Beefy."

Wild shadows against a sky faintly purple. Clouds rolling with moonlit edges. The blast of a ship's whistle. A hawser splashing in the water. Up in the crystal night the ship's red light. Trembling engines as the great black shadow moves out on the flowing river.

"Ah but I must go. Upon my appointed rounds."

"I have cream to go on top of the cocoa."

"I must not be distracted from my mission. Sinful desire consumes me. The most malodorous and desecrated defilement is waiting. Only fifteen steps away. Come. Please. Just along here. Let me show you. You see nothing. But wait. We go now up into this doorway. It will amaze you. You will thrill to this creature."

An opening broken door up wide greasy granite steps. A stench of death. The choking wail and sob of a child. A lurking face. A girl. Half her face in the light. A tiny bow of ribbon tied in her hair. Her hands clutching a broken black shiny bag.

"Ah Balthazar this is my queen. She waits for me here. Her name is Rebecca. Isn't she beautiful. But she does not think so herself. But Rebecca, you are."

"Go on now I'm not."

"Rebecca, I want you to meet my



Claude Finestripe, The Tiger Who Hated It.



Now here, projected in Schizoscope, are two striped Eagle Shirts. One of them looks solid, but if you peer closely you will see a very tiny pattern.

“**B**UT how in the world do you ever get such fine stripes?” people exclaim. ★ O. K., we’ve got this little-bitty tiger (Claude), who is dragged backwards by his tail down the material (broadclawth), protesting in a piping snarl every stitch of the way. This means an awful lot of grouchy round-trips, to

be sure, but it keeps him off the streets.

★ About the broad stripes (and bright scars) on the other shirt, nobody’s perfect. ★ Otherwise these Durable Press shirts are like new, also come in brown, charcoal and old gold, at about \$9.50. If you don’t know where write Miss Afferbach.



friend. He is beautiful too, isn't he."

"Ah he is."

"But it is I who have a horn on me this evil night. Rebecca you have the most splendid eyes to gaze upon this horn of mine."

"O go on with you I think you're crazy."

"And you have limbs. Fine limbs. I could eat up your white beauty Rebecca you know that I could, don't you. Wait Balthazar, don't go. You must not leave. Rebecca will fetch her sister for you."

"Ah sure you've got the gentleman upset, can't you see he's upset."

"Balthazar you're not upset. I would never want that. Isn't it marvelous here?"

"I think I must go Beefy."

"Come. With us. Rebecca too will come. And so will her sister. We'll go over the fence at the back gate. Even though needs be a spear up the rear. And I will take Rebecca and her sister to my rooms. We will all like it there. Come now, Rebecca. Let us get your sister. And I beg you Balthazar don't desert me now."

Their feet sounding up the broken stairs. Past a great tall window on the landing, its frame buckled, string and bits of rag blowing in the breezes. A three legged dog hobbling down between their legs. Bits of bicycles and broken prams along a wall. The dim slits of light under doors. Where dark Dublin lies sleeping.

On the attic landing Rebecca pushed through a door into a great darkened room. Rags and bones and suitcases in a corner, hunks of plaster hanging from the ceiling. A man sitting hunched forward on a chair staring silently into the red dying embers of a fire who slowly turns a head to nod at Beefy and Beefy nodding a smile to Balthazar.

A table covered in newspaper, cups and crusts of bread. By a red candle burning on a cardboard altar near a window a thin dark girl sits huddled reading in the flickering light. Rebecca whispers in her ear. And they both look at seven heads sticking from the covers of a great mattress on the floor. The dark girl steps behind a torn curtain and emerges with a handbag. Pulling a sweater over her shoulders as she turns toward the sleeping figures under a picture of a bleeding heart encased in thorns.

Balthazar B descended last out of this broken gutted building, taking deep breaths as they walked under a black railway trestle toward Trinity down an empty desolate lane. By locked up shops and closed pubs. Along Fenian Street taken that night with Beefy when I first met Fitzdare. The heads of death lurk in all the black skulls of houses. The girl dark and small with beady black eyes. A

gold cross upon her throat. Blue dress, blue sweater, her elbows poking out the sleeves. And I feel so bereft of Fitzdare. So alien to this wisp of girl.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Breda. What is your name?"

"My name is Balthazar."

"Are you a student?"

"Yes. What are you?"

"I work in a pub out toward Howth. I'm a barmaid. I'm not her sister. She enjoys a lie. I come from Cavan. I was just into Dublin to help take care of her little brothers and sisters. She's the oldest, she's twenty three. Her mother died three months ago. I know of your friend. He's been good to her family but he's a holy terror in other ways. You don't look the sort as would be down the Quays associating with strange women. Are you afraid of me?"

"No."

"You won't say much. I don't mind. You're English, that's the way you all are. Never say what's on your mind. How will he ever get us over that big fence."

Beefy high up balanced between the fence spears. A hand held down to Rebecca. She reached up, one foot on Balthazar's shoulder. Beefy with a great grunt and heave lifted her and their hands parted to drop her back down again into the arms of Balthazar. As Beefy lowered himself into Trinity and grinned through the fence bars.

"Come now."

"Ah no. I'm not climbing up that again."

"You must make her Balthazar, grab her arm and twist it."

"Ah you're not to twist me arm."

"Chuck her in the gutter Balthazar, this is no time for niceties."

"I'll give him one in the jewels if he does."

"We must get them over Balthazar. Put them through the most amazing antics you have ever seen. Here let's try to squeeze them between the bars."

"Beefy the porter's lodge is just there. We'll be seen."

"You'll squeeze neither of us between the bars I'm telling you."

"Just look at them. The two of them. Think of the defilement."

"Come on Breda, let's go on out of this now."

"Stop them Balthazar, stop them, I'm coming over. We must never let the two beauties go. It will be as splendid as running wild through a hospital of incurables. Get them back."

Balthazar stood and watched Beefy chase the girls down Lincoln Place into Westland Row. Where they have an Academy of Music and where Miss Fitzdare may have learned the harpsi-

chord. They returned hand in hand in the darkness. Beefy's eyes coming near, alight with pleasure. So strange he treats them with such soft grace. Between the threats of violence. So brilliant in scholarship. So fearless at sport.

"I have it Balthazar. I have it. We shall enter by taxi. It is all agreed. Grandly through the front gates. Under the noses of porters. And be in my rooms in Botany Bay in due course and defilement."

In the shadows of Wicklow Street just past a window display of spring fashions in Switzers a taxi was loaded with the women. A white five pound note passed by Beefy to the taxi man. The girls covered in a rug squeezed down between the knees of the gentlemen. Beefy handed his silver flask to Balthazar to take brandy at this delicate moment. Poised for fluent entrance without the flicker of a lid, or murmur of lie. To present at the great wooden gates. And safely pass.

The taxi proceeding around these bleak corners of commerce. Down this incline between pubs and banking houses. And out on the broad stretch of Dame Street. Leads west toward the Atlantic. East to the black high arched portal of this ancient seat of learning. The massive gray pillars and porches of the Bank of Ireland. The taxi heading across the tram tracks. Over a bump. Under that blue gold clock high above. And Beefy is giggling as Rebecca's head is rather burrowing where it shouldn't be.

"Stop it Rebecca. This is a tender moment when one's countenance must wear a bland look of ecclesiastic purity. Demanding of a salute from those who serve."

Beefy rearing in his seat eyes widening in horror as the taxi fails to decrease speed. And slams to a stop against the wooden barricade. Two porters come out. Slowly inspecting the dent in the timber they come to the window and peer at a motionless Beefy. They go to pull up the iron pins and lift back the main door. We move forward. Porters lean over ever so slightly. Beefy nods. They touch their caps. And now we trundle across the cobblestones.

"By God we've done it Balthazar. By God we've done as nice a piece of elemental underhandedness as could be expected in a vehicle which should not be allowed out on the roads. Just lie low now girls until big uncle Beefy gets you safely into his randy quarters. Who's for brandy. Ah Balthazar. You know I'm enjoying your company. You give me a sense of destiny. I rather mean to say my character is all shot to hell. I'm skidding along now on infamy. Heading for my holy orders. With my trustees screaming. My granny stonyhearted. My vile

The Decision by JULES FEFFER

I'VE TRIED,
DORIS.



BUT MARRIAGE
IS NOT A
NATURAL
STATE
FOR A
MAN.

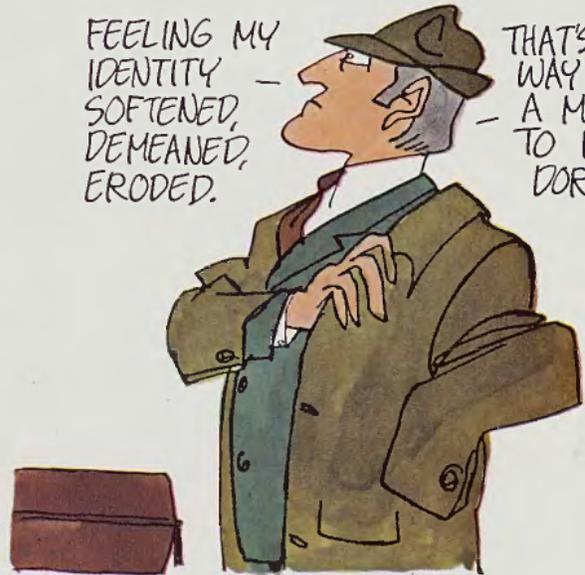


I FEEL
LIKE A
CAPTIVE
IN MY
OWN
HOME.



LIVING UNDER
CONSTANT
— PRESSURE,
CONSTANT
NEGOTIA-
TIONS,
CONSTANT
CONCES-
SIONS.

FEELING MY
IDENTITY
SOFTENED,
DEMEANED,
ERODED.



THAT'S NO
WAY FOR
A MAN
TO FEEL,
DORIS.

A MAN
HAS TO
FEEL —
FREE!



I'M GOING
BACK TO
CHARLES.



despicable propensities raging. Of course I shall take my holy orders. But not before I've had my fill of the diabolical."

"Beefy I don't like the look of things. I have a strange feeling we got by the porters too easily. Can't we have cocoa and go out again?"

"Balthazar you are an awfully polite man you know. But not one for filling in the silences in conversation, are you. Taxi man, apply your brakes now, that doorway right there. Get close in. That's a good man."

Beefy debarking with rug. Holding it aloft between car door and the dark stony entrance. To let the damsels discreetly pass. Into chill darkness and move up three landings guiding with hands on the smooth banisters and creaking stairs. Beefy whispering close.

"Ah Balthazar aren't you excited tonight. With these two lasses. You can engage in any proclivity you fancy."

"I heard what you said and don't be thinking I don't know all them big words mean the same thing."

"I love you Rebecca. I love you."

"You love yourself."

"You see Balthazar these girls are clever. Far above the ordinary. You know, this isn't a time to bring this up, but I rather farked it in the military. Could never organize an assault. Would say to the chaps. This is your captain speaking, can you hear me chappies, there are the buggers beyond the ridge, let them have it by God, mortar them good and proper. Forsooth I set off a barrage to give them what for beyond the ridge. After the preliminary softening up I told the chappies to rush them. I put my umbrella up to march out setting a good example, through the rain of shells. Men didn't like it at all. Thought I was putting on the dog. But the enemy were so stunned to see me marching at them under my snakeskin handled umbrella that they ceased firing. Just as well. The unhappy thing was, I was attacking my own men. I was an absolutely dead loss at war. Soon as they got rid of me they started winning like mad. But you know, let me say confidentially, I tried to soldier well. Even now when I pass Horse Guards' Parade in London, hear the band, the crunch of heels on the gravel, a reverberation goes through me and I thrill to an instant erection. I mean some chaps express their loyalties in other ways. But that little signal, that pure salute. One's private little pole. Standing outright and quivering. Has always made me feel that my love of regiment, my loyalty to the Monarch, was a swelling splendor of heartfelt salutation. Wait girls, for your captain. This fearful trip is not yet done. Until we are safely inside."

Beefy opening the door. Ushering in

his guests. He goes from room to room announcing an all clear and switching on a light. Breda staring around this booklined room. Hung with risqué tapestries and silver ornaments. Crossed sabers over the mantel. Four shotguns locked against a wall. A great carpet woven with the facial and saucy aspects of a Persian gentleman in all expressions from sadness to outright laughter. In every nook and cranny, crystal splendors. Bound volumes. Ecclesiastical Policy. Eucharistic Faith and Practice. A Short History of the Doctrine of the Atonement.

"That woman there on the wall is my granny. Who has made much of what you see here possible. Often I kneel of an evening, light a candle and look up to her and pray my thanks. She is as flinthearted as she looks. But do help yourselves to the bowl of raisins one and all. And allow me to pour. Rebecca, whiskey."

"Ah you're a cod. Sure this place is like one of them black gentlemen have."

"I have my dear woman not been blessed by a dark complexion but I am a man of the divinity, do not forget that. Must satisfy the Archbishop King's Professor that I am an habitual communicant of the Church of Ireland. Do not forget that before ordaining a candidate for the ministry you must have your medical certificate of health. Leave no doubt as to physical soundness in the performance of ministerial duties. There Rebecca read that tome, The Problem of the Pastoral Epistles."

"What would I want with such protestant rubbish. Sure you'll burn to a crisp in hell, you will."

"Ah Rebecca you take the pope to heart. Did you know he was a shareholder in your breweries?"

"What kind of talk is that."

"Ah Rebecca, Rome is finished as a power. The pope is in voluntary liquidation and is making for Zurich but I thirst for a glance of your naked person, your fleshy realizable assets."

"You'll roast for centuries."

"But tonight let us not be squeamish. Blessed is the man who puts his pole into the ungodly and spits mighty spurts. O God I'm so painfully horny. Step lightly forward now in a rhythmic manner my dear. Off with your garments. Let us have some balletic expertise."

"I will in a tinker's tit, in front of everyone."

"Ah no vile language here, girl. British territorial prerogatives prevail within these Trinity walls. Be not base low mean and shabby. Strip off."

"Will you listen to him. Strip off he says."

"Ah Rebecca can't you see I'm agog

for your nude form. Breathlessly impatient for visiting vile humiliations upon you. Blessed are they who lay down their garments one by one in a manner of teasing dalliance for they will have a pole of plenty eight miles up them. In due ruddy course. Of course."

"You're a Presbyterian."

"Ah you've uttered the one thing that provokes me Rebecca and calls for, of course, rape. I must rape you. Don't try to struggle it will be useless."

"Sure I can scream the bricks down of this building."

"We must employ the gags. Can't have outcry when Beefy is scintillating through his magic mire of shame. Just here inside this cabinet, here we are, the gags, the silk pajama cords. For trussing up. For the vile proddings."

Balthazar hands joined entwined, his back pressing against a series of volumes in the bookcase, A Theological Introduction and Texts to Religious Experience and Divine Diverticula. Breda looking from face to face. Beefy dropping his trousers. Rebecca pulling off her dress. Not to know what was funny or what was sad. Or what was rape and what was mad. But only to tremble in terror. Visions of porters and authorities marching 80 abreast across Front Square. Crowbars held high. For breaking and entering. Hangman's nooses for stretching throats. And to dangle, one's university career at a dismal end.

Beefy raging with considerable nudity holding up his silk pajama cords. Breda covering her eyes with well spaced fingers. Rebecca in a wild peal of laughter seizing this unforgettable instrument asway upon Beefy's chunky person. As I good heavens, feel constrained to look out the window. And Breda gasps.

"Ah God I've never seen the likes of a thing like that before. It's as big as a donkey's. Sure your man is a mule."

"Good God your toenails Rebecca, need cutting, I'll report you to the Society of Chiropodists. Ah but otherwise, isn't she my Rebecca, the most splendid creature. Pirouette my dear. Ah that raised some fine points. Of divinity if not law. But we're losing the sense of rape here. Gringe back a little my dear. If the Provost could only see us. Keeping up the fine traditions of the college. Numini et patriae asto. And now. For rape."

Beefy charging across the floor. Hands raised in a pose horrid and menacing. Pajama cords draped in a priestly manner about his neck. Seizing Rebecca by the wrists, her legs buckling beneath her as a smile broke across her face and laughter trembled her knees.

"Rebecca you're ruining this deadly



CONNIE KRESKI



DOLLY READ



REAGAN WILSON



MICHELLE HAMILTON



GWEN WONG



SUE WILLIAMS



TISH HOWARD



HEATHER RYAN



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ANGELA DORIAN

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MARCH 1969

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
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9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Marked through March with part Pat Russo
the next girl lucky to see Connie.
She is locked inside, so use the key—
the key or call to the rescue, please!

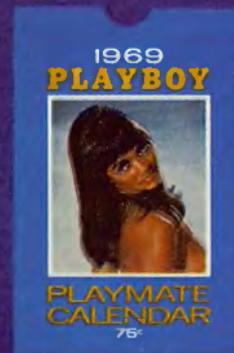
APRIL 1969

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30						

PAT RUSSO



Desk Cal. 5½" x 7½"



Wall Cal. 8½" x 12½"

serious act. I am about to rape you. This won't do."

Rebecca doubling up with her hands held across her belly. Beefy bent pulling them apart. Shaking her into resistant action. As she went limp on the floor. Breda wide eyed and pushing back her sweater sleeves.

"You're getting awfully dusty Rebecca. It's not fair of you to behave this way. Resist. For God's sake. O dear what can I do, my charm melts all hearts, and everyone, men women and children open their legs to me. Into the bedroom. Rebecca. I will lash you to the bed. And in my best secular manner I will have at you like a beast bounding straight out of the Bible. Numini et patriae asto. And don't spare the jubes."

Balthazar swallowing constant lumps of air. Wiping his brow with handkerchief. The crumpled giggling figure of Rebecca carried into the bedroom. Jubilant jouncing coming out the half open door. To reach and pass the bowl of raisins across to Breda. To select of these dried grapes.

"What was that he was saying in that funny language."

"I stand on the side of God and my country."

"Sure in the condition he's in what God or country would have him."

"Would you have tea if I can find the kettle and leaves."

"Aren't you about to try anything with me."

"No."

"I'll have a cup then if you're making one. Can you tell me if your friend is completely round the bend."

"He's the most brilliant brain of the university."

"Is that a fact. Well if you ever knew what was on another person's mind you wouldn't know what to put on your own at all. He's one for devilment."

The door crashing open. Beefy, trousers down around his ankles, shuffling and hobbling in his socks. His private signal tied with a bow of pajama cord waving in circumcised salute, poking out beyond the floating tails of his shirt. Breda shrinking back from this bullish grinning ruddy face.

"Balthazar. Where are you. See for yourself. Rebecca trussed up. Ready to give treats. My dear girl show some shame, how dare you stare at my instrument in that manner. We shall rape Rebecca. Then it shall be your turn. While you rape Rebecca Balthazar I shall truss this truculent lass to the other bed. And by God we'll rape you."

"I'm making tea for us, Beefy."

"O my gawd. You'd let such opportunities as I've prepared slip. For the sake of Empire dear man. For Monarch. We must on with the felony. You lass you're

next, make no mistake about that."

"I'm not with you I'm with your friend here who's a well behaved gentleman."

"Stop. Do I sense here the shirty and utterly shabby nuance of criminal impotence. And take your eyes off my instrument this instant."

"Sure it's not my fault if it's there put in front of me eyes."

"You are a saucy lass. I'm putting you down in my notebook. Needy of corrective measures."

"You fancy yourself. Standing around like that. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Beefy, eyes so brown ablaze with jocular evil, moving forward toward Breda. As she rose from her chair and slowly stepped backward around the room. Past the shotguns, past foils stuck in an umbrella stand. Till she fell on the brass studded gleaming leather couch. Beefy's great instrument pressing at Breda's face as she waved it away. Balthazar scratching his head in the scullery doorway. This can't be college. An evening such as this. A hidden world never seen before. Until you think that this is the way it must really be. The carefree frolics of undergraduate years. That we grow up to live in staidier and sterner ways. Look back and say I was a naughty fellow in my younger days.

"Come my dear girl, it's as hard as a baby avocado, don't push it away, it likes you. Give the boy a treat."

"I will in me witless ways. Go on before I give you a bite of your balls and they'll be through bouncing anymore I can tell you."

"Blessed my dear are the nonviolent girls who blow. A sound from this horn delivereth me up to the heights of ecstasy. With such elevation I could spit on Mars. The explosive grandeur of tickling your tonsils would make this poor boy so happy. And also clear your complexion of any blotches."

"You'll get away with that thing or I'll clout you with the back of me hand. You're out of your mind."

As Beefy disappears to the bedroom. A sound. A sharp crack. Balthazar turning to look back in the scullery. The steaming spout of the kettle aimed against the window. The parted white and blue checked curtains. A busted pane of glass. Misted and streaked. To touch where it split and look out into the thickets of the new leaves. Something strange up in the tree. Strain one's eyes to see. A shadow entwined about a bough. And down there. O my God. Passing by the shed of cycles and motorbikes. A lantern swinging. Spreading light across the hard gray ground. Three figures approaching this way. One in dressing gown and slippers between two

porters. They stop. They look up at this window.

"Beefy Beefy."

"I'm lingering. In the most spooky pleasuring."

"The Proctor. Coming."

"Nearly."

"O God. I mean it Beefy."

"Nonsense. I'm in elemental ecstasy."

"Please Beefy."

"Dear boy how can you, how can you, call, o my goodness, at such a time, o Lord that's nice, awfully nice. Tell my trustees of your trouble. They deal with all my debts and tribulations. So that I may pursue without hinder. Divinity, first ranking of the professions. Followed sadly by law, medicine and literature. The rear taken up by science and music. First you get baptized, grow up and get sued. Life goes on till they saw off your leg. If you survive you can read a good book. My advice in life is to proceed in a blaze of contradictory remarks, and send one's trustees each year a valentine. Rome is finished as a power. The ecclesiastical tom tom says so. Church of Ireland is taking over everywhere. We are winning souls left right and evil. Right down the coast to Greystones. And doing awfully well in Dalkey. We must kick the indulgences and plastic relics out of this isle. Give them a nine first Fridays of my Lutheran horn up the hole instead. Tear back the camouflage of emerald purity. Thou art Beefy and upon your arse I shall build my bank. No one gives a damn about the organic unity of Christ. Or the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Rebecca, darling, the cardboard crucifixion is crumbling."

"You're mental."

Balthazar at the open crack of the door. As the gospel according to Beefy drones on. One's two hands held tightly together. If not altogether wringing. Certainly drained of blood. To tiptoe into someone else's intimacy.

"Beefy, I think this is urgent, can you hear me."

"Singlehandedly I shall bring down Rome. Rebecca. Severe ideas are called for. Ukase. Deliver up delinquent attitudes. Papists will cower. Liberty loving protestants will march elbowing harlots out of the way, on to Belfast. Very militant. The Divine Founder will scream out the Coptic Rite and screw the eastern schisms."

"You're mental."

"Beefy they're coming. The porters."

"Really Balthazar. Can't you hear I'm in the middle of my outloud meditation. Kicking evil little bugs out of the conscience. After one has defiled numerous orphans, widows and motor mechanics. My God what did you say."

"I said the porters are coming."

"Pull that sash cord. That's the general

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alarm. Quickly Rebecca up. Keep all mouths closed and fast come with me. Gather up your garments. Into the scullery. No time for moderation. One grasps at a moral morsel and sinks promptly in a vast sea of human betrayal. And new rattings from every side. One sings loudly protestant praises. And porters get it into their heads to do their duty. No panic, quite safe. This way through the dust. Old Beefy knows how to disport. And retreat with a gusto unknown to modern man. Just when I was going to ask you to take down your trousers, Balthazar, and present your particulars to the pleasuring. God I'm going to soon show my age beyond my years. I'm such a young vital chappie. This way. Girls obey now to the letter. Not a murmur. Just do as you are told. And the whole misunderstanding will pass shortly. Been a slight breach of security. Soon patch it up. Keep an eye out Balthazar."

Beefy pulling on underwear with one hand, leading his two female guests

with the other. Into the scullery. A scrabbling and scuffling. A banging. On the door. Beefy putting his finger to his lips for silence, as he tiptoes back into the drawing room. And across to his bedroom. Emerging again in dressing gown. Locking the bedroom door. Dropping his key into the pocket of a long flowing black silk robe. Satiny slippers embellished with gold threaded crossed cues on his feet. And he looks down upon his person and smiles at the ashen faced Balthazar.

"Believe in me. Trust in me. I'll do all the talking. Make believe you are merely playing bezique at your London club. And the world lies around you sublime. See, I'm in my billiard slippers, means we are quite safe. You mustn't shake like that Balthazar. I've been through this before. Just a very ordinary nightmare. Shush. Now. Wait. They are at the door. Listening. O very crafty. But what they hear is silence. We are engrossed in a tutorial."

Three loud knocks on the door. Bal-

thazar taking one deep breath after another. Beefy lighting up a large cigar. His eyes blinking in the smoke, slowly taking tomes from his shelves and opening them out on the table. All seems somehow to have happened before. Three more bangs on the door. And Beefy was on top of that girl. As her legs wagged in the air. A bare arse pumping up and down during his academic career. Of devious divinity. One must turn a blind eye to sacrilege. Uncle Edouard said it was always wise to kick up a disturbing row if one were tapped unwarningly upon the shoulder. Three more loud bangs. A voice of authority.

"Open up this door."

Beefy tiptoeing around in a circle, raising his eyebrows up and down with each step. His elegant nerve. When I should be content somewhere in Siberia now. Or strolling the afternoon by ice age moraines in the countryside. Tracing fossil ferns with a light thrilling finger. And the warm voice of Fitzdare. O Lord.

"Open up. I know you have women in there. I am not going to stand out here in the cold all night. If this door is not opened presently, I shall have the clerk of works summoned to knock it down."

Beefy advancing close to the door. Listening. Taking a great long puff on his cigar. Shaking his head slowly up and down. Two squash rackets leaning near the door. Beefy taking one in hand and sweeping it in a strong forehand volley. As three more knocks land.

"Now please, be sensible in there and don't make this occasion more unpleasant than it already is."

Beefy smiling. Feinting deeply with a flexed right knee. A blurring back-handed cross court three sided killing shot administered with a swish of breeze. And a gracefully slow follow through. While I tremble. With no way out. Save a window plummeting down three floors. With two broken legs one could not run. But better to stand by the window. Just in case. To look down. And see if it gets any nearer. Seemed so certain we were undetected through the front gate. My reputation of the rape of Donnybrook following after me. My God what is that out there in the tree.

"Beefy, come, look."

Beefy peering out into the night. The branches of the nearby tree. The tangled snaky boughs. Beefy taking his cigar out of his mouth. His eyes cold.

"That wretch. Out there spying in the tree. Betraying us. Thinks he's going to delight in our apprehension. The jealous Greek scholar, the bogman Muggins. He's laughing. By God wait till I get my hands on him."

"Beefy open the door please. They're



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PURE VIRGIN WOOL

beginning to use force."

"An innocent man is never in a hurry Balthazar."

"But we're not innocent."

"In spirit and heart, yes. We are. That's why I wear this look of permanent bewilderment. Whoops, yes, that was rather a loud bang. Thought they might give up."

"I know you have women in there. I will not ask again that this door be opened. I am not going to stand out here all night."

Beefy advancing to the door. Drawing back the bolts. One high one low. Lifting his eyebrows as he turned the lock and pulled open the big black door. The Proctor in a brown ankle length bathrobe. Designed perhaps for such evening missions. Pair of red skiing socks and scuffed pair of leather slippers. A sky blue scarf wrapped high up round his throat and flowing over a shoulder. Rowed stroke or bow or something for Cambridge. A year when Oxford sank with all hands in the river. These two small porters look from under their blue bulging hard hats. Peering out from the college secrets piled up over the years. And one steps forward to put his lantern atop the turf cupboard.

"All right Beefy, where are the women."

"Sir, women."

"Yes, the women. Don't play games with me. Where are the women. I want this over without delay. You may as well come clean. Where are they?"

"Sir, you do know I'm reading divinity."

"I should not attempt, if I were you, to start clouding the issue. Which is quite grave."

"Sir I'm afraid I don't have the faintest idea what you're talking about. With all respect, really sir. I do not."

"Don't try my patience."

"Honestly, Balthazar B here. Why we came back this evening to college, having missed vespers and taken a walk about Stephen's Green, and we set about slogging. Quite above board. Books there on the table. Mr. B's Littlego exam. Latin is giving him a good bit of trouble. Thought it would polish him up nicely if I took him through some of—"

"That's quite enough. I'm not going to stand here all night listening to your explanations. Either you admit now to the women or I shall go into that room and expose them myself. As distasteful as that may be. But you've only yourself to blame if this cannot be dealt with in a civil manner. I have not got all night. Come on. Don't trifle with me longer. I see. Very well. Let us have that door there opened."

A nod from the Proctor. A pointing finger raised. To these dark uniformed porters in their peaked hunting hats. Who step forward. Across this ornamented tapestried room. They turn the knob and push shoulders against the locked door.

"All right, Beefy, the key. Let us have the key."

"Sir, what key."

"The key Beefy."

"Sir as you know."

"I know nothing except this is most tiresome. Give me that key."

"Upon my word, sir, one has desperately been pursuing the doctrine of atonement, Christian ethics."

"You are really bringing me to the end of my endurance. I can see this little evening has all the appearances of a tutorial."

"Fructu non foliis arborem aestima, sir."

"Do not Latin me. There's quite sufficient fruit to be seen and judged here."

"Sir I think you should look out the window in the tree outside."

This tall handsome man, waves of quietly graying hair across his head. One hand tightly holding the wrist of the other. Stealing a frowning glance at the green ecclesiastic tomes. As he steps forward.

"Beefy I'm warning you, either you produce these ladies instantly or something much worse will happen to you than you think will happen."

"Sir upon my crossed squash rackets I swear and with all due respect, you are barking up the wrong tulip tree. I mean really, how can I otherwise consider that you are not, without malice perhaps, but persistently, making unintentional slanderous accusations here. In front of witnesses."

"Are you daring to try me. Are you."

"Sir there is no need to shout."

"You do try me."

"No sir. I am distinctly not doing. Nor trying."

"All right break down that door."

"Please sir no."

"Break it in."

"O sir, you really shouldn't. This is awful."

"Quite."

The two porters taking up positions. A signal and the dark shoulders crashed upon the door. A groan and raised eyebrows as the black portal refused to budge. A stepping back of three paces, another onslaught. Beefy covering his eyes. A splintering. Two panels cracked through. One porter down. Holding his shoulder in pain.

"Sir please, allow me, I can't bear to watch anymore. I've got the key here.

I'll open the door. It's the principle of the thing. It really is. Not to be believed. To have had a command in a regiment with which, sir, I know you are acquainted. There. It's open. Get them. Eighty ladies. Twenty of them dusky. Before they get out the window."

The two porters rushing into the room. Pulling back the deep blue satin window drapes. Opening the clothing cupboard. Tearing blankets from the bed. Beefy giving a nervous start as something clatters on the floor. The pushing aside of stacks of towels and shirts. And finally standing hesitating over a great iron deedbox. Room enough for two well packed midgets. The Proctor thin lipped, white faced. Stepping forward. Pointing with a finger.

"Open up that box."

"Sir, that is confidential."

"I said open it."

"Sir you have no warrant."

"I can tell you Beefy, that my anger shall be sufficient warrant at this moment."

"But sir there is no room for ladies in there. Not nice ladies anyway."

The porters triumphantly holding up the foot long key fallen from the bedcovers. Smiles as they plunge it into the top of the great box. Four hands turning it. A click inside. Lifting the heavy lid open, propping it back. The great locking teeth round the lid rim. And the porters standing staring silently down.

"Yes, what is it."

"I don't know sir. It must be thousands and thousands."

"Thousands of what."

"Pounds sir. Five pound notes. Hundreds of them."

"O dear. I'm not ready for more jokes."

"It's not joking sir. See for yourself."

"Good Lord. What's the meaning of this Beefy."

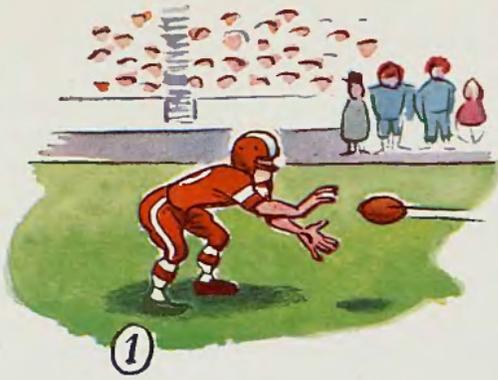
"Nothing is the meaning of it sir, except that you have searched my apartments, opened my confidential strong-box and failed to find any crumpet, fluff or frill."

"How did this come to be here. All this money."

"I put it there sir."

"Are you completely out of your senses. You have no right to keep money in this quantity in a college room."

Beefy crossing to close down the great iron lid with a crunching bang. Turning the huge key. Lifting it out again and slipping the iron circle over his wrist. Making an about face. A clatter of slipper. A slow march back to the sitting room. Plumping into his leather sofa, Beefy crossed his carrot haired legs and opened a tome across his lap. Book One of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics.



Balthazar B reflecting apostate, downhearted and sad, raising his chin momentarily as the Proctor stepped back into the sitting room.

"Stand up Beefy."

"Sorry sir, just keeping up with my ethics."

"This is not over yet."

"O."

"I will get to the bottom of this. Meanwhile that money is to be put properly where it belongs, in a bank."

"I don't trust banks sir."

"I don't care whom you trust. Get

that money out of here. Who is your tutor?"

"Professor Elegant sir."

"And yours, Mr. B."

"Professor Elegant sir."

"Professor Elegant has his work cut out. Be at my office tomorrow at three o'clock, both of you."

"Sir are you going?"

"What I do is not of your concern."

"I just thought sir that you should know there is something awfully strange out there up in a tree. If you look out the window sir."

The Proctor pushing apart the drapes. Peering out into the night. Taking a torch from under arm and shining it out the window. Turning back to these two attending porters awaiting their further instruction. To keep the college clear of misdemeanor. To track down abductors. Rout out the harborers of females laid liberally on for riotous and indecent behavior.

"Porters, go fetch that man out of that tree. Who seems to find matters in here so amusing. I should not smile

Beefy, I'm not by any means finished with you. I am not satisfied that there is not something quite fishy here."

Beefy joyfully leaping to the door. To put to the bolts once more. And a finger up to his lips. At the departing sound of steps down the wooden stairs. To the window now, they could see down to the foot of the tree. In the lightly descending rain the Proctor and porters waiting. In torchlight and lantern glow. A student scrabbling down to the ground with long flowing hair. Brushing bark from his person. Turning to point up at this window. As one and all nip back.

"That evil snooping scoundrel. Been scrounging around me for months. One doesn't mind his constantly shitting and pissing out his window after dark. But as a leech on my life. Never."

"Let us out of here."

"O my God, the girls. Please stay right where you are and don't move till I tell you."

"We want to come out of here."

"Not yet. You must lie low for just a while longer. Ah Balthazar you are quite a person under fire. However, be ready, the last tribulation is about to unfold. An old college tradition. In circumstances such as this. They go away. For a few minutes. And then when one is up to one's neck again in lewd gymnastic indecency. They come crashing in the door. Not nice. So we'll just sit here at the table. Take up the tutoring where last left. Ah here we are, a little something on the constitution of Athens."

The door came asunder. With splintering doorjambs and plaster. Three porters pouring through. Balthazar jumping to his feet emitting a slight shriek. Beefy relighting his cigar gone out in the former festivities. The third porter new to matters rushing the bedroom. Reappearing vacant faced and bemused. Beefy blowing a large smoke ring across the room. Which wreathed his granny's portrait and smashed out in wavering billows against the wall. Bal-

thazar B with his hand held against his lower throat sat down again.

"Are you porters done. Dark beetles of injustice. How dare you burst in in this manner. Bringing plaster with you. Causing nuisance to a man who will one day follow quite closely upon the heels of Christ. He was an awfully good walker before they tacked him up."

"We are under orders sir."

"Well then. New orders. Vamoose. Take your lot out into the night. O yes, the Provost will hear of this. My trustees will certainly be assembling in front of the Bank of England over there in the land of fair play. And by God when the drummer begins to strike a cadence, they will march to the Holyhead, stepping of course right over Wales. Do you hear me. Put down that crowbar. Quite untoward. My trustees will be on the night boat soon and by God they will be scribbling out writs and the like, as well as many other beribboned documents."

"Very well sir, very well."

"You know I happen to be a scholar."

"Yes sir."

"Ranking of the fifth rank in this college. And a gentleman of the choir."

"We do sir know this."

"Scholar in classics, as well as a man who is to take holy orders. And you chaps break down doors and visit indiscriminate injury to the sensibilities of myself and Prince B. Your Highness my profound apologies. As your host one wants so much to blot out horrendous spiritual bruises which smite one in one's chambers. Quite odious."

"We are quite sorry sir to have incommoded you."

Porters departing silent and open-mouthed. Beefy examining his busted door. Sad bolts and latches hanging, screws twisted out of the splintered wood.

"Don't you find this all terribly unrefreshing Balthazar. Look what they've done to my poor door. What a waste of their broken shoulders to think they could outwit Beefy. Infantry captain extraordinary. I think cannibalism is next on my calendar of lusts."

"Let us out of here."

"Right with you girls now."

Beefy at the turf bin. Lifting up the lid top. Displaying the brown piles of turf. His hand choosing a crumbling piece.

"Quite real. You see Balthazar. Now. We close this up. And here, come watch, undo this and we draw back a little secret door. And the two morsels of our delight. Good evening girls."

In the shadows, sitting upon a low bench. Breda and Rebecca grim faced and unglad. Shuffling out sideways. Pitter patter of the rain. And the wind rising. The scullery window ashake. Helping the ladies back into the little game. Beefy so gallantly plays. With rules writ. For black bliss. Oblique and



"When she says she loves you, you're a little skeptical. You don't really trust white people, because you're a Negro, get it?"

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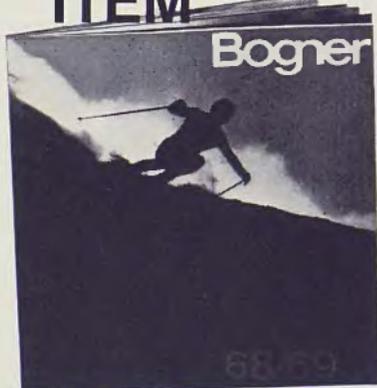
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naughty. Smiling he bows. This boy of all those years ago. Whose purest voice raised such sweet threnody to sound across meadows blending the lightest green with daisies and buttercups. Taken by his friendly hand through woodlands gently away from fear. He made my Tillie well again.

"Get us out of here, I want to be gone out of here altogether."

"Girls I myself would dearly like to be lost at this moment. Amid the gaieties of the London season if possible. After all the recent rattings. Bugging up the stylish sauciness I had so hoped was to be our lot. And still can be."

"I'll not be arrested in this college you chancer."

"Rebecca that's not an awfully nice thing to say. After risking all to keep you safe from harm. Allow me to take this strap from your tempting shoulder."

"You're the devil himself, you are."

"Please. Both of you are my honored guests. Good grief. Abandon ship. The windows."

A woeful crash. The door falling flat into Beefy's chambers. Over it tramping three porters. A wave of dust rising. The Proctor rigid at the disemboweled entrance. All triumph buried unseen in the sad face. The sound of doors opening on the staircase landings below. To see what the earthquake is about. Windows squeaking, and others slamming shut. A college awake this night. For an awarding of a degree. In harlotry.

"Very well. I apologize to both of you young ladies. I'm sure you've been misled here. You Beefy, and you Mr. B. Attend tomorrow at three. My office. I shall appreciate your escorting these young ladies, again with my apologies, out of the university. A taxi has been summoned. That is all. Good night."

A roll of drums beating. Cannons firing salvos. In a coffin two blank parchments. Of ungranted degrees. Drawn on a gun carriage. Hoofs echoing their clatter up and down Dublin streets. Sorrowing people wave their little flags and tap their tears. The wind awakes and blows. Bends and flattens highland grass. The bagpipes play. A purple music across the heather. Go down to death bravely. When you go. Neither to weep nor smile. Tomorrow will be a yesterday when nothing mattered at all. It rains tonight. This bishop born Beefy. Anointed with his own gracious infamies. A high stepper in all doggish demeanors. We both are led by the scruff of the neck. To the black long taxi. A light lit inside. To reload the girls. In this college square they call Botany Bay.

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The wild
Hair
Of the trees.



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skiing: from A to V (continued from page 108)

holes in the upper façade of the Red Onion Saloon.

Fortunately, Aspen's one-faceted nature is at least partially redeemed by the character of its best inns and restaurants. Magnificent accommodations at the first and some of the best food in the country at the second.

The quickest way to get a confirmed hotel reservation in town is to dial (303) 925-3122. This is the number for Incons, a data-processed reservations system that links every Aspen hotel to a central switchboard. The caller merely states his requirements—say, a two-room suite on the ground floor of a chalet, with a fireplace in the living room and use of sauna and swimming pool. All are located within a 15-minute walk of a ski lift and cost from \$10 to \$50 daily—and, if the space is available, the operator will confirm dates and prices on the spot.

Condominiums—apartments rented by private owners and managed by the professional staff of the building—usually offer the most luxurious accommodations. If you're traveling with half a dozen friends, this can also be the best bargain; because for around \$80 a day, you can rent a three-bedroom apartment, carpeted in white and equipped with expensive furniture and a Roman bath. At the Aspen Alps, the Green Mountain Suite has a tiered and carpeted floor in the living room, built in a rising semi-circle around a fireplace, so that it looks somewhat like a small amphitheater. It's also known as Celebrity Manor. Among its famous guests over the years have been Bishop Pike, Adam (Batman) West,

John Wayne, Jill St. John and Hugh M. Hefner.

At Aspen Meadows, which describes itself as a community rather than a hotel, you can rent an entire house—accommodating six comfortably and very tastefully decorated, too—for \$90 a day, which includes use of the sauna and steam baths in the Aspen Meadows Health Center. The Meadows is about a five-minute drive south of Aspen, close enough to enjoy the town's noisier distractions but, for those who like to keep such pleasures within easy reach but at arm's length, not too close. The views are sensational and the newly renovated Four Seasons restaurant can be depended upon for the very best French and American dishes. This isn't the big party scene, but if you're looking for civilized company in an unhurried atmosphere, it's ideal.

The youngest and most impoverished visitors to Aspen stay in dormitories, where accommodations run from the equivalent of a seedy campus boarding-house, such as the Independence, to the Garret, which gives you just enough space to stretch out a sleeping bag. These are probably the most uninhibited digs in town, but they're far from fancy and anyone over 25 tends to be regarded with suspicion.

Much better digs and at only slightly higher rates (around five to six dollars a day) can be found at hostels and inns like the Bunkhaus, Alpine Lodge, Buckhorn and the Floradora, which once won an award for the faithful renovation of its interior. After these, there is a large jump in cost to the Aspen Inn, the

Prospector and Hearthstone House, all of which are located either in or close to the center of town. I didn't particularly care for the Aspen Inn, which struck me as an impersonal, sprawling collection of undistinguished real estate, but both the Prospector and the Hearthstone are warm, congenial establishments that provide a high degree of personal service.

Before booking anything, however, get in touch with the Aspen Association (Box 1188, Aspen, Colorado) and find out about the discounts, most of which are applicable from mid-January to the end of the season. There are also airline packages that allow even bigger savings.

The sun goes to bed very early in Aspen and it's about the only thing that does. From four o'clock on, America drinks; at least it does in this town. The cocktail circuit might start at the Little Nell base lodge, the Red Onion Saloon, the Tippler or whichever place happens to be the most popular this season. All of the above were last winter's favorites, but Aspen is notoriously fickle and the whole scene may change this coming season. The Soaring Cork Lounge of the Aspen Inn, for example, was dead only a few seasons ago, but the management revived it by bringing in a country-and-western group; and when that palled, they brought in a rock group. Last season, they had a foursome called the Spice Racq. It was the best in town, but it left at the end of the season to seek greater glories in Los Angeles.

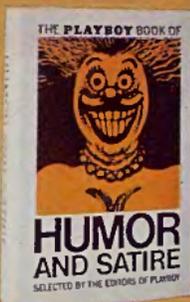
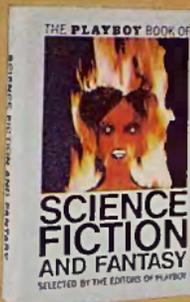
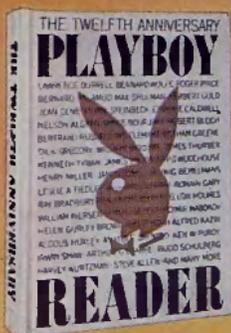
At the height of the silver boom, Aspen was noted for its unusually civilized food. Great and lavish banquets were thrown by the town's millionaires and a tradition of good food became the rule rather than the exception. One of the local delicacies of that period was oyster loaf, a rectangular loaf of newly baked bread with the top crust cut off and the inside removed. The crust and the walls of the loaf were baked and coated with hot butter. Fried oysters were packed inside with layers of sliced lemon and dill pickle. The top was then replaced and the loaf served hot. You may not find that in today's Aspen, but your palate won't be disappointed with what is available.

At the Paragon in the old Roaring Fork building, the menu is French and the decor is silver-boom lush. Seven-course dinners are served at set hours in beautifully appointed private dining rooms hidden behind velvet-curtained entrances that lead off from a main corridor. This is indisputably one of the better restaurants in America, for food and *ambiance*, and to miss it would be close to sacrilege. Even a drink taken at the bar tastes better there than elsewhere.

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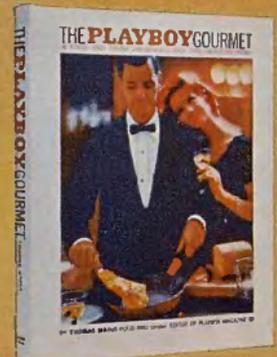
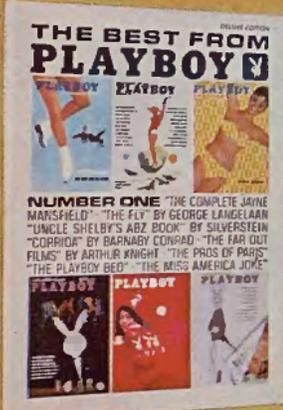
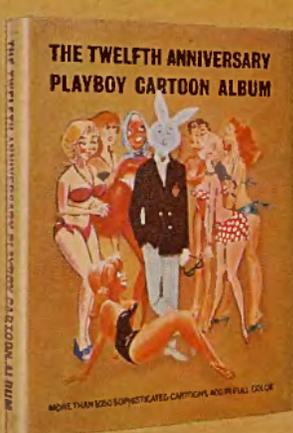
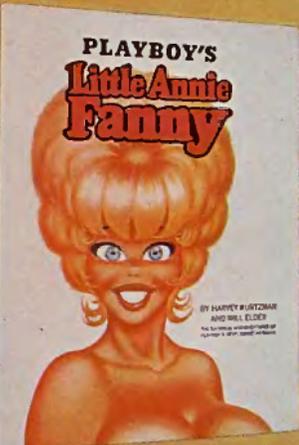
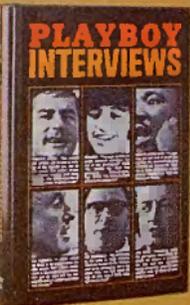
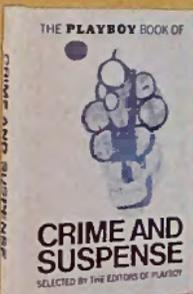
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"Oh-oh, here comes my boss. . . I'll ave-hay oo-tay all-cay oo-yay ack-bay ater-lay. . ."

the Chart House, where the specialty is teriyaki steak—char-broiled beef marinated in soy sauce—served with all the homemade bread and salad you can eat. Steak is, of course, a staple in Aspen; and since the quality and quantity are pretty much the same—good and plenty—all over town, there's not much point in recommending one steakhouse over another, although connoisseurs would give the edge to the Chart House and the Skier's Chalet, where you should try to get a table in the small room upstairs.

There are many diversions from the steak route in Aspen. There's the Golden Barrel, which has seafood; the Mother Lode, pasta (and a potent Irish coffee); the Wienerstube, schnitzel and Viennese pastries; the Golden Horn, beef fondue and Colorado trout; House of Lum, Chinese; and Pinocchio's, a favorite pizza and hamburger stop at lunchtime. Another popular rendezvous for lunch is the Delice Pastry Shop: Everything there, especially the soup, is delicious. One of the poshest places in town is the Copper Kettle, which has a certain curiosity value. It can't seem to make up its mind what sort of restaurant it is. Every night, there's a different title on the menu: "Latin Lands," "Eastern Europe," "The Middle, Near and Far East," "The Land of the Midnight Sun" or "An Evening of Dining in Germany." Desperate times do call for desperate measures, but one feels a definite sym-

pathy for the chef, whose unhappy lot it is to lend his talents to such gastronomic schizophrenia. Still, *Time* magazine once listed it among the best restaurants in the history of Western man.

If you like music with your food, go to Sunnie's Rendezvous. French food and good jazz played by some famous names. Ruby Braff and Ralph Sutton were there last winter. At the Cork and Crucible, there's a wandering guitarist and a singing waitress, and a menu that offers steak and frog's legs. The Crystal Palace has singing bus boys and waitresses who perform boisterous bits and numbers from Broadway shows between servings of steamed crab and roast beef.

There are no dud night spots in Aspen—at least I've never found any. A skiing crowd could turn a morgue into a party room. In Aspen, they enjoy themselves wherever they go, whether it's a country-and-western joint like the T-Lazy 7, a disco like Galena Street East or an afternoon music lounge like the Twig. The Tippler is also an early cocktail spot, but the music and dancing continue until two in the morning. The Red Onion goes in for polka bands and vocal groups (last year, they had the Kirby Stone Four), while the Woodlander has a bar and dance floor upstairs with pool tables and a fireplace in the lower-level game room.

While you're in Aspen, get the best paper in town. *The Aspen Times*. It runs

an up-to-the-minute guide to night life, movie performances, skiing conditions and special events, and it's also a lively source of local gossip.

Quite a long way from Aspen, in terms of both character and distance, is Vail, an astonishing, rococo creation of alleged Tyrolean-Swiss flavor that was built six years ago in a high valley approximately midway by car between Denver and Aspen. The drive from either point takes about three hours. The nearest airport to Vail is Eagle, 35 miles to the west, and scheduled flights operate daily from Denver.

Vail is what its hard-working PR people call a total resort. It has every variety of accommodation, from small dormitory to luxury chalet. There are stores, restaurants, night clubs, a theater and a clutch of heated swimming pools. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy skied at Vail with her children last year and John Murchison, the Texas oilman, owns a house there.

It's more of a family resort than Aspen; and though Vail has a peculiar, if contrived, charm and is equipped with all the essentials for after-ski fun and games, it lacks the gutsiness one finds in Aspen. This is probably an intentional omission, since Vail prides itself on its orderly cleanliness, while Aspen is more concerned with laying on a good time. Vail has NO PARKING signs tacked up on every other wall, whereas Aspenites park their cars wherever they happen to stop; and where Aspen's feeling is that of a genuine town, Vail tends to resemble a movie set.

But if Vail isn't the most swinging resort in the Rockies, its mountains present some of the stiffest challenges, as well as a variety of terrain. The skiing is fantastic and that's why people go there. There's hard-pack and deep powder snow, the runs range in length from one to six miles (Aspen's longest is two) and there is mile upon mile of untracked snow and huge, treeless bowls facing the sun. Between them, the bell gondola lift, two Poma lifts and six double chair lifts carry nearly 8500 skiers an hour; and because some of the best trails and slopes face north, it's sometimes possible at Vail to ski in June.

Altogether, Colorado has more than 1000 peaks two miles high. They include 53 of the 69 highest in the United States, in a mountainous area roughly six times that of Switzerland. The air is clean and crisp; all the resorts are geared for speedy, efficient service; and if it's an expensive paradise, to the skiers who pour in from every corner of the country it is paradise, nonetheless.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 150)*

to pet rabbits and fluffy chickens and, like an idiot, I listened. Next thing I remember, two guys in white coats were jamming a thermometer into me and I was making like Johnny Weissmuller and diving into a sink. My first headshrinker was the great Jivaro psychiatrist Calypso Bwanamakuba. I gave him up fast when I saw some of his former patients hanging from his belt. I ended up with a Freudian analyst, but I gave him up, too, when I walked in on him one day and found him making love on his couch. Alone.

PLAYBOY: Some entertainers possess legendary fixations—like a well-known pop singer who reportedly takes showers several times a day and insists on carrying freshly laundered money. Did your analyses uncover any special quirks?

RICKLES: Several. I can never work a night club that's on fire—an odd hang-up, but that's how it is. I must sleep in my closet to ascertain that my clothes aren't plotting against me. I must have food and drink on any day of the week ending in "d-a-y." And no optometrist who has ever memorized the South African constitution or played bop alto in the Cedar Rapids Jazz Festival can be allowed to examine my eyes. I also have two major phobias—spiders and height;

if I ever had to stand on top of a 1000-foot spider, I think I'd die. And one lesser hang-up: I will never use chili-pepper suppositories unless the seeds have been removed.

PLAYBOY: That's the umpteenth anal reference you've made in this interview, suggesting a rather sick fixation. Do you tell enema jokes, too?

RICKLES: I never mention enemas; that's not my bag. Incidentally, is this how Hefner gets his jollies? "Hey, guys, let's get Rickles to talk about enemas!" He must sit around his bedroom in the nude, humming. With some of the fruity clothes he wears, he'd be better off. What the hell can you say about a midget who sits around in Bunny ears and trap-door pajamas screaming, "Don, you wanna see me play dump truck?" May he take a high colonic with an open umbrella.

PLAYBOY: You know, Don, you can dish out the insults, but can you take it when some enraged listener strikes back?

RICKLES: Try me, yo-yo.

PLAYBOY: You're . . . you're a terrible person!

RICKLES: Oh, God, did you have to excoriate me like that? I must call up my rabbi for spiritual solace in this, my darkest hour.

PLAYBOY: "Interviewer's incisive invective shatters Superswine's façade, thus enabling magazine to take a six-to-five edge going into the top of the ninth." Let's continue. A man who abuses as many people as you do must have a good attorney. Who's yours?

RICKLES: A sharp cookie named Paul Caruso, who predicted Caryl Chessman would get off free. Paul thinks the Supreme Court is a garden apartment in downtown L.A. And he has a unique way of influencing the jury. During his final summation, he distributes Italian ices. I once saw Paul get a guy out of a rape charge by using a shrewd strategy. He proved that his client couldn't possibly have attacked the girl because at the exact time the alleged offense took place he was selling atomic secrets to the Russians.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be well fixed in the legal department. Who steers your artistic career?

RICKLES: Joe Scandore, another Italian, which shows you how much faith I have in my own people. Joe has always been a mite too hungry for that ten percent commission. He once booked me into the Roxy Theater in New York City while the wrecking ball was hitting the building. He always thought I worked better in debris. And to this day, I'm still irate over his booking me into

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the officers' club in Stuttgart, Germany.
PLAYBOY: Why? Some of those Service-club gigs pay very well.

RICKLES: In 1944? Another thing leads me to believe he may not be the proper manager to shepherd my career. His favorite comedian is Tennessee Ernie Ford. I don't question Joe's intellectual qualifications, though. He did get a master's in potty training at Syracuse University.

PLAYBOY: Your professional life looks set. May we now delve into your married life? Until fairly recently you were a confirmed bachelor. What induced you to take the plunge?

RICKLES: It happened when I met Barbara Sklar, a very pretty brunette who was a secretary for a big show-business agency, supplementing her income by standing on Lexington Avenue in a torn dress, whimpering, "Paper, mister? Daily paper?" She's from Philadelphia, where their big thrill is watching the Liberty Bell on hot days, hoping the cracks will get fused together. She's so quiet I hardly know she's even with me, which makes for a blissful marriage.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an elaborate wedding?

RICKLES: It was an orthodox wedding, but kind of weird. I don't think the rabbi liked me; he put the wineglass on the floor for me to step on, as is traditional at these mergers, but he insisted that I do it with my shoes off. And the service was quite prolonged; by the time it was over I had cheated on her three times. My family was great about the whole thing, though; they gave us generous presents. Her family's contribution to the proceedings was taking pictures of my family giving us the gifts; then they sent my family the bill for the film. Because Barbara's a little frugal, we took the economy-jet honeymoon trip to Europe, which consisted of circling over London, Paris and Rome without landing.

PLAYBOY: You spent your honeymoon in the air?

RICKLES: Yeah, but it wasn't so bad. We just flipped the OCCUPIED switch and curled up in the head. For some reason, she was rather hesitant about lovemaking. She said, in an accusing tone, "I had no idea you were going to do *that*." But since then she's become quite sophisticated about love. Her favorite phrase is, "Let's do *that*."

PLAYBOY: What's "*that*"?

RICKLES: She feels that when we indulge in amorous activities we should be in the same room. It's a little kinky, but I go along with it.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for the love act, do you peruse any sex manuals?

RICKLES: Usually I go off by myself and read one to make sure I don't flunk. Afterward, she grades my performance; 95 is passing. I haven't failed yet.

PLAYBOY: You've been married for several

years now. Has any of the excitement worn off?

RICKLES: Not at all. Today, just like when we were married, strange things happen when our lips meet. My Timex goes back one hour; the night light flutters in bossa-nova tempo; the shower curtain flings itself open so the tub can watch; and sometimes my cousin comes over, looks at us, lights an Olympic torch and cries, "Let the games begin!"

PLAYBOY: Which sex manuals do you consult—Theodoor Van de Velde, Eustace Chesser, Albert Ellis?

RICKLES: The writings of Sonny Liston. He was always good at working in close.

PLAYBOY: Apart from lovemaking, how do you spend your time at home?

RICKLES: I usually sit around watching my wife prepare exotic cuisine. Her favorite dish is a day-old bun with a side order of lard. She reads all those Julia Child cookbooks, like *100 Exciting Ways to Prepare Salt*. On a typical day at home, the fan magazines would find us cuddling together as we dice onions and chat about hemming curtains for the nursery.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good baby sitter for your daughter?

RICKLES: Not bad. Mindy Beth and I change each other every four hours.

PLAYBOY: Is she being brought up according to Dr. Spock?

RICKLES: Yes, but it's pretty hard to carry a picket sign when you're teething. Spock's advice is sound for the most part, but when it doesn't work, I go back to my mother's old method: I deprive Mindy of food and water and lock her in a suitcase.

PLAYBOY: What kind of future do you have planned for her?

RICKLES: Marriage to a rich guy with a heart condition; but with my luck, she'll wind up a taxi dancer. Just warn Hefner that if she ever becomes a Bunny and lives in his Mansion, he won't look too attractive with stumps for hands.

PLAYBOY: The word is that since you became a star you've gone Hollywood with a snazzy penthouse in Beverly Hills. Is that slander true?

RICKLES: Don't say penthouse. I prefer to say "top floor," because that phrase won't make my friends think I've outgrown them. Which I have.

PLAYBOY: Did you hire a decorator to furnish the place?

RICKLES: Several. The first one was Tiny Tim's effeminate brother. He wanted to tiptoe through my tulips, so I threw him out. Our second decorator was a jovial, burly type in a tweed jacket who puffed on a briar. Did a hell of a nice job, too; except I didn't like the way she kept fondling Barbara.

PLAYBOY: Have you become a patron of the arts since you started coming into big money?

RICKLES: Yes, I have. While scouring the galleries for a frame worthy of my 20-foot self-portrait, I discovered a great artist, a Dutch genius named Van Gogh.

PLAYBOY: We'll bite. You mean Vincent?

RICKLES: No, Sylvia, his mother—a great undiscovered talent. I've added her greatest masterpiece to my collection, the immortal *Hair Drier Breast-Feeding Its Young*. A very passionate lady; she got that from her son, who was once so incensed at his mistress that he cut off part of his body and mailed it to her.

PLAYBOY: His ear?

RICKLES: If that's what you want to believe, go right ahead.

PLAYBOY: Your book collection is the talk of the literati. Do any first editions adorn your shelves?

RICKLES: Many—children's classics, mostly. Like *Heidi Is Horny*, *Porky Pig Goes Kosher*, *Little Jack Horner Sits in the Corner and Watches His Thumb Die*, *Doctor Dolittle Goes Both Ways with the Pushmi-Pullyu* and my personal favorite, *Chitty-Chitty Gang Bang*.

PLAYBOY: Who runs this *soigné* household?

RICKLES: Cockimoto, our Japanese houseboy, who does a bang-up job but sometimes embarrasses us by staging those Oriental tea ceremonies. The narcotics squad has raided us three times. And it's chilling to see him interrogating my guests: "Where is your aircraft carrier, Yankee pig?" Tell that Japanese photographer to stop pointing that zoom lens at my navel. If he wants Okinawa back, he can have it.

PLAYBOY: What kind of showbiz luminaries show up at your celebrated parties?

RICKLES: Mostly animal acts that never made it on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. But Ed should do his own act on that show; he's the only guy I know who shaves with his arms folded. I don't want to knock him, though. He's one of my dearest friends, so you know how lonely I am. His wife, who interprets for him, is amazing; she's the only one who has the guts to tell him he looks great.

PLAYBOY: Your eleemosynary instincts have been lauded throughout the years. What charities do you support?

RICKLES: Mostly the Etta Rickles Cabana Chair Fund, which keeps my mother in Miami Beach. And the United Jewish Appeal, of course; although during the six-day war, for the sake of fair play, I started a United Arab Appeal drive with a gigantic rally at the city dump. We raised damn near three dollars, most of it in pledges from Syrian bellhops who work in Jewish hotels. But I knew the Jews would have to win the war in six days; after all, on the seventh day He rested, too.

PLAYBOY: In your act you talk so much about your God that many people think



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RICKLES: Last week my mother-in-law turned into a pillar of salt; draw your own conclusions. But to be perfectly honest with you, our God hasn't shown up yet; I'll know Him when He does, though, because He'll be wearing a top hat and tails and do a couple of tap numbers with Moshe Dayan's daughter.

PLAYBOY: How can you be sure He hasn't appeared already?

RICKLES: Because we haven't had a Jewish President.

PLAYBOY: Would you want to be the first Jew to occupy the White House?

RICKLES: No, I wouldn't want to step down. I will say, however, that under a Jewish President we'd never have any wars. He'd give the enemy a couple hundred bucks and settle out of court.

PLAYBOY: Still, if you *were* President, how would you exercise your power?

RICKLES: I'd force Everett Dirksen to flush out his sinuses on *Meet the Press*. Maybe make Captain Kangaroo read *The 120 Days of Sodom* to his kiddies some Saturday morning. And insist that Kate Smith sing lead with the Jefferson Airplane—naked. And every place I'd go, I'd be surrounded with drooling fawners begging me, "Don, let me go on your TV show!" But the hell with Barbara's family.

PLAYBOY: In April of this year, **PLAYBOY** ran a series of sardonically witty horoscopic profiles. What's your astrological sign?

RICKLES: I was born under the sign of Taurus the Bull, which gives me a tendency to charge the audience and gore the maître de. At the Sahara, the latter happens to be Johnny Joseph, a man of Lebanese extraction, which gives me an added incentive.

PLAYBOY: Those born under your sign can boast a number of endearing virtues—stubbornness, irritability, avarice, insane jealousy—but nothing to indicate exceptional intellectual endowment. Yet you're known to have an inordinate admiration for your own mental powers. Since they say the stars never lie, do you think you might be wrong?

RICKLES: If the stars never lie, then you can believe me when I tell you that I'm brilliant. Let me put it to you this way. When I retire at night, my mind sleeps in a separate bed. I get a wake-up call from the hotel clerk at two P.M., but my mind isn't disturbed until 3:30. Since my career is predicated on the successful function of my mind, I defer to it in every way. I would never dare offend it; it might decide to leave me and relocate in Sinatra's body. Why should I make *him* a hit?

PLAYBOY: We concede that your mind is paramount, but we also can't help noticing that your physique has undergone a

drastic change from its elephantine proportions of a few seasons back.

RICKLES: True, angel boy. Would you like to get a room together? The best way to describe my new slimmed-down body is to say that when I see it in the mirror, I touch and sigh. The mirror is so jealous it takes the Fifth when I ask it who's the fairest of them all. You may fondle it if you wish.

PLAYBOY: That would be sacrilege. We're told you've shed some 60 pounds. How did you do it?

RICKLES: I was going to try a crash diet, but I decided against it when I found out it called for me to run my car into a concrete abutment at 70 miles an hour. Then I tried sitting in a basin of cottage cheese, but all it did was excite me sexually. Organic foods were my next kick: breakfasts of Quaker Puffed Pebbles and Campbell's Cream of Jeans. Another diet called for skimmed water. I tried to get jobs that would guarantee exercise, like being a real-estate agent in Watts. Then I went on the famous weight-watcher diet, which allows you five fruits a day, but I abandoned it when I got 423 phone calls from Fire Island. I finally settled on the famous Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company diet—Scotch tape across the mouth; that did the trick.

PLAYBOY: Has weight reduction enhanced your virility, as it has for many middle-aged men?

RICKLES: Again with the damn sex questions? Why doesn't Hefner get his mind off smut and go mount a Fig Newton?

PLAYBOY: The reason Hef asked us to pump you for this sort of information is because of your reputation for great expertise in the field. We were hoping, in fact, that you'd use this podium, as a veteran sexual counselor for thousands of showgirls, to enlighten our readers with the facts about various myths pertaining to sex. What can you tell us, for example, about the legendary ill effects of autoeroticism?

RICKLES: Let me look it up in my diary. Let's see—oh, yes, here it is. As far as legends are concerned, my research tells me that prolonged autoeroticism will definitely cause blindness and excessive growth of hair. I would say that over-indulgence in this practice makes one sluggish and could lead to explosion from the volleyball team.

PLAYBOY: How about those behind-the-hand whispers about Oriental women?

RICKLES: They're true. Oriental women are built vastly different from Oriental men.

PLAYBOY: Thanks for clearing that up. We've also wondered whether it's true, as popular belief has it, that Greek love is practiced only by Greeks.

RICKLES: That's just a Greek myth.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking from personal experience?

RICKLES: I'll have to back away from that question.

PLAYBOY: We'll mark that down as a yes. What are your other perversions?

RICKLES: Driving past schoolyards with the car door open, the back seat loaded with Milky-Ways and Mars bars, and calling out to little girls. I lure them into the car, sell them the candy at outrageous prices and boot them out untouched.

PLAYBOY: What other perversions excite you?

RICKLES: Anything Danish—films, pornographic books, girls, coffeecakes. I also wanted to see that four-letter version of *Ulysses*, but I couldn't get the producer to lend me a print so I could show it in my bathroom.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you have gone to see it at a theater?

RICKLES: That would take the fun out of it; and besides, I'm a little too old to sit in the balcony with my coat over my lap.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any secret cravings that involve animals?

RICKLES: I sometimes become aroused looking at a frog on a wet rock and watching his neck throb.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever make it with a frog?

RICKLES: Once. It convinced a Navy doctor I had been in the Philippines too long. On one other occasion, I had a burning yen to attack a chicken, but my mother said no for two reasons: It wasn't flicked, and it wasn't kosher.

PLAYBOY: Don, you've fielded our toughest questions with engaging frankness, but now we're going to hand you a blockbuster. Ordinarily, we wouldn't want to get this personal, but we think we know you well enough to spring it.

RICKLES: Wait—let me brace myself.

PLAYBOY: Ready?

RICKLES: Fire away.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite color?

RICKLES: Look, pal, I didn't mind you asking me about my private life and even my sexual perversions, but this time you've gone too far.

PLAYBOY: Don't duck it. What's your favorite color?

RICKLES: The way things are going—black.

PLAYBOY: Another ethnic slur. A racist like you probably wouldn't even want his daughter to marry a Negro.

RICKLES: If you were a Negro, would you want me for a father-in-law?

PLAYBOY: Good point. Do you think intermarriage is the solution to the race problem?

RICKLES: No, I think all we have to do is make a new version of *Gone with the Wind*, starring Sidney Poitier as Rhett

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Butler, Sammy Davis Jr. as Ashley Wilkes, Lee Bouvier as Mammy and me as Prissy, Butterfly McQueen's unforgettable role as the faithful family retainer. Race relations might also improve if we could get bookies and jockeys to work closer together.

PLAYBOY: Many young people, black and white, feel that drastic reform of our social institutions will be necessary before racial justice can be achieved. Do you have any equally inspired ideas on how to make the New Politics a viable force in America?

RICKLES: Would you repeat the question?

PLAYBOY: Sorry to wake you. Many young people, black and white, feel that drastic reform of our social institutions will be necessary before racial justice can be achieved. Do you have any equally inspired ideas on how to make the New Politics a viable force in America?

RICKLES: I heard you the first time. I just couldn't believe you were such a pompous ass.

PLAYBOY: Don't know the answer, do you?

RICKLES: Egghead fruit. May your Phi Beta Kappa key get caught in your fly during commencement exercises.

PLAYBOY: May we conclude that you have nothing to say about the New Politics?

RICKLES: I don't have anything to say about the old politics. As far as I'm concerned, Nixon is the brand name for a dog repellent that keeps Fido off the furniture, Spiro Agnew sounds like a Rumanian fungus and Johnson is a baby powder. As for Humphrey, who could vote for a cartoon character from *Joe Palooka*? Besides, who could trust a man who once sold Chapstick right over the counter in a Minneapolis drugstore?

PLAYBOY: Have you ever taken drugs yourself?

RICKLES: I tried something called LBJ once before I went on stage and the microphone cord turned into a bullwhip, sliced me in a key region and I finished my act sounding like Anna Maria Alberghetti.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling about the hippie movement?

RICKLES: I don't worry about them. The unkempt hippie of today will be the mutual-fund salesman of tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: A man of your sagacity should certainly have some notion about how to close the generation gap. Do you?

RICKLES: I say this: Talk to your kid, see what's bugging him, give his fears and desires a sympathetic airing; then take him into the cellar and work him over with a rubber hose and I'm sure he'll come around.

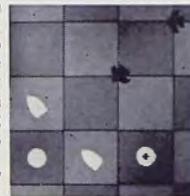
PLAYBOY: A progressive panacea. What do you think about the new morality?

RICKLES: It's the same as the old morality except that they put it on film.

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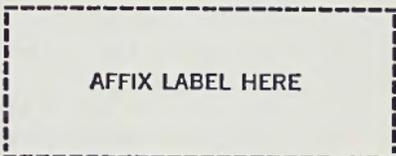
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PLAYBOY: Speaking of films, you're an inveterate moviegoer. Apart from Danish stag reels, what kind of movies do you like?

RICKLES: Anything with Bruce Cabot or Buster Crabbe. I particularly liked a recent remake of *King Kong* in which, instead of falling from the Empire State Building, Kong marries Fay Wray and they move to the suburbs. But it doesn't work out because their sex life isn't all they dreamed it would be.

PLAYBOY: In addition to moviegoing, how do you like to relax?

RICKLES: You'd like me to say I read **PLAYBOY** in the woodshed, wouldn't you? You're sadly mistaken. I relax by lying with the bedcovers over my head and playing "pup tent."

PLAYBOY: Last night during your act, you told a woman who gasped at your bawdy language, "What did you expect, lady? Billy Graham?" If Graham ever chanced to find himself in your audience, what would you do?

RICKLES: Convert, what else?

PLAYBOY: Would you clean up your material for his benefit?

RICKLES: No, but I'd wear a lightning rod to ground any bolts from the blue.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'd enjoy your act?

RICKLES: I think he'd laugh his head off—and then ask the Almighty's forgiveness. But I don't think Sinatra would accept the apology.

PLAYBOY: You once remarked that you'd know you'd really made it in show business when "that guy in the Kansas wheat field" would recognize you on sight. If that day ever comes, how will you feel toward him?

RICKLES: If I thought he really and truly loved me, I'd plow his south 40 with my tongue—two rows at once.

PLAYBOY: Don, because you're basically a well-meaning pussycat at heart and because you always conclude your act with a sincere apology if you've hurt anyone's feelings, can we assume that all your vicious pillorying of Hef has been just in fun?

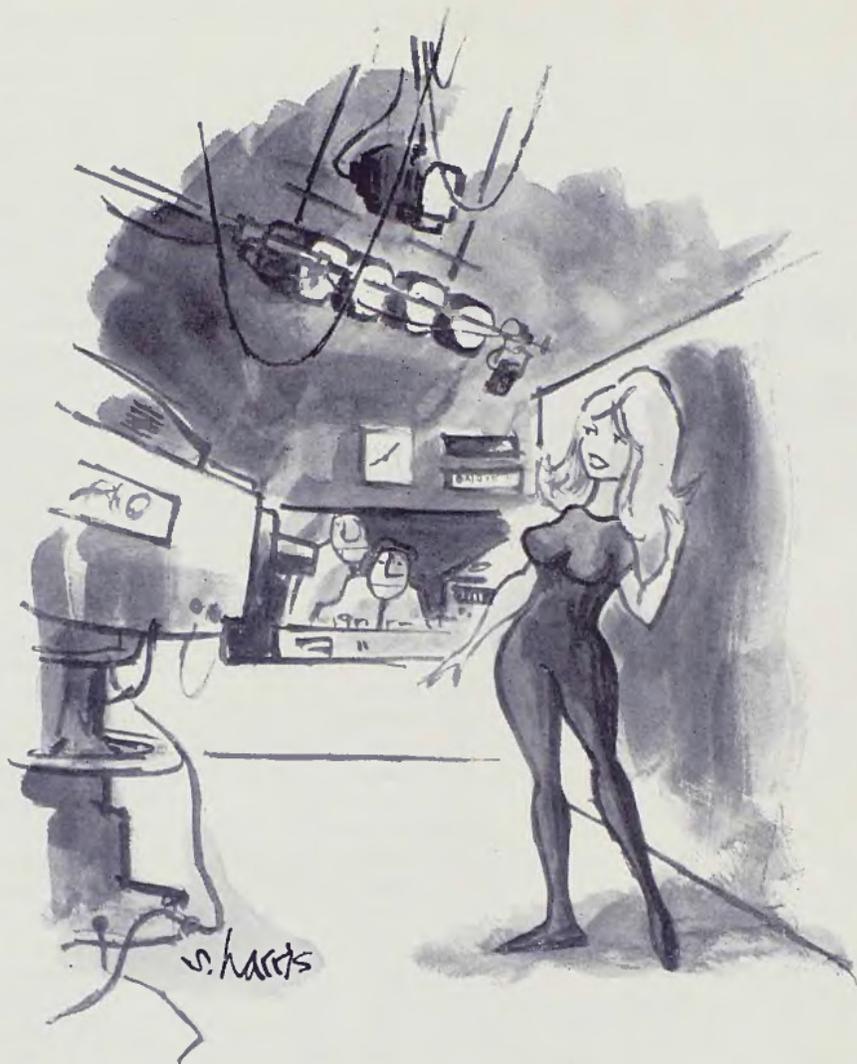
RICKLES: It's just my humble way of telling Hefner he's the laughingstock of two continents. In the others, nobody's heard of him yet.

PLAYBOY: But, Don—

RICKLES: Mr. Rickles to you. May Hefner do a half gainer and land on the head of the pin he should have written his *Philosophy* on. May his famous Playboy Club breakfast give his patrons the Aztec Two-Step and may the johns be out of order when it happens. May all the Bunnies' tails fall off from jungle rot.

PLAYBOY: But, Don—

RICKLES: As for you, flunky, may I say from the bottom of my heart that I've never liked you from the start. You're the kind of toady who bootlicks a star and then borrows money at the end of



"Now, this exercise is aimed at strengthening the eye muscles of all our gentlemen viewers."

the night for passage on the Greyhound back to Omaha.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to tell us you were insincere when you called us "angel boy" and invited us up to your room?

RICKLES: Face facts, dummy. You've been had. I find you about as attractive sexually as a dentist's drill. I was just stringing you along to snap Polaroids when I got you in heat, which I planned to send to your wife. Now that I've got what I want from you—the publicity from this interview, even in a six-bit girlie rag like **PLAYBOY**—you can go eat a dish of Brillo for all I care. May you pass out and wake up in the bottom of a bird cage. As for that no-talent publisher of yours, he's the type who sits in his living room with his robe open reading *True Confessions*. May his next special girl turn out to be a special boy. May his electronic entertainment room short-circuit with his finger in a socket and give him a Rap Brown haircut. May his new television show win an Emmy as

the greatest cultural series since *Ding Dong School*.

PLAYBOY: But, Don—

RICKLES: May the members of his editorial staff come back from a field trip to Tijuana with blue tongues. May all the gatefolds of the next issue fall out before they get to the newsstands, leaving the readers with a thrilling 50,000-word essay on Che Guevara's favorite cook-out recipes. May Hefner leave that airless Mansion of his just once to see what the sun looks like—and get sunstroke. May all his yachts be lost in the Bermuda triangle. May his entire empire be taken over by the board of directors of *Jack and Jill* magazine. May all the performers at his Clubs start telling dirty jokes in Yugoslavian. May a herd of baboons break into the Clubs, eat the VIP dinner and throw up all over the Door Bunny. May God hurl a thunderbolt and—

PLAYBOY: Don, has anyone ever spoken to you about your breath?



SPACE RESORT

(continued from page 98)

to one third of what it is on Earth. Here, you cannot float freely, as in the zero-g Dynariums. But you are light enough to fly under your own muscle power—another un-Earthly experience that only Astropolis can give you. Current developments as dissimilar as psychedelic, noise-jammed *discothèques* and the new West Coast centers for training in sensory awareness indicate that the pursuit of individual, physical joy will soon be a major part of our lives. Dancing, swimming and flying in near weightlessness with electronic light and sound effects richer than anything now imagined will make Astropolis a frontier of unearthly hedonism.

Dynariums are also used for ballet or acrobatic exhibitions and as sports arenas where guests can participate in, or witness, competitive games such as Coriolis golf or zero-gravity baseball. The space resort's setup for tennis is in the spherical Dynarium, which is divided in two by a net with a hole in its center. The ball is a soft, featherweight plaything that must pass through the hole instead of over the net. You move up and down and back and forth—often dozens of yards at a time—to get the ball to your opponent. The trick, of course, is not just the hole but your ability while weightless to keep from traveling too far in pursuit of the ball.

If you feel adventurous, you can get suited up and go for a tethered walk outside in space; or take a space-excursion boat trip. Or, if you'd rather just take it easy, you can take in the lunar, celestial and terrestrial scenery from the transparent terrace of your stateroom, or from one of the medium-to-low-g observation lounges. Here, motion-compensated optical sensing equipment brings real-time color views to giant screens.

Your home planet, revolving beneath you, has 15 sunrises and sunsets daily. You can be synoptic, viewing Earth on a continental or an oceanic scale; or you can switch to any level of detail—even to individual buildings. You can roam the wild ridges, valleys and peaks of the Himalayas, the dry expanses of the American Southwest, the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. You can see the shimmering blue surrounding the Australian coasts, the fantastic colors of Africa, the brilliant reflections of sunlight on the polar caps (in season). You can study the infinite variety of cloud patterns above your living Earth and face the awesome eye of a hurricane from the serenity of your vantage point.

Space travel—just as land, sea and air travel—occasionally encounters dangerous environmental conditions, such as radiation storms and micrometeorite hits. In Astropolis, you are well protected from it all. The entire complex is equipped with automatic early-warning alarm systems and an emergency air supply; and the basic load-carrying structure—aluminum honeycomb—minimizes micrometeorite penetration. Inside is a heavy layer of polyethylene radiation shielding with an inner lining of incombustible fluorocarbon plastics. Hotels and other continuously inhabited areas are made primarily of fiberglass honeycomb. This minimizes the generation of secondary radiation from captured primary space radiation, which is a characteristic of metals.

Each stateroom has its own shelter—a central polyethylene tube that you enter if the decompression alarm tells you that a large micrometeorite has punctured an outer wall. Such shelters are not needed in other areas of the resort nor in its interconnecting tubes. The volume of these enclosures is so large that a punc-

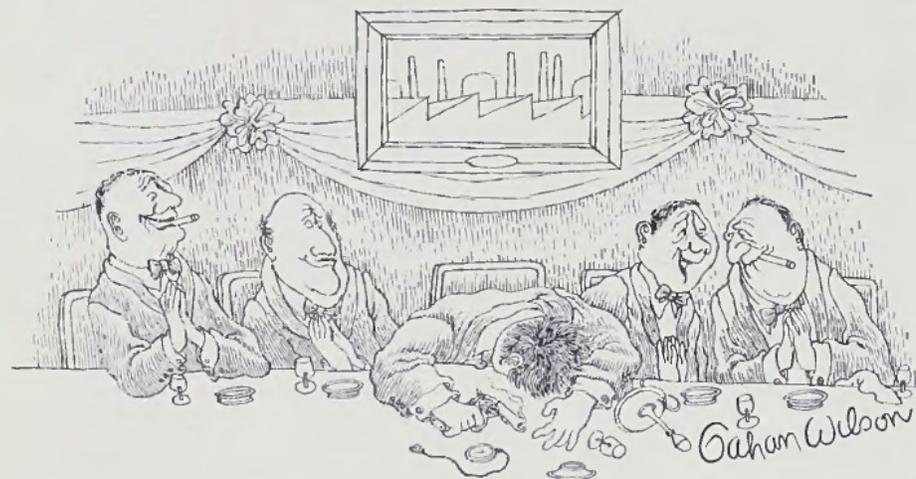
ture causes only very slow decompression, which, via a pressure-sensitive detection system, can be located and stopped in ample time.

The solar-flare alarm system signals several hours in advance the advent of a solar radiation storm. In the unlikely event of a severe storm, you may have to don a water-filled jacket and take to the shelter in your stateroom. (Water and polyethylene are excellent radiation shields, since they effectively absorb high-speed elemental particles.) In the rare case of a long-lived storm—24 to 48 hours—water jackets are sufficiently protective to permit you to leave your shelter for brief periods of time. Thus, in Astropolis, everything has been done to assure you of maximum safety and comfort, as well as out-of-this-world relaxation.

• • •

Astropolis exceeds our present technological capabilities, to be sure, but there are no theoretical problems still to be solved, so the needed technology is merely a matter of time. Today's space program and other advances now under way are laying the foundations on which space tourism can become a reality. Possibly one of the biggest obstacles to the achievement of that reality is a purely psychological one, with which the public-relations experts of 1999 will have to do battle. "Space" is a forbidding word, connoting emptiness and darkness and eternal cold—unappealing images at any time, and especially so at vacationtime.

PR men of the future would be well advised to draw inspiration from the works of the late scholar and novelist C. S. Lewis, who painted an infinitely more attractive picture. In *Out of the Silent Planet*, the first volume of his great trilogy, he put these thoughts into the mind of his interplanetary voyager: "A nightmare, long engendered in the modern mind by the mythology that follows in the wake of science, was falling off him. He had read of 'Space': At the back of his thinking for years had lurked the dismal fancy of the black, cold vacuity, the utter deadness, which was supposed to separate the worlds. He had not known how much it affected him till now—now that the very name 'Space' seemed a blasphemous libel for this empyrean ocean of radiance in which they swam. He could not call it 'dead'; he felt life pouring into him from it every moment. How indeed should it be otherwise, since out of this ocean the worlds and all their life had come? . . . No: Space was the wrong name. Older thinkers had been wiser when they named it simply the heavens—the heavens which declared the glory—the 'happy climes that ly where day never shuts his eye up in the broad fields of the sky.' "



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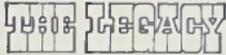
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(continued from page 135)

the same room, with the lights on, the same book or magazine by his side and the same dressing gown covering his body. The door would open and Krieses, whom he knew perfectly well, would come in and, as he always had, would sit down abruptly in the chair by the window. Krieses would look just the same as usual—the stiff white pelt on his head, those sorcerer's eyes in a heavy, peasant face. Memory—though he couldn't quite put a finger on it—told Hal clearly that Krieses had gone insane, but there was not a bit of it here and now. The old man filled and lighted his pipe and spoke in the familiar way.

He said, "Young Hal"—one of the affectations Hal had never liked—"I suppose you're aware of the fact that you're now one of the richest men in this country and possibly in the world."

Hal kept silent, dreading to have to go through this again.

"I don't know how many millions you're worth—probably you don't know yourself at this point, but, as they used to say in my day, your fortune is staggering. Eh? Isn't that true? Admit it." It always occurred to Hal that Krieses never conversed with people—he just kept shoving them. Before he was through with any conversation, no matter how trivial, he had always forced some kind of confession. Krieses' idea of a good talk was one or two suspects and a wall to push them up against.

"That Swiss company you own must be one of the heaviest things in Europe. If you collected all the stock you own in American firms, in one place, you'd make the big mutual funds look like odd-lotters. Wouldn't you, son? Wouldn't you? Why, if they formed a club of the ten biggest men in the country, maybe the Rockefeller wouldn't get in, but there you'd be—little Hal D., sitting right up near the head of the table, the kid wonder nobody ever heard of."

Hal wanted to say, "Get out; I know you; you're dead. Get out and leave me alone," but his voice wouldn't work.

"These past eight years you've gone through the market like a reaping machine, haven't you? Except for a couple of fumbles at first, before you had it figured, you haven't had a single bust. Well, son, I don't know every little corner you've got covered, but I know the main story. You and I are the only ones who know it, isn't that right?" His slow, battering voice was like a headache that can't be driven away. Hal tried to close his eyes, but they wouldn't close.

"And I taught it all to you. Admit it! I taught you." Krieses leaned forward in his chair and pointed the stem of his pipe at Hal's head. "Hal, the day is coming when I'll drop in here—just like this evening—and ask you to pay what you owe me. And you'd better be ready."

Krieses always paused after that and

tamped his pipe in a leisurely way. Then he'd get slowly to his feet and, looking around the room, seem to stare at the wall above Hal's desk. "I see that you've still got Battledore's pistol hanging up there," he'd say. "Pretty thing, but you do have to be careful about loading it." Krieses always shut the door, which locked behind him as he left.

Then Hal would wake up, dreading to look at the chair where his night visitor had sat, dreading himself, and frightened. He sometimes went to the telephone with the notion of calling Elena, but he always stopped short with a kind of premonition that the receiver would be lifted and he would hear the old man's voice: "Young Hal, I've been waiting for you to call."

Instead, he'd pour himself a glass of whiskey or take a Nembutal and go to bed, trying to drug the rest of the night into nothing. But before he went toward the bedroom door, he always walked over and touched the wall above his desk, to make certain that the antique pistol was really no longer there but locked away in his wall safe in the study.

• • •

On graduation day in 1960, Hal Demeter had walked away from his Amherst room leaving all his books still on the shelves and all the dead trappings of four years of college behind him. He joined no graduation parties, said goodbye to not a single professor or friend, but got into his old car and drove to New York. He felt that the world had been created for him on that day. Except for his elderly guardian up in Hartford, he had no family and no ties. He had \$500 in his pocket. John Kennedy was going to be elected President in the fall. The earth's great bull market lay before him.

With the right word from his guardian, Hal had got a job as a margin clerk at Merrill Lynch—which simply meant that he watched stock quotations and sent out telegrams to customers. When a stock declined to a specified figure, those who had bought on borrowed money either had to write another check or be sold out. It was a fascinating job, because, even as a wage slave, Hal was now close to the greatest fascination of the world. He developed an enormous memory for the minutest fluctuations of the stocks he watched. *Moodie's Industrials* was his serious reading and for light fare in the evening, he read *Baron's*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Forbes* and *Business Week*. On the evening of his 21st birthday, his guardian, Andrew Winship—a gray, genteel New England voice far, far away—called to wish him well.

"I hope you've found a decent and



"Excuse me, nurse. Can you tell me where my husband— Oh, never mind."

suitable apartment, my boy?" Hal thought frantically. Decent? He hadn't noticed.

"I guess so, sir. It has two rooms." Then he collected another detail. "It's on Thompson Street and you have to walk up three flights to get to it."

"I hope you have made some friends? Young people ought not to be alone too much in a big city. Very tiresome."

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course, sir." Hal couldn't remember having a single conversation that wasn't functional; not a useless word for months.

"Well, you must go over and make yourself known to Boyne Parker at the Chase Manhattan. Bonehead and I were classmates, class of 1912, you know. He knows all the right people and he'll show you a good time."

"Please don't worry about me, Andrew," Hal said. He wondered if Bonehead Parker were still on duty at the bank at the age of nearly 70. But he inquired no further.

Once reminded of it, Hal did feel a little lonely. So, instead of eating a sandwich at his desk, he began to go to the Board Room for lunch. The Board Room was a dingy luncheonette with "popular prices," as advertised—and unpopular food. It did have two or three tables where, Hal found, every noon there sat some hungry young men like himself—and a few girls, too—swallowing the poor food automatically but feasting and gorging on facts and statistics.

The first time he joined them—he couldn't resist entering their argument on Dow theory—they simply made room for him without looking at him and continued. A swarthy young man—Hal subsequently learned his name was Dave Cohen—had taken the conversation, like an intercepted pass, and was running with it. Hal was astonished at his fluency and his rapid command of figures. He was impressed with the way the square-faced blond guy across the table picked Cohen up on what he called "obvious and palpable errors." Hal began to feel that he was getting into the college he had never found at Amherst.

It was a college, and an intelligence network, too. The young men and girls were scattered in various law, brokerage or investment offices around Wall Street. Dave Cohen, Joyce Flynn, Murray Marks, Don Fino, Pat Lindbloom—and there was a very pretty blonde girl, quieter than the rest. Hal finally found out that her name was Elena Marsh. All of them were obsessed with the game; like Hal, they had taken jobs not for future advancement but to be where the action is. Each was shrewd and quick-minded. And they were excellent spies.

Hal often saw, as the pea soup slowly jelled and the grease oozed from the hamburgers, a deal that took his breath

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away. It would begin with an interesting bit overheard that morning at a bank. Somebody else would throw in a fragment that he had happened to see in a letter on an important desk not his own. An obscure article that had appeared in *The Wall Street Transcript* a month ago. A likely rumor about certain inside buying. Another piece or two. A few statistics quoted from memory. Suddenly, the whole design would take form in front of their eyes. Immediately, everybody began to pull out what cash he could spare and put it in the center of the table.

Sometimes the collection was enough to buy ten or twenty shares, sometimes it bought only two or three. But almost every time, the bet was a winner. If the profit was large enough, they divided it equitably; if it was small, they used it for a dinner—at some other restaurant. Out of these minor windfalls and his \$60 a week, Hal began to save enough for some ventures of his own. Also, he lost his head enough to start taking Elena out every week or so.

When Hal first asked her where she came from, she said, "I'm trying not to be from Pontiac, Michigan." She had quit MSU in her junior year and had come to New York at just 19. Like Hal, she lived in a grim cubbyhole apartment; she read *Barron's* just as avidly as he did; she believed the same thing; she breathed the same air. If not golden, it was at least the gilt-edged air of hope.

To Hal and to everyone else involved, the Board Room days were ones of excitement, initiation and impatience. Poor as they were, they lived on the elusive scent of fortune, and they were inseparable. Thus, Hal was astonished when Don Fino—a nervous, sharp-faced boy who had been something of a math prodigy at Stanford—stopped appearing. Nobody seemed to know quite what had happened to him, though there was some vague talk that he had been lured away to a job in Washington, "or something kind of hush-hush, anyway." It seemed incredible.

Then one day Dave Cohen was no longer at his place at the table. And by the end of the week, they had to assume that he, too, had pulled out. A telephone call to his apartment house confirmed that Dave had left suddenly, giving his parents' address in Baltimore as the place to forward mail. That was a major loss—not only because Dave had been ingratiating, clever and a nonstop talker but because his job at Investor's Mutual had produced some invaluable pieces of information.

The fog really settled in when Pat Lindbloom vanished a few weeks later. That just about finished the investment pool and, during one more-or-less silent

lunch, Hal could see that the few remaining members all seemed to be having second thoughts about themselves.

"Well, it is tough to get along on sixty or seventy dollars a week when you could be building yourself a career nest in some nice, big corporation, I guess," Elena said.

"I'm sticking," said Hal. "And don't you desert, either." But one Thursday, when Hal came home from work, there was a note from Elena on his bed.

"Hal, dear," it said in her neat, girls-school printing. "don't be sore. I've left. Don't try to get in touch right away—but I promise you'll be hearing from me soon." He tore it up and spent the evening walking aimlessly around the East Village, kicking any loose thing in his way and damning her. Elena, to be sure, hadn't much to lose by leaving. She had been a chalk girl for a small Wall Street commodity house, and her bottom-rung job had been no more than marking quotations on a blackboard all day long. But Hal had never dreamed that Elena would be a quitter, too. He'd just assumed that what all of them used to call green fever was as strong in her as in himself.

He worked listlessly for the next few weeks and avoided the Board Room. Then, on a Friday, one of his worst days since the death of the circle, he came dragging up the stairs to his apartment with a bag of groceries under his arm—and found Elena there. He dropped the bag in his doorway.

"Hal, dear!" she said and kissed him. She pulled away quickly. "Leave that stuff. Pay your rent. Grab those bags and let's get out of here." Hal looked at his studio couch and saw that she had packed all his clothes into his two beat-up suitcases.

"Elena, you've gone off your rocker. What in the hell are you doing? I'm not going anywhere."

"Don't argue," she said, "I'm parked by a fire hydrant. Think of it as a fun-and-games weekend if you want to, but *move*. I'll explain in the car. This is your chance of a lifetime, ol' buddy—it's like buying IBM in 1933."

Those last words had a deep emotional effect on Hal. He moved. He grabbed the bags and lumbered down the stairs. He put \$30 into the hand of the astounded superintendent. Elena got the car away from the curb and down the street just as a punitive-looking cop appeared from the other direction.

Her driving, though it had plenty of dash and spirit, lacked a certain finesse, and it wasn't until they got out of the Manhattan traffic that Hal began to be calmer. "Wow! Fun and games all the way," he said. "Is this what you meant?"

"You have to admit that I didn't hit anything."

"I do. And now you have to admit what this kidnaping is all about."

"Well, first, we're headed for Greenwich. I think. I'm not too good at directions. If we get there, we are going to be house guests at the elegant landed estate of Mr. Sol Krieses. You recognize that notorious name, I hope?"

"Sure. The wizard. A legend in his own time. I've heard the tag line 'As wise as Solomon and as rich as Krieses.' Now, little girl, drop the funny jokes and pull up at the first comfy-looking motel that happens along here. I'm hungry. And I need about four vigorous martinis."

"No motel," she said. "We're quality folk now. I'm not kidding. We *are* going to Krieses'. But first I'm going to tell you a nice story. Shut up and listen. . . ."

Obviously, Elena had the tale pretty well in hand and—with a few interruptions to curse other drivers—she related it fluently. It began not with Krieses but with that fantastic figure of the past, Abel R. Battledore, the great lone-wolf plunger of the bad old days before the SEC. He was the villain of a hundred true, false and mixed stories about corner schemes and panics. He had been, more often than not, incredibly successful—and his monument was the 1933 Securities Act, which many people said was designed in an effort to put him out of business. He changed the whole course of the market in the years between 1900 and 1933. The day after Black Tuesday in 1929, when billions of dollars in market value was wiped out of common stocks in one wild afternoon, *The New York Times* threw its heaviest artillery against him. The editorial laid the crash to Battledore's short selling. A few years later, when Battledore killed himself, most people thought that the *Times* had ruined his life. Actually, Elena said, the truth may have lain somewhere else. When he died, the old man owned more than he ever had before.

Krieses was his bright young man, a protégé Battledore had picked up someplace. Nobody knew quite what that involved, because Battledore had been rumored to be homosexual—but then, there were few things that Battledore hadn't been accused of. At any rate, Krieses—brilliant, secretive, a born manipulator of money in his own right—had been a fitting heir.

Battledore had left him almost nothing tangible, which was Battledore's way. There was a small portfolio and a little cash. But the legacy that didn't appear in the will was Krieses' education in market alchemy, the superb mystery of how to turn paper into gold and gold into more paper, as the magic line on the chart dipped and rose. He prospered.

Krieses was one of those rare, solitary men who have no friends. He never gave



"Sit down and shut up. I know what I'm doing. I was carrying out successful seductions before you were born."

advice, never asked for it and never listened to it when it was offered him. He worked through agents. He would not talk to the press. Predictably, the adjective "mysterious" usually prefaced his name in newspaper stories.

By the time Elena had nearly finished, they were in Greenwich. "I get it," Hal said. "He wants to find out all about that fifty-dollar killing I made in Chrysler the other day. That's why he's asked us up here."

"Oddly enough," she said, "there's some truth to that. I work for Krieses. And he's going to offer you a job, too."

She turned into a long driveway that led through trees and finally ended in a gravel semicircle before a massive Victorian house with a huge porte-cochere. A liveried servant was waiting to put the car away when they got out, and another took the bags. They walked into a marble-floored hallway tall enough and full of enough carved wood, Hal thought, to make a fair-sized cathedral. Someone guided them through a door. The room was paneled in dark oak and it deepened away far beyond the light of a few table lamps. In front of a two-story stone fireplace with a carved escutcheon sat an easy group of young men and girls drinking and talking. Dave Cohen, Don Fino, Pat Lindbloom, Murray Marks, Joyce Flynn and the rest of the original group. The whole Board Room circle getting pleasantly drunk like millionaires. Dave saw him first and yelled, "Yonder peasant, who is he?" In a minute, they were all laughing, shaking hands, slapping Hal on the back.

That night, a long, long way from the luncheonette, the circle ate roast beef in a baronial dining room. But the conversation wasn't much different in tone—Cohen trying to talk them all down, Lindbloom trying to barricade him with occasional hard facts. At last, with everybody taking a voice and the whole thing sounding like a madrigal at times, the story got told. Krieses—who had all his meals served in his own sitting room on the second floor—was a very odd guy. None of them knew him yet. Strangely enough, he seemed to know all about them. As far as they could determine, Dave said, Krieses must have come across the circle by chance.

It was known that Krieses disliked Wall Street. Years ago, he had owned a seat on the stock exchange, but nowadays he went to Lower Manhattan only infrequently. And, Fino put in, didn't it stand to reason that a guy like that would avoid fancy restaurants, where he'd be recognized? Wasn't it more likely that he'd drop around the corner to an obscure short-order joint? And what could be more obscure than the Board Room?

Of course, of course, Joyce Flynn said, all that could be deduced. Krieses must have dropped in on a day when they were especially brilliant—assem-

bling all those crumbs, threads, stray fingerprints and pieces of crumpled carbon paper into an inspiration. Had it been their Time Inc. day? No, Dave interrupted, it was obviously the day they psyched Revlon.

But it didn't matter which. It was clearly one of their better moves. Murray Marks' theory—much disputed—was that old Krieses had decided to amuse himself with a few thousand dollars. He'd overheard the whole conversation, had been impressed with the way their logic worked and had gone out immediately and bought National Knackwurst or whatever it was they'd picked—and some days thereafter found that he had a winner.

Whether that notion was true or not, one thing was certain, Dave said. Old Krieses researched every one of them right down to the label in the third-best suit. Then he must have decided to buy the team. In his typical secretive way, he had kidnaped them one by one and brought them up here to Greenwich. What was the deal? Just the old Board Room operation brought up to the big time. Yes, it was a lot different now. Instead of having to gather stray pieces of research, they now had access to the Krieses library, which comprised everything about the market that ever got into print. Instead of coming up with those dog-eared ones or fives for their buying pool (three days' subway fare or half the weekend groceries), they'd recommend the investment of millions. But Hal wanted to know how they could ever manage it without the old intelligence system. Out here in Greenwich, they were cut off, weren't they? No, said Dave, not at all. Krieses had a system of his own. He paid very well. In his network he had the kind of people who didn't have to sneak a look at a confidential letter, simply because the letter was addressed to them in the first place. Hal didn't have to worry about that.

The wine was good; the brandy was old and mellow; the evening ended late. When Hal finally went to bed in a neat Victorian bedroom in the north wing of the house, there came a tap at his door, a rustle of nylon in the dark and a familiar touch.

• • •

At breakfast the next morning, there was an envelope beside Hal's plate. It contained a memo, at the top of which was printed "FROM KRIESES." Hal was requested to "appear at Mr. Krieses' study at nine o'clock."

The second-floor study was approached through a business office that looked like any other, with desks and filing cabinets and three secretaries at work. One of them let him through the heavy oak door, and he found himself in a pleasant, high-ceilinged room bright

with sunlight from a French door opening onto a balcony. Evidently, Krieses had just finished his breakfast at a small white-linen-covered table. Now he was sitting at an elegant but unbusinesslike *escritoire*, reading the second section of the *Times*. He looked up with a half-smile to examine his new capture—and it was in that attitude that Hal always remembered him.

Krieses began to speak almost at once; it was a contradiction to hear that rather musical, deep voice, with some trace of an ancient accent, come from the oxlike, thick man. "Mr. Demeter, how-d'ye-do, and please sit down. I don't like nonsense in business, and so you don't have to tell me anything about yourself or offer any references. I know all that. Now, I am going to offer you a job. I don't have to describe what it is, because your friends will already have told you.

"First I am going to tell you what you get—and you can stop right there if it doesn't suit you. The first year, your salary will be one hundred dollars a week, and you will have an expense account. You will work as part of a small team on certain investment projects. You and the others will share ten percent of any profits when we sell. I'll take any losses myself. Now?"

Hal nodded, somewhat dazed. For him, this was almost a religious experience.

"It isn't an armchair job. You and the others will have to travel. You'll look at plants and size up industries. You'll go down to the Street, to Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, even overseas. You'll use your brains to put together every hunch and every scrap of information you get. The minute you have something, you bring it to me—you'll get a fast answer, yes or no. If it's yes, then you really get to work."

By this time, the pleasurable haze had evaporated from Hal's mind. He'd got into Krieses' quick tempo.

"And that means you'll establish accounts in your own name all around the country and begin to buy and sell. The project will have a master plan—aimed at what we calculate we can get out of it. At the same time, you're going to be very sensitive to every change in the wind. And I don't mean when it starts to blow up from the other direction; I mean just the first few minutes, when the early breezes begin to stir the leaves. Do you get that? If you do, I'm finished. Do you want to ask me anything?"

"One dumb question," Hal said slowly. "Why us? Why did you take my friends and me? You can hire all kinds of experts."

Krieses never really smiled. Sometimes you noticed a little fissure in the rock—as Hal did now. "That isn't dumb," he said. "It's such a smart question I shouldn't answer it. But I'm going



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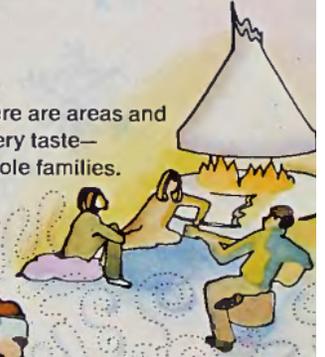


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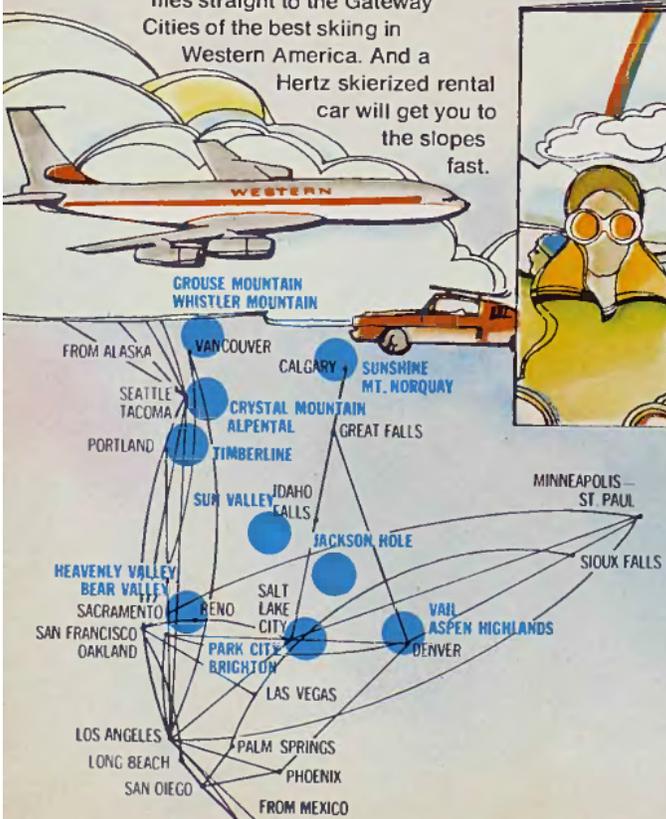
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to answer anyway, because I give you credit for asking it; but I don't think you're clever enough to know whether I'm lying.

"I'll say this—you're a bright bunch of kids; but what I care about is the fact that you're totally carnivorous. Experts settle for a good salary and a house in the suburbs. I want people who are going to make the big try. Either they're going to be Morgan-Ford-Rockefeller-Mellon-God or they're going to kill themselves trying. I'm buying a ticket to watch a play. Now, tell me if you think I'm telling the truth."

"Half true," Hal said stubbornly.

The rock split again for just an instant. "I like you," Krieses said. "OK, the other half. When I was a kid, I was picked out of the gutter by a great man who knew a secret nobody else knew. I have learned it. I want somebody in the next generation to learn it."

When Hal came out into the hallway, Elena was waiting for him. "I can't say that I got the job," he told her. "It got me."

She smiled, took his arm and began showing him around the house. At the end of this wing—which was mostly assigned to offices and Krieses' living quarters—was the library. He was introduced to Miss Anderson, the full-time reference librarian, and shown around. It was an old-fashioned great-country-house sort of library in its looks—with high shelves, ladders that ran on a rail, a second-floor balcony and a small spiral staircase. But the collection was hardly old-fashioned. On the magazine shelves

were all the important financial publications. The bookshelf sections on economics, politics, industry, scientific developments, world commerce—all seemed to contain the best and most recent works.

Hal saw the teletype room, the room with copying machines and microfilm projectors, and he looked into the various offices. His own was just next to the library and its window looked out on a sunlit garden and two tennis courts beyond. "Every morning, when we wake up," Elena said, "we always look around and say to ourselves, 'Then it is really true.'"

The cocktails in the big drawing room and the welcome dinner for Hal were the first and the last of that kind of social frivolity. Krieses had named the place Bourse House, which was plain enough and yet unintelligible to most Americans (there were a good many telephone callers who asked for "Mr. Bourse"). Life at Bourse House was a paradox. There were magnificently stocked bars on every floor, and yet the only sign of indulgence was an occasional pair having a tense business discussion over highballs in the afternoon. The well-equipped kitchen was run by a good chef and a staff of three; it could produce the most elegant meal. Yet frequently, dinner in the great dining room would be served to only two or three—the rest had a sandwich and a bottle of beer brought up to their offices. The gardens were superbly tended, but people seldom walked there. The tennis courts and the big swimming pool were sometimes used by the chauffeur, some

of the maids and the two guards, but that was all.

Hal found himself racing, even when there was no reason to race. After his shower and shave in the morning, he would dress with frantic speed, mumble "Demeter—toast and black coffee in my office" into the telephone and stride down the long, carpeted hallway that led to the south wing. Once it occurred to him that he had been in his office from eight in the morning until two the next morning. He had talked to Denver, Los Angeles, Boston, Birmingham and Zurich. But, except for food orders to the kitchen, he had spoken to not a soul in the house. On business trips, he never stayed overnight in a hotel if he could help it; he always got a night flight back. When he did see Fino and Joyce—the two others in his team—it was for a concentrated hour, with no extra words and no unbusinesslike chatter. Except for two or three shared nights, he had rarely seen Elena since the first day. He missed her. But otherwise, life was perfect.

On the other hand, it was not always easy to understand. Hal had come in March and it was now nearly September. During that time, his team had been trading increasingly large amounts of stock, in recent weeks a volume in six figures. After they had made their initial recommendations to Krieses, he would issue the command to buy so many shares of this at such and such a price—then without warning would order that the stocks be sold. Very early, Hal began to think that Krieses might be working by the rules of a system, and occasionally he thought he had an insight into some part of its structure. The orders often seemed so arbitrary, though, that Hal's pieces of theory never fitted together. And there were even stranger things.

One peculiar set of circumstances came to a dramatic point on an afternoon when his team was having its daily meeting in the small conference room on the first floor. They came in to find a memo from Krieses—time-stamped five minutes before—requesting them to phone buy orders through their accounts in Cleveland, Chicago and Memphis. The shares they were instructed to purchase were those of a large paper company on which the team had furnished a negative report.

"Jumping Jesus!" Fino said, "can't he see how overvalued that stuff is? Earnings were way off last year and they dipped into surplus to pay the dividends. Management is senile and confused. And that rumor about mineral finds on the Canadian timberland is fraudulent. A deliberate plant."

"I know, I know," Hal said, "it's all down in black and white. I'm going to tell him." Furious, he ran out of the



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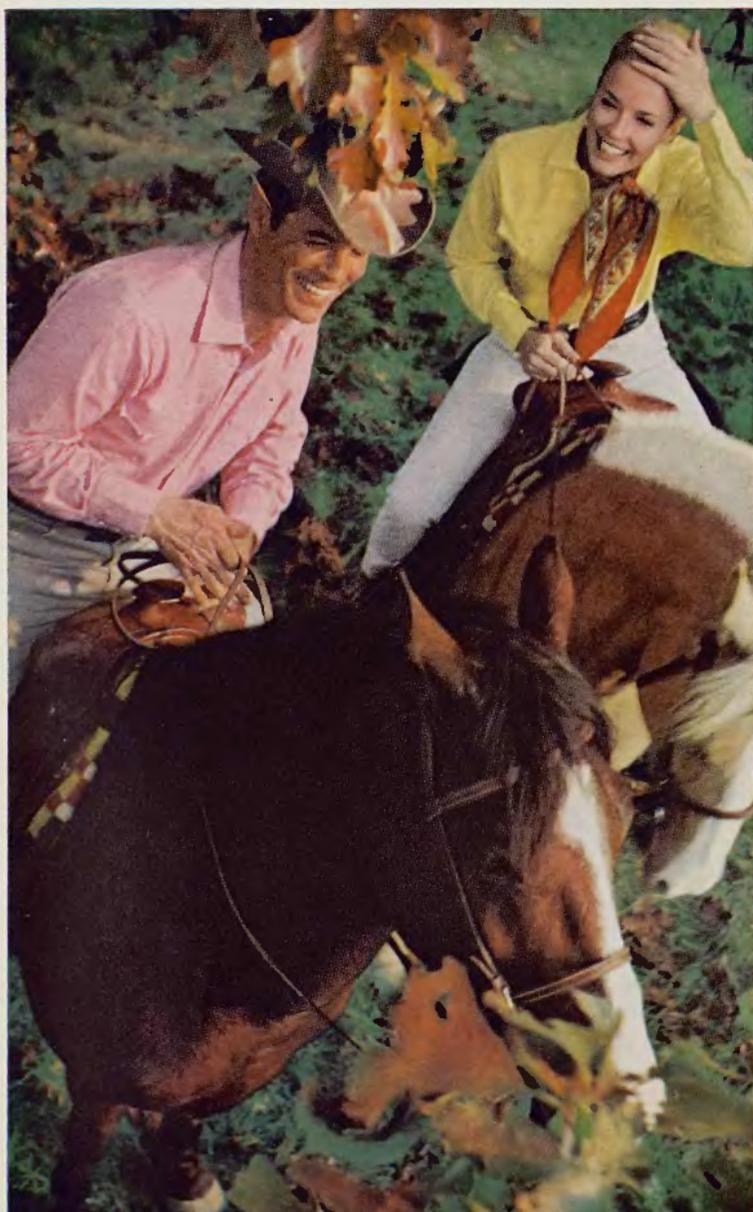
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room and up the stairs to Krieses' office. "I want to see Mr. Krieses right now," he told the secretary.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Demeter, but he's resting and can't be disturbed. He has left a note for you, though," she said.

Hal tore the envelope open. The memo read: "I know, I know, son, but I have my reasons. Do it." It was signed "K." Three minutes later, they began to phone the orders.

Two days later, the stock started to slip. There were some follow-up news stories about the nonexistent mineral riches. During the next week, it sank like a leaky rowboat, gradually but surely. All of them lost a good deal of sleep over the calamity and they were hardly cheered when Krieses phoned Hal to sell out. He asked the old man for an interview.

"Mr. Krieses," he said, "in the past six months, our team has bought around twenty-five million dollars in stocks for you. We've been able to sell for close to twenty-six point four million. I'd like to point out, respectfully, that these transactions all followed the advice of my team. However, it wasn't followed in regard to that lousy paper company—and we took a four-hundred-thousand-dollar bath right there."

If a stoneface can ever be said to be amused, Krieses was amused. "You seem to have made around thirty-three thousand dollars yourself," he answered.

"And you haven't lost a penny, young Hal. I'm touched by your loyalty."

"It's more that I just hate to look stupid," Hal said.

"The wisest trick in the world is to know how to look stupid at exactly the right time. A lesson that every smart young man stubbornly resists learning. Learn it, Hal," Krieses said.

After that dialog, Hal went outdoors and took a long walk, hardly noticing where he wandered. Into the complicated system of ideas he had built up, he was trying to admit a quite simple and antagonistic idea. It seemed plain to him that all of Krieses' decades of shrewd dealing had ended up not in an instinctive art for using the market but in something else—a patterned formula. That, according to everything Hal knew, was preposterous.

Of course, method works, up to a point. The Board Room circle had shown that. And there were indexes—those arcane economic and market statistics that the trade papers call "barometers" and by which you can predict with some degree of accuracy the general behavior of stocks. But you can't invest in stocks in general—you have to pick specific ones. And no matter what the barometers said about stocks in general, any given stock or group of stocks can wander off in the opposite direction. And sometimes the barometers themselves go bad.

No, the game was a random one, like roulette. Hal would agree that the laws of probability would finally work out in roulette—but the trouble was that they'd reach the mathematical balance long after you were bankrupted by your system and, probably, dead.

Suddenly, the source of his thinking struck him. Wasn't it, he thought, because he had not the slightest belief in predestination? Wasn't it because he saw life itself as a random activity and the stock market as the epitome of life's randomness? Undeniably, Hal viewed riches as a way of proving himself. In a world that values, above all other things, material wealth, what better way to prove one's own worth than by accumulating more wealth than anyone else? The caliber of the competition only increased Hal's desire to win. At the end of the game, when everyone counts the paper in front of him, Hal would have the biggest pile.

This is why Hal thought the notion of a stock-market formula was preposterous. If a formula could work, then stocks are not random: They are predictable. And if they are predictable, then the game goes not necessarily to the better player but simply to any imbecile who has the tools—or whatever it takes—to predict them.

At this point in his walk, Hal sat down under an oak tree and lighted a cigarette. As the flame flickered in front of his eyes, he had an interior flash of recollection that came to him almost as if from a previous life. The science of statistics, he remembered, had isolated certain formulas that could predict random activity. One of them was the formula that governed what physicists call Brownian movement. In an empty room, gas molecules move completely at random. But if you let them move long enough, you can predict quite accurately how they will disperse. Not that you can say that molecule X will move from here to there—but you *can* say that any defined part of the room will have approximately so many molecules in it. Since molecules move at random, it's theoretically possible that all the air in a room might suddenly cluster in one corner. And at that point, we'd suffocate. But that has never been known to happen. When we take a breath, we expect that air will be present to breathe. And it always is.

Hal took another step. If the random activity of the stuff we breathe always turns out to be predictable, why shouldn't stocks be the same? There was really no practical analogy here; it all depended on supposing that the market was a life created by its own nature—and that Krieses had divined the natural laws.

This thought contradicted much of

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what Hal had accepted, up to now, as truth. But Hal was a flexible philosopher. The personal implications of the idea of a formula he could consider later. Now he had to examine its practical consequences. He went home as fast as he could. It was late afternoon by this time. He ordered drinks sent up to his room and he stopped by to get Joyce and Don.

When they were settled, he told them about his conversation with Krieses and he added, "A little while ago, I began to suspect that he works by the rules of a formula. And now I think I'm sure of that."

"You know, I've been thinking that myself," Joyce said. "Trouble is, the formula tells him to drop half a million for no good reason at all."

"I'm not so sure now," Hal said. "I begin to have the notion that it's more complicated than we imagine—that the formula has losses built into it."

"Oh, crap," Fino said.

"Relax," Hal said. "Look, we deal with just one range of stocks—the listed ones from S to Z, Safeway to Zenith. Out of those, we give most of the play to things like United Air Lines, Standard of New Jersey and TRW. OK? In other words, we're running just one county in the empire. Sometimes we get orders from the central government that hardly make sense in our own little area. But we don't know what goes on in all the other counties and we don't know the strategy that directs the empire as a whole. Maybe one year we have to burn some of our crops because there's a vast surplus in other parts."

They were silent for a few moments. Finally, Fino said slowly, "And if you know what the whole map looks like, there's no reason you couldn't be emperor just as well."

That was precisely what Hal had been leading to, but he preferred to have the conclusion come from one of the others. In fact, it was not a conclusion but the first link in a new chain of ideas.

Joyce Flynn said, "Call it a map, then. A treasure map. The key to the formula. We all have a piece of it. We all have worked together before. Now we have the kind of organization at our disposal that we never dreamed of then. But the important thing is that all of us now have some capital to play with."

"And, if you were thinking along those lines," Hal said, "you might even imagine a shadow empire, imitating all Krieses' moves. Wherever he invests, there might also be a second account, duplicating his transactions in another name. But there would have to be absolute honesty about the money itself. Not a penny could ever be dipped out of the big one to help the little one."

"One reservation," Fino said. "The



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shadow empire would avoid those deals all of us agree to be certain losses. We don't know that your theory about the built-in loss is right. Anyway, the little empire couldn't afford them."

. . .

During the following week, Bourse House was somewhat more gregarious than it had been before. Three people might be seen walking on the far edge of the artificial lake. Two men might be out on the tennis courts, dressed in white and apparently getting a little exercise. A small group got up a noontime picnic in the old apple orchard. Hal had insisted that all approaches be made in small groups and that they look as normal as possible. The main thing was to keep Krieses from suspecting.

Just as Hal had hoped, no one was opposed; most of them were enthusiastic. It was a little like the conspiracy of the old Board Room days and, though they were gratified by the steady appreciation of their bank accounts as they

worked for Bourse House, the rigid system dictated by the old man irked them all. Dave Cohen had once said, "There's nothing more contemptible in the whole world than a *little* millionaire." And they'd all agreed. Under Krieses, they could become little millionaires.

Gradually, with the absolute discipline of a good espionage network, they began to put the scheme into practice. Hal had been appointed the untitled director, and reports from all teams flowed in to him. The reports were kept absolutely skeletal and functional. As much as possible was committed to memory and passed on orally. What couldn't be handled that way was disguised as a Bourse House report—with only a word misspelled someplace in the first paragraph as a key to denote it as a Board Room paper.

Hal worked harder and later than ever. The early success of the scheme seemed to give him—seemed to give all of them—more drive than ever. It wasn't

long before they were delighted to see another of Krieses' obvious miscalculations—in a company that processed food on the West Coast—come to the expected failure, while their selected good bets did handsomely. Strangely enough, with all his new knowledge of the entire Krieses game, Hal was still unable to decipher any more of the system. With some relief—because it didn't fit into his world view—he began to abandon his notion of the master formula. It seemed more and more that Krieses was simply a shrewd speculator who was bound to profit in any market, simply because he had a lot to invest and because he spread his investments around. Don Fino argued persuasively that this was exactly the case.

One Monday, Hal had to take a trip to Washington. He had been exhausting himself over the past week and, when he got on the shuttle to return from Washington late in the day, he slept through the whole short trip. As usual, a Bourse House car met him at the airport and he slept again during the ride to Greenwich. It was late when he finally arrived and Bourse House was dark except for the dim hall lights. As he let himself in, he suddenly remembered a piece of work that had to be done before his meeting with Fino and Flynn the next morning and, somewhat against his sleepy will, he decided to go to his office and put down a few notes.

He went softly along the corridor of the south wing, taking care not to disturb the total silence of the house. He had a kind of superstitious respect for silence itself and, pushing his typewriter aside, he wrote the notes in longhand, then rose and started for his own room. But just as he began to slide his door open, he heard the quiet opening of another door down the hall, and he paused. Some instinct suggested to him that this was Krieses' office door, and he immediately wondered who might be coming out of the old man's office at this time of night. He left his door ajar and peered through the crack.

In the dimly lit hall, he could see a woman. She was shutting the office door with immense care—and she was obviously not Miss Miner, the old man's chief secretary. Miss Miner, he was sure, did not wear that kind of short, transparent nightgown with a filmy sort of robe pulled over it. He was even surer that Miss Miner, under her daily woolens, did not possess the charming rounded effects that he could half see. A romantic lady spy?

She came down the hall silently and into the scope of the low night light that burned just a few yards away from where he was standing. She was Elena. And what she was carrying in her hand was not anything stolen from Krieses' office but a gossamer bit of underclothing—her own. Hal felt sick and furious.



"Of course I'm very flattered and pleased, but believe me, Kenneth, Mother knows best."

But instead of making him jump out to take hold of her, as he wanted to do, the anger and the exhaustion made him dizzy. He could only put his forehead against the door frame until the dizziness passed. When he looked up again, she was gone.

A few minutes later, Hal must have gone back to his own room, pulled off most of his clothes and fallen on his bed; but he hardly remembered doing that, he was so worn out and dazed by what he had seen. It was afternoon when he awoke. He got up, bathed and then ordered something to eat. As his mind slowly began to function, he tried to work out some logic for the emergency. The first thing was to shut off his personal feelings. He had never really formed any clear idea of what Elena meant to him or of what he meant to her. They'd enjoyed the harmony of sex and the harmony of ambition, but he'd never thought beyond that. Now, what he'd been too simple to see had been shown to him—Elena had an ambition far beyond the gradual one the conspiracy offered. And she was willing to go to bed with the old toad just to further it. He got in touch with Fino as quickly as he could and they met in a grove of pines on the far side of the artificial lake.

As Fino sat down on the ground, Hal said, "I've found out—never mind how—that Elena has been seeing Krieses secretly. It looks to me very much as if she may have given our little scheme away. In any case, we can't take chances."

Fino looked at him, astonished. But he knew something about Hal's relationship with her and he didn't question the news. With a bitter expression, he stared at the lake for a moment. Then he said, "All right. We need a quick survival plan. We're dead if the old man can prove anything." This was one of the characteristics Hal liked best about everybody in the Board Room group. They had never wasted a moment placing blame or mourning losses. They moved on instantly to the fact of the changed situation. That was the mark of professionals.

The notion of piecing together Krieses' formula, if it existed at all, had to wait. The first order of business was suspending the shadow empire, and Fino and Hal outlined the plan for liquidating its holdings. Fino took the assignment of passing out the orders to the others and Hal said that he'd try to find out what Elena had told the old man. Hal's assumption was that Krieses would never do anything so direct as calling them all in and firing them; rather, it would be a much more serpentine kind of revenge. The most likely thing would be that Krieses would determine the stocks in which his assistants were most heavily committed, then quickly dump his own holdings in those. If he liquidated

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PAGES 42-43 HOLD THE CLUE.

suddenly, he could run the prices down sufficiently to ruin the shadow empire.

Foreseen, that could be guarded against. Hal's own assignment, he thought as he walked slowly back to the house, was considerably harder. He couldn't accuse Elena directly. If she *had* betrayed them, that would be the surest way of letting Krieses know that they were now alerted.

As the twilight settled outside his windows, he sat in his room with a drink and tried to make some fragments of an idea fit together. If he were to get a third person to tell Elena some interesting piece of information about some investment, with the proviso that it be kept secret. . . . And if he should then put a watch on during the night to see if she carried it to Krieses. . . . But that was hardly practical. She could always see Krieses by perfectly normal appointment during the day.

Hal ordered a sandwich and sat for a long time, trying to think of Elena as no more than an enemy who had to be dealt with and trying not to think of her in other ways. Finally, he dozed in the chair.

He awoke to a rap on his door and, looking in that direction, he saw a white envelope slide under it. It contained a memo from Krieses: "I want to see you at 11 p.m." All of Hal's nerves suddenly pulled taut. Showdown.

Like an awkward amateur, he had underestimated the old master. Stupid Hal. He had been thinking two moves ahead, while the real player had swiftly run through the whole course of the game to checkmate. He put on his jacket, combed his hair and carefully tied his tie. In the mirror, his face looked white. He knew that he was about to be taught a disastrous lesson, and he knew that he was going to have to accept it without a word. Oddly enough, the only thought that gave him any comfort was the certainty now that he had lost against the most uncanny champion alive.

"Sit down, son," Krieses said in very ordinary voice. He was sitting in his study under the light of a single floor lamp, looking just as always. But it would be a mistake to think that he'd ever show any sign of anger or revenge. "Do you know what this is?" On the drum table beside Krieses, Hal saw an old-fashioned pistol. He felt a sudden paralysis of nerve. In none of his calculations had he ever imagined that the old man would kill. Hal nodded very stiffly.

"I don't think you do," Krieses said. "It's a collector's item of considerable value. It's a fine flintlock dueling pistol made by the famous Joseph Manton of London around the beginning of the 19th Century. A later owner had it converted to percussion cap. At any rate, it

has a history, as well as a pedigree. It belonged to Battledore. Battledore got it from the elder Morgan, the old J. P., who got it from Fiske, the railroad man, who got it from one of the greatest—old John Jacob Astor himself. You might call it a financier's pistol. It has a pretty big bore, do you see?" Krieses pointed the muzzle toward Hal, and Hal sat frozen in the chair. "Battledore killed himself with it," Krieses said. Hal had never expected this awful kind of joking.

Then Krieses said, "It's the only thing in my will I have left to you." They were both silent for several minutes.

Finally, Krieses looked up from the thing on the table and said, "Do you want to ask me a question? I've had a sense that there's a question been bothering you for a long time."

Last request? Hal felt desperate. He had begun to try to estimate the distance between his own hands and the table and to wonder how good the old man's reflexes were. Perhaps throwing something first and then. . . . "I do have a question," Hal said. "I've been wondering for months about this—do you really have a system for the market? Or do you play by experience and instinct? Sometimes I think one way and then, when I see some losses that can't be explained, I think the other."

Krieses showed that odd, brief crack that Hal had always supposed he meant for a smile. "You worry about the fundamental questions, young Hal," he said. "Some people who do that are peniless philosophers. And the others who do it are very powerful men." As Krieses went on, Hal realized that his fears about the gun were ludicrous. He had let himself panic. The old man showed not the slightest sign that he had called Hal in for a denouement.

Krieses continued, "As for a system, let me say that an old teacher of mine inspired me to build one up. I did. Do I know whether there *is* such a thing as a perfect system? I don't. All I know is that I've been able to put together a complicated thing that seems to work just about every time. You've doubtless been trying to figure it out. And good luck to you. But I hope that you'll never get right to the center of it and discover the final secret. Stop before you do that, Hal. Money buys a lot of happiness, in spite of what fools say."

He had never known Krieses to be so meditative. There were gaps of two or three minutes in the conversation. Finally, Krieses said, "You know, I have the loveliest gardens for miles around and I don't care for flowers. I can ask for and get the best food, but I've never in my life really tasted what I was eating. I can buy anything, but I don't want anything."

"Isn't that a contradiction to what you just said, sir?" Hal asked.

"Not for me, it isn't," said Krieses. "And now it's getting late and I still have things to do. So good night, young Hal." He offered his hand and they shook very formally.

At two o'clock in the morning, Hal heard footsteps along the hallway and he got out of bed to see what was the matter. The bright lights were on in the south wing and people were shouting. He ran down to find a small crowd of servants around the door to the old man's office. He went inside, having had a premonition of what he would see. And he saw it. Krieses was still sitting in the armchair; the Manton pistol had fallen to the floor. Hal would never have dreamed that the old man had so much blood in him.

• • •

Some years later, Hal looked back on his actions of the subsequent few days with a certain amount of shame. It was true that everyone else behaved just as badly. But it was also true that Krieses had never shown personal affection for any of them. And it was true that all of his money was left to a couple of foundations. Yet, it was probably wrong that the servants were the only ones to appear at the simple graveside ceremony. The members of the Board Room group, by this time, were scattered in a dozen cities, quickly liquidating the shadow empire before the effect of Krieses' death could shake the main structure of their holdings. The Krieses-owned stock in their names would, of course, revert to the estate—the old man had made that certain with iron legal bindings before the enterprise had begun.

The final meeting of the circle was a cold ceremony. It was held in one of the Bourse House conference rooms and Dave Cohen acted as chairman. He stood behind a lectern and read the last financial report, giving an accounting of the profits from each transaction. Elena sat apart. None of them had spoken to her since the day of Krieses' death, and when it was necessary, Cohen referred to her as "Miss Marsh"—as if she weren't present.

When it was over, there was formal handshaking all around—it was as if strangers had met for an hour and, with their business concluded, were impatient to be off. All of them had a new life waiting somewhere else. No one said goodbye to Elena and, when they had filed out the door, she was left in the room, still seated in her chair.

Just as he was getting into his car, Hal stopped. He turned and went back to the house. Elena hadn't moved.

"They think you told Krieses what we were doing," he said. "They think the old man killed himself because he couldn't stand to see his students beat him."

"Neither one is true," Elena said,

without any tone in her voice. "They're all money-making machines now. They couldn't understand anything human."

"I know that you didn't give us away; I believe you," Hal said, and paused. "Did Krieses tell you about his system—the puzzle we were never able to put together?"

Elena opened her handbag. "This note was in my mail the next day. He must have written it just before he died." On Krieses' familiar memo paper were typed the words: "I TOOK IT WITH ME."

• • •

That night, Hal moved into a mid-Manhattan hotel. He rented an office and, within a few days, he was able to find a secretary and two assistants— young men he'd known in his Merrill Lynch days. Armed with the knowledge that Krieses had given him just before his death—that the old man did have a system—Hal set about devising his own. The mainspring of the formula Hal finally produced was strong and simple, based on many things he had learned from watching the Bourse House strategy. Among holding companies—those firms whose sole business is that of owning shares in other companies—there is a special type called closed-end investment trusts. Because their held shares have a very specific value—as reported in daily newspaper quotations—the value of shares in such trusts can be computed exactly, according to the trust's assets. Usually, however, the market doesn't value these trust shares precisely

—they might have a price either higher or lower than their actual value. Hal suspected that there is a relationship between the premium or discount the market places on the value of these holding companies and the future course of the market itself.

Hal's discovery was a way of using this information to predict how the Dow-Jones Industrial Average—that famous measuring stick of the market's ups and downs—would perform. And it seemed to work. Looking back over the market for the past five years, he found that it would have been unerring. Thus, all Hal had to do was watch his formula; when it indicated "buy," he would purchase equal dollar amounts of all the 30 major companies included in the Dow-Jones. When the formula said "sell," he would dump all his shares and go short.

As Hal expected, this didn't have either the excitement of those educated guesses in the Board Room days or the kind of imperial flamboyance of the Krieses era. It also meant Hal would have to come up with a new view of the game itself—though he vowed to postpone this unpleasant effort, pending real proof of the formula's effectiveness.

The formula *was* effective, and the money accumulated. Hal began to approach the level he had set for himself—\$20,000,000 in investments—with a feeling of dissatisfaction. To be sure, he climbed above the scruffy "little millionaires." He had his own company, a board room of his own with a number of



"Tell me that dirty part again, when you made out with nine guys at the same time. . . ."



"Shirleen tells us you're with the Mob."

employees. His top-floor apartment was as elegant as a high-priced decorator could make it. He owned land and a beachhouse on St. Kitts and, when he felt restless, he flew to Paris for a weekend with a lovely and amiable girl who lived in an apartment Hal maintained there.

He had occasional parties and saw a few people—but he made sure that they were all people who couldn't tell a de-benture from a hot dog. In fact, he knew no one. He heard occasional news of his old friends. Dave had done well in California and had bought a seat on the Pacific Coast Exchange. Pat Lindbloom had bought into a bank. Don Fino was now an executive in RCA—they occasionally had lunch together. But he had never been able to find out what had happened to Elena.

He had just come back from Boston one October day when he got the first signal that his system might be going awry. It was very faint and distant, and yet it was clear to Hal. On one large transaction, he had made somewhat less than he had calculated. It was not a great percentage—yet, it indicated something a little wrong with his formula, something peculiar.

Hal had long ago foreseen such a possibility and had prepared for it. He had made connections with a very discreet,

highly specialized investigative service that operated only in the world of finance. When Hal went to see them, he gave them a list of the various brokers he used around the country and asked for a report on whatever specific transactions they may have made on their own.

The findings that were reported eight days later were ominous. When he had worked for Krieses, Hal had spread the investment accounts among about 30 brokers. When he had set up his own operation, he had reduced the list to a half dozen, the men he most liked and trusted. He had carefully kept all dealings separate and none of these men had any reason to know of any other Demeter account.

Nevertheless, just because he'd given each one a much greater portion of his trading, each would have a better idea of his deals. What the investigator had now uncovered was that somebody unknown—names didn't matter here—had pooled the knowledge available to his Boston broker and to his Chicago broker. Somebody was matching him order for order and even, from the evidence, helping others match his orders, too. They were sharing Hal's gains and fouling up the market. The extra players were cutting into the effectiveness of Hal's system.

The realization struck hard. Hal felt seasick, nauseated with his anger. He called for his car and had himself driven home from the office. Once in his apartment, he found that he was gasping for breath. The anger had changed to panic. It was the second time in his life he had been frightened, so frightened that he had no notion of what to do. He could feel himself sitting inert with dread in the study chair, and he could see Krieses' brown hand on the coffee table toying with the antique dueling pistol. And now someone was secretly using him, just as he had once used the old man.

He took several sleeping tablets, but it was some time before he could knock himself out. Just as the drug was finally taking effect, he had a queer, dreamlike sensation of climbing a long flight of stairs. He was carrying something heavy and, though he didn't really want to get to the top of the stairway, he had to plod on. Then he slept.

But in the early morning, when he slowly awoke, the strange sensation of that laborious climb was still with him. He shook his head and slowly sat up in bed; and as he did that, he came at last to the top of the stairway, to an open door and to someone who was waiting for him. He sat on the edge of his bed, too astonished to move.

Then he picked up the bedside phone and dialed a number. "I want Mr. Randall," he said. "Hello, Randall, this is Demeter. I want to tell you that I'm much pleased with that inquiry you did for me. Now I've got another request. I need to find and contact a certain Miss Elena Marsh, who used to work with me at Bourse House. I've lost track of her whereabouts, but she's undoubtedly still in the investment business somewhere. Give it top priority. Find her as soon as possible. I'll pay all you ask for speed and I'll give you a bonus if you get her here for an interview within twenty-four hours. What's that? Oh, tell her I want to offer her a top position. I'll better anything she's making now. In fact, she can name her own figure. Let me know as soon as you can."

"You sent your secret agents to kidnap me," Elena said, when she appeared at his door just after five that afternoon. "But, since I kidnaped you once, I agreed to come without a struggle."

She hadn't changed much in nearly six years. Her face was as fresh and handsome as ever. If there was any change, it was that she seemed slightly more hesitant, less confident than he remembered her.

He took her into the living room and made martinis. Then he showed her around the vast apartment, trying hard to be interesting about the antiques he didn't care for, the paintings somebody

else had bought for him and the library full of leather-bound classics he had never opened.

When they were seated again on the sofa, Elena said, "Hal, I was really touched when that man Randall called with your message today. I thought we'd written each other off at the end of the Krieses thing. I don't know how you found out that I am down on my luck—pretty badly, at this point. But I'm grateful that you did. And I certainly could use a job."

Hal, who had expected to have to make all the difficult overtures, was neatly surprised. But he got over that quickly. "I owe you a lot, Elena," he said, "and this is the least I can do. I'm going to offer you a share in my operation. I've done extremely well, and so will you. Now tell me about yourself."

She proceeded to give him some idea of the past six years—she'd had some lousy breaks, she said. She'd been speculating in mercantile commodities on the unregulated exchanges—first very profitably in silver and then with successive setbacks in cocoa, sugar and platinum. Getting more and more desperate, she'd seen her Krieses-days capital dissipated in heavy losses.

Over a few more cocktails, Hal spoke about various incidental things in his own life, avoiding the crucial subject. Finally, he took her into the dining room, where an excellent dinner was ready for them. Hal customarily had his meals sent up from a hotel restaurant nearby, but tonight he had imported a cook. A very expensive cook.

Over brandy and coffee, he began to approach the subject. He didn't tell her how his system worked—she would probably figure that out herself eventually—but he did tell her everything else. She made one or two perceptive comments. At last he was ready to bring the story up to date and, as casually as he could, he said, "Now, there's a little turbulence showing up, and the first thing I want you to work on is a troubleshooting job." Then he gave her the details of the investigation and the imitative purchasing. He tried hard not to seem under pressure. "We've got to do something to counteract them. I've been thinking of easing those two brokers out, getting clear and setting up in other places."

He looked at her sharply. He was glad to see her shake her head, because he already knew that this, the only remedy that had occurred to him, was no good.

"They're not onto my system," Hal said. "All they suspect is what I once suspected about Krieses—that there is a system. In that case, you don't have to know what it is, you simply copy its moves."

Elena put her head in her hands. "Something you just mentioned. It's

bothering me. Something I can't remember about the way Bourse House worked. It was a hypothesis, I think, that never came to anything."

"I once had a theory that Krieses' system was a myth—that he was no more than a very smart and very rich gambler. Do you mean that?" Hal asked. Elena shook her head. Hal had picked up the cork to the cognac bottle and he played with it as they sat silent. Then he dropped it. The cork rolled away. He got down on his knees and looked under the coffee table and under the sofa, but it was gone. "Write it off as a loss," he said.

She straightened up suddenly. "Losses!" she said.

"God bless you!" Hal said. "Losses! Krieses' mistakes!"

It was obvious, Elena said, that Hal had to take a few heavy losses. And the broker sheep would follow along and be sheared. Those losses, Hal said, would have to be mixed with a few modest gains. His system had to look—from the brokers' viewpoint—as if it had outrun its luck and had got into trouble. They were suddenly so drunk, not on the cognac but on the idea, that it seemed only natural to pull off their clothes and go to bed.

. . .

Just one year and three months later, when it was all over, Elena thought of what had happened as "the crash." It was the day her own DJA stepped into the open elevator shaft. Then she wondered why something that would have been human and personal to anyone else came so readily to her mind in the inanimate terms of the market. If you played the game long enough and hard enough, did you lose identity as a player and become part of the game itself?

It was mid-January and Elena was about to leave Paris on a night flight. She was early at the airport and, in the bar at Orly, she ran across Dave Cohen. A fatter, very prosperous, balding, somewhat less pompous Dave Cohen. With the second drink, he explained that he'd just been through a cutthroat divorce. He'd given himself a couple of weeks on the Côte d'Azur to try to heal.

Then, when their flight was called, they sat together, talking on through the dark hours about the past days at Bourse House and all that had occurred since. Elena found herself, high over the black Atlantic and enclosed in the strange monotone of the jets, breaking the silence she had sworn to herself.

". . . I heard that you were back working with Hal," Dave was saying. "I still can't believe what happened. He was a monster of success. He made it like nobody else. Even Krieses."

"Hal wasn't a monster," she said sharply. "When I first met him, he was a good person, a good man."

"Well, he was a good computer,"

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holders may charge.



Dave said. "A mind that clicked twenty-four hours a day. And a heart like Fort Knox. I'll never forget how he outfoxed old Krieses. Then the old man killed himself. And with you—when the rest of us were willing to give you the benefit of the doubt, Hal dropped you cold."

"He found me again when I was broke. I was practically on the street—but Hal found me again and gave me a chance. He didn't have to. You don't understand." As she talked, Elena was once again standing in front of Hal's door, miserable and uncertain whether or not to ring. "I can't quite explain how he struck me when I saw him again," she said. "Gray. His hair was beginning to get gray, but that wasn't really it. It was as if he wasn't with you most of the time. Left for parts unknown. Oh, he was very polite. First he showed me around the apartment—rich furnishings, lots of books in leather bindings, Oriental antiques, a couple of Brueghels. Somebody seemed to have put them there when he wasn't looking. The place might as well have been empty."

At first, she'd thought it was something about seeing her again—a remoteness that incredible success might feel for failure. Then she began to feel that it was less definite than that, an internal transformation she could not even begin to comprehend.

"Suddenly something happened," she said. "We were having coffee and brandy after dinner and the young Hal came back again. Even his voice. It was astounding. You remember what an edge he used to have, that kind of uncanny anticipation? Well, as it came out, he was in danger for the first time in years. It was almost as if he had invited me back to get an audience for it. Somebody was fishing in his waters." She described the operation of the Boston and Chicago brokers.

"And he wanted you to help him?" Dave asked.

"I don't think so. Actually, that's what he pretended. He rigged the whole conversation around some talk about that elaborate system old Krieses was supposed to have had, until we came to the point when I had to say 'losses.' The Krieses system had been burglarproof because of its built-in losses. Hal must have had all that figured, but he wanted *me* to say it. For that, I got a good job, a share of the action and quite a lot of money. All for being the only one left in the world Hal could really talk to."

"So what happened with the brokers?" Dave asked. "You know, all that talk about Krieses' system is a lot of *dreck*. Money players are the most superstitious people I know. You either have the Midas touch or you don't."

"For those who believe in it, there *is* a system," Elena said slowly. "The rest of us will always be poor. Comparatively poor. We don't try to draw perfect

circles freehand, because we know we can't. They know they can. What they don't know is that a perfect circle is a kind of zero."

Dave laughed and took Elena's paper cup. "You've lost me. Here, have another drink and tell me how the broker business came out."

So she told the story. The day after her return, she'd taken charge of the entrapment plan with a zest and command she thought she'd lost; and in about three months, it was over. Ryan, the Boston broker involved, followed the Demeter lead to buy very heavily in a profitable data-processing company in Southern California. What Ryan didn't know was that the shares he bought for Hal were being sold, in quantity, elsewhere. After a few weeks of wild swings, that stock began to plunge—and Ryan with it. In the meantime, Hal himself had phoned Alterheim, the broker in Chicago, to buy into a special situation in a Pennsylvania company that was rumored ready to make a breakthrough in irradiated-food research. Alterheim snapped at the bait. Hal made some more telephone calls. A week later, the *Times* carried a story about the work of an eminent scientist who'd been put in charge of the company's labs. The Chicago group plunged with more than \$2,000,000; in small lots, the Demeter company began to sell through other brokers. Hal began selling short just about the time the eminent scientist, well paid for his furlough, returned to UCLA. That interesting fact was quickly followed by a rumor that the FDA was highly dissatisfied with the possible side effects of irradiated food. The stock, which had been at 86, dropped 20 points in a week. It leveled off at 22½; in Chicago, Mr. Alterheim was in deep trouble.

It was Elena who formulated the policy that from then on, at least ten percent of the yearly Demeter profits would go into what they agreed to call "diversionary transactions." And it was Elena who insisted on perfect staffwork and who checked everything herself. She supervised the gradual decentralizing of Hal's assets and brokerage agents. She urged him to buy what turned out to be his most useful channel—the Swiss firm. His orders now filtered back from Juneau and San Juan, Cedar Rapids and Quebec. Brokers had watched the downfall of Ryan and Alterheim and had grown cautious. They put Hal down as a lucky eccentric.

After the story, Elena and Dave were silent for a long time. The plane droned on through the gradually lightening wastes of air toward the Newfoundland coast. In a kind of somnambulistic voice, Elena said at last, "You know, I have slept with only two men in my life. I've always had this thing about enormous wealth. I've always wanted it more than

anything else, and I've always known I'd never really reach it. Well, women have a way of getting hold of their unattainable thing—whatever it is, talent, brilliance, money—for a little while, at any rate. They can make it part of them for the moment. Do you understand? That evening, I'd been talking with Krieses about some business or other and he took a drink with me. Then another. I don't think he often drank much. He didn't seem to know what was happening to him. I took him to bed.

"I know it sounds absurd to say. In those days, I had an obsession like that: I wanted to sleep with a billion dollars. It isn't absurd, though, when other women do it for much lesser things. So I did it. I got the old man to drink and I got him to bed."

Dave muttered something and stirred a little in his seat.

"You still don't know the secret?" Elena continued. "Let me tell you. A multi-billion dollars isn't a man, it's a corpse. There is a system the rest of us can't imagine, and when the circle closes, it closes with death. I don't think you see what I mean, Dave. I'm not putting it well. . . ."

"I mean that once we'd fixed the brokers, Hal drifted off again into that kind of cloudland I'd seen the day I came back to him. He just lost interest—in me or the business or anything. He still played the game, but since he knew he was going to win, the game didn't have any meaning." She broke off and sat silent again for a while.

She began again in a near whisper. "Once we were in bed, Hal became lifeless. He dozed. Then he would mutter something. Then he would half sit up. I dozed, myself, and when I awoke in the middle of the night, the light by the bed was on and he wasn't there."

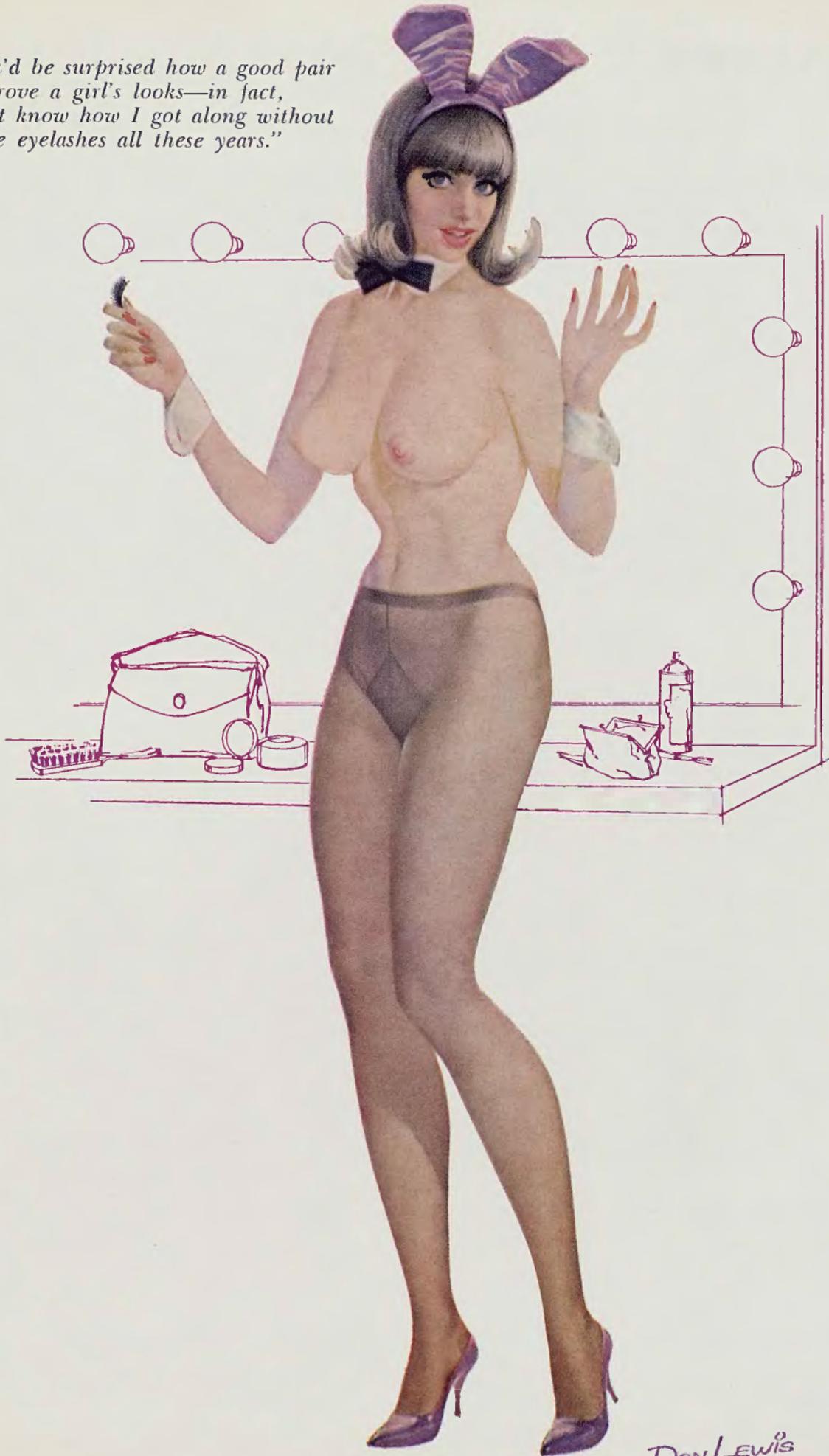
The first blaze of day had touched the wing and Elena shivered and put her hand in front of her eyes.

"Sitting there in the other room by the light of a table lamp. Wearing a dressing gown. Just sitting there silently, looking at the door as if waiting for someone to come in. That horrible antique pistol lying on the table. When I saw Hal like that, I screamed. It was the way the old man had sat that other night a long time ago.

"It was six months later that whatever click Hal was waiting for came. I knew it had to. They found him just as I've said. He had willed the pistol to me. I finally threw it down an incinerator."

Behind them, the sun had edged free of the Atlantic horizon and the plane was suddenly full of broken mirror reflections of light. Dave Cohen stirred restlessly and turned his sleeping face toward her.

*"You'd be surprised how a good pair
can improve a girl's looks—in fact,
I don't know how I got along without
false eyelashes all these years."*



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