

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

NOVEMBER 1963 • 75 CENTS

THE GIRLS OF CANADA

PLAYBOY ON SKIS—THE U.S.
SKI SCENE COAST-TO-COAST

HALLUCINATORY DRUGS
EXPLORED BY ALDOUS HUXLEY,
ALAN HARRINGTON, DAN WAKEFIELD

"LAFCADIO"—A BOOK-LENGTH FABLE
FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES
BY SHEL SILVERSTEIN

JAMES HOFFA—AN EXCLUSIVE,
EXPLOSIVE INTERVIEW





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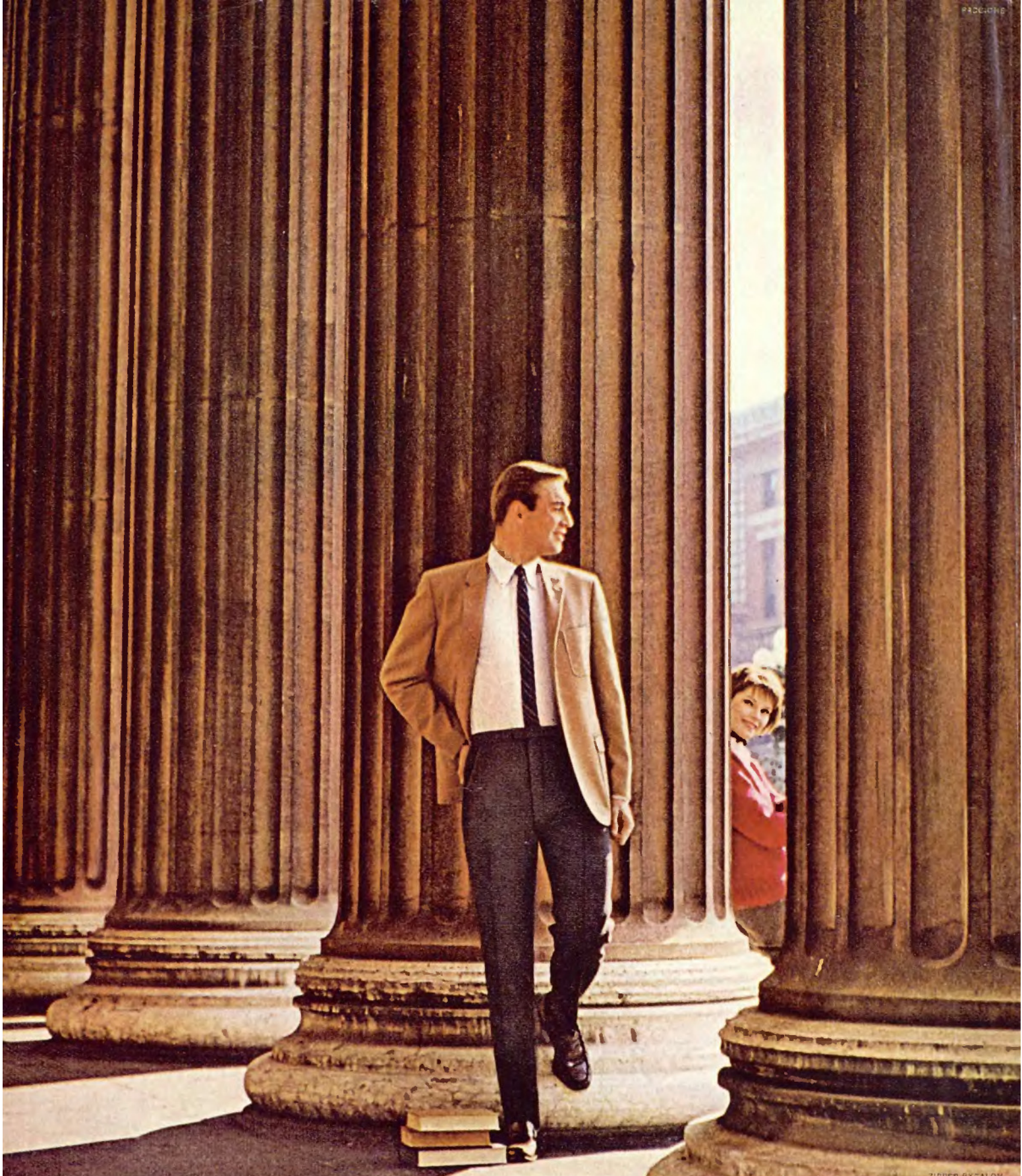
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PLAYBILL Our fetching cover girl, Sharon Rogers (one of our Club Bunnies), prettily keynotes the theme of this issue's two featured photo extravaganzas. The first is *Skiing U. S. A.*, an 11-page pictorial-cum-text which shows that skiing can be the most convivial of sports, and that's no snow job. The second is our 12-page tribute to *The Girls of Canada*. Our Canadian caper, we suspect, will go a long way toward melting any snowbound images associated with our neighbor to the north. The summer days are long and lovely there, and so are the girls. In fact, two of last year's most popular Playmates—Pamela Gordon (Miss March 1962) and Unne Terjesen (Miss July 1962)—were discovered by us during a north-of-the-border expedition.

This month, in a definitive three-man report on *Hallucinogens*, we present a full spectrum of views on that controversial group of vision-inducing drugs which has suddenly and dramatically highlighted man's ageless and ambivalent attempt to find—or escape from—himself. For our tripartite coverage we turned to philosopher-author Aldous Huxley, novelist Alan Harrington and reporter Dan Wakefield, each of whom approaches the subject from a differing point of view. As a man who has spent a large portion of his life searching for a means to greater awareness, Huxley—inventor of the fictional "soma" and author of *Brave New World*—discusses the brave new world of the mind which he believes may be opened by the hallucinogens. Novelist Harrington (*The Revelations of Dr. Modesto, Life in the Crystal Palace*) writes perceptively of his harrowing-yet-rewarding personal encounter with the most powerful hallucinogen, LSD 25, and Wakefield, whose clearheaded examination of *The Prodigal Powers of Pot* appeared in our August 1962 issue, provides a thoughtfully objective examination of the drugs and their development. Together, we believe, these three pieces form the most comprehensive study of hallucinogens to appear to date.

During a four-hour session with us for this month's penetrating *Playboy Interview*, Jimmy Hoffa, all-powerful boss of the mighty (and, to many, menacing) International Brotherhood of Teamsters, made it clear that he enjoys his reputation as a tough customer—as was indicated by an exchange between him and



SILVERSTEIN



WAKEFIELD



TENN



HUXLEY



HARRINGTON

our interviewer at the end of the session. Just before leaving, when the stocky, diminutive union czar stuck out his hand to say goodbye, our interviewer gripped Hoffa by the arm and commented that it was "as hard as a truck's fender." For the first time that day, Hoffa's face cracked wide open into a grin.

We might have gotten another smile from Hoffa, had we shown him the dedication which Lenny Bruce (another controversial and police-beleaguered American) penned for his autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*.

Wrote Bruce: "I dedicate this book to all the followers of Christ and his teachings. In particular to that true Christian of the year, Jimmy Hoffa—because he hired ex-convicts as, I assume, Christ would have." The second installment of our six-part preview of Bruce's book appears in this issue.

It's always an event when a writer makes his *PLAYBOY* debut: this month is a three-star occasion as we welcome a trio of top novelists—William Tenn, Borden Deal and John Reese—to our fiction roster. Tenn, a science-fictioneer, TV actor, and tropical-fish pathologist, who served as a member of our *1981 and Beyond* panel, takes our lead-fiction spot with *Bernie the Faust*, an ironic tale of a man almost shrewd enough to profit from selling and buying back more than he ever owned. Borden Deal (who writes his novels, short stories and TV scripts at one end of a desk while his novelist-wife writes at the other) presents in *The Strange Gig*, a sensitive portrait-in-blues of an aging New Orleans jazz great who attends a reunion at the Library of Congress to hear a playback of his life. John Reese, a Nebraskan who now lives in Guadalajara, tells us that the prototype of the sergeant in *Ambush* was a Yaqui Indian whom he befriended in the border town of Calexico 25 years ago.

When Shel Silverstein revealed that he was writing "another book for kids," we recalled, with mixed emotions, the rumored rise in toddler delinquency that followed our publication (August 1961) of his diabolically funny *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book* ("S is for spit. How far can you spit?"). But, on reading *Lafcadio, the Lion Who Shot Back*, you will be pleased to learn that ol' Uncle Shelby has no ulterior motives tucked between the lions. *Lafcadio*, we feel, is one of those rare volumes that kids of all ages will dig with pleasure.

Hugh M. Hefner completes his response to the June-issue obscenity charge in this month's installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

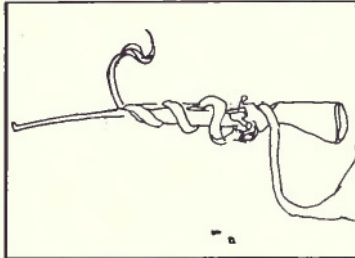
Elsewhere in this issue: Our cameras catch some crafty Italian moviemakers as they roll out a carpet to reveal another Cleopatra flick: Fashion Director Robert L. Green introduces his own design for *The Playboy Dinner Jacket*; and Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario plots the courses of a bountiful *Thanksgiving Dinner à Deux*. Gentlemen, dig in.

Tom Lownes, 29, an Associate Editor of *PLAYBOY*, died with terrible suddenness at the end of last summer, in an automobile accident on an Indiana highway. He was a Harvard graduate who had worked as a reporter for *The Miami Herald* and then as an editor of *Show Business Illustrated* prior to joining our staff a year-and-a-half ago. Numberless readers who gained pleasure from the clarity and wit of his copy never knew the man behind the prose. We were more fortunate. Tom was a thoroughly professional editor and, as a friend, he held our trust and our warm affection. He is missed at *PLAYBOY*, and mourned by those who worked with him.

PLAYBOY.



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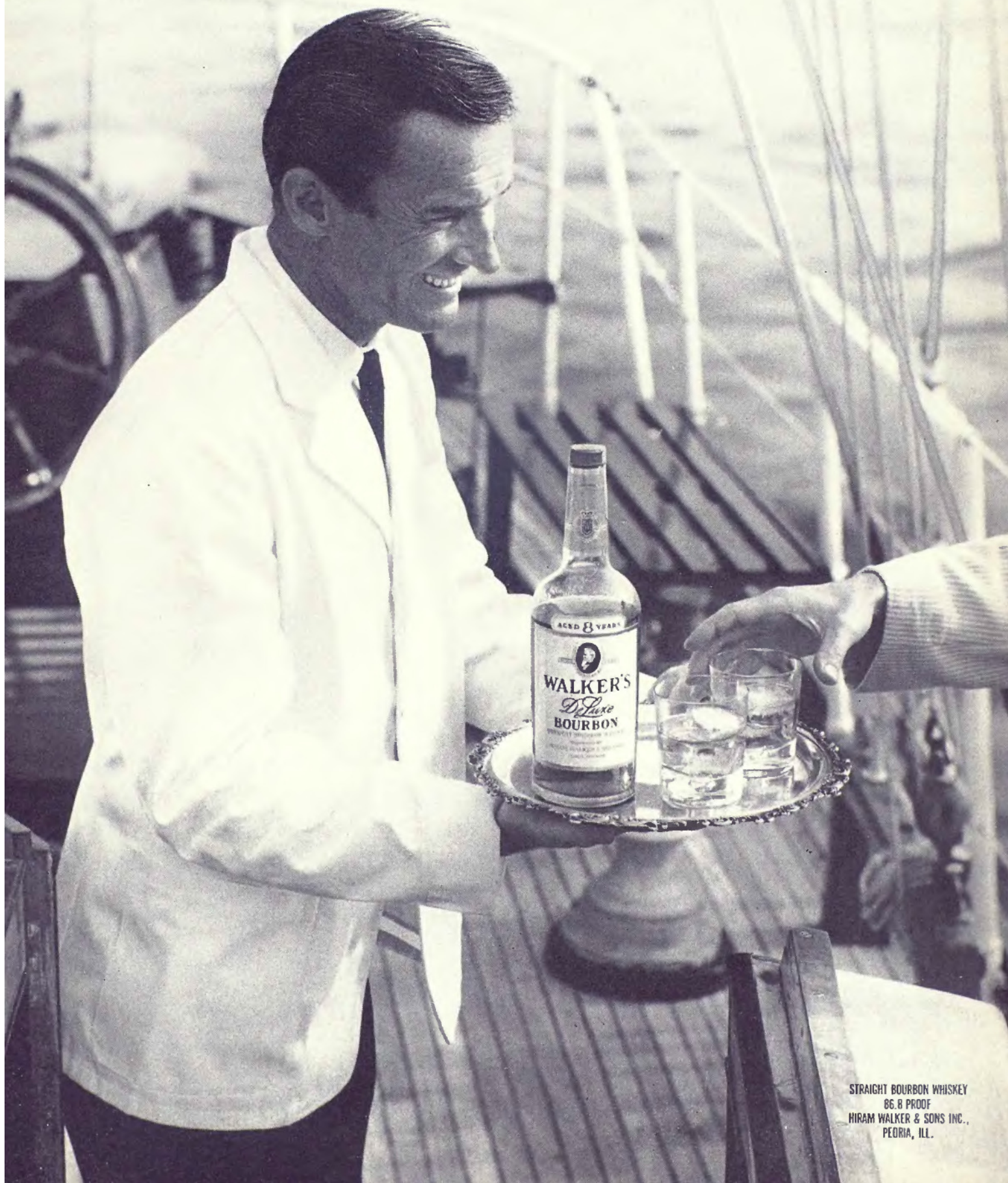
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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1984 PLUS

I enjoyed reading *The Playboy Panel: 1984 and Beyond* [PLAYBOY, July and August 1963] very much. It was imaginative and interesting.

W. F. Libby, Department of Chemistry
University of California
Los Angeles, California

Because of a simple lack of time, I have just now finished reading both installments of *The Playboy Panel: 1984 and Beyond*. Perhaps I misunderstood, but in my opinion this article was in direct conflict with *The Playboy Philosophy* of the "individual man forever." Hence arise two statements on my part: Bravo for presenting an article which, to me, is so contrary to your basic ideology; but how can you force yourself to print a discussion such as *1984 and Beyond* which is so obviously a prophecy of the complete destruction of individualism?

John Lawson
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

We firmly believe in a society of and for the individual. The sci-fi panelists predicted a future world of conformity and nonentity they believe lies ahead for the human race if the current trends in that direction are not altered.

1984 and Beyond was indeed the epitome of what I like to call comfortable reading. The continuity between panelists and topic allowed the discussion to pour forth with the fluidity given only to informed logicians. I do believe that this discussion was one of your finest presentations. In short, *1984 and Beyond* has, in my opinion, impressively heightened the professional stature of PLAYBOY.

Ensign J. W. Kleppe, USNR
Yorktown, Virginia

MOSS COVERED

Ken Purdy has done it again! His latest article on Stirling Moss (*England's Favorite Son*, PLAYBOY, August 1963) is another winner. As a former sports-car driver (Old Yeller #1) and occasional resident of England, I feel qualified to confirm the accuracy of Purdy's observations. His grasp of the introspective aspects of racing makes for fascinating

reading and exceeds that of any writer or driver I know. I am also grateful to Mr. Purdy for his contribution in taking racing drivers out of the "nut" category.

Eric Hauser
Hollywood, California

I read with great interest Ken Purdy's article on Stirling Moss. I have the greatest admiration and respect for Stirling Moss, and I considered him to be the finest driver in the world up to the point of his accident. I also feel that he has done more for motor racing than any other person in the history of the sport.

Graham Hill
Mill Hill, England

Ken Purdy's *England's Favorite Son* was a great article about a great man. Moss has thousands of followers on this side of the water, in addition to his British admirers.

Of even greater interest, however, was Purdy's evaluation of the competitive spirit. The insight and ability he displayed in defining and discussing this quality are rarely found.

Joel Lage
Chicago, Illinois

We who race for a living here and abroad can't help but admire Ken Purdy for his excellent writings. Stirling Moss was admired by many of us. We felt as did the Fleet Street editor quoted by Purdy, who said, when asked why Stirling was so acclaimed by the people of England: "It's because he was a knight in armor, rushing out of the castle to do battle in foreign lands, and coming back, sometimes with the prize and sometimes without it; sometimes bloody on his shield and sometimes not — and always in a hurry to go back and have another bash at the heathen."

Eddie Sachs
Speedway Van Lines
Warren, Michigan

NUDE-LING

Original paintings may be composed in heat, but copies of Titian, especially of such works as the *Venus of Urbino*, must be made with frigid science, and the complicated labor cannot be divided.

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Bernard Malamud has made his trapped artist in August's *Naked Nude* too ambivalent, and his copy could not be so convincing as it is made to appear, but the whiplash with which he ends his story could bring a post-mortem smile from long-buried O. Henry.

Harry Salpeter
New York, New York

Our and the author's thanks to the art connoisseur-owner of New York's Harry Salpeter Gallery.

SHEL GAME

A big bouquet—free of poison ivy—to PLAYBOY and Shel Silverstein for uncovering social nudism. Thousands of PLAYBOY's nudist readers will chuckle over Silverstein's 10-page peck and wish him a rapid recovery from his sunburn. Others who might like to experience for themselves the "great sense of freedom and naturalness" enjoyed by Shel are encouraged to write us for further information.

Paul Arnold
The American Sunbathing Association
Mays Landing, New Jersey

After reading and viewing Shel Silverstein's feature in the August issue, some of your readers may head for the nearest nudist camp to meet some unattached females. It might be fair to warn those expectant playboys that if they intend to frolic with nude playmates at American nature parks they had better do as Shel apparently did and bring their own with them.

For the record, one of our members was "embarrassed" on his first visit to Blue Jay Farm. However, as the tumescence was the result of an unfortunate bee bite, the originating cause was not love but venom. The victim was concerned momentarily that he might have made a beeline from no jeans to no genes. However, outside of the swelling lasting three days, there were no ill effects. As befits untoward events happening in nudist parks, this incident had its sunny side in that, rather curiously, the wife, who had been at best only neutral to the idea of nudism at the time, was transformed into one of its most ardent supporters in three short days.

Dick Johnson
Blue Jay Farm
Cleveland, Ohio

Sunshine and salubrity to Shel Silverstein and company, whose Sunny Rest Lodge visit was immortalized in the August PLAYBOY. Shel's talented treatment of our "well-regarded buffer zone," one of America's leading nudist parks, was in good taste—and more importantly, displayed his insight into the honesty of social nudism and the wholesome acceptance of the human body in its entirety.

Through the magic of humor, millions of careful readers will have learned or will be reminded that nudists are no different from other people—they *are* other people, and that a man's imagination is a woman's best friend!

When northern winter winds blow cold, Shel is most welcome to visit us at Sunny Palms Lodge in Homestead, Florida—partially to relax, though possibly to help plot how to introduce into America what is so popular in Europe, in places like Ile du Levant, the island of Sylt, Montalivet, a park in the center of Hamburg, etc., specified public beaches and areas set aside for families and folks who want to enjoy simplicity of recreation and where children can get a better start on the road to good mental health.

Zelda R. Suplee
Sunny Rest Lodge
Palmerton, Pennsylvania

Love that Shel Silverstein! His nudist-camp reportage is the greatest exposé you've ever published.

Gustav Berle
Baltimore, Maryland

Congratulations to you all on your finest, funniest Silverstein piece yet. I have one question, though. What did Shel do to relieve his peculiarly placed sunburn?

James H. Hansen
East Lansing, Michigan

Got plenty of rest.

As a wife for 19 years, with a 17-year-old son, I have been enjoying your magazine for some time. At last, you have thought of us poor old *Hausfraus*, and given us the symbol of manhood and, I might add, virtue, in the person of Shel Silverstein. I could not sleep for thinking of that magnificent hunk of manhood. The exquisite beauty of his face and form (especially the rear view) has overwhelmed me. He is our leader, our ideal, our knight in (or out of) shining armor, he is all man and all men, he is too much! I can say no more. I feel a tingling and giddy lightheadedness.

Mrs. Lee Ackerman
Brooklyn, New York

Shel Silverstein for Playmate of the Month! At long last, something in PLAYBOY for the girls to ogle.

Marji Thomas
Hacienda Heights, California

Because our Church's Christian Naturalist Society, among other beliefs, advocates body-acceptance, or social nudism as most people call it, I hasten to write my comments on the fine cartoons and impressions of Shel Silverstein at Sunny Rest Lodge.

I felt that Shel, perhaps because of



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the novelty of his own experience, tended to transfer his anticipated voyeuristic tendencies to other characters he depicted at the Lodge. While the human body is one of the Creator's more attractive handiworks, it is not pruriently provocative per se. Perverts in nudist circles do not remain on the scene for long, for they are not happy in a setting where others treat the body as a temple of personality rather than an object limited to sexual functions.

Reverend Marlin Ballard
Universal Christian Church
Baltimore, Maryland

PATIO-TERRACE

I've just bought the August *PLAYBOY* and really did think it was great, especially *Playboy's Patio-Terrace*.

Bruce Barnes
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Designer Humen Tan is obviously not a New Yorker. Unless I have a pad higher than the Empire State Building, where, in Manhattan, could I find privacy?

And the soot in New York City makes the smog of Los Angeles seem like the trade winds. In your magazine, the patio-terrace looks colorful—in New York City it would just be black. Your terrace might swing out in the mountains of Denver, but in Manhattan, forget it. As for me, I don't have the bread anyway. Just give me a basement in a Village brownstone, with maybe a mirror on the bedroom ceiling, and it's paradise enow!

Ken Schmidt
New York, New York

I congratulate Humen Tan on his modernistic good taste. It is a rare pleasure to find so many tastefully appealing designs in one setting. Again, I dig your patio-terrace a thousand times over.

Charlie Mayes
Midland, Texas

QUEEN HIGH

The August photos of "African Queen" Gillian Tanner are unquestionably some of the most exciting yet! She is an unusually provocative creature of rare beauty and has been portrayed with sensitivity and taste. Who was the photographer?

Stephen M. Parker
Charleston, West Virginia

Sam Haskins.

After spending endless hours enjoying the quite unbelievable beauty of Gillian Tanner, I cannot help but agree with Mr. Max Eastman, whose letter appears in the *Dear Playboy* section of your August offering. Your delightful pictorial portrayal of this charming miss has suddenly thrown the old adage, "The bigger the bust, the better the broad," into hopeless obsolence. I sincerely hope

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you will continue to present the true form of femininity and leave the bovine-breasted beauties to the *Farm Journal*.

David S. Yetman
 Fort Bragg, North Carolina

GOLD RUSH

The entire August issue of PLAYBOY is enjoyable, but Herb Gold's *The Only Pure Love* is truly another excellent indication that "Cleveland's Own Herbie" is destined to be listed among the all-time greats.

Bill Gordon
 WERE
 Cleveland, Ohio

Re Herbert Gold's *The Only Pure Love*, it may well be that Dion "majored in French in college." Herbert Gold obviously did not. He should have written "*toutes les nuits*" and not "*tous les nuits*."

Eva Troploin
 Montreal, Quebec

Sacrebleu!

MEETING THE TWAIN

Having just returned from Tokyo, I couldn't help but enjoy your July *After Hours* reference to the "transitions" taking place in Japan, via plastic surgery. Plastic surgeons are plentiful there; however, the pursuit of Western beauty and aesthetic improvement doesn't stop merely with the women. Dr. Kohei Matsukubo's "eye jobs" are well-known and even commonplace now and, certainly, your reference to the *jinko shojo* or hymen operation stimulates the imagination and conjures up many thoughts of cosmetic improvement.

But, did you know that Dr. Matsukubo's patients include a few men who are seeking to improve their appearance and their "evidence of manhood"? Dr. Matsukubo says, "I do that operation as well."

Jack Luskin
 Baltimore, Maryland

CRITIC CRITICIZED

The reviewer of my book, *A Literary Guide to Seduction*, in your July issue neglected to mention that the book carries an introduction by Leslie Fiedler, a foreword titled "On Some Theoretical Aspects of Seduction," an afterword titled "On Some Practical Aspects of Seduction," and my commentaries on seduction techniques following each selection.

Robert Meister
 New York, New York

Our reviewer was not at fault, Robert. He read early galleys of the book which contained neither the foreword nor the afterword.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



For many years it has been thought that the mysterious proliferation of wire coat hangers in dark closets has been the result of their rapid rate of reproduction. Recent studies, however, have uncovered a remarkable connection between this fecundity and the well-known fact that it is almost always impossible to find a beer-can opener when you want one. This scientific break-through reveals that the beer-can opener is in reality the larval stage of the wire coat hanger. While you're scratching around for it in kitchen drawers, it's quietly pupating somewhere, to emerge a few weeks later as an adult coat hanger, ready to deposit its rust on your linen jacket.

Sign of the times seen in a Washington, D.C., self-service elevator: "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY: (1) DO NOT BE ALARMED. (2) PUSH ALARM BUTTON."

A novel notion in career opportunities was suggested by this want ad from Manhattan's *Village Voice*: "RENT A FINK! Make your next party a success! Use my insipid intellect, bland personality and gauche behavior to make your guests feel clever, superior and 'in.' Dull stories a specialty. Can sing off-key. Low rates. WA 1-7676."

If we were to inaugurate a department called *Yells We Doubt Ever Got Yelled*, the following contribution from the sports pages of *Chicago's American* would have to be our first offering: "Seeing Alunan in a huddle with a Chicago sportswriter. Bill White yelled across the Cardinals' clubhouse, 'You fellows got any more .300-plus hitters you want to trade off on us? If so, just say the word and we'll even send a taxi for them if

they can hit like Altman. And did you see that throw George made to the plate to cut down a Milwaukee runner who tried to tie the score? That was the game-saver, and it was completed by a guy they said couldn't throw very well. He fired that one like a shot and nailed Bob Uecker with room to spare.'" End of yell.

Nautical Intelligence, Right-Hand vs. Left-Hand Division, Embarrassing Coincidence Department: In a recent issue of *Yachting* magazine, a report on the Miami-Montego Bay race concluded as follows: "It may be said that the 75-foot ketch Zia needs a gale to move her. She did all right when the northers blew in strength, but after that dropped behind. When, a day out of Montego Bay and more than a day behind Bolero, an electrical failure put all ship's services out of action, she started her diesel while there was still juice in the batteries and withdrew from the race." A few pages later in the same issue we spied a handsome illustrated ad offering Zia for sale under the headline: "THIS LADY STANDS ON HER RECORD."

On a wall outside the main lecture hall of a small Midwestern university is a row of hooks below a sign which reads, "RESERVED FOR FACULTY MEMBERS ONLY." Not long ago, we are informed, a second sign appeared beside it: "MAY ALSO BE USED FOR HATS AND COATS."

Sure-fire ad slogan suggested by the *Insider's Newsletter* to movie mogul Darryl Zanuck, to whom the idea apparently had not occurred: "If you enjoyed World War II, you'll love *The Longest Day*."

We meant to report last month — but didn't get around to it — that the president of the Procrastinator's Club of America recently proclaimed National Procrastination Week, but urged members to postpone celebrations until the following week.

On the grounds that his mouth-filling monicker was serving only to complicate his professional life, reports the *Detroit Free Press*, Manhattan architect Roger Wlodzimierz Leliwa-Tyszkiewicz understandably sought and recently obtained the court's permission to have his name legally changed — to Wlodzimierz Roger Tyszkiewicz.

This month's Self-Effacement Award goes to actor Peter Lawford for his heartfelt avowal that "I bend over backward to avoid capitalizing on my relationship with J.F.K." — in a by-lined article entitled "The White House Is Still Wondering What to Do with Me," in a recent issue of *McCall's* (circulation: 7,500,000).

FYI to Gotham businessmen: After only two sessions, a New York secretarial school recently canceled a new course entitled, "How to Handle the Office Wolf." Reason given: lack of interest.

Among the survival instructions enclosed in a compact emergency food kit packaged by Chuck Wagon Foods for military personnel marooned in desert regions: "Endeavor to keep in shade and at least six inches above the hot sand."

As Thanksgiving draws near, it occurs to us that of all the creatures we hold



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Angostura in Manhattans!"**

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dear, the turkey is treated the most discourteously. Race horses get rubdowns, dogs are scratched behind the ears, canaries are seeded and watered more lovingly than suburban lawns, and even partridges achieve a kind of immortality atop ladies' hats and musical pear trees. Yet the gobbler, among avians second only to the American eagle in national prominence, remains virtually unsung—except in such hayseed ballads as *Turkey in the Straw*, which we regard as beneath consideration. With lilting lyrics already penned about such familiar fauna as three little fishes, red red robins, returning swallows and nasally afflicted reindeer, the least we can do is try to perpetuate, in song, the neglected turkey. In the hope that our nation's songwriters will fill this deplorable void, we'd like to spur their lyrical imaginations with the following title suggestions: *Count Your Dressings: I'll Be Seasoning You: Singein' in the Range: Wouldn't It Be Oaenly: Comin' in with a Wing on a Plate: Leg o' My Heart: Gravy Rhythm: Till We Eat Again: Let's Stew It*. Get going, music men—but no turkeys, please!

BOOKS

The Cincinnati Kid by Richard Jessup (Little Brown, \$3.95) concerns a stud-poker pro, a "three-river man"—which means he has played in all the important places for a card man to play. But the Kid is still number two and he wants to be number one. "We all gotta know," the Kid's mentor tells him. "Some time or other, we gotta find out how much juice we got." And so Jessup sets up the classic confrontation—the grizzled gun-fighter *vs.* the smooth-faced boy, the young challenger against the heavy-weight champ. As a whore once warned the Kid about number-one man Lancey Hodges: "The sonsabitch is cold. I seen him get a feller with a futh card and rattle him s' bad, the feller quit . . . and went square." We won't tell you how it turns out for the Kid, except that after the Big Hand, he realizes "that for every number-one man, there is a number-two man, and that because of this a man cannot retreat from life." That is, if you can't be a winner, be a philosopher. Jessup attempts to do for stud poker what *The Hustler* tried to do for pocket billiards. There is, in fact, no small resemblance between the two books—in style and temperament, in the dealing in of a superfluous love affair, and in the expectation of a motion-picture sale. Which is all right by us.

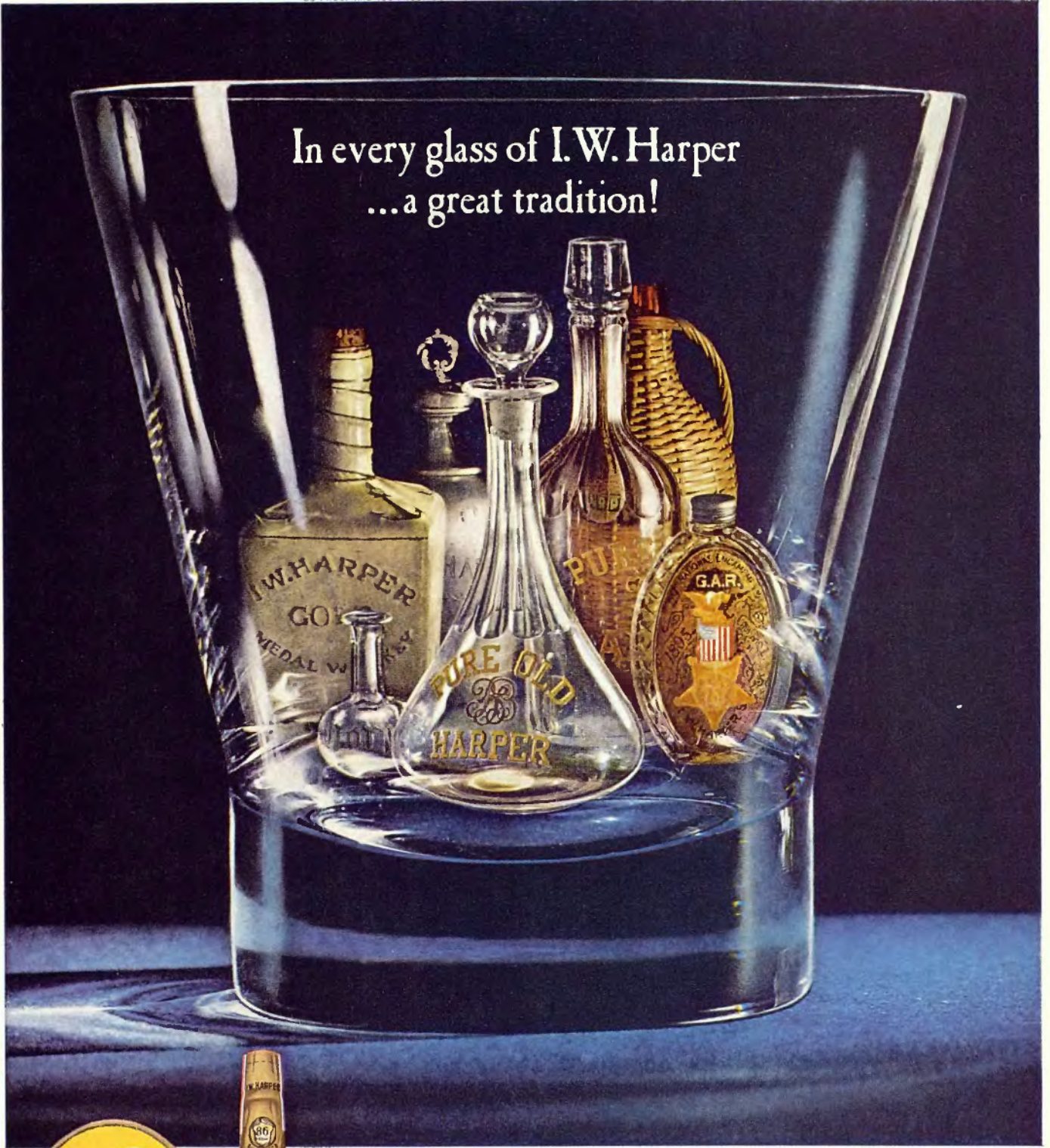
In *Remember? Remember?* (Macmillan, \$4.95), Charles Beaumont sings a lyric lament for the days of his youth—of *our* youth, that is—for this is a hymn to a

lost America, and to millions of lost childhoods. In his reverent romps down memory lane (most of which appeared in *PLAYBOY*), Beaumont has found his beau monde. In those golden days, he reminds us, "we believed in individual triumph and individual failure. . . . Things had to be clear-cut for us," and our innocence "gave us things the kids don't have now." To wit: a Halloween that permitted creative vandalism: huge, black locomotives that hissed real steam; firecrackers you could buy over the counter; Jack Armstrong, Tom Mix, The Lone Ranger, The Green Hornet, The Shadow and Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons; big-little books; horror movies that were truly horrific; magicians "who smelled of sulphur and could whisk a rabbit into thin air"; and circuses—"those vast enchanted worlds . . . of elephants and clowns and aerialists and lion tamers . . ." Like Thomas Wolfe, whom he admires, Beaumont uses a cumulative technique, piling on such a wealth of sights, sounds and smells that even the most insensitive reader (even a hopeless amnesiac), after steeping himself in *Remember? Remember?* must finally cry, "Yes! Yes!"

William Iversen is one of that select group of essayists and storytellers whose tenure in *PLAYBOY*'s pages is exceeded only by that of our Rabbit. He is a man who can write with wit and spirit on almost any subject—and has, as is amply evidenced by *The Pious Pornographers* (Morrow, \$3.95). Among the collector's items here collected from *PLAYBOY*'s pages are *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*, his recent polemic on the condition of a society where wives are more interested in the quality of their sterling than the sterling qualities of their men; his loving paean to old trademarks; his urbane history of pants—the long and the short of them; his not-too-fantastic fantasy on brain-storming; and his literary flight of fancy inspired by the current fad, in books and movies, of celebrating affairs between young girls and old boys. And here, too, of course, for those who were careless enough to have missed it the first time around, is the title essay on the hypocritical titillation peddled by America's women's magazines, which became a classic the day it was published in *PLAYBOY* more than half-a-decade ago. No stranger to our readers' cocktail tables, Bill Iversen will make a welcome addition to their bookshelves.

In an age when journalism has come to mean hoked-up handouts and wire-service copy written (if that is the word) in abominable anonymity, Murray Kempton upholds a tradition of personal reportage

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You may accept the monthly selection for your Division... or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions... or take no record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 records to be offered in the coming 12 months... and you may discontinue membership at

any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

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MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY to receive your six records — plus your free record, "Santa's Sing Along" — for only \$1.99.

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70. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 In all

38. "Music is exuberant with splendid tunes." — New Yorker

143. Also: Moments To Remember, 3 Coins In The Fountain, etc.

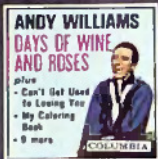
78. This is "an extraordinary chorus." — New York Times

29. Also: Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

99. "Fierce impact and momentum." N.Y. World Telegram

1. Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, Tonight, 10 others

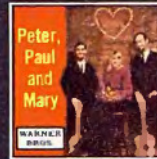
245. "Relentless motion... excitement." — S.F. Chronicle



400. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, When You're Smiling, etc.



82. "Possibly greatest piano recording made."—HiFi Rev.



11. Lemon Tree, This Train, If I Had A Hammer, 12 in all



268. Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Sister Sadie, eight in all



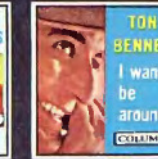
213. One Note Samba, Melodie D'Amour, Dansara, 12 in all



79. More inspiring songs from world's best-loved choir



273. Also: Be Diddley, Lookin' for Love, The Girl Can't Help It, etc.



271. The Good Life, Someone to Love, If I Love Again, 12 in all



18. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, 'Til Exodus, etc.



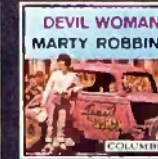
3. Also: The Bossa Nova, La La Limbo, Baby Come Back, etc.



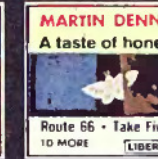
148. "First-rate performance, excellent."—S.F. Chron. *



86. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."—High Fid.



123. Little Rich Girl, Worried, Progressive Love, 12 in all



9. Also: Violetta, A-Me-Ri-Ca, Exodus, Clair de Lune, etc.



17. Also: Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, Whistle, etc.



4. My Darling, My Darling; Here I'll Stay; 12 in all



8. Also: Around the World, Volare, Teach Me Tonight, etc.



95. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming."—HiFi Rev.



45. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.



36. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails in the Sunset, etc.



212. Also: Solitude, Intermezzo, Ebb Tide, Beyond the Sea, etc.



90. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



278. Coracao Sensiva, Cantiga-Nova Swing, 10 in all



407. The Big Black Hat, Living It Up, Ground Hog, 9 more



403. Also: Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Cry, etc.



57. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight in Moscow, 12 in all



5. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



167. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—HiFi Rev.



244. Also: He'll Only Hurt You, The End of The World, etc.



39. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *



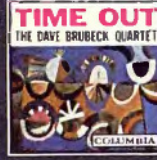
60. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Laura, etc.



405. "Lush, full-blown, romantic."—The Atlantic



41. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



162. "It soars and it swings... a breakthrough."—Playboy



71. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc. *



222. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.



14. Also: Calcutta, Green Onions, Red River Rock, etc.



121. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.



210. "The orchestra plays with beautiful clarity."—N.Y. Times



6. Greenfields, My Tani, Green Leaves of Summer, 9 more



404. Be My Love, Unchained Melody, Volare, 12 in all



122. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.



96. "A top-notch performance."—Amer. Record Guide



250. "Virtuosity in the grand style!"—Montreal Gazette



280. Also: Tico-Tico, Forever and Ever, Laura, etc.



42. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen



58. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.



274. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk The Line, 12 in all



288. Deck the Hall, Silent Night, Joy to the World, 11 more



406. Fourteen old and new songs filled with Yuletide cheer

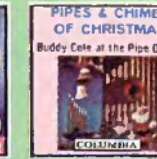


289. The Christmas Song, Winter Wonderland, 12 in all

An outstanding selection of Christmas Music that belongs in every record collection



446. I Saw Three Ships, What Child Is This?, 21 in all *



294. O Tannenbaum; God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen; 13 more



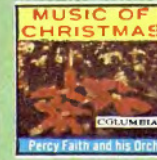
291. Also: Les Paul and Mary Ford, The Harmonicats, etc.



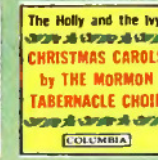
292. Go Tell It On the Mountain, What Can I Give, 8 more



298. Jingle Bells, Santa Claus Is Coming to Town, etc.



295. The Holly and the Ivy, Good King Wenceslas, 12 more



441. Good King Wenceslas; Hark Now, O Shepherds; etc.



442. Silver Bells, December Time, Ave Maria, 12 in all



290. Also: Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer; etc.



297. Also: Silver Bells, Jingle Bell Rock, etc.



440. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing; The Three Kings; 17 more

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which evokes the lost days of choleric, opinionated journalism. The Kempton camp—including PLAYBOY readers who remember his neat demolition of the pretensions of sociologists (PLAYBOY, September 1961)—will be delighted to learn that 150 of his newspaper columns, gathered from a dozen years of defending those whom no one else would defend and puncturing people whom no one else could puncture quite so deftly, are now to be found in *America Comes of Middle Age* (Little, Brown, \$6.50). What impresses one as Kempton writes of McCarthy and Khrushchev, Hoffa and Anastasia, wingers of right and left, is his fellow-feeling for the underdog, notably the alleged Red and the abused black, his gift of looking at individuals and events with an unglazed eye, and his poet's gift of language. There are sounder columnists around, and far more objective ones—but for honesty, individuality of style and an original way of looking at the world, Murray Kempton is a man unto himself.

All But My Life (E. P. Dutton, \$4.50), billed as "Stirling Moss Face to Face with Ken W. Purdy," is an amplification of Purdy's two pieces on Moss that have run in PLAYBOY (*A Nodding Acquaintance with Death*, September 1962; *England's Favorite Son*, August 1963). The book is a definitive work, touching every facet of the colorful Britisher recognized by the auto-racing fraternity as a driver without contemporary equal. Augmented by a fine collection of photographs, Purdy's trenchant probing of Moss the man, the competitor, the image, produces—quite often in Moss' own words—a document that goes infinitely beyond the mass-audience sports-figure profiles that find their way between hard covers. For the auto-racing enthusiast, there are detailed charts of Moss' phenomenal automotive feats, from his first taste of competition, a hill-climb in 1948, to his last full season in 1961.

Readers of PLAYBOY have already made the acquaintance of the protagonist of Bernard Wolfe's *Come On Out, Daddy* (Scribner's, \$5.95), Gordon Rengs, a middle-aged novelist, who breaks with his wife, with New York and with the world of literary quarterlies to make money, for once, scripting at a film studio. Before he flees for a fortune and the former actress he will marry, he wanders among a multitude of starlets rich in sexual capital, vicious homosexual directors, psychically crippled actors, press agents who manufacture mock personalities, and other West Coast invertebrates. Unfortunately, the novel as a whole is not as bright as its separate parts, the brightest of which are Wolfe's acute satirical portraits of Hollywood's 200. But even with its defects, *Come On Out, Daddy*

demonstrates that Bernard Wolfe has it in him to write a book of extraordinary worth. Come on out, Bernie.

RECORDINGS

One of the giants among jazz singers, Joe Williams on *Jump for Joy* (Victor) displays the phrasing and punch that brought him fame in his Count Basie days. Particularly pleasing are his performances of *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*, *Just a-Sittin' and a-Rockin'* and the title tune. The arrangements by Jimmy Jones and Oliver Nelson add luster to the outing.

J. J.'s Broadway/J. J. Johnson (Verve) is a collection of nine show tunes plus a rank imposter, *A Second Chance*, from the film version of *Two for the Seesaw*. J. J., alternating a trombone choir with a quartet, mines a rich vein of such show gems as *Lovely*, *Make Someone Happy*, *Sleeping Bee* and *The Sweetest Sounds*.

Invitation/Milt Jackson Sextet (Riverside) takes its title from the Bronislaw Kaper movie theme, a haunting melodic line that may be due for as big a jazz play as the composer's *Green Dolphin Street*. Bags' exceptional vibes work is echoed by cohorts, trumpeter Kenny Dorham, tenor-sax man Jimmy Heath and pianist Tommy Flanagan, as they weave a shimmering fabric around *Ruby My Dear*, *Stella By Starlight*, *Ruby*, the previously mentioned *Invitation*, and a quartet of other refulgent refrains.

Roy Charles/Ingredients in a Recipe for Soul (ABC-Paramount), with charts by a quartet of arrangers (Marty Paich, Benny Carter, Sid Feller and Johnny Parker), is an uneven bag of The Genius' tricks. The more soul-ful items on the agenda are championship Charles (*Busted*, *In the Evening*, *Ol' Man Time*), but *Over the Rainbow* and *You'll Never Walk Alone* belong in someone else's songbook.

W. A. Mozart/Konzerte für Klavier und Orchester Nr. 22 und Nr. 6 (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft) offers a pair of majestic Mozart piano concertos magnificently recorded in Austria by the Camerata Academica of Salzburg, conducted by Géza Anda who is also the soloist. No. 6 (the B Flat Concerto), reflecting Mozart's youthful exuberance, provides a colorful contrast to the dark-hued passages of the E Flat Concerto (No. 22) written almost a decade later. Anda indicates here that he is a conductor of firm discipline and a pianist of perceptive sensitivity.

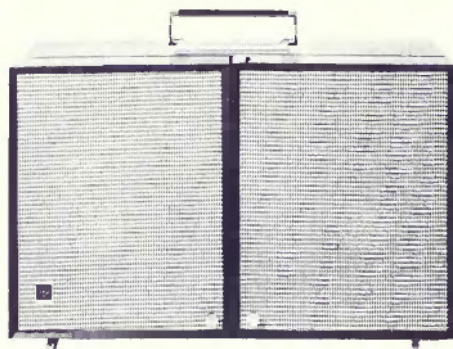


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Earthy! (Capitol) displays the vocal wares of Bobby Darin in perfect surroundings. Arranged and conducted by Walter Raim, the session is folk, gospel and blues, a milieu that makes the most of the Darin vocal talents. Tossed in to showcase Bobby's scope are two Latin American offerings, *La Bamba* and *Guantanamera*; they are both superlatively *si-worthy*.

Samba Para Dos/Lalo Schifrin-Bob Brookmeyer (Verve) is, with the exception of the title tune, a bossa-nova'd batch of standards, orchestrated by Schifrin. Brookmeyer's trombone leads the way throughout, with no small help from the flute of Leo Wright, Jimmy Raney's guitar and Lalo's piano. Evergreens on hand include *I Get a Kick Out of You*, *Time After Time* and *My Funny Valentine*.

Herbie Mann Returns to the Village Gate (Atlantic), with touches of African, Latin, and Semitic sounds, is archtypical of a meeting of the Mann men. Herbie moves from standard to Peruvian to Japanese to Italian-shepherd flute, and through material as disparate as Milt Jackson's *Bags' Groove* and his own *Ekunda*. It is all of a consistently high caliber.

The multitudinous gifts of Mr. Tenor are engagingly on tap in *Today and Now/Coleman Hawkins Quartet* (Impulse!). The Hawk's ageless, prolific approach to his instrument turns ancient anthems such as *Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet* and a cornball cantata like *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree* from musical clichés into exciting events. Inventive pianist Tommy Flanagan is an admirable aide-de-camp.

The Four Freshmen Got That Feelin' (Capitol) and we'll almost guarantee you'll get it, too. Aided and abetted by the funkiest of Shorty Rogers' arrangements, the Freshmen rock their way through the likes of *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*, *Ja-Da*, and *Walk Right In*.

Randy Weston / Highlife (Colpix) has the pianist leading a group through Melba Liston arrangements of what is being touted as a successor to the bossa nova. If the African rhythms don't make it popularly, they are still fascinating enough to warrant close scrutiny. The strong jazz overtones of the music notwithstanding, they are still basically African in feeling, and highly exotic.

Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out/Howard McGhee (United Artists Jazz) puts McGhee back in the front ranks of trumpet men where he belongs. McGhee shows that his long absence from the

musical scene has neither dulled his creativity nor muted his clarion horn. His work on the likes of *Lonely Town*, *Tenderly* and *Satin Doll* falls wonderfully on the ears.

The Second Barbra Streisand Album (Columbia) is—and on this, we'll have to disagree with an opinion expressed by the performer—a step backward. Rather than losing that edgy, frenetic air that pervaded some of the numbers in her initial album, Barbra has succumbed even more in that direction, often starting a ballad in a relaxed tempo only to explode after the verse or the first chorus into a breathless, ear-shattering pursuit of something we assume she considers vocal excitement. It's really a pity: Miss Streisand is a great talent, and a fair share of the songs on this LP are superb—*Right as the Rain*, *Down with Love*, *Who Will Buy?* and *I Don't Care Much*. Barbra even manages to transcend the chillingly banal lyrics of *My Coloring Book*, turning it into a monument to her remarkable skills.

MOVIES

En route to the screen, *The Leopard* has changed few of its spots—maybe fewer than it should have. Luchino (Rocco) Visconti marched at the head of the column of screenwriters who invaded Di Lampedusa's lustrous novel, and he also directed. Like most of his work, the result is both talented and tedious. The plot turns on a turning point in history: from Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily in 1860 to the resulting plebiscite. Visconti has tried to capture epic sense rather than whoop it up with movie epic—and sometimes he succeeds. His battles, startlingly staged, are the savage, small-scale fights that dethroned dynasties. His color camera splashes the screen with Sicilian splendors. His costuming and make-up create portrait galleries that come impossibly to motion. To motion, yet not to life: the film's nuances are too novelistic, its cutting leaves things cloudy, the dubbing is often disastrous, and the casting of the Prince is catastrophic. Burt Lancaster, well-wigged, looks lordly, but when he speaks or moves, he is just plain folks. It is only right that he should pronounce "Bourbon" like the whiskey. At the start Alain Delon, as his nephew, has youthful dash, but he gets dotty. Claudia Cardinale, an uncommon commoner's daughter, smiles, scowls and wiggles at appropriate times. Further condensation would only add further confusion to this almost-three-hour chronicle. It's simply not a filmic drama, though some drunks are very dramatic film.



The others are not J&B



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Abby Mann, the screenwriter who cut the facts of the Nuremberg trials down to slogan size, has now turned his typewriter loose on an artwork about the same subject. Jean Paul Sartre's play *The Condemned of Altona* is a big man's attempt to encompass a big subject: moral responsibility of an individual, a family and a nation. Here it is shrunk to little-Mann size. The story deals with an imperial shipbuilding family in Hamburg (Altona is a suburb). The older son, guilty of war crimes but untried, has meted out his own punishment by locking himself in an upper room of the family manse. The father, dying of cancer, wants to see him before he goes. The younger son brings his beautiful wife to the house, and she finally gets through to her brother-in-law. This plot summary does only summary justice, shredding off Sartre's richness, but the script has been in there shredding away Abbily before us. What's left is a facile anti-German *feuilleton*—a tinny, tiny battering of immense moral matters. As the financial czar, Fredric March is disappointing; there's many a slip 'twixt the Krupp and the lip. Maximilian Schell (the older son), when he is comprehensible, is unconvincing, and Sophia Loren is madly miscast as his actress/sister-in-law. Vittorio De Sica's direction has some telling touches but no real grip.

If you want to see a bright, brisk Technicolor musical about Americans in the Paris fashion world, go see a revival of *Funny Face* with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire. Skip *A New Kind of Love* with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, which tackles the same subject and thuds it to the ground. She is a Manhattan mode designer who pays no attention to her own looks—wears glasses, even. He is a hard-loving, hard-drinking foreign correspondent. They meet in gay Paree in a plot that is gray purée. With the help of Eva Gabor, Joanne disguises herself as a sort of Zsa Zsa, and Paul does a fake lurid life story on her, as a lifesaver for his job. Despite a variety of camera tricks, producer-director-writer Melville Shavelson strikes out on all three swings, which is not to excuse his stars. Newman, *Hud*-and-shoulders above most young serious actors, can't cut a comic caper, and Miss Woodward being funny is a Joanne of Archness. Maurice Chevalier, fast reaching the point of diminishing return engagements, does a spotty guest spot and a few routine comedy routines are wrung out of George Tobias and Thelma Ritter. From the title on, it's all downhill.

Gone Are the Days! is a comedy by a Negro about, so help us, integration, and, so help us further, it's almost terrific. Based on the Ossie Davis play *Purlie Victorious*, it combines stereotypes—of Southern Negroes, of white

supremacists, of old-fashioned hokey theater—into a lively collage of prejudice. The plot, mellower than melodrama, concerns a young Negro who wants to found an integrated church. He finds a Negro girl who resembles the deceased beneficiary of a \$500 inheritance, then tries to get a superwhite plantation owner (who has the money in trust) to pay the girl so he can buy a barn with the cash. The story's stiltedness, the patently painted scenery, the double and triple takes are all fine; it's only when the film goes "straight" that it gets phony. Author-adaptor Davis is powerful as the preaching Purlie; Sorrell Booke cartoons away madly as the die-hard Southerner who actually does die hard (a heart attack on his feet and he stiffens without falling); Godfrey Cambridge does a fat Stepin Fetchit parody; and Ruby Dee, the innocent maid, is so wide-eyed that she almost needs a wide screen. If Nicholas Webster's direction had been as imaginative as the play and players, *Days* would have been even better.

The least likely adapter for Henry Fielding's 18th Century classic *Tom Jones* is Angry Young John Osborne, the least likely director, Tony Richardson of similar ilk, and the least likely star, Albert (Saturday Night) Finney. However, they have all plunged in bravely and have, more or less, hit bottom. Osborne has done a barely competent job of whipping the long novel into a screenable script, and Richardson is, as always, an interfering director. There's a stag-hunting sequence, for instance, which Richardson hams up with helicopter and zoom shots, then slices with crosscut close-ups so that the sweep is swept away. The novel, in case you've forgotten, tells of a young bastard (literally) who is brought up by kindhearted Squire Allworthy, falls in love with neighbor Squire Western's daughter, Sophie, but is finagled out of honey and money by another bastard (figuratively), Allworthy's nephew, Blifil. Ample adventures, mostly amorous, end in London with a sequence in which Tom is rescued from the gallows, and established as Allworthy's blood nephew and Sophie's spouse. George Devine is good as goody Allworthy; Hugh Griffith sweats a lot as Western; Susannah York is dainty as his daughter; Joyce Redman is a riot as the wanton Mrs. Waters, and Finney has a better time than we do. Top honors to photographer Walter Lassally, whose color camera captures the real England of moist and mist. Richardson sketches in some of the squalor of the time under the wigs-and-brocade set, but his many fumbles give him a low Fielding average.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For two years I have been dating — on and off — a girl whose nose resembles that of a boxer. Behind that nose is a sweet, lovable, understanding human being. But the sight of that sniffer puts me off. Should I accept her as is, try to tell her in a nice way to somehow correct this defect, or simply forget her? — W. S., Chicago, Illinois.

To begin with, you can be sure she's as aware of her problem proboscis as you are. If she has indicated any interest or curiosity about cosmetic surgery then, by all means, encourage her in that direction, since the operation is relatively simple and inexpensive, facts she may not know and might be grateful to learn; fear born of ignorance may be all that's deterring her.

When should one use the designations Jr., II and III? — V. C., Austin, Texas.

When a son's name is the same as that of the father, the title Jr. is placed after his name. When the father dies, the Jr. is dropped except where the father is well-known enough to make it advisable for the son to retain the Jr. for purposes of identification. When a boy is named after a grandfather or uncle he gets the designation II after his name. The third member of the family to use the same name becomes III.

My buddy and I are thinking of starting our own business. We don't have too much capital but we do have what we think is a great idea. All I can tell you about it is that it's plastic, it's for the home, and it's unique. Could you give us any idea of what the odds would be on our making a go of it? — B. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

According to Dun & Bradstreet, in 1962 there were 60 U. S. business failures per thousand operating concerns manufacturing products in your general category. A low capitalization would increase your chances of failure. Last year, almost 53 percent of the failures had liabilities of under \$25,000. If you can get through the first five years safely (in 1962, over 55 percent of the failures were in businesses under five years old), you stand a good chance of succeeding. Your state, Massachusetts, had 44.5 business failures per thousand last year compared to the national average of 61 per thousand. But obviously cold statistics can't possibly tell you whether you'll succeed or fail; that will still largely depend upon your business acumen and the desirability of your product.

Two friends and I decided to live off campus this year and succeeded in leasing a fine basement pad. It was the perfect place to bring the local chicks and they really loved it. In fact, they love our cave so well, they now come in force — four and five at a time and at all hours of the day and night. These girls naturally think that three guys like us are helpless and they want to cook, clean and press everything — including us! So now our place is famous and we haven't got a moment to ourselves and are suffering scholastically as a result. We don't want to limit the girls to a timetable for visits since they'd probably blast off entirely. But how can we make them a bit more regular with their visits and actions without offending them? — L. H., Toronto, Ontario.

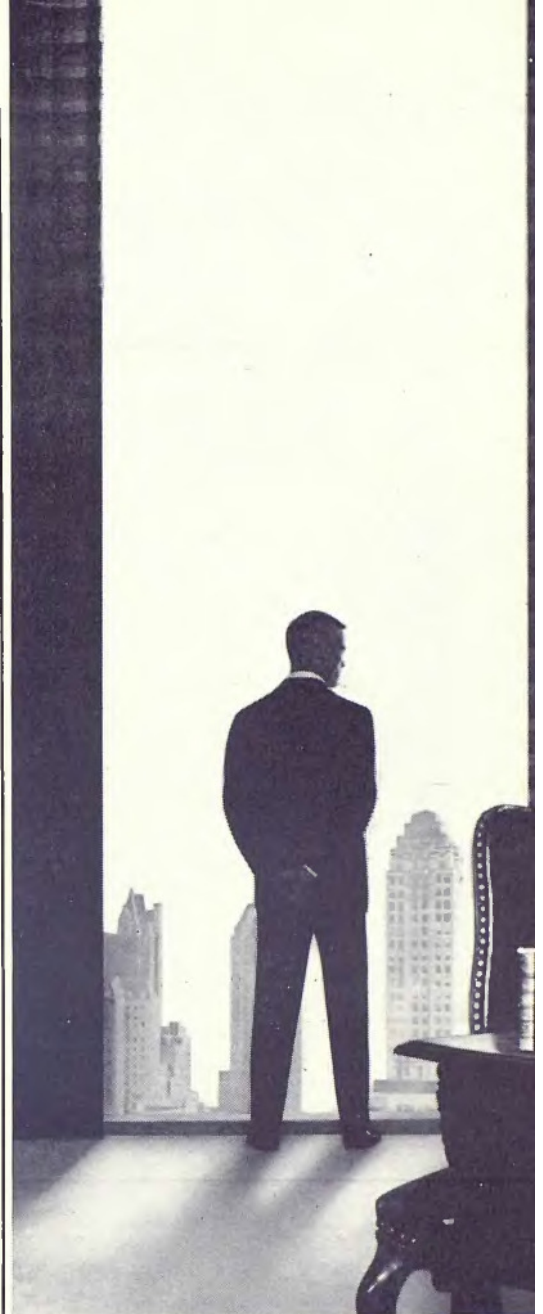
Don't tell them when they can come — tell them when they can't. Agree among yourselves on certain hours when your place will be off limits for outsiders and post a notice to that effect. The realization that they can't wander in at all hours will enhance your aura of mystery and add to your masculine appeal.

I'm planning on touring Europe next year. Could you tell me what would be the best type of camera to take with me in terms of portability and ease of operation, as weighed against quality of pictures? — J. W., New Haven, Connecticut.

Your best bet would be an automatic electric-eye 35mm camera. It will do most of the work for you, is lightweight, and will take highly satisfactory shots. You can pick up a decent one for about \$100.

Please tell me exactly what distinguishes perversion from normal sexual activity. How can one judge if his activities are perverted? I am particularly referring to oral stimulation in heterosexual relations. — R. F., New York, New York.

Most experts on sexual behavior would agree with the view of Dr. Clifford Allen expressed in "The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior": "Sexual perversions . . . are ways in which sex gratification is obtained, mainly or exclusively, without penile-vaginal intercourse." Specifically, on the subject of oral stimulation, Dr. Allen says: "Oralism . . . forms a perversion only when it completely replaces intercourse. As a form of stimulation leading to intercourse, or as a nonexclusive means to orgasm in its own right, it is a normal activity." (Emphases added.)



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I've come across a white wine called Verdicchio which I like, although I must confess I'd never heard of it before. Do you know anything about it? — S. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Verdicchio, which comes from the castles of Italy's Marche region, is best when not more than two to three years old. It should be served well-chilled and, like all white wines, is especially suited for serving with hors d'oeuvres, soups, fish and shellfish.

Is there any difference among paisley, foulard and challis tie fabrics? I'm under the impression that the terms are interchangeable. — H. K., Toledo, Ohio.

Foulard and challis are quite similar; both may have a geometric pattern and be made of a variety of fabrics, although foulard is generally of silk and challis of wool. The big difference is in the weave, foulard being lustrous, satiny and twill; challis is an unfinished plain weave. Paisley, however, simply refers to a design, one that resembles tumbling candle flames.

From time to time, I've heard some fantastic figures ascribed to Ibn Saud's income. Just how much is it? — N. K., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Saudi Arabia's king (whose full name is Sa'd ibn 'Abd ul 'Aziz al-Sa'ud) can count on an average of \$575,340 coming into his personal coffers every day. And he doesn't have to worry about taxes.

One of my co-workers (in the promotion department of a medium-size corporation) is a woman. This has brought about a problem which is neither romantic (she's not particularly attractive) nor occupational (we get along fine; there is no business friction). There is simply a question of etiquette which has me bugged. There's a great deal of traffic between our offices, and, well-brought-up young man that I am, whenever she enters mine, I stand up. This happens often enough for me to start feeling like a jack-in-the-box. All she'd have to do, of course, to get me off the hook would be to tell me to forget the stand-up routine, but she never has. Should I say the hell with it and stay seated without an OK from her? — M. G., Cincinnati, Ohio.

You should have kept your seat in the first place. It isn't necessary for a man to rise from his desk each and every time a secretary or female executive enters the office — if he did, he might rate high in an antiquated approach to etiquette unsuited to modern office procedure, but he would be as inefficient as hell. On the other hand, when someone who customarily is not in and out of your office several times a day pays you a visit, it's proper to rise to greet the visitor — whether male or female.

Is there a phonograph available today that plays both sides of a record automatically? — P. M., Palm Beach, Florida.

The Fisher-Lincoln Model 60 Turn-over Turntable will intermix a 10-disc stack of 7-, 10-, or 12-inch LPs, will play both sides of each record automatically, or where there is an album of records in automatic sequence, only one side of the record stack. It sells for \$249.50.

Last year my company transferred me from the main office to Dubuque and I was forced to leave behind an intimate relationship with one of the home-office secretaries. Since the transfer, I have established a similar situation with the lovely young personnel manager of our company here. Now the problem: Last week, the first girl, whom I've been seeing on trips to the home office, informed me that she's wangled a transfer to Dubuque! And the clincher is she'll be living in the same building as the personnel girl! How can I continue my relationships with both girls without either of them discovering my involvement with the other? — E. S., Dubuque, Iowa.

The problem in the impending collision of your two one-and-onlys is not so much how to keep both but how to keep either; unless you make an early choice, it may not be yours to make at all. Obviously, the original girlfriend isn't trekking to Dubuque to share you with someone else. We suggest you get out of the personnel department at once, or else level with the first girl before she arrives on the scene. If you insist on attempting to maintain both affairs simultaneously at close range, best begin by easing off a bit on both relationships until you've had a chance to size up the situation fully with the pair both present and are better able to judge just how willing each girl is to share you. Good luck. You're apt to need it.

Is it true that sirloin owes its name to a British king who was so taken with the cut of meat that he tapped it with his sword and dubbed it Sir Loin? — M. T., Kansas City, Missouri.

A very colorful explanation, but with no basis in truth. It's actually a corruption of the French word "surlonge" — which means "over the loin."

Is it correct to wear loafers with a business suit? I've seen a number of executives whom I would classify as well-dressed sporting them about the office. — T. T., Seattle, Washington.

It isn't, if you mean the classic moccasin-styled loafer, which should be confined to more casual attire. But there are much more formal versions — slip-ons — which are perfectly acceptable with a business suit.

Next semester I know I will be given the opportunity of joining a fraternity here on campus and I am frankly in a quandary whether to go Greek or not. I don't need the fraternity as a social crutch; I've never had any trouble establishing contact with the opposite sex. But at my school, the Greeks have practically cornered the market on choice campus living accommodations, meals and almost everything else that makes campus life a little more enjoyable. My question is this: Do you think it's hypocritical of me to join simply because of the physical niceties that a fraternity offers when I think that their initiation practices are barbaric and silly and the whole brotherhood bit fairly cornball? — F. L., Los Angeles, California.

Yes, we think it's hypocritical. The desire to take advantage of the creature comforts offered is one thing, but cynically doing it while holding fraternities up to ridicule and scorn is another. If those are your beliefs, fine; but be man enough to adhere to them all the way down the line.

For over a year I have enjoyed a very intimate and highly satisfactory relationship with an eligible and knowledgeable bachelor. Although I have handled myself to his satisfaction in public so far, I would like your suggestions about a situation that will arise soon. We expect to spend several long weekends vacationing together at resorts. He obviously knows the proper hotel procedure for a legally unattached couple. However, being a girl with a rather cloistered background, I don't. Since my behavior to date has led him to believe that I can conduct myself in a discreet and circumspect manner, I don't want to shatter this illusion by asking *him* for advice. — C. J., Albany, New York.

This seems to be much ado about very little. After the two of you register for separate rooms, we suggest you conduct yourself in public in a manner best suited to a girl very much taken with the man in her life; we're sure your escort plans to return the compliment. Your private lives, as in the past, should be nobody's business but your own.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

A MOST SUASIVE REASON awaits those who may be tempted to holiday in Europe this winter: a chance to witness the spectacle of the 1964 Winter Olympics, which will be getting under way in late January at Austria's Innsbruck. Included in the Olympics' glittery main attractions will be skating events in the city itself at a slick new ice arena and at the Messehall Rink, ski jumping at the Bergisel Jump (five minutes by car from the heart of town) and bobsledding, tobogganing and men's downhill ski racing at Igls just outside of town. The local Tyrolean night life will be jumping, too—though not on skis—as the assembled international winter set dedicate themselves to the celebration of victories and the drowning of sorrows.

With all the competitive doings in and about Innsbruck, chances are you'll do well to seek slopes for your own schussing elsewhere. (Ski buffs confronted with a site problem in the States should consult *Skiing U. S. A.* in this issue.) Best bet is to rent wheels and motor off into the surrounding Alpine uplands. The choice of resort aeries in this mountainous white terrain is a head scratcher because of sheer numbers of superb skiing sites: in fact, you may assume fine runs—and lifts—at all of the established sites, so pick yours by following this bantam Baedeker to local specialties, off-slope as well as on:

Social St. Moritz blends sable coats and parkas, posh casinos and simple cafés with a stylish lack of affectation: Zermatt, the town tucked beside the Matterhorn, offers some of Switzerland's fastest downhill runs in an unsurpassed setting; Mégeve and Chamonix in France feature cosmopolitan casinos, a pleasant complement to outdoor facilities such as helicopter service to high-altitude slopes above Chamonix (which also boasts the world's highest and longest enclosed aerial gondola system); Cortina d'Ampezzo, snowy scene of the 1956 Winter Olympics, is characterized by the chic of its clientele; popular Bormio is centrally located among a variety of Italian ski areas; Kitzbühel, a favorite of the jet set, still retains the charm of a 16th Century Tyrolean village; Garmisch-Partenkirchen is a notable German winter playground whose new cableway lift scales the Zugspitze, Germany's highest mountain, in just nine minutes; Mittenwald is a picture-book Bavarian village with sprightly after-dark entertainment; and, for a ski-capper, Yugoslavia offers Bled Lake among the high-rise hills of the Julian Alps, and


Planica, famed for its five major ski jumps. It's up to you to pick your peak.

For snow in an unfamiliar urban setting, you might consider a quick run into Moscow. The city, which is strikingly impressive in the deep freeze of a Russian winter, provides in January not only the customary touristic lures, but also a local-color dividend in the form of troika races at the big yellow hippodrome in the northwest suburbs of the capital. Betting is part of the fun, the top ticket going for two rubles.

Those who have had their fill of frost should head southward, perhaps driving through France past the shoulder of the Pyrenees into Spain to Barcelona and its nearby coastal resorts, an area combining sophisticated city life with casual coastal relaxation. Barcelona's Spanish specialties include feral gypsy hoofing at affresco El Cortijo, Villa La Rosa and La Macarena; memorable dinners at Baradella or the Ritz Hotel or in rough-and-ready waterfront seafood restaurants like Sole and Caracoles; and night clubbing in the smarter brandy emporiums like Rio, Bolero and Tabu. From lively Barcelona, enjoyable excursions may be made south along the coast through the seaside resort of Sitges to the Roman-Moorish-medieval town of Tarragona.

Here in the States, the lower West Coast continues to warm the hearts and soles of snow-sick vacationers. Headquartering in San Francisco, you can take the two-day semicircular run through the big-basin redwoods to Monterey and the artists' colony of Carmel, and drop in at the lush Pebble Beach resort where the Bing Crosby Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament is an annual January event. From Los Angeles, you can motor south to San Diego—known to local tub-thumpers as the "Harbor of the Sun"—where one of the country's most elaborate marine playgrounds is nearing completion at Mission Bay. Among other attractions, the 4600 acres of palm-studded islands and peninsulas offer shallow coves for swimming, clear waters for skindiving, and special areas for water-skiing, sailing and associated waterborne fun.

Ranging farther afield, you might try heading south of the border into Baja California to Gulfside Bocachibampo Bay for riding, skindiving, dancing at the Playa de Cortes Hotel, boating and fishing—all in all, a splendid site for ones who want to get away.

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES HOFFA

a candid conversation with the contentious kingpin of the teamsters union

To judge from outward appearances, James Riddle Hoffa would seem to be no more or less than a respectable, if somewhat colorless, citizen. Aged 50, height 5'5½", weight 185 pounds, he has lived for 24 years in an unfashionable neighborhood of suburban Detroit in an unpretentious brick home which he originally bought for \$6800. Father of two children, a boy and girl, he neither smokes nor drinks and is said to be a devoted family man. His only passion, beyond a modest predilection for playing the horses, would seem to be his job — as president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the largest and wealthiest labor union in the world, and an organization which Attorney General Robert Kennedy has called "the most powerful institution in this country — aside from the United States Government itself."

With 1,700,000 truck drivers and warehousemen at his command, Hoffa both literally and figuratively can control the wheels of the nation. "In many major metropolitan areas," wrote Kennedy in "The Enemy Within," "the Teamsters control all transportation. It is a Teamster who drives the mother to the hospital at birth. It is the Teamster who drives the hearse at death. And between birth and burial, the Teamsters drive the trucks

that clothe and feed us and provide the vital necessities of life. . . . Quite literally, your life — the life of every person in the United States — is in the hands of Hoffa and his Teamsters. But, though the great majority of Teamster officers and Teamster members are honest, the Teamster Union under Hoffa is often not run as a bona fide union. As Mr. Hoffa operates it, this is a conspiracy of evil."

Though revered by a loyal crony as "one of the sweetest guys God ever created," and esteemed by many members for the wage-and-hour benefits he's won on behalf of the rank and file, Hoffa has also been denounced by the press, and by a succession of witnesses before the Senate's McClellan Committee hearings on labor corruption, as a dictator who arrogantly ignores the will of his own membership. He has been accused of misappropriating union funds for personal profit, using his enormous power to extort pelf and privilege, enforcing his authority with blackmail and brute force, and providing a haven in the union hierarchy for a rogues' gallery of convicted criminals.

Prosecuted periodically for an assortment of Federal charges ranging from mail fraud to wire tapping, Hoffa has so far managed to elude conviction. In the three years since Robert Kennedy's ap-

pointment as Attorney General, however, an intensified campaign of Justice Department investigations has led to the conviction of 86 union officials and associates, and to a pair of Federal indictments currently pending against the Teamster boss himself. Despite the resourcefulness of Hoffa's formidable legal staff, Kennedy is convinced that the end of the labor czar's stormy six-year reign is imminent.

In the belief that the public he also claims to serve should be allowed to make its own informed judgment of Hoffa, PLAYBOY asked the Teamster president to submit to a cross-examination on the means and ends of his embattled union empire. Not one to refuse what he regards as a challenge, he readily consented; but three months (and several Federal indictments) passed before the beleaguered labor leader found time to keep the appointment. The interview finally took place in Hoffa's walnut-paneled suite of offices on the third floor of the Teamsters' \$4,000,000 Miami-modern headquarters building in Washington, D.C.

Forgoing pleasantries, Hoffa greeted us unsmilingly with a firm handshake, strode behind his immaculate desk, sat down, riveted us with a steely gaze, and announced tersely, "You have half-an-hour. Start talking." We said that we'd



"As far as his associations are concerned, Bobby Kennedy should look in a mirror and find out whether or not he could stand an investigation like Hoffa has on his own personal life — and I say personal."



"I've saw too many alleged gangsters who, when you checked on the actual persons alleged to be gangsters, had no more to do with being a gangster than you are a gangster."



"Anybody that tells you that if he could relive his life, he wouldn't live it somewhat different than he did, must be a fool. But I'm not ashamed of a single, solitary thing I ever did. Nothing."

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been told to expect at least two hours of his time. "Half-an-hour," he replied with finality. But for what eventually lengthened into two sessions totaling four hours, as he gradually warmed to the subject — himself — he riposted and rebutted our questions with imperturbable self-assurance, in a machine-gun staccato sprinkled with grammatical errors and curious references to himself in the third person. Though the atmosphere soon became charged with a kind of courtroom tension, the interview was not intended to place our subject on unofficial trial; Hoffa has parried the interrogations of too many prosecuting attorneys to convict himself in his own office. But we think it does afford insight into the mentality and morality of the man who Life magazine has called America's "Public Enemy Number One."

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you work eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, that your absorption in your job excludes virtually all other interests. What makes Jimmy run?

HOFFA: I work hard because I like it — a very simple answer. I work hard to fight for what I believe is right on behalf of our members, to do what I was elected for, what I stand for, what I really and truly believe in.

PLAYBOY: And what is that?

HOFFA: What I've been doing all my life: organizing workers, trying to get better wages, hours and conditions, and a better livelihood for the people I represent. During the Depression I worked in a Detroit warehouse for 32 cents an hour, under unbelievable conditions. I witnessed people being thrown out of their homes because they couldn't pay the rent, being forced to live in parks and eat like the Indians did, off of rocks, off of whatever they could scrounge out of garbage cans. Once I held down three jobs at the same time and still couldn't make sufficient money to support my two sisters and my mother. I decided this wasn't going to happen to my own kids, if and when I ever had any. So, in 1932, I and six others got together and convinced a sufficient number of people in a non-union warehouse of the necessity of joining a union, even though they knew that there was thousands of people that would take their jobs the very minute they quit. We impressed on them the fact that their jobs were such that if they lost them, they weren't losing much anyway. Well, we made a successful strike and returned them to work in the middle of the Depression with a contract. We started off a union simply through convincing people to join, and fighting whatever element that tried to stop us. We still are.

PLAYBOY: Some of your detractors have viewed this dedication as a voracious appetite for personal affluence. What's your own opinion?

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HOFFA: Money has no bearing on the question. If I couldn't draw a salary tomorrow morning, I would continue to do what I am doing and remain president of the Teamsters Union. If I had to get a job in the nighttime to carry on, I would do that, too. Money is no big deal in my life.

PLAYBOY: Be that as it may, you are reported to have amassed a good deal of it in the course of your Teamster career.

HOFFA: Of sorts. I could retire tomorrow morning, and, under the arrangement I have out of the pension program that I have, I wouldn't have to work no more.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to venture an estimate of your total personal wealth?

HOFFA: No. Uncle Sam's trying to do that right now.

PLAYBOY: An appetite for power is often the concomitant of a hunger for wealth. In view of your ambition to organize a nationwide Teamsters alliance of 50 unions embracing all workers directly and indirectly involved with transportation, do you think there may be some element of truth in the following assertion, made by the *American Mercury* in 1959, that "Hoffa is on one of the great power binges of American history"?

HOFFA: Well, we want power to have enough concentrations of powerful union groups so that we can use our combined weight to get what we're seeking from the biggest companies with a minimum loss of time and jobs through strikes. We must be in a position to shut down a sufficient amount of an employer's business so that he will recognize the necessity of coming to an early contractual agreement with our union.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted as having told a Teamsters convention in 1961 that you intend to organize enough industries "to fill a Sears, Roebuck catalog," and that the aircraft and defense industries were at the top of your list. Is that true?

HOFFA: I didn't make that statement, but I'll go along with it.

PLAYBOY: Would not the achievement of that ambition place you in a position, as many critics fear, to negotiate with the national security?

HOFFA: No different than General Motors, which just did some \$16,000,000,000 worth of business and \$1,100,000,000 worth of profit, and has about 57-odd percent. I think, of the automobile business. Or U. S. Steel, which is in a similar position. If either one of those two plants went down, it could disrupt and destroy the economy of this country. But knowing their responsibility as labor understands its responsibility, I think they would be more than cautious never to create that problem, realizing that if they did there could be legislation passed that could destroy the very structure of those corporations the same as our unions could be destroyed.

PLAYBOY: Are there any circumstances un-

der which you would consider calling a Teamsters strike involving a nationwide work stoppage in the defense or aircraft industries?

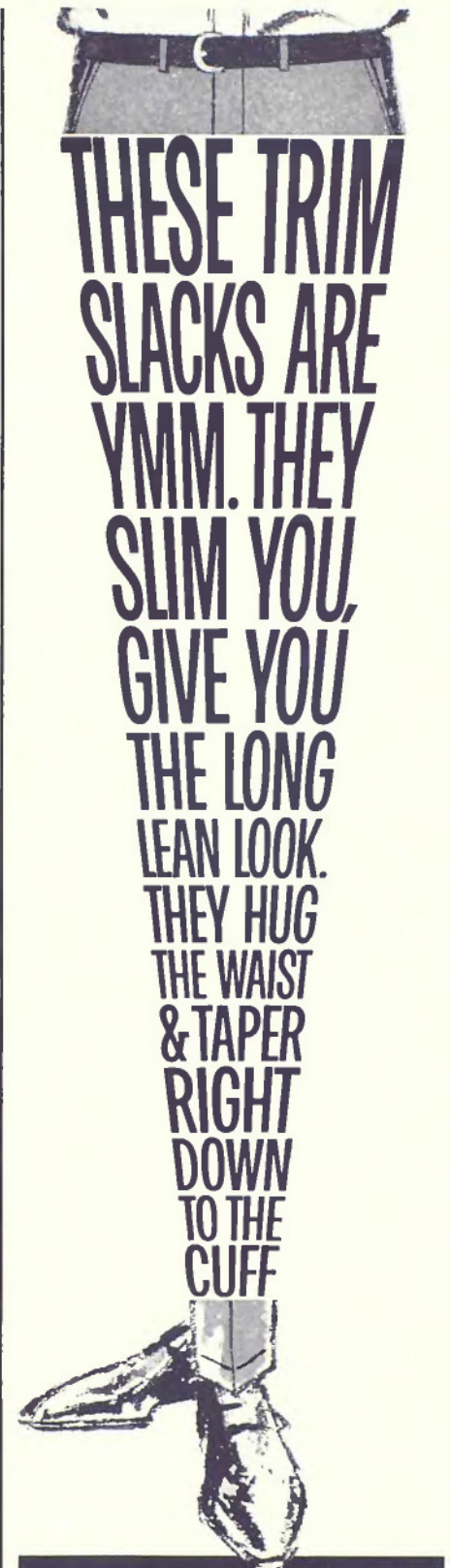
HOFFA: I am opposed to industry-wide national strikes. But I am not opposed to a nationwide strike of an employer who is involved in multi-operations that effectively cannot be struck unless it is a total company strike. If it came to the survival of one of our unions, I see no reason why we would not have the right to exercise all the economic power we had — unless there was a national emergency such as war.

PLAYBOY: Both you and the Teamsters have earned the disapproval of the public, the condemnation of the press, the alienation of rival unions, and the scrutiny of the Federal Government for the reported ruthlessness with which that power has been amassed, exercised and enforced. In *The Enemy Within*, his best-selling chronicle of the McClellan Committee's investigations into labor corruption — in which you and the Teamsters figured prominently — Robert Kennedy wrote of your avowed progress in combating criminal elements within the union: "In 1957 Hoffa promised to clean up the Teamsters if he became president. In 1958 he said he had not had the time to do a complete job. In 1959 he said the Teamsters were clean. But Hoffa has abandoned any pretense that he will clean up. He has not, and because of the men around him — the likes of Johnny Dio and Joey Glimco and Babe Triscaro and others who have spent their lives shifting in and out of trouble with the law — he cannot." Any comment?

HOFFA: Number one, there isn't a thing true about that book. It's all hearsay. It's from degenerates, from crackpots, from people who are in jail . . .

PLAYBOY: Is this how you classify the testimony and findings of Robert Kennedy, Senator McClellan, then-Senator John F. Kennedy, and dozens of reputable attorneys and investigators for the Justice Department and the FBI, among others?

HOFFA: That book is also hearsay from people who have spite. There isn't a single iota of truth in there — and he knows it — that would stand up if it was subject to cross-examination on a witness stand in proper legal proceedings. If it was true, we'd all be convicted and in jail already. That's the best evidence that it isn't true. Number two, Bobby Kennedy could not and did not substantiate that statement which you read, despite investigations that went on from 1957 to 1959. Bobby Kennedy submitted 107 names as being directly or indirectly aligned with the Teamsters Union and involved in some sort of illegal enterprises. I later submitted under oath to McClellan and Kennedy a breakdown of the 107 names, and out of those 107 names there were only 16 people on the payroll of the Teamsters as of the day I testified, who



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had been involved in incidents of any great consequence in the courts. All of these incidents, by the way, were brought about by the occupation of being a labor leader, and nothing else in the way of problems with the law.

PLAYBOY: Just for the record, among the "incidents" for which those 16 Teamsters officials have been convicted are: felonious assault, bookmaking, carrying concealed weapons, larceny, forgery, burglary, arson, extortion, perjury, violation of narcotics laws, and unlawful possession of dynamite caps and equipment. Of these 16 convicted Teamsters, how many are still on your payroll?

HOFFA: No more than there was the day I testified: 16.

PLAYBOY: In the past two-and-a-half years, an all-out Justice Department campaign of investigation into every phase of Teamster activities has reaped an unprecedented harvest: 86 convictions of Teamsters and Teamsters associates for offenses ranging from assault to extortion, 140 indictments, and only 8 acquittals. What is your reaction to this intensified campaign of prosecution — and its results?

HOFFA: [Refused to comment.]

PLAYBOY: You've been the target of considerable public outrage for hiring such men at all, let alone for continuing to employ any of them after conviction, as you admit. During the 1958 Senate Rackets Investigation hearings, former New York Teamsters executive Robert Barney Baker — to cite one name — made the headlines when he was linked in testimony with such underworld figures as Joe Adonis, Frank Costello, and Bugsy Siegel . . .

HOFFA: He was?

PLAYBOY: He was. It may refresh your memory to recall that you said then in his defense, "Every one of us has some faults." Does this statement reflect your attitude toward Teamster associations with the nation's most notorious gang lords?

HOFFA: I say 100 percent that Baker was not involved with them. He knew these people only because he lived in an environment in New York where these people lived. But he was never associated with them. He had nothing to do with them.

PLAYBOY: Police records disagree. But would you knowingly employ a man who *did* have gangster affiliations, if he also happened to be a capable unionist?

HOFFA: I would take each man on his own. The mere fact that he happened to know somebody would not necessarily stop me from hiring him even though the people he knew were so-called, alleged gangsters.

PLAYBOY: Does this broad-minded employment policy apply to Joey Glimco, the recently defeated head of Chicago Teamsters cab drivers' local, who is a reputed onetime associate of crime czar Al Capone, a suspected kingpin in Chicago's jukebox racket, and reportedly one

of your closest personal friends?

HOFFA: I've saw too many alleged gangsters who, when you checked on the actual persons alleged to be gangsters, had no more to do with being a gangster than you are a gangster.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you overlooking the fact that Glimco has been arrested 36 times for crimes which include murder, and has been charged with misappropriating several thousand dollars of union funds for such social expenses as the entertainment of girlfriends?

HOFFA: In the first place, Joey Glimco was indicted for murder and placed on trial three times, but each time the jury found him innocent, and the case was dismissed. In the second place, Joey Glimco denied having spent money on his secretary for other than union business. It is not unusual or improper for you or anybody else to take your secretary to conventions or other places that you need secretarial help. And nobody disproved to the contrary this statement.

PLAYBOY: Ohio Teamsters lieutenant Babe Triscaro has been accused of an offense which few would deny is both unusual and improper: He was charged with attempting to sell four Government-surplus planes bought with union funds to Fidel Castro; and several of his associates were seized on charges of conspiracy to sell arms illegally to the Dominican Republic. Is either charge true?

HOFFA: Positively not. He had as much to do with that airplane operation as you had with stealing a motorboat. And the union had nothing to do with the airplanes either. Do you think for one minute that if he was involved with people smuggling arms that Bobby Kennedy would not have indicted him and put him into jail? How ridiculous these people get. I can't figure it out.

PLAYBOY: Among your non-Teamster colleagues have been Glenn Smith, a convicted burglar; Antonio Corallo, a reputed narcotics-racket boss; Sam Feldman, a convicted burglar and larcenist; Sam Goldstein, a suspected extortionist; and Harry Bridges, boss of the Communist-dominated West Coast Longshoremen's Union. How do you justify your association with such men?

HOFFA: Newspapers and magazines across the country have parlayed rumor and hearsay into sensational headlines and ruined the reputations of many men. The people you mention were elected by their rank-and-file memberships, and I accept them in that capacity.

PLAYBOY: Labor racketeer Johnny Dio, who is currently serving a 15-to-30-year prison sentence for extortion and conspiracy, is said to be another friend of yours. Is he?

HOFFA: Yeah, Johnny Dio is a friend of mine.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that it befits your

position as president of the nation's largest labor union to maintain a friendship with a convicted labor racketeer?

HOFFA: I became acquainted with Johnny Dio when he was an organizer for the AFL. I grew to know him not as an organizer but as a father, a father who was raising two adopted children, living with his wife in a clean, wholesome surroundings. The only association I had with Dio was those associations, and I found him to be a good father, a good provider, and whatever else he may have did, if he did anything, had nothing to do with my relationship with Johnny Dio.

PLAYBOY: If he were paroled tomorrow, would you put him to work for you in the Teamsters?

HOFFA: No. Even though I have the authority to hire him, I would not hire Johnny Dio.

PLAYBOY: Why not, if he's such a close friend and father of two adopted children?

HOFFA: Not that he wouldn't be a capable organizer, but because it would be unfair to him and unfair to the Teamsters by having every newspaper and every columnist and every commentator in America immediately heap upon him the worst vilification and suspicion that it would make it impossible for him to do a job.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile this view with the McClellan Committee accusation that you attempted to install him as boss of New York's 30,000-member cab drivers' union?

HOFFA: I testified I did not, and I say now I did not, and nobody proved to the contrary.

PLAYBOY: Still, the record shows that Teamster benevolence toward ex-convicts is not entirely unknown. Upon his release from prison, a convicted robber and suspected union strong arm named Frank Kierdorf was rewarded by you with a job as "business agent" for Teamsters Local 332 in Flint, Michigan. Why?

HOFFA: Frank Kierdorf was an experienced organizer, and I believed that he was not a habitual criminal and was entitled to a chance at rehabilitation, so I gave it to him.

PLAYBOY: Was it only coincidence, in your opinion, that his appointment was immediately followed by a wave of fires, beatings and dynamitings directed against small nonunion businessmen?

HOFFA: Nobody ever proved Kierdorf was responsible for any dynamitings, any fires or any violence of any nature. Just because he was later burned to death in a supposed explosion which nobody ever proved how it went off, doesn't mean you can lay to his door, if you believe in democracy and the system of our courts, that he was guilty of any crime.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps not, but this sort of violence — which has punctuated the six years of your administration as Teamsters president — has earned for your brother-

hood a nationwide reputation for ruthless brute-force tactics. Several years ago, to cite another case, the re-election of Harold Gibbons, then head of your St. Louis joint council, now the Teamsters executive vice-president, was strenuously opposed by an outspoken unionist named James Ford, who was subsequently found with a broken nose, a split cheek, three fractured ribs, no lower teeth and a punctured lung. Was this just another case of coincidence?

HOFFA: It was never — and the police department checked it out — it was never, never proved that the union had anything to do with it.

PLAYBOY: What reason would anyone else have for having him so brutally beaten?

HOFFA: You have to know Ford; all you have to do is know him.

PLAYBOY: While most of the violence with which the Teamsters have been charged has been attributed to union "goons," you personally have not been immune from accusations of resorting to strong-arm methods. On May 17, 1962, Teamsters official Sam Baron — since fired from the union — filed against you a criminal complaint of assault in which the 59-year-old unionist charged you with an unprovoked attack on him in your Washington office. Do you have anything to add to the counteraccusation you made then that Baron was drunk at 10 A.M. on a working day and had thrown the first punch?

HOFFA: What really happened was this: Sam Baron came into my office and I told him, "If you get drunk anymore on assignments out on the road you are fired. And if you don't do a job and quit spending money foolishly on the road, you are fired. Now get out of here. Either you straighten up or you're fired." He left my office, walked across to a large conference room, and his face was flushed and he was mumbling and didn't make any sense. When I walked into the conference room, Baron walked from behind the door and made some remarks and then took a punch at me. Now I know Baron is an old man, so I simply pushed him away from me, and he stumbled over a chair and went down.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that he got a cut over his right eye, a blackened left eye, and bruises on his face and legs simply by stumbling over a chair?

HOFFA: Yes, I am, because that's what happened. Then Baron got up and swung at me again and I pushed him down again without hitting him. And four of the fellas who were there grabbed him and said, "What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Or drunk?" And they put him out in the hallway and he went about his business.

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true, what did Baron hope to gain by filing charges against you?

HOFFA: Do you, by any chance, think that



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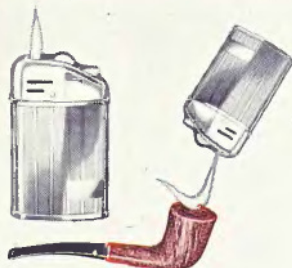
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we're naive enough not to know that this was premeditated? Do you think that we haven't checked how this all happened? We have now a documentary statement that if it ever goes to trial we will prove how this was plotted and planned and instigated.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

HOFFA: We know who directed him to go to the prosecutor. We'll name him at the right time. But it's a Governmental official that had a voice in it.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain the subsequent offers of "cushy jobs" which Baron said he received from various Teamsters officials?

HOFFA: We didn't offer him nothing. But many people called interceding for him and I told them to mind their own business. He was out, fired, and that was it, and don't talk about it.

PLAYBOY: If your version of the incident is true, why is it that none of the witnesses present in your office at the time would consent to corroborate your story by taking lie-detector tests?

HOFFA: We are not exactly naive as to lie-detector tests. I can take a lie-detector test with an expert polygraph operator and have him make that chart go any way he wants with questions to you. It is inconclusive, not permissible in court; and if it isn't permissible in court, why should we take it? Why didn't they accept our offer to have *our* polygraph operator ask the questions they wanted without any tricks? And why did the Government dismiss the charges? If they had such an ironclad case, why didn't they prosecute?

PLAYBOY: Baron wrote in *Life* magazine that he finally withdrew the charges in order to end a wave of threats and harassment directed against him and his family, and in the realization "that one man cannot successfully fight both thugery and perjury" — all of which you have denied. But this is not the first time either you or the Teamsters have been accused of intimidation by threat. In 1959, a Cleveland labor-relations counselor named George Maxwell testified to the McClellan Committee that you once warned him to keep Negro truck drivers out of the Detroit area or they "might get hurt." Do you deny saying this?

HOFFA: George Maxwell was contacted immediately after the McClellan statement, and he denied to me that the allegation was true, and has repeatedly denied it to everybody who asks him about it.

PLAYBOY: Then let's consider another case. Also appearing as a witness before Senator McClellan's Rackets Committee, Sol Lippmann, general counsel for the Retail Clerks International Association, testified that when he was attempting to place a Teamsters local under the trusteeship of his own union, you said to him in your office, "I won't let you get away with

this. Don't you know I could have you killed? Don't you know I could have you pushed out of this window? I got friends who would shoot you in your tracks while you are just walking down the street." Do you deny saying this?

HOFFA: I said under oath it was a lie and I say right now it is a lie. I never made such a statement, and it would be ridiculous to make such a statement. Sol Lippmann made this charge to justify his position of taking over a 12,000-member local union in Detroit that I organized for the retail clerks. And anyway, since then he admits he doesn't know why he made those statements.

PLAYBOY: Whether or not such a threat was ever made, the Justice Department and the press have accused you of having crime-syndicate associations capable of performing just such —

HOFFA: I don't even know a syndicate exists, and I don't believe you do either. I don't know of a single person in any policing work anywhere in the United States, or a department in the FBI, who really, truly believes that there's any mysterious force in this country that combines together all of the so-called racketeering elements in the United States. I read an article J. Edgar Hoover wrote recently, and he certainly is not convinced of it, and I don't know anybody else convinced of it.

PLAYBOY: It was with the collaboration of the FBI and other investigative agencies, that the Justice Department obtained testimony from New York mobster Joseph Valachi — recently revealed in the *Saturday Evening Post* — which not only affirms the existence of a crime syndicate but outlines its organization and operations, and identifies its reputed ringleaders. In view of these revelations, do you still question its existence?

HOFFA: Let's don't be naive. If somebody knew tomorrow morning that I stole five dollars, I'd be in jail. If they can name all the people that they name, and they can pile all the ties they have together, why can't they prove in any court what they keep saying? After all this malarkey about a Mafia, what have they really got? A new name for it: the Cosa Nostra.

PLAYBOY: If there is no Cosa Nostra, as you seem to believe, why does the Justice Department report that more than a dozen cases against its members and associates are currently in the final phases of investigation preparatory to the filing of formal charges?

HOFFA: Propaganda and appropriations. How else could they get appropriations of \$156,000,000, which is what Kennedy got the other day? Unless they can go out and say — without ever actually presenting the evidence — that there's some kind of mysterious force that may destroy or control this country. Another thing Kennedy wants is to get a wire-tap bill through Congress. He wants to eliminate

the safeguards against search and seizure, wants to eliminate the constitutional rights of a fair trial.

PLAYBOY: Inasmuch as it is his sworn duty as Attorney General to uphold and enforce these very rights and safeguards, most people would disagree with you. In any case, far from being deprived of your constitutional recourse to fair trial, you have been repeatedly accused of using the courts — aided by the largest permanent legal staff of any private organization in America, sometimes called “the Teamsters Bar Association” — to circumvent the due process of law and thus escape conviction for an assortment of Federal crimes. These include collusion with employers, conflict of interest, underworld affiliations, rigging of union elections, misuse of union dues and welfare funds, and suppression of union members’ rights by force. Any comment?

HOFFA: Well, I’ll ask you a question. If all of that were true and it could be verified as factual, why haven’t there been indictments and trials on each of them?

PLAYBOY: There have been a number of indictments and trials resulting from these charges. In one of the most celebrated cases against you, for example, you were indicted by a Federal grand jury and tried on charges of hiring a lawyer named Cye Cheasty to spy for the Teamsters as a member of the McClellan Committee. In collaboration with the FBI, Cheasty was reported to have led you into a trap wherein you were photographed purportedly passing \$2000 to him in exchange for such information. Despite evidence which the Justice Department considered airtight, however, you were acquitted when your attorney allegedly engineered the impaneling of eight Negroes on the jury, then arranged for several “spontaneous” visits to the courtroom by boxing champion Joe Louis, who publicly embraced you and addressed you as “my good friend, Jimmy.” Did the warmth of this timely public demonstration of affection from a popular Negro public figure have anything to do with the fact that Louis was hired at a large retainer immediately after the trial as a public-relations consultant for the union?

HOFFA: First of all, I knew Joe Louis from Detroit, where he came from, before he became a fighter, when he sold newspapers there. And secondly, he was not hired as a public-relations consultant.

PLAYBOY: Whatever his services, Justice Department records state that he received a sizable emolument from the union subsequent to your acquittal. In your support, it has been claimed that Teamster methods may be rough-and-tumble and occasionally extralegal, but that Jimmy Hoffa is paternally devoted to the welfare of his members. Attorney General Kennedy has written, however, that “the Teamsters membership has been be-

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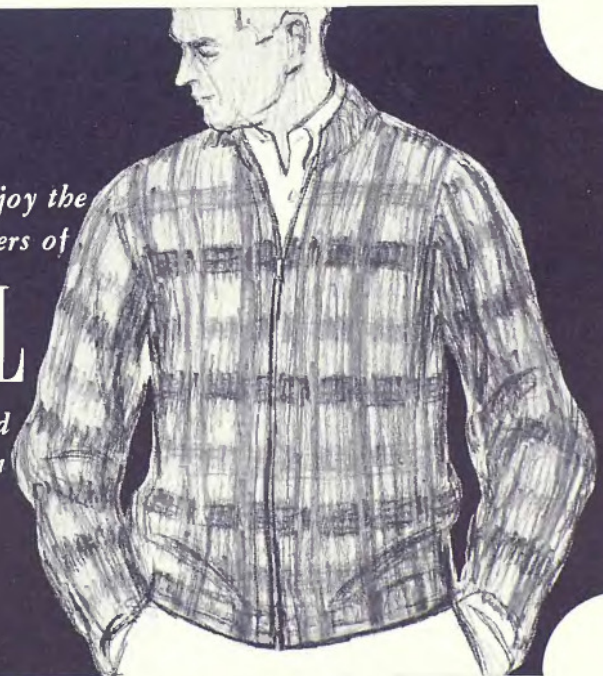
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trayed: democratic processes have been stifled; money, including pension and welfare funds, has been misused. Hoffa and some of the men around him have gotten fat off of enterprises they promoted with union backing." Do you deny these allegations?

HOFFA: Insofar as the investment of pension and welfare funds growing out of a recent Chicago grand jury hearing, all of the information they have sought has been submitted to them, and witnesses have testified, but so far nobody has proved that there is anything wrong with our use of that fund.

PLAYBOY: In another of the charges filed against you for misuse of Teamster funds, it was alleged that you spent between \$5000 and \$7000 of union money on a search for your brother's runaway wife, and later for his hotel bills while he was eluding the police on an armed-robbery charge. Is this true?

HOFFA: By no stretch of the imagination is it true. I denied it in front of the McClellan Committee under oath, and if there was any evidence that I had made a mistake, I would have been indicted for perjury.

PLAYBOY: In December 1959, Glenn Smith, then president of your Chattanooga local, is reported to have testified in a Federal court that the use of union funds for the bribery of a public official does not violate the Teamsters Union constitution or bylaws. Do you share this belief?

HOFFA: I don't think he testified to that. What Glenn Smith said was that he had made a political contribution to a certain judge, and that this did not violate the international constitution. And it does not violate it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used union funds for any such "political contributions"?

HOFFA: Positively, many times.

PLAYBOY: With the expectation that the recipients would be helpful to you or the Teamsters in some way?

HOFFA: Helpful to labor. I'm not supporting anybody that's not helpful to labor.

PLAYBOY: Have you always publicized these contributions?

HOFFA: Absolutely. If they don't want our money publicly, they don't get it privately.

PLAYBOY: Then will you tell us the names of some of those you've supported?

HOFFA: No, I will not. They know who they are. We know who they are. I'm not going to hamper their ability to vote their own conscience just because they happened to receive contributions from us for a campaign.

PLAYBOY: The McClellan Committee has accused you of arranging under-the-table "sweetheart" deals and *sub rosa* side agreements with employers which were advantageous to management. Is there any foundation for these charges?

HOFFA: I answered then, under oath, that it was a lie, and it's a lie now. What I

did in many instances was a temporary situation that allowed a company to stay in business and maintain union jobs where our Teamsters would have lost their jobs otherwise. The Committee checked out my answers, tried to disprove it. But they found out my answers were right, and they had to drop the charges.

PLAYBOY: In the course of your labor career, you have been accused of hundreds of crimes, arrested 17 times and indicted on a variety of charges. But your police record shows only three convictions: for assault and battery, attempted extortion, and conspiracy to create a wastepaper-shipment monopoly—the last of which took place in 1947. You are currently under indictment, however, on two charges for which the Justice Department is confident—after six years of acquittals, mistrials and hung juries—you will finally be convicted. In one case, you are accused of tampering with a jury which failed to reach a verdict last year at an earlier trial in which you were charged with accepting more than \$1,000,000 in illegal payments from a trucking firm. The other indictment concerns what is said to be the most serious and best documented charge ever filed against you: conspiracy to defraud the Central States Teamsters Pension Fund of some \$20,000,000 belonging to the union. If convicted on all 28 counts, you could be levied \$37,000 in fines and sentenced to prison for a total of 140 years. Do you claim innocence of both charges? Do you feel there's any possibility that you'll be found guilty in either case?

HOFFA: [Refused to comment.]

PLAYBOY: The nation's press has been tireless in its chronicling of your career—and almost unanimous in its condemnation of your Teamster leadership. What do you think of the competence and integrity of the press in reporting about you?

HOFFA: You talk about gangsters! Reporters are gangsters with a pencil instead of a gun. They distort, deceive, tell half-truths and complete lies. How do they sell newspapers except when there's something sensational on the front page? Did you ever read a headline that said there was a happily married couple that celebrated their anniversary last week? I am not naive enough and will not accept that there is such a thing as a free press in America. There is very few labor reporters in the United States that are free to write the truth about the Teamsters Union. Most of them are controlled by the antilabor policies of their papers.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that television has been more objective than the press in reporting about you and the Teamsters?

HOFFA: If you will take any average week's TV and look at all the channels, you will find many shows trying to lead the

American people to believe there is something wrong with American labor unions, and that they need antitrust laws applied to them. This is not by accident. I have in my possession the confidential minutes of a recent meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers held in New York, which outlines exactly how they are planning to sell the antitrust labor laws to the public like they would sell a bar of soap. But this is all part of a grand conspiracy against the American labor movement.

PLAYBOY: Masterminded by the N.A.M.?
HOFFA: Yes, and by the powers that be in the Attorney General's office and certain other branches of the Government, such as the National Labor Relations Board.

PLAYBOY: With what purpose?

HOFFA: They have a design to victimize the Teamsters Union with a double standard of law enforcement on unions which they hope will be able to destroy one James R. Hoffa. Don't get the impression that I feel like I'm being picked on. Hoffa can take care of Hoffa. But they have repeatedly said that if Hoffa, Gibbons, O'Rourke and O'Brien would leave the Teamsters, it would be as good a union, as clean a union as anywhere in the United States, and it should then be back in the AFL-CIO.

PLAYBOY: If this alleged Government conspiracy is directed against the American labor movement, as you assert, why have the Teamsters hierarchy been singled out for attack and James R. Hoffa for destruction?

HOFFA: Because they recognize that as long as Hoffa and the other individuals they named are on the executive board of this union, we will not become subservient to Bobby Kennedy or to anybody else who desires to change the structure of the Teamsters. But we're practically the only ones who are fighting back.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that such powerful labor leaders as George Meany of the AFL-CIO, Walter Reuther of the United Auto Workers and James B. Carey of the International Union of Electrical Workers are subservient to the Attorney General?

HOFFA: Well, I'll ask you—if they're not, why aren't they on TV and radio like Hoffa talking about the antilabor legislation that is being introduced, and telling their members about it?

PLAYBOY: What antilabor legislation?

HOFFA: The Martin bill would destroy labor unions. The Goldwater bill would destroy labor unions. The McClellan bill would destroy labor unions. And the other bills, such as Dirksen's bill, would automatically destroy labor unions in America by breaking them down into fragmented organizations so small that they could make no response to an employer if he decided to refuse to bargain with those unions.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Carey, Reu-



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PLAYBOY: In effect, aren't you accusing them of being in collusion with the Government against the interests of their own unions?

HOFFA: In the case of George Meany, yes; that's my personal opinion.

PLAYBOY: Meany has said that he regards you as "unfit to head a trade union." In view of the opinion you've just expressed about him, do you feel he's fit to remain in charge of the AFL-CIO?

HOFFA: He's the last person in the world who should judge who should be the head of a union. He ought to get a great big mirror and stand in front of it and look and see whether or not he can stand the scrutiny that Hoffa can stand. But he answered better than anybody as to his qualifications for to be a leader. He proudly told the National Association of Manufacturers that he never negotiated an agreement, never called a strike and never organized a worker. Now if that's the qualifications for being a labor leader, then I don't qualify — because I have negotiated agreements by the thousands, I have signed up members by the thousands, and I've called hundreds of strikes. And even though he talks about it, show me one constructive thing he did or one constructive bill he's introduced that takes care of unemployment or automation.

PLAYBOY: When Meany retires, who do you think ought to take his place?

HOFFA: Meany will never retire as long as he has a breath of life in him, because Meany knows full well that he can't serve the interests that he serves other than by maintaining himself in office and keeping labor unions disorganized. When he retires, it'll be in a box. But when that happens, in my opinion the one fella who could lead the AFL-CIO would be Reuther. I don't always agree with what Reuther is doing or how he operates, but I recognize the fact that he runs a successful union, that he's a hard worker, a smart fella, he knows his business, he's currently up-to-date on the problems of this country, and he's trying to do something about them, and that's more than I can say for most people.

PLAYBOY: Inasmuch as Reuther was one of the key figures instrumental in ousting the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO for racketeer corruption, why do you hold him in such high regard?

HOFFA: I don't have to like a guy to say what's true. But I think Reuther realizes that this was the biggest mistake the AFL-CIO ever made in their life. I think he realizes he was stampeded into voting for the expulsion of the Teamsters because of the bad publicity we had at that time.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the Teamsters ought to be readmitted to the AFL-CIO?

HOFFA: We're entitled to be back in, and we want in.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'd be welcomed back?

HOFFA: Sure — but only if Meany could dictate who should be president of the Teamsters and the officers of the union.

PLAYBOY: If a vote were taken today by the AFL-CIO on the question of readmitting the Teamsters, how do you think it would go?

HOFFA: With Meany there, of course, we would lose — and 24 hours later, whoever voted for us would be under subpoena from the McClellan Committee or from the Attorney General.

PLAYBOY: While he was still chief counsel for the McClellan Committee, you were said to have referred to Robert Kennedy as "that little nut," among other things. Have you changed your appraisal of him since his appointment as Attorney General?

HOFFA: Yes. Now I regard Bobby Kennedy as a spoiled brat. He never had to work, wouldn't know how to work, wouldn't know how to make a living. He's just a brat that believes that everybody is supposed to surrender and give in to whatever he wants, right or wrong. In my opinion he prostitutes his oath of office, and he's violated the Constitution of the United States and is subject to go to jail for what he recently did on a yacht that the Government was paying the bill for him.

PLAYBOY: You must be referring to the recent series of cocktail-party cruises on the Potomac aboard the President's Government-owned yacht, the Patrick J., on which the Attorney General entertained Congressmen for the purpose of discussing the civil-rights situation.

HOFFA: I am. He used Government funds while he was out campaigning for passage of legislation — which is a violation of law.

PLAYBOY: What legislation is that? And what law?

HOFFA: I don't have it right in front of me. I'm not a legal department. But I'll prove what I say.

PLAYBOY: Your charge echoes that of several Republican Congressmen who claimed that these gatherings — at which the refreshments were personally paid for by Mr. Kennedy — involved the use of Federal funds for fuel and crew, and therefore constituted a violation of the Lobbying Act. But the legality of these

informal meetings has since been officially confirmed.

HOFFA: I still say if this was anybody else, he would be in jail.

PLAYBOY: If there had been sufficient grounds for prosecution, it seems likely that the accusing G.O.P. legislators would have pursued the matter further. As of this date, however, they have not done so. The many charges for which the Attorney General has been striving to prosecute you, on the other hand, are being assiduously pursued — among them a statement from *The Enemy Within* in which he characterizes your chosen associates as "convicted killers, robbers, extortionists, perjurers, blackmailers, safe-crackers, dope peddlers, white slavers and sodomists." How would you characterize his chosen associates?

HOFFA: I question whether or not he has a single friend, and I question whether or not his associates are other than people that *have* to associate with him, and who are involved in a question of their position, or in line for some favor that he may be able to give because of his job or his wealth. As far as his associations are concerned, Bobby Kennedy should look in a mirror and find out whether or not he could stand an investigation like Hoffa has on his own personal life — and I say *personal*.

PLAYBOY: What are you implying?

HOFFA: Only he can answer what the answer to that is, which many people know, including myself. I'm just suggesting that he wouldn't want to have his personal life publicized in front of a Senatorial committee or a Congressional committee. Let him answer it. If he won't answer it, I'll answer it — and I'll prove it.

PLAYBOY: What will you prove?

HOFFA: I know what I'll prove and I'll do it if I have to.

PLAYBOY: It's been suggested that you and the Attorney General are well-matched antagonists, in the sense that you are both regarded as intelligent, shrewd, capable, energetic, dedicated, gifted organizers, etc. Do you see any validity in the comparison?

HOFFA: I would hope not. I would hope I was not that narrow-minded. I would hope I was not that much of an egotist that I believed everybody had to think and act the way I did or I would destroy him. But I was reading a story about Bobby Kennedy which talked about the fact that Bobby was born to the silk and I was born to the burlap, and the author wondered what the difference would have been if I had been born to the silk and Kennedy the burlap. Well, you can't change life very easily and you can't go back, but I would venture to say that, knowing what I have did to get where I am at now and what it took me to be part of building this union, that Bobby Kennedy would have found out that it is one thing to *make* people do



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things and another thing to get people to do things *without* making them. He would have found out that you do not always have a choice of who you deal with, who you associate with or what you do and the way you do it to be able to get a project completed successfully.

PLAYBOY: Does that statement, in your opinion, bespeak a responsible standard of public morality?

HOFFA: Well, I'll tell you about a public standard of morality. In my humble opinion, there is none in the United States. Individuals are individuals, and each one grows up with the standards of the household that he was born in and the society that he's permitted to live in, based upon his economic position of life.

PLAYBOY: You are reported to have said once to Clark Mollenhoff, a Washington newspaperman: "Every man has his price. What's yours?" Does this statement reflect your view of individual morality?

HOFFA: Well, I didn't say it, but I would say this: When you talk about price, it's not a question of price involving money; it's a question of every individual that I know of, somewhere or some way, if you're right, you can reach him and get your problem straightened out. Nobody lives alone: let's put it that way. I don't care whether it's you or anybody else; there's a way of getting to you. I told Clark Mollenhoff that he would do anything to get a front-page story.

PLAYBOY: What would you do anything for?

HOFFA: I have thought about this many, many times. But I would have to determine what I would do when the occasion arose, same as you would. For me to sit here and make a statement for this tape that I would know what I will do the rest of my life, based upon some standard I will put on paper, would make me a liar — because circumstances and conditions create standards, and nobody can say what they would do until those circumstances and conditions arise. I don't think anybody has a standard that is rigidly adhered to and lived by all their life.

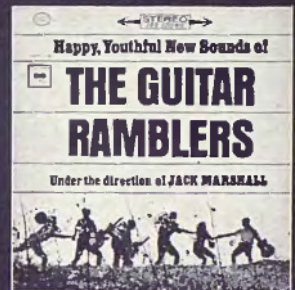
PLAYBOY: As you look back over your life, can you recall anything you're sorry for, anything you wish you hadn't done?

HOFFA: Anybody that tells you that if he could relive his life, he wouldn't live it somewhat different than he did, must be a fool. If I made mistakes — and I'm not saying that I didn't — I would probably make the same mistakes if I had it to do over, being human, under the same circumstances. But I'm not ashamed of a single, solitary thing I ever did. Nothing.

PLAYBOY: If you were asked to single out the most important accomplishment in the turbulent career of James R. Hoffa, what would it be?

HOFFA: Possibly that he's still alive despite lots of people.

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Bob does what a true folk singer is supposed to do — sing about the important ideas and events of the times. And he does it better than anybody else. One Dylan fan, Joan Baez, said, "I feel it, but Dylan can say it. He's phenomenal."

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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW WROTE, "All censorships exist to prevent anyone from challenging current conceptions and existing institutions. All progress is initiated by challenging current conceptions, and executed by supplanting existing institutions. Consequently, the first condition of progress is the removal of censorships."

Eugene O'Neill put it more bluntly: "Censorship of anything, at any time, in any place, on whatever pretense, has always been and always will be the last cowardly resort of the boob and the bigot."

On June 4th, we were arrested in our home by four intrepid officers of the law, on order of Chicago Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy, for "publishing and distributing an obscene publication." The "obscene publication" turned out to be the June issue of PLAYBOY and what the Corporation Counsel objected to, he said, was the picture story on film star Jayne Mansfield nude in bed and bubble bath in scenes for her latest contribution to cinematic art, *Promises, Promises!*

We discussed the obscenity charge and arrest at length in the last installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, because we believe this single example of censorship can add considerable insight into the real dangers of such police action in a free America. We hope to prove beyond any reasonable doubt, in this second installment on the subject, that a good deal more is involved here than nude photographs of Jayne Mansfield and that what we are faced with is a frightening example of church-state suppression of freedom of the press that strikes at the very heart of our democracy.

WHY NOW?

Irv Kupcinet expressed the feelings of many when he wrote, in his *Chicago Sun-Times* column: "The obvious question about the arrest of *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner on obscenity charges based on the Jayne Mansfield nudes in the June issue is: Why now? *Playboy* has been publishing nudes of voluptuous dishes for years." Why now? It is a very good question and in attempting to find the answer—in attempting to establish the real motivations behind the arrest

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

—an insidious, twisted labyrinth of pious prejudice and prudery may be brought to light.

It is virtually impossible to look deep within the human mind and find the sometimes complex motives that lie hidden behind a single act, unless your subject reclines willingly upon a psychoanalyst's couch. We have no analytical couch, and if we had, our adversaries in this little melodrama would surely decline to lie there. So instead of supplying suspected motives, we'll offer up not one, but a chain of events, and let the reader draw his own conclusions.

First it must be mentioned that PLAYBOY has never been adjudged obscene by any court in the land. In last month's editorial, we entered into an extensive examination of the recent Supreme Court and other high-court decisions on, and definitions of, obscenity. We successfully established, we think, that not by the wildest extensions of these definitions and decisions could the June issue—or any issue—of PLAYBOY be considered legally obscene.

We went further, pointing out the extent to which PLAYBOY meets contemporary community standards, as defined by the Supreme Court, and how the text and illustrations in this magazine are considerably more respectable than much of the material now available in a great many books, magazines and movies in our present-day society—and far less objectionable, by any objective standard, than material already declared not obscene by our courts.

We went further still, pointing out that Chicago censors had approved scenes in a French film for exhibition that very month that were far bolder than the still photographs in PLAYBOY. And pointing out, too, that similar (if less revealing) nude bed scenes (it was the photographs of Jayne in bed to which the Corporation Counsel took particular exception) were published at the same time in two other major magazines (*Esquire* and *The Saturday Evening Post*) with nary a Counsel criticism.

And after all else was said and done, since similar photographs had appeared many times before in the pages of

PLAYBOY during our nearly 10 years of publishing, with never so much as a discouraging word from the custodians of this fair city's morality—why now?

What special, possibly pre-established perspective or prejudice set PLAYBOY apart from the rest? And what prompted the action at this particular time?

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN CHICAGO

If the June pictorial on Jayne Mansfield is not so different from many that PLAYBOY has printed before, what is different about the June issue—or perhaps one or more of the issues that immediately preceded it? Well, nothing really—except . . . ! Except *The Playboy Philosophy*, this continuing editorial statement of our personal convictions and publishing credo, begun last December and carried in each issue since. These first installments have been primarily devoted to our concern over the separation of church and state in a free society and critical of organized religion's undue influence over portions of our government and law, thus emphasizing that true religious freedom means not only freedom of, but freedom from religion.

Chicago remains one of the few major cities in America that is dominated by a single religious denomination—that is, where a majority of the officials in power belong to one church and where their administrative decisions sometimes appear to be predicated more on religious dogma than civil law. We state this fact sadly, for it is also true that the present city administration is far and away the best that Chicago has had in many, many years.

In earlier installments of the *Philosophy*, we cited, and criticized, a number of specific instances in which, it seemed to us, Chicago officialdom had been less concerned with the importance of maintaining a separate church and state than they should have been. The Chicago Censor Board, made up of the wives of policemen, denied a license to the Italian film, *The Miracle*, on the grounds that it was "sacrilegious." (New York, another city that has a history of similar religious prejudice, did the same.) The Supreme Court declared this an unconstitutional basis for censorship, as it infringed upon religious freedom. In his

decision in the *Times Film Corp. vs. Chicago*, Chief Justice Earl Warren stated, "Recently, Chicago refused to issue a permit for the exhibition of the motion picture *Anatomy of a Murder* . . . because it found the use of the words 'rape' and 'contraceptive' to be objectionable. . . . The New York censors forbade the discussion in films of pregnancy, venereal disease, eugenics, birth control, abortion, illegitimacy, prostitution, miscegenation and divorce. A member of the Chicago Censor Board explained that she rejected a film because 'it was immoral, corrupt, indecent, against my . . . religious principles.'"

Following the Supreme Court's decision, Chicago censors promptly rebanned *The Miracle* on the basis that it was "obscene." (Which supports our earlier observation that the charge of obscenity is often used to censor material that offends a particular group for reasons that have nothing to do with sex, from religion to racial equality.)

And it should be noted that the word "contraceptive," which Chicago censors wished to expunge from Otto Preminger's *Anatomy of a Murder*, can be considered offensive to only that specific religious minority that opposes birth control.

Birth control became a major issue in Chicago earlier this year, after millionaire philanthropist Arnold H. Maremont had accepted a position as chairman of the Illinois Public Aid Commission. Maremont announced that the IPAC had adopted a resolution to make birth-control information and devices available to public-assistance recipients upon request and provided that the contraceptives were prescribed by a physician.

Maremont stated that the new IPAC program would accomplish the following worthwhile ends: (1.) "It will give the needy the same option of determining the sizing and spacing of their families that others in our society have." (2.) "It will curb the soaring numbers of illegitimate children we currently are closing our eyes to." (3.) "It will produce a multi-million-dollar annual savings for the taxpayers of this state."

Then the public furor began—with sides chosen along disturbingly, if predictably, religious lines. Prominent Catholics, including Chicago's Mayor Daley, denounced the plan as "immoral," because it would make the assistance available to public-aid recipients who were not married or married and not living with their husbands. The day before the mayoral election, which Daley won handily, Republican candidate Benjamin S. Adamowski made a bid for the city's Catholic vote by filing an anti-birth-control suit against the IPAC in Superior Court. The IPAC would have customarily been defended by Illinois Attorney General William G. Clark, but Clark, a

Catholic, announced that he, too, was opposed to the program. Clark stated that he considered the plan illegal and he advised the State Auditor not to sign and the State Treasurer not to honor warrants drawn to cover the costs of the birth-control program.

Maremont hired private legal counsel and vowed to carry the fight for approval of the Commission's program to the U. S. Supreme Court, if necessary. "This issue and all its ramifications will be aired before the highest tribunals of the land, if that is what it takes to permit us to move ahead with the program," he said.

"This Commission has every right to establish its policy, a policy which countless individuals and organizations support. . . . I have stated many times that this policy has been established with all the built-in safeguards that our conscientious and deeply concerned commissioners can provide."

Attorney Thomas C. McConnell, hired by the IPAC to defend it after Attorney General Clark sided with opponents of its program, charged in court that Clark had "sold his client [the IPAC] down the river" by joining Adamowski in his suit. McConnell accused Clark of following "the dogmas of his own religion" and he requested a change of venue on the ground that Superior Court Judge John J. Lupe was prejudiced.

The *Chicago Sun-Times* reported, "Outside the court, Clark, a Roman Catholic, said: 'This is not a Catholic question, a Protestant question, or a Jewish question. All religions say that couples should marry before engaging in this type of conduct.' Clark repeated that he opposes the IPAC's program on grounds that it encourages illicit and immoral behavior. . . ."

Clark neglected to mention that the "morality" aspect of the program was actually a smoke screen raised by some of its opponents and that most of the prominent Protestant and Jewish individuals and organizations that had been contacted, as well as those of no religious affiliation, favored the IPAC plan. The Illinois Council of Churches, representing 11 Protestant denominations, went on record as favoring the birth-control program for public-aid recipients; the policy statement was adopted unanimously by the Council's legislative committee.

Ethel Parker, of the Independent Voters of Illinois, stated, in a letter to the *Sun-Times*: "The Independent Voters of Illinois at this time repeals its stand on using public funds to furnish birth-control information and supplies to women on relief. We are in favor of such a plan."

"Our contention is that preventing an increase of unwanted children is a policy of moral responsibility first and secondarily a prudent economic move. . . . So

long as birth control is not forced on anyone whose religious views forbid it. IVI fails to see how religion enters into this controversy. It is also very naive for anyone to believe that the use of contraceptives promotes immorality. In our view their use merely prevents adding to social ills resulting from promiscuity."

In another letter, in the same issue of the *Sun-Times*, a Catholic reader insisted that the State Senate intervene, altering the IPAC program so that contraceptives could be "prescribed only by a doctor for married women living with their husbands and *only when their lives would be endangered by pregnancy.*" (Emphasis added.) The reader also indicated that Governor Kerner should ask for Arnold Maremont's resignation.

Catholic Superior Judge Lupe refused to grant a change of venue, requested on the ground that he was prejudiced, and proceeded to rule against the IPAC in the Adamowski suit to halt the birth-control program. The State Senate then passed a measure drastically curtailing the Illinois Public Aid Commission's authority to help mothers under its care to avoid childbirth by use of contraceptives and Senator W. Russell Arrington introduced a bill to abolish the IPAC. In a seemingly inconsistent move, the Senate confirmed Governor Kerner's reappointment of IPAC Chairman Maremont, but then—in an unprecedented move—it revoked the reappointment, because a number of the senators took exception to some of Maremont's public utterances regarding the Senate and IPAC aid. Financier Maremont was thus returned to the less fickle world of his private businesses and philanthropies, and Illinois lost the services of an exceptionally gifted public-spirited citizen.

The point in this controversy over birth control, as in the matter of censorship, is not the right of Catholics, or any other religious group, to hold and exercise whatever beliefs they choose. It is the undemocratic action of forcing their religious convictions on other citizens who do not share their views.

In commenting on the Chicago controversy in an article on religious freedom and the importance of the separation of church and state, Reverend H. B. Sissel, Secretary for National Affairs of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., wrote recently in *Look*: "Seventeen states prohibit the sale or distribution of contraceptives [to the general public] except through doctors or pharmacists; five states ban all public sale of such devices. Although these statutes were enacted in the 19th Century under Protestant pressure, times and attitudes have changed for many Protestants. Today, they believe that Catholics have no right to keep such laws in operation. Some Catholic spokesmen have agreed that their Church is not officially inter-

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ested in trying to make the private behavior of non-Catholics conform to Roman Catholic canon law. Meanwhile, the laws stay on the books, though they are being tested in the courts."

The Reverend Sissel commented on a number of other church-state conflicts in society today and concluded his thoughtful article by stating: "The so-called 'wall of separation' between church and state has been breached often by both, each using the other for its own ends. . . .

"I know it is a sign of my bias as a Christian (I hope many other Christians share the bias) that I believe, in the long run, that political and civil liberties are safest when the church is free to be the church. And by 'free,' I do not mean just free of external coercion. The freedom of the church lies in its recognition of its basic mission: to be deeply involved in the personal, social, political and economic life of the world — but not to be identified with the world: to encourage compassion, a desire for justice and a vision of what it means to be truly human; and to renew that vision by living close to the wellspring of its faith.

"Churches and synagogues, clergymen and churchgoers, all must regain the unique sense of purpose and mission that God has given them to perform by worship within and witness without. All need to face, and to deal with, the urgent problems bound up in the issue of church and state. And all need to recognize that when men of faith begin to look to the state as a pillar of religion, the edifice of faith they seek to save has already begun to collapse."

Nowhere is this truth more evident than in matters of free speech and press. Religious censorship reared its ugly head in Chicago in an even bigger controversy than the recent birth-control suppression when, late in 1956, the film *Martin Luther* was scheduled to be shown over WGN-TV and then suddenly canceled. Prominent Protestant clergymen and private citizens charged "Roman Catholic censorship" and a Protestant Action Committee issued a statement saying: "Pending a full review of the situation, the committee decided today to authorize a formal protest with the Federal Communications Commission against WGN-TV for the banning of the film."

Robert E. A. Lee, executive secretary of Lutheran Church Productions, Inc., which made *Martin Luther*, wrote of the Catholic censorship of the film in Chicago, and around the world, in *The Christian Century*, saying: "In Chicago, all the fuss is focused on just why WGN-TV got cold feet and 'pulled the film.' *Martin Luther* was scheduled for the December date at the specific request of the station after its officials had carefully previewed it. . . . [Then] the showing was canceled.

"Aroused Chicagoans were convinced

that they knew why. A volunteer action committee of Protestant leaders of the city called a press conference and bluntly charged 'de facto censorship,' claiming that WGN-TV had yielded to pressures 'mobilized by the Roman Catholic Church.' The station's public relations department declared, in a polished euphemism, that an 'emotional reaction' had led them to cancel. A spokesman for the chancellery of the Chicago Roman Catholic archdiocese denied that any 'official' protest was made. It is conceivable that the representative of Cardinal Stritch who visited a WGN-TV official at 2 p.m. on December 14 [one week before the planned showing] had other reasons for the appointment. But, oddly enough, a responsible station executive telephoned us in advance of the representative's visit to get information to support his own arguments as to why *Martin Luther* deserved to be televised.

"The Chicago case makes more urgent that question that many concerned individuals — including some Catholics — have been asking: Is one religious group really attempting to dictate what the public can see and hear through mass-communication media? Is the Roman Catholic Church becoming more aggressive in extending its censorship program beyond its own sphere?"

Lee went on to comment on the banning of the film in Quebec: "In that part of the world the political influence of the cardinal is no secret. It is known that the censor received his instructions from higher authorities. And a person who discussed this situation frankly with the provincial premier revealed that the decision was 'requested' by an ecclesiastical authority. This despotism boomeranged mightily — as such despotism anywhere must sooner or later. When, in spite of the ban, a courageous group of Protestant churches in the Montreal area staged a united demonstration by showing the film simultaneously for a week on their own premises, they had seats for only half the comers. But the government refused to rescind the ban."

The Canadian ban was not lifted until 1962, when the censorship board of Quebec was changed and the new board permitted showing of the film. Lee mentioned that a number of Catholic leaders throughout the world had not reacted so emotionally to the movie which, while showing the Protestant side of the Reformation, was in no sense anti-Catholic. Many Catholics, here and abroad, were also openly concerned about their fellow Catholics acting as censors. A letter in *Time* said: "I am one of the many Catholics. I hope, who are appalled at the shallow thinking of our Chicago brethren who became a pressure group protesting the showing of the TV film *Martin Luther*. If, as Catholics, we possess the truth, why do they resort to such

intolerance in order to prohibit what they consider to be false from the beginning. We cannot deny the historical existence of Luther and his founding of the Protestant Church. Do Chicago Catholics fear the facts of history? I wonder if they realize how much their bigotry damages the cause of Catholicism and the fellowship of man?"

Despite the controversy caused by the Chicago censorship, WGN-TV declined to reschedule the film. Sterling "Red" Quinlan, the rebel head of rival TV station WBKB, then accepted the motion picture and aired it without further incident. "Red" Quinlan is a liberal Catholic.

The banning of the June issue of PLAYBOY caused no comparable public outcry — for the religious implications were less clearly defined. But as we shall see, the situation is disturbingly similar.

In *The Playboy Philosophy*, we have been outspoken in our opposition to any tyranny over the mind of man, whether invoked in the name of the state or in the name of God. We specifically criticized the part that organized religion — Protestant as well as Catholic — has played in such suppression throughout history, down to the present day. The views that we have expressed are shared by many of the more liberal clergy — of all denominations — who recognize that religious freedom requires that the church remain free from any involvement in government and any direct coercion of the citizens in a free society.

We were especially critical, in the April and May issues, of the Chicago "justice" meted out to comedian Lenny Bruce. In June the administrators of that "justice" turned their ire on PLAYBOY.

Bruce was arrested on charges of giving an obscene performance. He had been previously arrested on the same charge in San Francisco and Los Angeles. There were differences in the Chicago and California incidents, however: In San Francisco, he was acquitted and in Los Angeles, all charges were subsequently dropped; in Chicago, he was found guilty and given the maximum sentence of one year in prison and a \$1000 fine (the decision is now being appealed). In Chicago, also, the license of the night club in which he appeared was revoked for two weeks, in an administrative proceeding that preceded the trial. In other words, before the actual charge of obscenity was ever heard in a court of law, the city suspended the night club's license for having permitted an obscene performance on its premises. And by this action, Chicago officials succeeded in banning Bruce from any future appearances at night clubs in this city, since — no matter what the final outcome of the trial — it will take a very brave club owner indeed to book Bruce knowing he is thereby plac-



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ing his liquor license in jeopardy.

Why did the California and Chicago trials end so differently? There were religious implications in the Chicago arrest and trial that did not exist in either San Francisco or Los Angeles. *Variety* reported, after the first day of hearings on the liquor-license revocation: "After nearly a full day of hearing prosecution witnesses, it is evident that, in essence, Bruce is being tried *in absentia*. Another impression is that the city is going to a great deal of trouble to prosecute Alan Ribback, the owner of the club, although there have been no previous allegations against the café and the charge involves no violence or drunken behavior. . . . Testimony so far indicates that the prosecutor is at least equally as concerned with Bruce's indictment of organized religion as he is with the more obvious sexual content of the comic's act. It's possible that Bruce's comments on the Catholic Church have hit sensitive nerves in Chicago's Catholic-oriented administration and police department."

The religious considerations in the case arose again during the trial, as *Variety* reported in a second news story: A number of people "have been puzzled by the arrest, since it is the general opinion of many café observers that performances with similar sexual content have been overlooked at other Chi clubs. It's thought that Bruce's attacks on organized religion may have been the deciding factor in making the arrest, or so the line of prosecution questions would indicate to date."

Chicago's daily newspapers made no mention of the religious implications in the arrest and trial, but on the basis of sworn affidavits from two witnesses, *The Realist* reported the following conversation between the Captain of the Vice Squad and the then owner of The Gate of Horn (he has since been forced to sell his interest in the club) following Bruce's arrest.

Captain McDermott: I'd like to speak to the manager.

Alan Ribback: I'm the manager.

McDermott: I'm Captain McDermott. I want to tell you that if this man ever uses a four-letter word in this club again, I'm going to pinch you and everyone in here. If he ever speaks against religion, I'm going to pinch you and everyone in here. Do you understand?

Ribback: I don't have anything against any religion.

McDermott: Maybe I'm not talking to the right person. Are you the man who hired Lenny Bruce?

Ribback: Yes, I am. I'm Alan Ribback.

McDermott: Well, I don't know why you ever hired him. You've had good people here. But he mocks the pope—and I'm speaking as a Catholic. I'm here to tell you your license is in danger. We're

going to have someone here watching every show. Do you understand?

Ribback: Yes.

Anyone who has ever heard Lenny Bruce knows that his act is not an attack against any specific religious group, but against all of society's intolerance and hypocrisies. His technique is vitriolic and his manner often so free-form that it becomes a verbal stream of consciousness. But his basic message is not one of hate, but of charity, love and understanding.

"Lenny Bruce is here to talk about the phony, frightened, lying world," wrote the *Chicago Tribune's* Will Leonard less than a week before Lenny's arrest. And Richard Christiansen, in the *Chicago Daily News*, termed Bruce "the healthiest comic spirit of any comedian working in the United States today. His act, said Christiansen, "is right smack at the center of a true comedy that strips all prejudices and reveals man's inhumanity to man."

Nor do all Catholics fail to understand. Writing on the subject of Bruce and his vocabulary, Professor John Logan of the University of Notre Dame stated: "I find him a brilliant and inventive moralist in the great tradition of comic satire — Aristophanes, Chaucer, Joyce. If his use of four-letter words constitutes obscenity, then those satirists were also obscene."

The point, as we have previously stated, is not whether any one of us agrees with all, or any part, of what Bruce has to say, but whether a free society can long remain free if we suppress the expression of all ideas that are objectionable to a few or to many.

The charge against Lenny Bruce was obscenity, but his actual "crime" seems to have been speaking out too openly on certain negative aspects of organized religion. The charge against *PLAYBOY* is obscenity, also.

THE NODL

In the February issue, we commented on the National Organization for Decent Literature, which headquarters in Chicago. The NODL prepares a monthly list of "disapproved" books and magazines that is supposed to be a guide for Catholic youth, but is often used as a weapon for adult censorship. Local organizations — sometimes openly Catholic and sometimes seeming to represent a cross section of the community, while actually under Catholic control — use the NODL black list to suppress reading matter in their community through the action of sympathetic officials or through the intimidation of local book and magazine dealers through threat of boycott or other coercion.

Exactly this sort of extralegal coercive action was suggested by Illinois' Assistant State's Attorney James R. Thompson, in a newspaper story report-

ing on the *PLAYBOY* arrest. He suggested: "(1) Citizens report to the State's Attorney's office books and magazines suspected of being obscene. (2) Formation of community or neighborhood organizations to meet with merchants who sell objectionable material. (3) Boycotting of stores which sell obscene literature."

The effect of such action is to set up citizen-censorship groups for the specific purpose of suppressing the reading matter of their fellow citizens, rather than allowing each individual to make up his or her own mind about what to read.

In an editorial entitled "The Harm Good People Do," in the October 1956 issue of *Harper's Magazine*, Editor John Fischer wrote: "A little band of Catholics is now conducting a shocking attack on the rights of their fellow citizens. They are engaged in an un-American activity which is as flagrant as anything the Communist party ever attempted — and which is, in fact, very similar to Communist tactics. They are harming their country, their Church, and the cause of freedom.

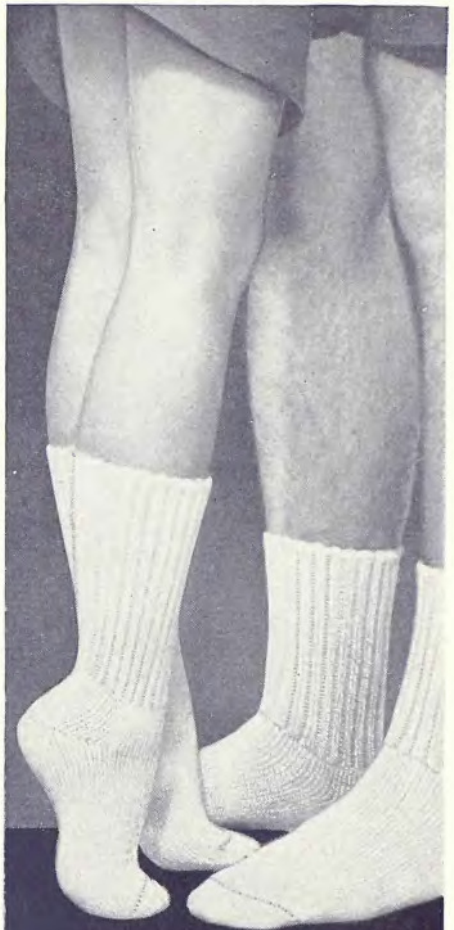
"Their campaign is particularly dangerous because few people realize what they are up to. It can hurt you — indeed, it already has — without your knowing it. It is spreading rapidly but quietly; and so far no effective steps have been taken to halt it.

"Even the members of this organization probably do not recognize the damage they are doing. They are well-meaning people, acting from deeply moral impulses. They are trying, in a misguided way, to cope with a real national problem, and presumably they think of themselves as patriots and servants of the Lord. Perhaps a majority of Americans, of all faiths, would sympathize with their motives — though not with their methods.

"They do not, of course, speak for all Catholics. On the contrary, they are defying the warnings of some of their Church's most respected teachers and theologians. The Catholic Church as a whole certainly cannot be blamed for their actions, any more than it could be held responsible a generation ago for the political operations of Father Coughlin.

"This group calls itself the National Organization for Decent Literature. Its headquarters are in Chicago; its director is the Very Reverend Monsignor Thomas Fitzgerald. Its main purpose is to make it impossible for anybody to buy books and other publications which it does not like. Among them are the works of some of the most distinguished authors now alive — for example, winners of the Nobel Prize, the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award.

"Its chief method is to put pressure on newsdealers, drugstores, and booksellers, to force them to remove from their stocks every item on the NODL



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Because of this "gentle-ing" process,
*continued right-hand column,
next page*



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black list. Included on this list are reprint editions of books by Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, George Orwell, John O'Hara, Paul Hyde Bonner, Emile Zola, Arthur Koestler and Joyce Cary. [The current list also includes *Serenade* by James M. Cain, *Mister Roberts* by Thomas Heggen, *From Here to Eternity* by James Jones, *What Makes Sammy Run* by Budd Schulberg, *The Young Lions* by Irwin Shaw, *Native Son* by Richard Wright and *The Catcher in the Rye* by J. D. Salinger.] In some places— notably Detroit, Peoria and the suburbs of Boston—the organization has enlisted the local police to threaten booksellers who are slow to 'co-operate.'

"This campaign of intimidation has no legal basis. The books so listed have not been banned from the mails, and in the overwhelming majority of the cases no legal charges have ever been [sustained] against them. . . . Its chosen weapons are boycott and literary lynching.

"For example, early last year committees of laymen from Catholic churches in the four northern counties of New Jersey—Union, Hudson, Essex and Bergen—began to call on local merchants. These teams were armed with the NODL lists. They offered 'certificates,' to be renewed each month, to those storekeepers who would agree to remove from sale all of the listed publications. To enforce their demands, they warned the merchants that their parishioners would be advised to patronize only those stores displaying a certificate.

"*Contact*, a bulletin published by the Sacred Heart Parish Societies of Orange, New Jersey, listed 14 merchants in its March 1955 issue. 'The following stores,' it said, 'have agreed to co-operate with the Parish Decency Committee in not displaying or selling literature disapproved by the National Organization for Decent Literature. . . . Please patronize these stores only. They may be identified by the certificate which is for one month only.'

"Such tactics are highly effective. . . . The Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Men in St. Louis [reported] that it had 'obtained the consent of about one third of the store owners approached in a campaign to ask merchants to submit to voluntary screening. . . .'

"The Detroit NODL states that its list is 'not intended as a restrictive list for adults'—though it does not explain how adults could purchase the books if merchants have been persuaded not to stock them.

"But the motives of these zealous people are not the issue. The real issue is whether any private group—however well-meaning—has a right to dictate what other people may read.

"Clearly any church, or any subgroup

within a church, has a right to advise its own members about their reading matter. Clearly, too, anybody has a right to try to *persuade* other people to read or to refrain from reading anything he sees fit. The National Organization for Decent Literature, however, goes much further. Its campaign is not aimed at Catholics alone, and it is not attempting to *persuade* readers to follow its views. It is *compelling* readers, of all faiths, to bow to its dislikes, by denying them a free choice in what they buy.

"This principle is of course unacceptable to Catholics—as it is to all Americans—if they take the trouble to think about it for a moment. How would Catholics react if, say, a group of Jewish laymen were to threaten merchants with boycott unless they banned from their shops all publications which referred to the divinity of Christ? Some religious denominations believe that gambling is immoral; most Catholics do not, and many of their parishes raise considerable sums by means of bingo games and raffles. What if some Protestant sect were to try to clean out of the stores all publications which spoke tolerantly of gambling, and to boycott every merchant who bought a raffle ticket?"

THE CDL

Catholic censorship is implemented at the local community level by an organization called Citizens for Decent Literature. It is a Catholic lay organization, though it gains its acceptance in some communities by appearing to be a civic group with no specific religious affiliation.

The Californian reported recently on CDL censorship activity in its state: "In California, where the campaign against 'obscene' literature has taken on the aura of a respectable community project, the tide has been swung by a group called Citizens for Decent Literature, whose national chairman admitted publicly that his organization is conducting 'a religious crusade.' Nevertheless, CDL was able to induce the *San Francisco News-Call Bulletin* to carry on a week-long campaign against 'smut,' in which quotes from CDL were featured prominently. For example, CDL's chairman, Charles H. Keating, Jr., billed as a former All-American swimming champion, was quoted at the beginning of the series in a statement that San Francisco is the 'smut capital' of the nation. What readers of the *News-Call* could not have known was that Keating has made this statement in every city in which his organization has carried on its 'religious crusade.'

"Actually, the CDL is only a front group for a larger organization called the National Organization for Decent Literature. The NODL uses groups like CDL and the Legion for Decency to

infiltrate communities under the guise of nonsectarian activity and independence from a list of banned books published by NODL. The reason is that NODL has been stamped as a Catholic organization that has tried to have books called unfit for Catholics to read banned for persons of all other religious denominations, too. This has resulted in widespread opposition to NODL, which has therefore been forced to use groups in communities that go by different names. These groups will deny they are connected with NODL, but they use NODL's banned-books list and they parrot NODL's philosophy.

"For example, listen to CDL's Charles Keating testifying before the House Subcommittee on Postal Operations: '... The rot they peddle . . . causes premarital intercourse, perversion, masturbation in boys, wantonness in girls, and weakens the morality of all it contacts. . . . Attention is given to sensationalists such as Kinsey, who draw sweeping conclusions from a handful of selected subjects and defraud the public by calling their meanderings a scientific study — and Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen who, finding fellow travelers in erstwhile respectable media, manage to disseminate, directly and indirectly, their absurd and dirty bleatings and pagan ideas. . . . It seems strange to me that we credit — I should say that our mass media credit — the unestablished generalities of a few so-called experts, but ignore the overwhelming testimony of the true experts like so many of your previously testifying witnesses, of men like Pitirim Sorokin, J. Edgar Hoover. . . . One might say, even the laws, the words of God himself are ignored.

"So now you see that I claim to speak for most of our American citizens. I come by this claim as a member of Citizens for Decent Literature, having in the past four years traveled extensively giving hundreds of speeches. Through our CDL office, we receive and answer about 300 letters a month, all from indignant citizens . . . who want, as I do, this demoralizing traffic in filth stopped now.

"Citizens for Decent Literature has been successful in all areas where it has been militant in the first phase of its program. There has been the usual opposition by extremists such as the persistent, illogical, comical and theatrical — but legalistically skilled — activities of certain "civil liberties" groups. . . . They constantly — particularly the California collections — impose censorship by threats, bullying, intimidations, and smears . . . these elements and those foul producers and salesmen of this depravity . . . take these slick magazines with their emphasis on seductively posed nude females. To those who say: "But whom do they effect and how?" — I reply: Why disbelieve the countless clergymen, who, from

their flocks, know these magazines cause masturbation and other immoral behavior among boys.

"The Kronhausens and their ilk I think deliberately appeal to the mass audience by inclusions in their works of the most rank obscenities imaginable. . . . It seems to me that the basic contention of these people is that guilt feelings are the result of moral restrictions, and that the remedy lies in abandoning the restrictions. For example, a boy who is in the habit of masturbation would undoubtedly suffer a depression and moodiness and guilt feelings which the Kronhausens would remove, not by stopping his habit or eliminating his habit of masturbation, which is a difficult process perhaps, but by convincing the boy that if masturbate he must, then go to it, but get rid of the puritanical and inbred fanatical religious attitudes which cause him to think of this as being something sinful.

"We get a lot of mail indicating people who have picked these (nudist) magazines up and find them filled with semen when boys masturbate on the pictures, and so forth. Nothing else could be expected.

"In these days, speaking of masturbation, when you run into that problem, I just mention it casually and take for granted that most people think that it is a very bad thing and very dangerous to the health and moral welfare, physical and mental, of the people who have the habit. But we had a psychiatrist on the stand in Cincinnati recently for the defense, who said, sure, these magazines stimulate the average person to sexual activity, but it would be sexual activity which would have a legitimate outlet. The prosecutor said to him, "Doctor, what is a legitimate or socially acceptable outlet for an 18-year-old unmarried boy?" The doctor answered, "Masturbation." When you are met with that kind of situation, you begin to wonder."

When you are met with that kind of wild-eyed sexual fanaticism, on the part of the chairman of CDL and the chief proponent of censorship in the U. S. today, you do, indeed, begin to wonder.

The Californian felt obliged to observe: "Keating's testimony is full of typical revelations of this type of mind. Premarital sexual intercourse is evil. Kinsey and other scientists are 'fellow travelers,' and purveyors of filth in disguise. Scientists like Kinsey and the Kronhausens are not the true authorities: the true authorities on sex are men like J. Edgar Hoover. Anyone who sells or reads sexy literature is a 'pagan' defying the law of God. They have the support of 'civil liberties' groups [placed in quotations to indicate contempt], and California 'collections' [as if to say, the groups of wild-living people in that state]. Masturbation is so obviously immoral

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continued from left-hand column, preceding page

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that it is to be taken for granted that most people think it is immoral."

Keating's statements remind us of the observations made by Dr. Benjamin Karpman, Chief Psychotherapist of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., on the neurosis known as pornophilia — the obsessive and excessive interest in pornographic materials:

"This interest in obscenity — pornophilia — may take another direction. It may be covered up by a reaction formation. The interest may be denied by bitter opposition to all forms of obscenity, the same as a condemnation and attack against homosexuals can cover up latent or unconscious interest in it; that is, it may cover up latent homosexuality. Crusading against obscenity has an unconscious interest at its base. The interest is negatively displaced in consciousness."

Not every censor is neurotically obsessed with sex — some good people become involved in censorship campaigns because of religious or moral convictions and a lack of understanding of what censorship really involves, and some public officials become outspoken advocates of censorship because they believe it will be to their political advantage. But Keating's rantings are almost classic as he projects his own sick view of sex and obscenity onto the rest of society.

The Californian continued: "It would appear that because this mind reveals such deep fanaticism, a throwback to Cotton Mather and the reign of the Puritans in America, that there would be widespread community opposition to him and groups like CDL. Instead, headline-seeking newspapers play up Keating's distorted presentations without adequate quotations revealing his fanaticism, and thus he is able to gain tremendous support and little opposition. It worked precisely that way in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

"Perhaps there would be opposition if information were made available to show that Keating and CDL, like other such groups, are only fronts for the NODL; for there is opposition to NODL, even among Catholics themselves. But with groups like CDL posing as nonsectarian organizations, religious fanaticism is too often left out of the picture and communities receive the impression that the crusade is civic, rather than religious. Even when Keating admits publicly, as he did in San Francisco, that his is a 'religious crusade,' the newspapers — hence the community — ignore it. Yet, Keating, CDL, and other such groups, are Catholics working [in conjunction with] NODL and using NODL's banned-books list. . . . They are all part of the same organization — the NODL, which was established in 1938 by the Catholic Bishops of the United States as a watchdog committee for the Roman Catholic

Church. In some communities, its branches are admittedly Catholic, and in others they operate on an inter-religious basis. They all use the banned-books list of NODL, however—a list which is drawn up . . . in conformance with Catholic religious beliefs and Catholic moral codes. The purpose of this list and of the NODL, according to a statement of the Bishops' Episcopal Committee, is 'to organize and set in motion the moral forces of the entire country . . . against the lascivious type of literature which threatens moral, social and national life' . . . to evaluate [this] literature . . . the NODL uses a *reading committee of mothers of the Roman Catholic faith in the Chicago area* . . .

"Despite the obvious fanaticism of those who would draw up such a list, the NODL has been amazingly successful in putting its banned-books list into effect on a vast scale. Local NODL-organized groups have been able to boycott newsstand dealers and bookstores into carrying only titles not on the banned list. In some communities they have things so well-organized that no dealer will carry anything on the list and has even agreed to do this without examining the books or the list in advance. In many cases, police, prosecuting attorneys, and military commanders on Army posts have issued instructions or orders that no books or magazines on the NODL list will be sold within their jurisdiction.

"An example of how the NODL works may be taken from the town of Springfield, Vermont. There, a civic leader named Mrs. Henry Ferguson, president of Springfield Catholic Women, organized an 'Inter-Denominational Church Group' to rid local newsstands and bookstores of vulgar comic books. Since she was able to convince other civic leaders that the group would be composed of 12 church denominations, there was widespread support for her campaign. Everyone was in favor of getting vulgar comic books out of the hands of children. The newsstand dealers offered little opposition. With this backing, then, Mrs. Ferguson's group began policing the newsstands, asking the dealers to remove objectionable comic books; and the dealers complied.

"Soon the dealers discovered, however, that Mrs. Ferguson's group was not going to stop with comic books. Women from the group began asking the dealers to remove certain paperback books which they said were getting into the hands of children. Again the cry, 'Protect our children,' was the magic wand in Springfield. Community backing was won and the dealers were forced to begin removing the more lurid paperback books. Again there was no objection, because this kind of book did not sell well in Springfield anyway. But then came the finale.

"Having experienced no opposition up

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to this point. Mrs. Ferguson introduced to her 'Inter-Denominational Church Group' a list of banned books and magazines published by the NODL in Chicago. She supplied all of her members with the list and asked them to call on the merchants, check their shelves by the list, and ask them to remove any books and magazines on it. At this, the merchants balked. Some of their best-selling paperback books were on the list: James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*, Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*. Some of their best-selling magazines — *Playboy*, for example — were on the list. So, the merchants balked.

"But by this time, Mrs. Ferguson had community sentiment behind her. She was able to get a town ordinance enacted against 'obscene' literature. This ordinance was the last wedge she had been waiting for. Now, she was able to threaten the merchants with prosecution. Therefore, they began to yield to Mrs. Ferguson and her group, first removing the books which might possibly subject them to prosecution under the town ordinance. Finally, when all of these were gone and the merchants were down to nothing but books and magazines which could not be prosecuted under any ordinance or law enacted anywhere in the United States, a showdown came. Some of the more stout-hearted merchants refused to yield any further.

"Mrs. Ferguson met this opposition with the final tactic: boycott. She and her women spread the word through the community that any merchant not cooperating with her group should be boycotted by the community. Friends should be advised not to deal with that merchant. Faced with this loss of business, the merchants yielded to the last indignity. They permitted Mrs. Ferguson and her women to design a plaque stating that a given store had been inspected by the Springfield Church Group and was found not to have any objectional literature in it, and to hang this plaque in a prominent place in all stores in Springfield selling literature.

"Today, in the town of Springfield, you will find one of these plaques displayed by every newsstand and bookstore. You will not find Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, or Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, or *Playboy* magazine. They are all banned from Springfield — banned according to a list published by *one segment* of the Catholic Church."

THE CDL IN CHICAGO

In Chicago, home of the NODL, the CDL functions in the guise of an interdenominational organization. The Chicago Citizens for Decent Literature is headed by a Catholic priest, Father Lawler, and its book-burning activities over the past year have been, if anything, even more flagrant and oppressive than those of the

CDL in California. And that is easily understood, for here in Chicago Catholic censors have a sympathetic administration to implement their publishing purges.

The Catholic CDL censorship campaign enjoys the cooperation of the Catholic-dominated Corporation Counsel's office, which is responsible to a Catholic mayor, abetted by a predominantly Catholic police force, with cases usually tried before Catholic judges. Under such circumstances, it is a tremendous tribute to Chicago officialdom that democratic justice triumphs as often as it does—evidence that a significant number of this community's Catholic administrators, legislators, judges and police officers truly understand the importance of keeping separate their governmental and religious obligations.

On several occasions over the past few months, however, incidents involving freedom of administrative action (IPAC's birth-control program), freedom of speech (Lenny Bruce), and freedom of the press (PLAYBOY), have suggested that sometimes the appropriate concerns of church and state become confused in the City of Chicago.

The CDL seems to have been particularly successful in overriding whatever scruples Chicago officials have against permitting religious influences to interfere with the lawful rights of men in a free society. With the aid of Chicago's Corporation Counsel, they have ridden roughshod over book and magazine dealers throughout the city. But, thank heaven, the Constitutional freedom of expression is reasserted when these cases are brought to court. As a result, the Citizens for Decent Literature has had the frustrating experience of achieving a great many arrests and very few convictions—even in the lower courts. So much so that, immediately prior to the PLAYBOY arrest, the CDL struck out viciously at its own staunchest ally, the Chicago Corporation Counsel office, vilifying one of its top prosecutors for not being more successful in obtaining convictions.

This story in the June 1st issue of the weekly Negro newspaper, *The New Crusader*, offers significant background on the Chicago CDL just one week before the PLAYBOY arrest on June 4th:

"The powerful wrath of a vicious book-burning organization, masquerading under the title of Citizens League for Decent Literature, was felt last week when the ax fell on Leonard Kaplan, attorney for the Fifth Ward Regular Democratic Organization. Kaplan, a 10-year veteran prosecutor in the city's Corporation Counsel office, announced his retirement and decision to enter private practice when the Citizen's League began bombarding key city officials with letters critical of his handling of prose-

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By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

cutions in certain obscenity cases.

"The League, largely composed of Victorian housewives, sends out teams of women to investigate newsstands, counters and bookstores to ferret out reading matter it deems in poor taste for Chicagoans. Led by a Catholic priest, Father Lawler, the group is meeting with growing resistance to its censorship efforts. Two judges of the Municipal Court, who declined to be named, pointed to the attack on Kaplan as a key factor in the group's loss of support.

"Attorney Kaplan, who had prosecuted several of the obscenity cases successfully, had the recent misfortune of losing a jury trial involving one of the League's cases. Although he enjoys a splendid reputation as a lawyer, and although impartial court observers attested to his good showing, the League's members began writing poison-pen letters to Mayor Daley and Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy in which Kaplan was accused of 'selling out' and not putting forth his best efforts.

"When the well-liked lawyer was shown the letters, he expressed great shock, inasmuch as the League had been hailing him as their hero up till then.

"He observed that when a group elects to deny one the right of citizens, they care little about denying anyone's right. One example cited concerned a cigar store owned by an aged widow. Finding a paperback book on their banned list, they secured the arrest of the old lady and shortly thereafter prevailed upon the City Clerk's office to revoke her cigarette license. Happily, Mayor Daley heard of the vicious incident and restored the license.

"Father Lawler, a one-man terror, is a veteran in campaigns to adjust folks' morals to suit his own. Other Catholic priests disagree with his tactics, but dare not publicly oppose him. One of Lawler's recent blitzes brought tears to the eyes of many of the area's young ladies, when he inspected the dresses of all girls attending proms of Catholic high schools and colleges. If the gown was not to the priest's liking, the guest was ejected. He advocated high collars and long, Victorian-style formals.

"The campaign to purify dresses also included a drive to require coed's daily attire to be four inches below their knees. After resistance to Lawler's drive grew, he switched to his present literature cleanup."

Whether CDL's accusation to the Mayor, the Corporation Counsel, and others, just prior to the PLAYBOY arrest, charging that a member of the Corporation Counsel's legal staff was guilty of "selling out" and not putting forth his best effort in a previous obscenity case, was responsible for the move against us as a concession to Lawler, we do not know. We do know, however, that Lawler and his Citizens for

Decent Literature had been attempting to get Melaniphy to take action against PLAYBOY for many months, personally bringing each new issue to his attention with a request for prosecution.

This substantiates — finally and conclusively — that it was not the Jayne Mansfield pictorial feature in the June issue that initiated the attempt at censorship, but the continuing editorial content of the magazine. It makes clear that the question here involved is not simply the right to publish "all the nudes that's fit to print," as one punster once claimed of PLAYBOY, but the right to express personal editorial opinion, as we have been doing over the past dozen months in *The Playboy Philosophy*, even though some of the ideas put forth may not receive popular acceptance in all quarters of our society.

THE CDL AND PLAYBOY

We have met Father Lawler on a couple of occasions in the ten years since we began publishing PLAYBOY. The first time was at our request; the second was at his. He's a relatively young man — about our own age, we would judge — handsome, bright, and disarmingly personable.

Our first meeting came in the early years of PLAYBOY's young life. We had just begun to go after advertising in a serious way and were running a series of full-page ads in *Advertising Age*, illustrated by LeRoy Neiman and telling the story, through statistics, of PLAYBOY's quality readership. We received word from an *Ad Age* exec that a complaint had been lodged with them by a priest, who objected to their accepting advertising from us. The *Ad Age* exec was polite, but firm, in his position that they must accept all legitimate advertising from responsible companies. That resolved the immediate problem, but we decided a personal meeting with Father Lawler might serve some useful purpose, since, at best, we might convince him that we were sincerely dedicated in our attempt to make PLAYBOY the best men's magazine in the nation (even then our dreams were lofty); and, at the very least, a personal meeting should convince him that we were not, as we thought he might suspect, the Devil incarnate.

We called him and arranged to meet for dinner. It was a most warm and cordial meeting, though we were somewhat distressed to learn that he was presently involved in a poison-pen campaign in which Catholic grade-school children were writing letters to a local radio station, as a class assignment, attacking the then most popular disc jockey in Chicago, because, as Lawler explained it, the radio personality had a large juvenile following and much of his repartee was sexually oriented and too "blue" for the innocent ears of children.

Lawler swore that he would be successful in driving the disc jockey off the air, which he never accomplished, though he did manage to give the performer a rather bad time of it for a while. We left that dinner-meeting feeling rather sorry for the disc jockey, but convinced that we had made a friend — if not a convert — who respected our right to a point of view that differed from his own.

It was several years before we heard from Father Lawler again. He asked us to come and see him at his office and we complied. We observed, with some pride, that our promises and predictions regarding the future of PLAYBOY had, in the intervening years, come to pass. He conceded that they had and seemed to feel we were publishing quite a good magazine, though he expressed the wish that we would get a bit more clothing on our Playmate of the Month. What he really wanted to see us about, he explained, was a number of shoddy paperback books that were currently being produced by fly-by-night publishers in and around Chicago. We told him what little we knew about them — which was precious little — and he carried on a bit about the growing “smut market” and its effect upon children, emphasizing his point by pulling from the brief case he carried with him some decks of playing cards that offered 52 varieties of photographic hard-core pornography to the set. We thought he went through these with just a bit too much enthusiasm, while emphasizing the point of “smut’s” evil influence on our youth, but we kept that thought to ourselves and departed as cordially as before.

We remembered these two meetings with Father Lawler when we read about his more recent activities as guardian of the public morals and head of the Chicago CDL, and we couldn’t help remembering, as we had after reading the Keating testimony, what Dr. Benjamin Karpman had had to say about a negatively displaced obsession with obscenity — that crusading against sex is often an unconscious cover-up for an interest in the subject.

Our arrest — on the charge of “publishing and distributing obscene material” — was a surprise, to say the least. It was a surprise, because we knew that PLAYBOY wasn’t obscene, and we had enough respect for Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy’s legal acumen to be convinced that he knew it, too. Nevertheless, we were arrested — in our home — by not one, but four armed officers of the law. And the television cameras, having previously been cued by the cops, were there to record the event, with the press and radio waiting for us at the police station when we were booked.

During our brief visit to headquarters to post bail, we engaged in friendly conversation with some of the local constabu-



She gives you fever.

And you’ll never forget it.

When Peggy Lee sings, she takes a song and carefully polishes it. Until it means everything it was written to mean, and a lot more besides. Until it is as intense and moving and memorable as a song can be.

And it’s that way with every song she sings.

The tempos change. The lyrics change. The moods change. “Manana.” “Hallelujah, I Love Him So.” “Fever.” But the electric excitement is always there. The meaning is always there. With every song, she sings better than ever before. And Peggy Lee’s voice says over and over again. I’m a woman.

Listen to Peggy Lee on Capitol, and you’ll hear what we mean.

For a start, listen to these newest Peggy Lee albums:



(S) T 1850



(S) T 1772



(S) T 1857

lary and one of the officers offered the information that the man behind the arrest was Father Lawler. Lawler had been there often during the past few months, he said, and always with copies of PLAYBOY. We found ourself wondering what had happened to those decks of pornographic playing cards.

CENSORSHIP AND THE PRESS

The day after the arrest we received an anonymous tip that, before the warrant was issued, the CDL had sought and received promises of cooperation from the Catholic head of a local radio station and a Catholic editor of one of Chicago's daily newspapers: The station was to begin an immediate, daily anti-smut campaign, in conjunction with CDL, and if the Corporation Counsel arranged our arrest, the newspaper editor allegedly promised to give the story maximum coverage with a strong anti-PLAYBOY slant.

Thus, a conspiracy of censorship was apparently entered into between a phony nonsectarian "citizens" league, the city prosecutor, the manager of a local radio station and the editor of a Chicago newspaper — all representing the viewpoint of a single religious denomination.

We know the editor personally and consider him to be one of the best newspapermen in the city; we frankly doubted, therefore, that the rumor was true. But we remembered that in San Francisco, one of the CDL's preliminary tactical maneuvers was to obtain, in advance, a local newspaper's commitment to actively cooperate in the censorship drive. The newspaper proved so "co-operative" that more liberal forces in the city called it "hysterical," "irresponsible," and a good deal worse.

Morris Lowenthal, prominent San Francisco attorney and chairman of the Freedom-to-Read Citizens' Committee stated, at a hearing to consider a new anti-smut bill promoted there by the CDL: "Besides the efforts of certain well-known newspapers to increase their circulation by cheap journalism, leading the band wagon in maintaining that the state laws on obscenity are obsolete and that more stringent measures are required is the largely sectarian League for Decent Literature — a private group whose national office elsewhere in the country has been accused of illegal boycotts and coercion against booksellers and newsstands. Charles H. Keating, the national chairman of this organization, recently asserted that his group is engaged in a 'religious crusade' to enact strict censorship laws and to suppress publications deemed offensive by the League. His charges, for example, that San Francisco is a 'world center of filthy books' and 'the smuttiest in the nation' gained blaring headlines, especially in the *News-Call Bulletin*, which at the time was striving

to increase its circulation by joining forces with Frank Coakley, the Alameda County District Attorney, in his hysterical publicity drive against 'smut.' The *San Francisco Chronicle* noted, however, that Keating made the same charges against every city that he has visited in the United States."

The obscenity bill was defeated in committee, but the newspaper tirade continued, and a rehearing was scheduled. At the rehearing, Lowenthal was joined by Lawrence Goldberg, attorney representing the American Jewish Conference, and both vigorously opposed the new obscenity statute. They were aided by Democratic Assemblyman Nick Petris of Alameda, who subjected those testifying for the bill to strict questioning. He got Mrs. Margaret Berry, president of the California Congress of Parents and Teachers, which had lent its support to the passage of the bill, to admit that she was not even familiar with the contents of the proposed statutes.

"I don't have to know all the technicalities," she said.

Petris explained that some measures in the bill could have drastic effects on anyone possessing material which someone else considered obscene, if they cared to turn in the possessor. Petris asked Mrs. Berry if she felt she would have the right to act as a censor if the new bill was enacted.

"If I see a book the law says is obscene, I have a right to be a censor," she said.

Finally, the assistant district attorney of Alameda County testified on behalf of D.A. Frank Coakley, who had been leading the anti-obscenity campaign in California. Under questioning, the assistant district attorney gave his definition of what is obscene: "Anything that is obscene is obscene."

The nationally respected *San Francisco Chronicle* published a long and thoughtful editorial evaluation of the so-called "anti-smut bills" and stated that they "should be decisively rejected as offensive to fundamental American ideals of freedom and to ordinary common sense.

"The measures resulted from a climate of hysteria engendered by outrageously exaggerated reports that California had become the 'smut capital' of the nation....

"The first widely extravagant attempts at legislation to discourage this imaginary assault upon the youth of the state were patently outrageous even to the authors. The bills have been subsequently amended and re-amended, but they remain vague, contradictory, excessive, in some provisions ridiculous, and in others probably unconstitutional....

"The current attempts at censorship," concluded the *Chronicle*, "are ridiculous in conception, inept in design, and, if permitted to prosper, must inevitably work far more harm than they could possibly cure."

The *News-Call Bulletin* had taken a stand favoring the CDL "anti-smut" campaign at the outset and despite all logic to the contrary, it stayed with that position to the bitter end, countering the *Chronicle* editorial with a lengthy editorial feature of its own, with the headline: "HOW NEW LAW WOULD FIGHT SMUT."

The *Californian* branded the article, "one of the most warped, distorted, inaccurate pieces of journalism ever to come out of that newspaper." In order to make the new California obscenity law seem reasonable, claimed the editor of *The Californian*, "the *News-Call* omitted all the damaging sections from discussion and twisted all those mentioned beyond recognition."

If it happened in San Francisco, it could happen in Chicago. The pattern seemed the same in both cities. If Keating and the CDL could convince the *News-Call* of the rightness of a pro-censorship stand, Lawler and the CDL might do the same here — especially with an appeal to an editor with whom there was a religious empathy.

We have always considered this editor a man of considerable professional integrity and something of a PLAYBOY fan to boot. He had offered us valuable advice when we were having problems with *Show Business Illustrated* and had complimented us on the over-all operation on more than one occasion. How, then, could he possibly be involved in this abortive attempt to suppress the magazine?

It was possible, we realized, that he might not see this action in the same light we did — as an attempt, on the part of one minority group, to project its personal point of view onto the rest of the community. He might sincerely believe that the actions of both Lawler and Melaniphy were justified, for he certainly couldn't know all of the unsavory details that had come to our attention regarding CDL, and might not recognize any of the church-state implications in the arrest. For this editor, and for a great many others, our arrest might truly seem to be just a matter of those Jayne Mansfield nudes in the June issue — and nothing else. And without any special insight into either the psychological or legal implications, the idea of "obscenity" might be just as repugnant to him as the idea of censorship is to us.

We arranged a meeting with the editor to learn what we could about his part in the arrest; he was cordial, but he refused to discuss the matter. The answer came soon enough, however, in the pages of his newspaper, *Chicago's American*. The original reporting of the arrest was about the same in all four Chicago dailies, except that it received a little more space in the *American*. But two days after the arrest, when the other papers had dropped the story, except for an occa-



“Sometimes I squint my eyes, dear, and see you as The Duke...”

Secretly, you don't fool me at all, Bill Roberts, with your attaché case and your subscription to The Wall Street Journal. I know you. The real you. The man behind that trustworthy toothpaste smile. Those Van Heusen 417 sport shirts you wear are a dead giveaway.

That button-down collar is pure Wall Street Journal. But that check, that tapered fit... pow... pure muscle! Van Heusen 417 has you pegged, Bill. I can look at you and see a blistering trumpet... Casablanca... midnight smoke. Mmmmmm.

You know what... I'll bet I'm the only woman who really understands you.

VAN HEUSEN®/417
younger by design

Van Heusen and Lady Van Heusen shirts—Made by Phillips-Van Heusen Corp.

sional, humorous quip in the columns, the *American* was just getting warmed up.

Under the headline, "U.S. STUDIES PLAYBOY CASE, MAY PROSECUTE," the paper announced that we faced "possible Federal action in connection with the magazine's June issue." The story went on to say that the Chicago postmaster had mailed a copy of the magazine to the Post Office department in Washington for an opinion on whether or not it was "obscene." We were too busy reading the list of dire penalties that would befall the publisher if it was, to speculate long on who might have put the local postmaster up to this stunt. But no one had to hold his breath very long waiting for the word from Washington, because — though the newspaper story made it seem all very serious — anyone with even the most rudimentary knowledge of current obscenity law in America knew that the June issue of PLAYBOY did not even begin to approach the obscene.

The *American* also quoted the Chicago postmaster as saying, "The next issue is going to get a much closer look before it is sent through the mails. If it appears that there is any obscenity, the magazine will be held from the mails until I can obtain an opinion from Washington." No one bothered to point out in this "news" story that any such action on the part of the local postmaster would be illegal, or to consider what a frightening power would be placed in the hands of an appointed civil servant if he could, indeed, withhold from the mails any periodical he considered objectionable, until he was able to "obtain an opinion from Washington."

What if all the copies of *Chicago's American* that are delivered by Uncle Sam were unexpectedly "held from the mails," while awaiting word from another Government official in Washington? Even if the word that came back was favorable, the newspaper would be, by then, as worthless as — well, as yesterday's newspaper.

The U. S. courts have made it abundantly clear that the Post Office's duty is the efficient *delivery* of the mails, not the censoring of them. And if a postal official were ever to find truly obscene material being sent through the mail — a rare occurrence — it would then become a matter for the courts, not arbitrary censorship by an administrative assistant. Do *Chicago's American* and the Chicago postmaster both need to be reminded that our democracy is based upon the protections of due process of law?

The story ended with the statement: "Meanwhile, religious leaders urged community action in taking smut literature off newsstands and out of bookstores, where it is often purchased by juveniles." And with quotes from Msgr. John M.

Kelly, editor of the Catholic newspaper, *New World*, who said, "Literature or pictures that adversely affect the minds of adults or children are immoral, and can be presumed to hurt many. It's a far worse thing to threaten human minds and souls than to threaten human bodies," and a Protestant and a Jewish clergyman expressed related sentiments.

There were no comments from educators, sociologists, psychologists, pathologists, or psychiatrists — i.e., no scientific evaluation of the significance and effect of obscenity on society; no comments from experts on constitutional law on the legal implications of such censorship or juridical opinion on whether or not the material in question actually fell within the Supreme Court's definition of obscenity; no comments from writers, editors or publishers on the importance of a censor-free society as a necessary environment for the survival of independent newspapers, magazines and books; no comments from the Civil Liberties Union or others concerned with the protection of free speech and press in America. Presumably none of these sources of far more pertinent comment were solicited; certainly none were published.

That same week, radio station WLS began a concentrated, daily anti-obscenity campaign.

The next *Chicago's American* story was headlined, "COPS SEEK TO BAN 'PLAYBOY,'" which stated, "The Police Department, at the request of the Corporation Counsel's office, today began a drive to halt further sale of the June issue of *Playboy* magazine. Brian Kilgallon, Assistant Corporation Counsel in charge of enforcing the city's obscenity ordinances, said police throughout the city will attempt to purchase the magazine at newsstands, drug- and bookstores, and other distribution points. Warrants charging the sale of obscene matter will be sought against dealers who sell the June issue with the knowledge that the city has declared it objectionable, he said."

The newspaper did not point out to its readers that, in issuing this declaration, the Corporation Counsel was guilty of illegal intimidation of the city's magazine dealers, since the issue could not be considered legally obscene until its case had been tried in court. The point was academic, since the issue was already completely sold out, but no one bothered to mention that the fact that "the city (meaning Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy) had declared it objectionable" was not a basis for banning the magazine, since only a court of law is empowered to legally determine a question of obscenity and PLAYBOY had yet to have its day in court.

The *American* went on to quote Kilgallon as saying, "Most people are con-

cerned over how we can prevent this type of magazine from falling into the hands of children." Kilgallon estimated that two out of three of the magazine's readers are under 21 years of age." We exposed, last month, the fallacious nature of that "estimate" and pointed out that this is but one more example of using a "concern" for children to justify the attempted censorship of adult reading matter.

This story concluded with the suggestion, from Assistant State's Attorney James R. Thompson, that citizens form community vigilante groups to illegally boycott retailers who display or sell books and magazines of which they do not approve.

Chicago's American completed round one of its PLAYBOY campaign with an editorial that described the Jayne Mansfield feature and then stated: "Hefner's philosophy appears to be that the 'modern urban male' likes and even needs to look at pictures of naked, suggestively posed women; that this is a very healthy and virile way to be, and that it's practically a duty to encourage the habit — the law should have no right to interfere.

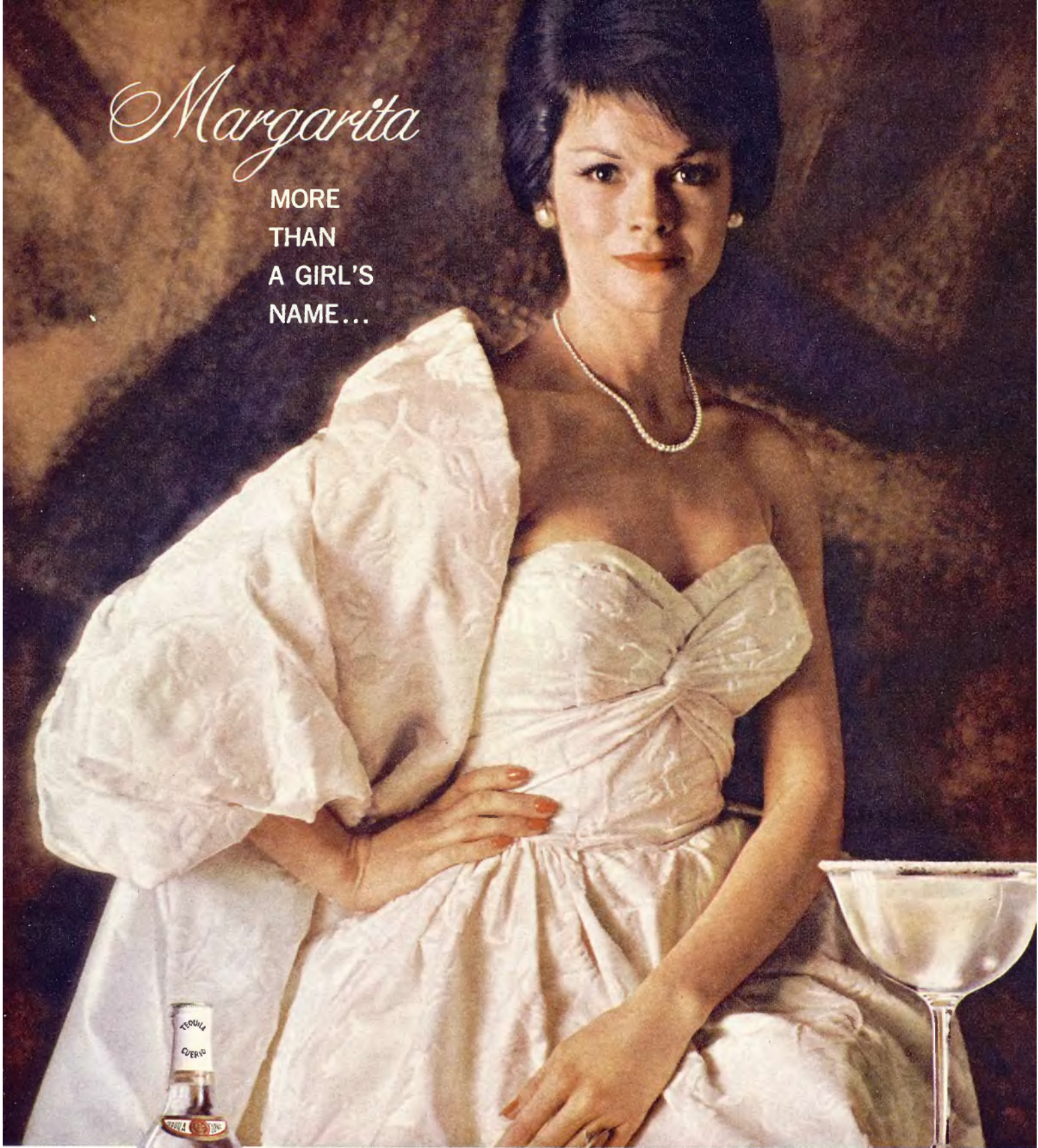
"Our view is that mass-produced lewdness can have a weakening, damaging effect on the moral framework of a community, and that the community should have — and use — means of restraining it."

Bypassing the point that the *American* knows full well, or should know through its contact with CDL, that the photographs in the June issue of PLAYBOY were not the actual, underlying cause of the arrest, we would point out that expert scientific opinion, which the *American* did not bother to seek out, refutes the notion that sex in books and magazines — either written or pictorial — has any such "weakening, damaging effect" on society; that a significant portion of the scientific fraternity specializing in the subject, including Drs. Kronhausen, Ellis, Reik, Roche, Karpman, Caprio, and many others, believe that it has just the opposite effect — acting as a healthy release for sexual tensions, inhibitions and repressions; that it is the suppression of sex rather than its open appreciation that, as history has proven all too well, can have a "damaging effect" upon society; that if society cannot enjoy an open appreciation of positively expressed heterosexual sex, as published in PLAYBOY, it will turn to sick or antisocial sex instead — homosexuality, sadism, masochism, fetishism and all manner of other perversions, plus the repression that produces frigidity, impotence and a variety of other neurotic ills; that these are not our opinions, but the opinions of modern science.

Moreover, the "moral framework" to which the editorial refers is not the moral framework of our entire community — a substantial portion of that com-

Margarita

MORE
THAN
A GIRL'S
NAME...



WHITE
OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF

Virtually unknown 10 years ago, accepted 5 years ago, now a must in everyone's repertoire of cocktails. Incomparable Margarita is preferred by *bon-vivants* for its unique exotic flavor...brought out splendidly by Cuervo Tequila, the brand which outsells all others combined. Tequila Sunrise, Sour and Martini are magnificent too with Cuervo brand. Cuervo Tequila, a versatile spirit, is delicious with your favorite mixer. Send for Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita*: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz fresh lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. *Salud!*

JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS/YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

munity has made PLAYBOY the most successful publishing venture of our generation; it is, instead, the moral framework of a particular segment of our society—a minority, portions of which give every evidence of wishing to project their personal moral views onto the rest of society, whether we want them or not.

"The actual issue here," said the *Chicago's American* editorial, "is how far a magazine can go in presenting this kind of display."

We disagree. The actual issue here is whether or not any segment of society has the right to suppress the opinions of the rest; whether we truly believe in our democracy; whether we are willing to grant to those with whom we do not happen to agree the full freedom of expression guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

It is not PLAYBOY that considers itself *above the law*—that "the law should have no right to interfere." It is the full protection of our right to equal justice *under the law* that we feel is jeopardized when religious sentiment promotes governmental action against us that the law itself, as clearly established by recent high-court decisions on obscenity, does not demand. (For the Corporation Counsel confirmed, according to reports in other newspapers, that he was "fully aware of the difficulty in getting a conviction in the *Playboy* case, in view of recent Supreme Court decisions" and unidentified spokesmen for the CDL "admitted that there was little chance of obtaining a conviction against the *Playboy* photos inasmuch as the Supreme Court has already ruled that the [portrayal of the nude] male or female does not constitute obscenity. But the CDL feels that it has achieved success whenever it secures the arrest of an individual, since this causes untold harm and injury.")

We make a plea for *freedom*, not for *license*—though the latter word is used too often to describe the freedom that someone wishes to deny to others. We do not favor editorial irresponsibility. But we do request the right to edit our magazine in our own way, without extra-legal coercion or intimidation, for that particular portion of the community with whom we have managed to establish a genuine rapport.

What saddens us is not simply the *American's* campaign against PLAYBOY—and we are certain that it is sincerely inspired, for the *American* has displayed no PLAYBOY prejudice in the past, having published an extremely complimentary front-page series on our success little more than a year ago—but the fact that no daily newspaper in this city saw the church-state implications in the case; bothered to determine, through outside legal opinion, that the charge of obscenity against the June issue of

PLAYBOY was without any legal merit, or saw fit to editorialize on the grave implications in censorship—a cause in which every citizen, and most especially every member of the fourth estate, has a vital stake.

It took a newspaper as faraway as California to seriously question the censorship aspect of the case. The *Fremont News Register* said, in a first-person editorial devoted to the subject: "... What we have here is a small group of self-appointed judges and 'protectors' of our morals, who feel that they must protect us from the inevitable disastrous effects of a few photographs. Why they thought these particular photographs were dangerous and the thousands of others almost exactly like them published every day in numerous other magazines were not, is still a mystery to me..."

"It would seem that this is a definite attempt to censor the magazine or dictate the content of it. This, I feel, is the most dangerous phase of the whole problem, for censorship in any shape, form or degree is definitely against the fundamental principles of our democracy.

"What is even more dangerous, of course, is the seemingly increasing number of public officials who place themselves [in the position of] censors and attempt to dictate what we, the public, should read and be allowed to see. . . . It would seem to me that the people of Chicago would profit much more if the police department there spent more time patrolling the streets and giving traffic citations rather than attempting to judge the value of magazines or any other type of literature."

No such sentiment was expressed on the editorial pages of any of Chicago's daily newspapers and not only was the question of religious prejudice never raised, Father Lawler and his Citizens for Decent Literature, who instigated the entire affair, were never even mentioned.

It took the weekly *Crusader* to publicly tie the CDL in with the arrest. Under the headline, "NAKED JAYNE MANSFIELD IS OBSCENE, SAYS CDL," the paper stated: "Hugh Hefner, who put Chicago on the international map of sophistication, this week found that like most prophets he is a hero everywhere except in his own home town. Hefner, 37, editor and publisher of *Playboy* magazine and maître de of the homes for live Bunnies, the Playboy Clubs, was arrested and jailed on charges brought by the Citizens for Decent Literature concerning photographs of busty cinema actress Miss Jayne Mansfield in the altogether."

"The Citizens for Decent Literature, a group of Victorian housewives, still smarting from the effects of a recent edition of *Playboy* magazine's philosophy, which hailed the Supreme Court for liberalizing obscenity tests, prevailed

upon the office of John Melaniphy, city prosecutor, to secure a warrant for Hefner. . . .

"The *New Crusader* has learned that more than 400 arrests of individuals have been made in the last two years, since the CDL moved into high gear in its campaign to make itself the censor of what Chicagoans can read in newspapers, [books and] magazines.

"The danger of giving in to the CDL and conforming to its edicts was expressed this week by an Indianapolis distributor. He was the only wholesaler in the community when he was visited by CDL representatives who asked that he not carry certain paperback books. He gave in and removed the books from those he distributed. Each week the list grew. Finally, it reached the point where he was told not to distribute this month's *McCall's* or a certain issue of *Reader's Digest* because the contents did not conform with the views of the CDL.

"The CDL has enlisted the air lanes also in its book-burning campaign. Radio Station WLS is broadcasting earnest appeals to its listening audience to give assistance to the Citizens for Decent Literature. The radio appeals state that the way to stop the sale of obscene material to minors is to cooperate with CDL. Actually, even though CDL professes to be after pornographers and dealers who sell to persons under the age of 16 certain matter it deems to be indecent, there is not a single case on record where the defendant is charged with the sale of merchandise to minors.

"The CDL is also active on the legislative front. House Bill 1072 has been introduced which, if passed, would entitle authorities to put bookstores out of business by permitting injunctions against them when they carry books not to the liking of the CDL."

CENSORSHIP FROM JAZZ TO BUNNIES

Even if Chicago's daily newspapers failed to discern the link between CDL, the Corporation Counsel and the PLAYBOY arrest, they should have remembered that this was not the first time the city's Catholic hierarchy had struck out at us.

In 1959 PLAYBOY contemplated producing the world's greatest jazz festival. The city was sponsoring a Festival of the Americas that summer, in connection with the Pan-American Games, and they invited us to stage our jazz spectacular in Soldier Field as a part of the Pan-Am event. Then, after a joint press conference announcing the event, and after PLAYBOY had signed contracts with most of the \$100,000 worth of talent scheduled to appear, city officials unexpectedly withdrew the invitation and permission to use the Field.

The official explanation given was that the jazz festival might harm the cinder

track to be used for the Games. Public and press reaction ranged from incredulity to indignation. Irv Kupciet wrote, in his *Chicago Sun-Times* column: "Playboy is getting a nifty run-around in trying to learn the real reason its August 8-9 dates for a jazz festival in Soldier Field have been denied. 'Run-around' is an apt description, for supposedly Soldier Field's new running track is the cause of the mysterious refusal—even though *Playboy* had no intention of erecting stands on the track or using it in any way. The Park District refused the festival dates 'on recommendation of the Pan-American Games Committee.' And Jack Reilly, executive director of the Pan-Am, who originally hailed *Playboy* for bringing the jazz festival to Our Town, countered with, 'It's the Park District's baby—they have complete jurisdiction over Soldier Field, not us.'"

Chicago's American stated: "Everyone is passing the buck on the *Playboy* magazine jazz festival, once scheduled for Soldier Field. . . . The magazine had scheduled the jazz festival for August 8-9, in advance of the Pan-American Games. *Playboy*, as its readers know, is an authority on American jazz. But it is also, as practically everybody knows, an authority on the female form.

"Along with its articles on modern music and foreign cars, *Playboy* features color photos of lush young ladies, wearing dazzling smiles, maybe a pair of shoes and little or nothing else. It's that which has injected a sour note into the jazz festival plans. It's more or less an open secret that the reason the Park District and the Pan-American Committee hedged on letting *Playboy* use Soldier Field was pressure from those who disapprove of the magazine's reputation.

"James Gately, Park District president, said the matter is out of his hands and is up to the Pan-American Committee. Victor Perlmutter, Pan-American Festival Committee president, subsidiary of the Games committee which is arranging various cultural events in connection with the Games, said: 'As far as I'm concerned, I'm in favor of the jazz festival. I think it would be a fine contribution.'"

The man behind the city officials' sudden reversal was the Very Reverend Msgr. John M. Kelly, editor of the Catholic *New World*, who the *American* more recently quoted on the subject of obscenity. Msgr. Kelly admitted that it was he who called *PLAYBOY*'s "reputation" to the attention of the Park District, the Pan-American Games Committee and the mayor. He told the *American*: "*Playboy* is not a fit sponsor for such an event. The quality of the magazine is such, in my opinion, that it should not share in the sponsorship of any part of the Pan-American Festival."

The *Sun-Times* published a letter from

it's invisible, man!

It's *incredible*, *incomparable*, *infallible*! Code 10 for men, the new kind of hair-dressing from Colgate-Palmolive. The new *invisible* way to groom a man's hair all day. Non-greasy Code 10 disappears in your hair, gives it the clean, manly look that *inflames* women, *infuriates inferior* men. Be *in*. Get Code 10, the non-greasy hairdressing. It's *invisible*, man!



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reader Joan Gallagher, who said: "The sordid efforts of both the Chicago Park District and the Pan-American Games Committee to keep the *Playboy* magazine Jazz Festival out of Soldier Field are among this year's most disgusting events.

"It is unfortunate that in a city that begs for cultural events, jazz cannot find a home. The Playboy Jazz Festival promised to be one of the major cultural events in this city's recent history. It is testimony to the spinelessness of our administrators that the festival could not be held as planned, as a part of the Festival of the Americas.

"Jazz speaks well for America, but Chicago doesn't speak well for jazz. I know that I am among the many jazz fans who hope that the festival will find a home here, despite the Park District and the Pan-American Committee."

The *North Loop News* editorialized: "The Pan-American Games scheduled for Chicago this summer deserve to be a flop if the sponsors [ignore] the principles of sportsmanship and feel free to break their solemn word at will. Regardless of the merits of their stand, which is not necessarily tenable, officials of the Games told *Playboy* magazine that it could have the use of Soldier Field for its Jazz Festival August 7, 8 and 9. Now they are backing out. The reasons they give are vague, but it now appears that the pressure is coming from sources that object to a sponsorship of the festival by *Playboy* magazine. This sort of pressure is dangerous, and the present indication that Pan-Am officials may bow to it is no credit to them."

The Pan-American Games and the Festival of the Americas were a flop.

Msgr. Kelly announced that he would continue to oppose PLAYBOY's sponsorship of a jazz festival anywhere in the city. But we produced the event just the same — in the Chicago Stadium — and it turned out to be the most spectacular and successful jazz show ever presented anywhere in the world. All of the jazz greats were there — from the big bands of Kenton, Ellington and Basie, and the swinging combos of Dave Brubeck, Oscar Peterson, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie, to the vocal stylings of June Christie, Chris Connor, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, the Four Freshmen, Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald.

The *Chicago Sun-Times* reported: "Some 19,000 Chicagoans packed the Chicago Stadium to pay a thundering homage to the Great God Jazz. They came from uptown, downtown. They came in cabs, on foot, on cycles. Because of heavy traffic and a drizzling rain, they came slowly, filling the giant stadium in almost unnoticeable ripples. By the time the last clusters were seated, half-an-hour after the star-studded Playboy Jazz Festival had begun, those who had come early were already gone. And I mean

gone, man, really gone! They were caught up in the wild rhythms hurled out by Count Basie's big band, which opened the four-hour concert...

"The festival, biggest ever anywhere, was attended by jazz buffs from all over the world. There were some 200 newsmen from papers and magazines all over the United States and Europe. Photographers numbered in the 50s. The National Broadcasting Company and the Armed Forces Network taped the entire concert.

"The performance was a benefit for the Chicago Urban League. Said Dr. Nathaniel Calloway, League president: 'The turnout has exceeded our fondest expectations.'

"Perhaps Leonard Feather, noted jazz critic, best summed up the spirit of the evening when he said: 'Man, it was like being born again. I never dreamed anything this big could ever happen.'

"Added Feather: 'You know, it's great to see Chicago, where so much great jazz came from, become the center of the birth of jazz on this scale. It's sort of like this is where it should have happened. And I'm glad it did.'

Nearly 70,000 attended the festival's five performances and after it was over most of the critics and jazz buffs who made the scene agreed with Leonard Feather's conclusion: "It was the greatest weekend in the 60-year history of jazz!"

Mort Sahl, who m.c.'d the show, noting the rain on opening night that would have dampened the affair if it had been held in the open-air Soldier Field as originally scheduled, remarked to the audience: "Well, I guess this proves which side God is on."

Six months later, PLAYBOY opened its first key club. And, once again, Chicago officialdom became officious. Although Chicago had had key clubs for 25 years, the week we launched the first Playboy Club, Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy announced that key clubs were illegal.

There wasn't any law that said so, but Mr. Melaniphy made the announcement just the same. We weren't about to try building an international key-club operation with that kind of cloud hanging over us, so we took the matter to court and won a decision stating that The Playboy Club was legal and proper. Melaniphy appealed the decision and we won again in the Court of Appeals. Three years later, we find ourselves back in court with the same Corporation Counsel — this time Melaniphy contends that the June issue of the magazine is illegal.

Chicago isn't the only major city in the U. S. where church and state are still associated in an unholy alliance. In New York, where the only ground for divorce is adultery, and where a judge recently ruled that a child born in wedlock as

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(30 years old)

30 years ago we introduced Lenthéric for Men: a clean-smelling gutsy scent put up in a hefty glass pinch bottle. It turned out to be one of those wonderfully lucky inspirations which hindsight calls classic. After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne or Tanbark Cologne. The smaller flask, \$1.50. The magnum, \$3.50. Also Musketeer After-Shave Lotion or Cologne. \$2 and \$4. **Lenthéric for Men.**

the result of artificial insemination is illegitimate, PLAYBOY has had to fight its key-club battle all over again. The SLA Liquor Scandal has been only one part of our multiple problems with New York officialdom since opening a Playboy Club in Manhattan last December. The State Liquor Authority announced, just as Melaniphy had, that the New York Playboy could not be a for-members-only key club, although the pertinent laws of the state are almost identical to those in Illinois. We took the case to court a third time, and won the same point — already confirmed twice in Illinois — once again; the SLA is appealing the decision.

Even more serious, Catholic Commissioner Bernard O'Connell refused to grant The Playboy Club a cabaret license, without which the Club is unable to offer patrons any entertainment, other than background music and the Bunnies. This wasn't a matter of official corruption, as we faced when first applying to the SLA for a liquor license. Commissioner O'Connell is an honest man who is guilty only of allowing his personal religious convictions to influence his administrative decisions. O'Connell is opposed to The Playboy Club in concept, because of its association with the magazine — in the same way that Melaniphy was opposed to it in Chicago (although the Playboy Clubs have proven to be the biggest convention attractions of any night spot in either city), as Msgr. Kelly opposed the Playboy Jazz Festival and the unofficial representatives of the St. Louis Archdiocese opposed our syndicated television variety show, *Playboy's Penthouse*, forcing it off the air in that city at midseason.

Commissioner O'Connell was opposed to The Playboy Club before he knew anything about it or had ever held an official hearing on granting us a cabaret license. Prior to the hearing, O'Connell called a friend — an honest member of the new State Liquor Authority — and voiced his negative feelings about Playboy and the fact that the SLA was, at that point, planning on issuing a liquor license to the Club. O'Connell was especially concerned, he said, about the costuming of the Bunnies. The SLA board member laughed and said: "Don't be an old woman, Bernie. My daughter goes to the public beach wearing less than those girls at The Playboy Club."

The commissioner held his official hearing, though he did not personally attend it, and then issued a statement refusing The Playboy Club a cabaret license. The reasons he gave were: (1) that The Playboy Club was a fraud, in that it held itself out to be a key club, whereas the SLA, at that point, was insisting that it had to be open to the general public without any payment of a key fee — a matter that has since been decided in

our favor in the court: (2) the Bunnies "mingled" with the customers, which was against New York law — though the only "mingling" allowed in the New York Club is the serving of food and drink and the mingling referred to in the law refers to B-girls, who sit and drink with the customers; and (3) he disapproved of the Bunnies' costuming — although a number of waitresses in other New York clubs wear similar abbreviated costumes and the showgirls at the Latin Quarter wear a great deal less — and Bunnies have appeared, in costume, on network television, and in photographs in family newspapers and magazines all across the country.

The Playboy Clubs are, as anyone who has ever spent any time in one knows, the most closely supervised, carefully and conscientiously run night clubs in the country. Commissioner O'Connell doesn't know this, of course, because he has never been inside one. He doesn't know, because he doesn't want to know.

We appealed the commissioner's decision to the courts and the American Civil Liberties Union entered the case as *amicus curiae* (friend of the court), validating the fact that more was involved here than the usual discretionary decision of an administrative official. The ACLU brief stated that O'Connell had "prejudged" and "pre-censored" The Playboy Club, and thus deprived us of our civil rights.

Judge Arthur G. Klein decided in favor of The Playboy Club, ruling: Commissioner O'Connell "is neither a censor nor the official custodian of the public's morals. To satisfy his personal moral code, it is not incumbent upon the petitioner to dress its female employees in middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fishermen's boots, or ankle-length overcoats." The court noted that the costume worn by the Bunnies was no more revealing than a bathing suit or a low-cut formal evening gown. The court said that while Mr. O'Connell might not like certain "sophisticated" cartoons and photographs displayed in the Club, it is not required to "substitute pictures of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers or of Washington Crossing the Delaware" to satisfy the commissioner's taste.

Commissioner O'Connell refused to let the matter end there. He had the New York Corporation Counsel appeal the decision and the Court of Appeals reversed, in favor of O'Connell. And there it stands. We must now appeal the decision once again, to the highest court in New York, and the case will not be heard until the very end of the year.

In the meantime, 60,000 New York members of The Playboy Club and their guests are being deprived of entertainment to which they are entitled, the stages of three of the finest showrooms

in New York remain empty, a countless number of performers are deprived of the opportunity to earn a livelihood at the Manhattan Playboy, and the Club is being deprived of more than \$50,000 a month in additional revenue from show-room cover charges. All of this, plus many thousands of dollars in legal fees and court costs on both Playboy's and the city's part, because a single New York official has arbitrarily allowed his personal religious prejudices to play a part in his functioning as a license commissioner.

If Commissioner O'Connell, or Corporation Counsel Melaniphy, lived in a community in which *all* of the citizens they serve were, by their own choosing, Catholic, there might be some justification for such actions. As things stand, however, these officials are guilty of projecting the religious-moral convictions of their own particular church group onto the rest of a society in which each one of us is supposed to be allowed, by constitutional guarantees, to make such decisions for himself.

TWO SIDES OF THE COIN

The problems that we have discussed this month are not peculiar to Catholicism only — they are present when the followers of any faith allow their religious beliefs to override such primary considerations as the fundamental freedom of man and the right of every individual, in a free society, to practice his own religion, establish his own personal moral standards, and to speak, read, write and otherwise communicate with his fellow man without fear of censorship or illegal reprisal.

The *Newsletter on Intellectual Freedom*, published by the American Library Association, published the following report from a member in its May issue: "Several years ago two nice young men who said they were missionaries of the Mormon Church came to the library. They told me they had looked in the catalog and seen that there were some 50 cards under *Mormons and Mormonism* but there was a lack of up-to-date material. They offered us a choice from a list of books, and we selected a new pictorial history, a biography or two, and some doctrinal works. A few weeks later they came with the books. . . . Again an interval, after which they came to see me to say that they noted the books were now cataloged and on the shelves. Now that we had these books which told the truth about their religion, undoubtedly we would like to discard other books in the library which told lies about the Mormon Church. Other libraries, they said, had been glad to have this pointed out to them.

"I answered that this certainly did seem logical at first. But I asked them
(continued on page 118)

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LAFKADIO,

the lion who shot back

By SHEL SILVERSTEIN

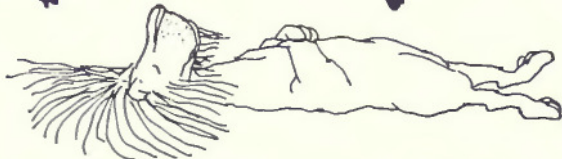
an uncle shelby fable for children of all ages

NOW, ONCE UPON A TIME there was a young lion and his name was — well, I don't really know what his name was because he lived in the jungle with a lot of other lions and if he did have a name it certainly wasn't a name like Joe or Ernie or anything like that. No, it was more of a lion name like, oh, maybe Grograph or Ruggrrg or Grmmff or Grrrrr.

Well, anyway, he had a name like that and he lived in the jungle with the other lions and he did the usual lion things like jumping and playing in the grass and swimming in the river and eating rabbits and chasing other lions and sleeping in the sun, and he was very happy.

Well, then, one day — I believe it was a Thursday — after all the lions had eaten a good lunch and were sleeping in the sun, snoring lions' snores, and the sky was blue and the birds were going kaw kaw and the grass was blowing in the breeze and it was quiet and wonderful, suddenly . . .

BLOWM!



There was such a loud sound, all the lions woke up fast and jumped straight up in the air. And they started to run. Lickety-split, lickety-clipt or

clippety-clop, clippety-clop, or is that the way horses run? Well, they ran whatever way lions run. I don't know, maybe even pippety-pat. Anyway, they all ran away —

Well, *almost* all.

There was one lion that did not run, and that is the one I am going to tell you the story about. This one lion, he just sat up and blinked and winked in the sun and stretched his arms — well, maybe he stretched his paws — and he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and he said, "Hey, why is everybody running?"

And an old lion who was running by said, "Run, kid, run, run, run, run, run, the hunters are coming."

"Hunters? Hunters? What are hunters?" said the young lion, still blinking in the sun.

"Look," said the old lion, "you'd better stop asking so many questions and just run if you know what's good for you."

So the young lion got up and stretched and began to run with the other lions. Pippity-pat, or was it clippety-clop? I think we have gone through all of this before.

And after he had run for a while, he stopped and looked back.

"Hunters," he said to himself, "I wonder what hunters are?"

And he said the name hunters over and over



to himself: "Hunters, hunters." And you know, he *liked* the sound of the name hunters — you know, the way some people like the sound of the words Tuscaloosa or tapioca or carioca or gumbo, he liked the sound of the word hunters.

So he let all the other lions run ahead and he stopped and he hid in the tall grass, and soon he could see the hunters coming and they all stood on their hind feet and they all wore nice little red caps and they all carried funny sticks that made loud noises.

And the young lion liked their looks.

Yes, he just liked their looks. So when a nice hunter with green eyes and one tooth missing in the front passed by the tall grass with his funny red cap (that had some egg salad on it, by the way), the young lion stood up.

"Hi, hunter," he said.

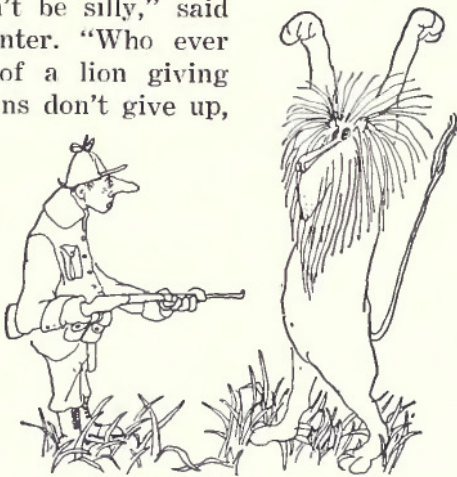
"Good heavens," cried the hunter, "a ferocious lion, a dangerous lion, a roaring, bloodthirsty, man-eating lion."

"I am not a man-eating lion," said the young lion. "I eat rabbits and blackberries."

"No excuses," said the hunter. "I am going to shoot you."

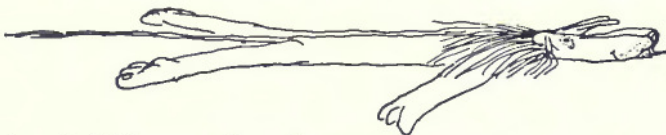
"But I give up," said the young lion, and he put his paws up in the air.

"Don't be silly," said the hunter. "Who ever heard of a lion giving up. Lions don't give up,



lions fight to the end. Lions eat up hunters! So I must shoot you now and make you into a nice rug and put you in front of my fireplace and on cold winter evenings I will sit on you and toast marshmallows."

"Well, my goodness, you don't have to shoot me," said the young lion. "I will gladly be your rug and I will lie in front of your fireplace and I won't move a muscle and you can sit on me and



toast all the marshmallows you want. I love marshmallows," said the young lion.

"You *what*?" said the hunter.

"Well," said the young lion, "to be absolutely

honest with you, I don't know if I *really* love marshmallows or not because I have never tasted one, but I love most things and I love the *sound* of the word marshmallow and if they taste like they sound — mmmmmmmmmmmmm! — I just know I will love them."

"That's ridiculous," said the hunter. "I have never heard of a lion giving up. I have never heard of a lion eating marshmallows. I am going to shoot you now and that is that." And he put his funny stick up to his shoulder.

"But *why*?" said the young lion.

"Because I *am*, that is why," said the hunter, and he pulled the trigger. And the stick went click.

"What was that click?" said the young lion. "Am I shot?"



Well, as you can imagine, the hunter was very embarrassed about this and his face turned as red as his cap.

"I'm afraid I forgot to load my gun," he said. "I guess the joke is on me — ha ha — but if you will just excuse me for a moment, I will put a bullet in and we will go on from there."

"No," said the young lion, "I don't think I will. I don't think I will let you put a bullet in. I don't think I will let you shoot me. I don't think I want to be your rug and I don't think you are a very nice hunter after all and I think I am going to eat you up."

"But *why*?" said the hunter.

"Because I *am*, that's why," said the young lion. And he did.

And after he had eaten the hunter all up, he ate the hunter's red cap, but it tasted sort of woolly. And after he had eaten up the red cap (Pooh! Doesn't it make your mouth feel funny to think about eating a red cap?), he tried to eat up the funny stick and the bullets, but he couldn't chew them, so he said, "Well, I guess I will keep these as a souvenir," and he picked them up in his teeth and he carried them back to the other lions.

Now the other lions were all sitting around telling stories about who was the fastest in running away from the hunters and who was the bravest and who was the fiercest and other lies like that that lions like to lie about, and when the young lion walked up to them



carrying the funny stick, they all jumped up and said, "Yoweee!" and "Yeee Yow!" and "Wow!" and "Where Did You Get That Gun?!!!"

"Gun? Gun? What is a gun?" asked the young lion.

"That is the stick they shoot us with," said the old lion. "Now take it out of here and throw it away! It gives me goose bumps just to look at it!"

So the young lion sadly walked away with the gun in his teeth.

"I wonder," said the young lion to himself, "I wonder how they shoot this thing anyway?"

So he picked up a bullet in his teeth and he pushed it into the gun with his nose and he shoved it into the barrel with his tongue.

Then he stuck his left tooth into the trigger and tried to shoot it, but he couldn't.

Then he stuck his right tooth into the trigger and tried to shoot it, but he couldn't.

And then he tried to pick it up with his paws and shoot it with his claws, which was even sillier, and he tried to shoot it with his whiskers, and all he got out of that was tired whiskers, and he stuck his tail into the trigger and he pulled as hard as he could and the gun went



and all the other lions jumped up in the air again and started to run away.

"Hey," said the young lion, "stop running. It is only me and I have shot the gun."

Well, I tell you that when the other lions found out it was only the young lion making all that noise they were very angry.

"You had better forget about shooting," they said, "and stick to lioning where you belong."

But the young lion was very happy about shooting the gun, and do you know what he started to do?

Well, every afternoon while the other lions were sleeping, he would sneak away over the mountain and he would practice and practice and practice for hours and hours until finally one day he was able to lift the gun up in his paws.

And he practiced and practiced for days and days until finally he was able to shoot the gun but, of course, he wasn't able to hit anything except the sky.

And so he practiced and practiced for weeks and weeks until finally he was able to hit the big mountain.

And he practiced and practiced for months and months until soon he was able to shoot the waterfall.

And soon he was able to shoot the cliff.

And soon he was able to shoot the trees, and soon the coconuts off the trees, and then the berries off the bush, and then the flies off the berries, and then the ears off the flies, and the dust off the ears, and finally the sunlight off the dust.

And do you think he was a good shot?

Well, just the best in the world, that's all. Just the best shot in the whole world.

And what did he do for ammunition? Why, every time he ran out of bullets he just went out and ate up another hunter and took his bullets and went back and practiced some more.



And then one nice day as he was practicing, the young lion heard some shooting from the other side of the jungle, and I don't have to tell you what happened. All the lions started running again.

"Where are you running?" asked the young lion.

"Look," said the old lion. "We have gone through all this before. You had just better stop asking so many questions and *move!*"

So the young lion moved. But after he had been running for a while, he stopped and he said to himself, "Hey, why am I running away?"



And he sat down right there in the middle of the jungle and began to shoot back at the hunters.

BOOM, BOOM

And suddenly, guess what? There were no more hunters left.

And after a while all the other lions came crawling out of their hiding places and they couldn't believe their eyes and they said, "Hey, what is going on around here, anyway?" and "Hey, what's happening?" and "Golly gee," and stuff like that, and they were all surprised and happy and they all had lunch and then they lay down and slept in the sun with smiles on their faces and little bits of red wool on their whiskers.

And the young lion? Why, he was the happiest of all because he had piles and piles of new ammunition and all the other lions said that he was the greatest lion that they had ever seen, and they had seen plenty of lions.

So all the lions lived a very happy life and slept all afternoon and played in the sun and floated in the river and had a good time and never worried about anything, because every time hunters came to shoot, why that young lion shot right back at them, Boom Bum Bim Bim Bam, until there were no more hunters left. And when men came into the jungle to find out what happened to the hunters, Bim Bam Boom —

Pretty soon there weren't any more of the "finder outers" left.

And when men came to find out about the finder outers, Boom Bam Bim —

Pretty soon there weren't any more of the finder outers about the finder outers left.

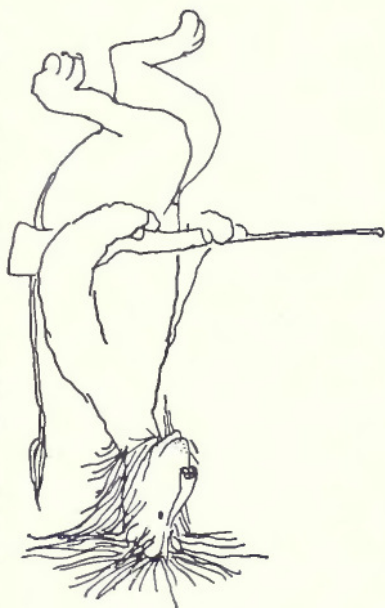
And pretty soon no men came into the jungle at all.

And it was nice and quiet.

And all the lions were fat and happy.

And all of them had nice hunter rugs.

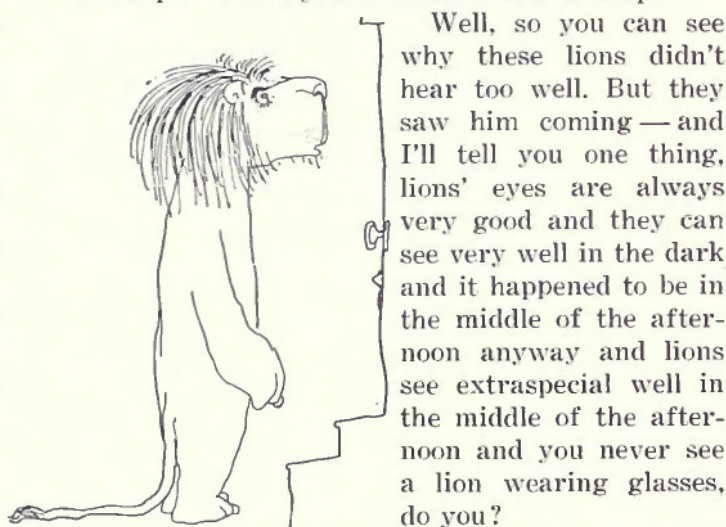
But then one rainy afternoon while the young lion was practicing some very fancy shooting—like shooting with his teeth and his toenails and his elbows with one eye closed and behind his back and sideways and even upside down — a little, fat bald-headed man came walking through the jungle, and he had on a tall funny hat and an elegant vest and a golden watch with a golden chain and shiny shoes and he had a droopy mustache and a big fat belly that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of raspberry jam and he carried a gold-headed cane, and you could see that he wasn't used to walking through the jungle because he kept getting caught in the branches of the trees and he kept tripping over roots and he kept stepping into



puddles and he kept saying, "Oh, me, oh, my," and "Ooee," and "Hey, it is hot," and "Darned mosquitoes," and "Achoo," and stuff like that.

Well, now, the lions didn't hear him coming until the very last minute because lions have very good ears and they can hear things from far off, if their ears are washed that is, but if their ears aren't washed, they can't hear much better than you can, and to tell you the truth, I don't think lions wash their ears very often because washrags are very hard to get in the jungle and soap costs 10 cents and most lions don't have 10 cents and even if they did they couldn't buy a bar of soap because who would sell a bar of soap to a lion?

If a lion came knocking at your door and had 10 cents in his paw and said, "May I buy a bar of soap?" would you sell him a bar of soap?



Well, so you can see why these lions didn't hear too well. But they saw him coming — and I'll tell you one thing, lions' eyes are always very good and they can see very well in the dark and it happened to be in the middle of the afternoon anyway and lions see extraspecial well in the middle of the afternoon and you never see a lion wearing glasses, do you?

When the lions saw the little man coming, they didn't even bother to run — they just called out to the young lion:

"Hey, dinner is here!"

And then they rolled over and went back to sleep.

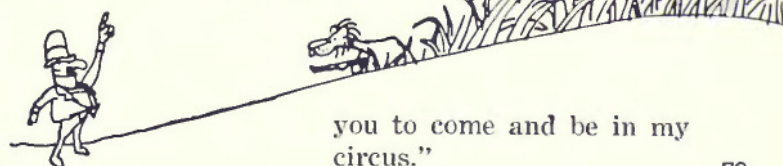
And the young lion, he just yawned and picked up his gun.

"I think I will shoot this one standing on my head with one eye crossed and three paws tied behind my back," he said, and he aimed his gun.

"Wait a minute, don't shoot me," cried the man.

And the young lion said, "Why not?"

And the man said, "Because I am not a hunter. I am a circus man and I want



you to come and be in my circus."

"Circus, shmircus, dominercus," said the young lion. "I do not want to be in a cage in your old circus."

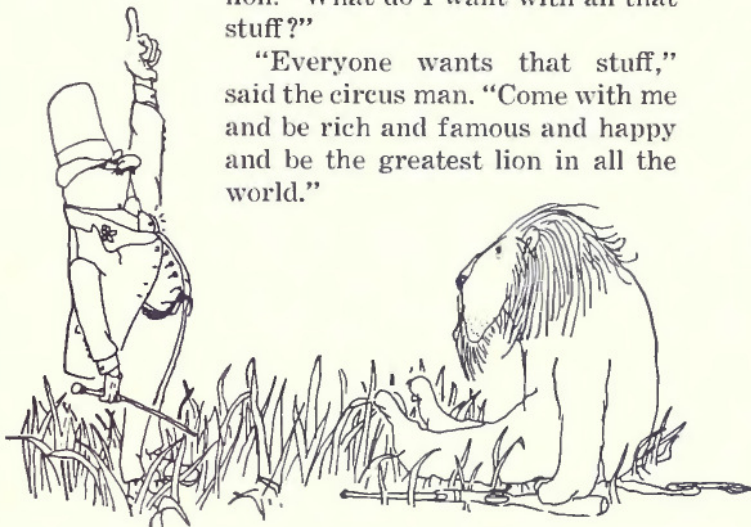
"You wouldn't have to be in a cage," shouted the circus man. "You can be my trick shooter."

"Shooter, shmooter, scooter, booter," said the young lion. "I am already a great shooter. I am the greatest shooter in the jungle!" And he aimed his gun again.

"But you can make lots of money and you can be the greatest shooter in the world and you can be famous and eat wonderful foods and wear silk shirts and yellow shoes and smoke 50-cent cigars and go to wonderful parties and have everyone pat you on your back or scratch you behind the ears or whatever people do to lions; I don't know."

"Ears, shears, a glass of beers," said the young lion. "What do I want with all that stuff?"

"Everyone wants that stuff," said the circus man. "Come with me and be rich and famous and happy and be the greatest lion in all the world."



"Well," said the young lion, "if I do come, will I get a marshmallow?"

"A marshmallow?" said the circus man, waving his gold-headed cane and twirling the golden watch on a golden chain. "A marshmallow? Why, my good fellow, you will have thousands of marshmallows. You will have marshmallows for breakfast, marshmallows for lunch, and marshmallows for supper, and do you know what you will have between meals?"

"Marshmallows?" asked the young lion.

"Marshmallows!" shouted the circus man. "I will build you a marshmallow house and I will get you a marshmallow mattress for your bed for midnight snacks and I will make you a marshmallow suit with a marshmallow hat and when you take a shower you will take a shower with hot melted marshmallows. Why, you will have more marshmallows than any lion in the world. Shall I sing you the marshmallow song?"

*"Marshmallows Marshmallows
Marching Marshing Mellow
Malling Mallows Marshing Fellows
Marshy-Murshy —"*

"I'd rather you didn't," said the young lion.

"Well, it's really not too bad a song," said the circus man, "considering that I just made it up. Well, anyway, pick up your gun, pack up your suitcase, and let's go to the big city."

"I don't have a suitcase," said the young lion.

"Too bad you aren't an elephant," said the circus man. "Because then you could pack up your *trunk* — ha ha ha ha."

"That is a pretty corny joke," said the young lion. "Even for the jungle."

"Hummpf," snorted the circus man. "OK, pack up your toothbrush and let's get out of here."

"I don't have a toothbrush," said the young lion.

"No toothbrush?" said the circus man. "How do you brush your teeth?"

"I don't brush my teeth," said the young lion.

"You don't brush your teeth?" said the circus man. "What does your *dentist* say about that?"

"I don't *have* a dentist," said the young lion.

"You don't have a dentist?" said the circus man. "Well, then, who —"

"Look," said the young lion. "If you want me to go, I will go. I will do anything rather than listen to all your terrible jokes."

So the circus man got on the lion's back and they marched out of the jungle.



"You are sure about those marshmallows?" said the young lion.

"Absolutely sure," said the circus man.

And away they went.

Well, finally, after traveling for many days and nights they came to the city — and oh, it wasn't anything at all like the jungle. There were lots of people and tall square things and things that looked like hippopotamuses that moved very fast with people inside them. And the young lion was very confused.

"Can I have my marshmallows now?" he asked.

"All in good time," said the circus man. "Right now there are bigger things in store for Lafcadio the Great, star of Finchfinger's Circus."

"Who is Finchfinger?" asked the young lion.

"That is I," said the circus man.

"And who is Lafcadio the Great?" asked the lion.

"That is *you*," said the circus man.

"But my name is Grummfgff or Mmmff, or something like that," said the young lion.

"Don't be silly," said the circus man. "You can't say Grummfgff the Great, or Mmmff the Great, or Something-Like-That the Great — from now on your name is Lafcadio and let me tell you, Lafcadio the Great, that things are really going to start popping for you!"



Well, let me tell *you* old Finchfinger wasn't just kidding. That very morning there was a great big parade for Lafcadio the Great all the way to the circus tent and the band was playing and the sun was shining and Lafcadio the Great was riding in a big golden convertible and the band was playing *Umpa Umpa Umpa* and the people were cheering "*Hurrah, Hurrah!*" and "*Yea, hey, hurray*" and "*Whoopie,*" and, "*Wow*" and, "*Zowielookadeline,*" which means "*Zowie, look at the lion!*" And they threw confetti at Lafcadio, who was so happy that he smiled at everybody and opened his mouth and caught some of the confetti and ate it and everybody cheered and he waved his tail all around and curled his mustache and he honked the horn on the car, *honk, honk*, and the band played *Ompa Ompa Ompa Boom and Boom, Appa, Appa, Ompa, Ompa*, and the crowd kept yelling "*Yea, hey, hurray,*" and Lafcadio the Great was the happiest lion in all the world.

And finally, the ringmaster with the long mustache hollered:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, presenting the only sharpshooting lion in the world, Lafcadio the Great!"

And everyone went "*Hooray, Hooray*" and Lafcadio the Great came out — and he was wearing a brand-new white suit that Mr. Finchfinger had bought

for him and a big yellow cowboy hat and yellow boots and he had a brand-new silver gun with a pearl handle and a diamond-studded

holster with lots of bullets made of pure gold, and he waved and he picked up his gun and first he shot six bottles off the table, *bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.*

And then he shot a hundred balloons off the ceiling *bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang* (you can put in the other 92 bangs yourself); and then he told everybody in the circus to put a marshmallow on his head and he shot the marshmallows off everybody's head in the circus including all the kids and a few of the monkeys.

And then he told everybody in the audience to hold up the ace of spades and he shot every card in the middle — 12,322 of them (but he did it with 12,323 shots because he missed once), and the people went "*Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah.*"

And then he shot between his legs and he shot under his arms and standing on his head, and he shot lying on his side and sitting on his hands and he shot rolling over and he never missed once after that and the people began to shout "*Rah! Rah! Rah! Lafcadio the Great is the greatest shot in the world.*"

And he was.

And that was how Lafcadio the Great joined the circus.

And from that day on Lafcadio the Great was busy traveling with the circus from city to city, from New York to Racine to St. Paul doing trick shots for millions of kids and men and women.

And Lafcadio the Great finally tasted his first marshmallow — and it was delicious — and he had all the marshmallows he wanted — raw marshmallows, and toasted marshmallows and southern-fried marshmallows and marshmallows au gratin and scrambled marshmallows and a poached marshmallow and marshmalloup (which is a marshmallow soup) and marshmallops (which are marshmallow chops) and marshmallew (which is marshmallow stew) and a marshmomelet (which is a marshmallow omelet) and marshmeverything!

And of course Lafcadio learned many things he had never learned before. He learned to sign autographs because he was so famous that everyone wanted his autograph, and everyone was especially delighted with him because he would sign six autographs at once: two with his front paws and two with his back paws and one with his tail and one with his teeth.

But after a while of course he would sign only one at a time with his right front paw because that was more like a man and less like a lion and Lafcadio was becoming more and more like a man all the time. For instance, he stood on his back paws and he learned to sit at the table with his left hand in his lap and his elbows off the table. And he had his hair cut, and his mustache trimmed, and his claws manicured.



And he stopped eating menus.

And he learned to wear dark suits and white shirts with button-down collars and tweedy brown suits with plaid shirts and turned-up collars.

And he learned to wear collars with starch in them.

And then he learned to wear collars with *no* starch in them.

And he kept his tail curled up and seldom let it hang down except when he forgot himself or he had a little too much buttermilk to drink.

And often he would be seen dancing in night clubs with the most beautiful, beautiful girls.

And as time went by, Lafcadio the Great became greater and greater and his picture was in all the newspapers. And he became more and more like a man.

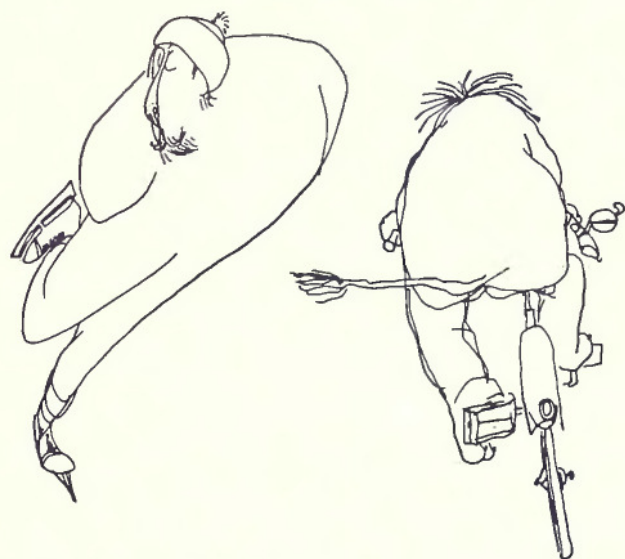
And he began to play golf.

And he began to play tennis.

And he went swimming and diving.

And he began to paint pictures (but to tell you the truth he couldn't draw a straight lion, ha ha).

And he did exercises to stay in shape.



And he went skating.

And he almost learned to ride a bicycle.

And he spent his vacations lying on the beach at Cannes.

And he learned to sing and play the guitar.

And he learned to bowl.

And he seldom said "*Graugrrr*" except on very special occasions, and everyone wanted him at parties.

And he became a social lion.

And he wrote his autobiography. And everybody bought it.

And he became a literary lion.



And he had his clothes made to order — just so!

And he became a clothes lion.

And if you ever called him on the phone the operator would tell you, "Sorry, the lion is busy."

And I suppose he was just about as happy and rich and famous as anyone could ever hope to be.

And then one day Finchfinger, the circus man, came to visit him in his beautiful new mansion, made of silver and gold and marshmallows and he found Lafcadio the Great sitting in his living room — and he was crying.

"Why are you crying, my friend?" Finchfinger asked. "You have money and you are famous and you have seven big cars and you are loved by everyone and you are the greatest shot in all the world. Why are you crying — you have everything!"

"Everything isn't everything," said Lafcadio the Great, dripping big tears down on the golden rug.

"I'm tired of my money and my fancy clothes.

"I'm tired of eating Rock Cornish hen stuffed with rice.

"I'm tired of going to parties and dancing the cha-cha and drinking buttermilk.

"And I'm tired of smoking five-dollar cigars and playing tennis and I'm tired of signing autographs and I'm tired of *everything!* I want to do something *new!*" he said. "But there isn't anything *new* to do!"

And he started to cry again.

"Have you tried a few more marshmallows?" asked Finchfinger.

"So far today I've eaten 23,241,562 marshmallows," said the lion. "And I'm tired of them, too! I want something *NEW!*"

And he put his head down and began to cry some more.

"Now, now," said Finchfinger, "stop this crying: you know every cloud must have a silver lining and I have just thought of a wonderful thing to do. And it's brand-*New!*"

"What is that?" Lafcadio the Great sniffed, looking up with great big tears running down his nose.

"*Hunting,*" said the circus man. "You can go to Africa on a hunting trip!"

"Wonderful," said Lafcadio the Great. "I have never been on a hunting trip."

And Lafcadio the Great packed up his suitcases and his guns and he and lots of other hunters went to Africa to do a little hunting.

And when they got to Africa they put on their red caps and they picked up their guns and they



went into the jungle and they all began shooting at some lions, when suddenly one very, very old lion looked closely at Lafcadio and said, "Hey, wait a minute, don't I know you?"

"I don't think so," said Lafcadio.

"Well, how come you are shooting at us?" asked the old, old lion.

"Because you are a lion and I am a hunter," said Lafcadio. "That's why."

"You are not a hunter," said the old lion, looking at him even closer. "You are a *lion*. I can see your tail sticking out from under your jacket. You are definitely a lion."

"Dear me," said Lafcadio, "dear me, so I am; I had almost completely forgotten about it."

"What is going on there, Lafcadio?" said the hunters. "Stop talking to those lions and start shooting those lions."

"Don't listen to him," said the old lion. "You are a lion just like us. Help us, and after we finish with these hunters we'll all go back into the jungle and sleep in the sun and swim in the river and play in the tall grass and chase our tails and eat some nice raw rabbits and have a wonderful time."

"Raw rabbits!" said Lafcadio. "Aarrgh ptu!"

"Don't listen to him," said the hunters. "You

are a man just like us. Help us, and after we finish with these lions we'll sail back to America and go to some wonderful parties and play badminton and drink buttermilk and have a wonderful time."

"Buttermilk!" said Lafcadio. "Aarrgh ptu!"

"Well," said the man, "if you are a man, you had better help us shoot these lions, because if you are a lion we certainly are going to shoot you."

"Well," said the old, old lion, "if you are a lion you had better help us eat up those men, because if you are a man we are certainly going to eat *you* up. So make up your mind, Grmmff."

"Make up your mind, Lafcadio," said the man.

"Make up your mind," they all said together, and poor Lafcadio the Great, he couldn't make up his mind; he wasn't really a lion anymore and he certainly wasn't really a man.

Poor, poor Lafcadio — what do you do when you don't want to be a hunter — and you don't want to be a lion?

"Look," he said, "I don't want to shoot any lions, and I certainly don't want to eat up any of you hunters. I don't want to stay here in the jungle and eat raw rabbits and I certainly don't want to go back to the city and drink buttermilk. I don't want to chase my tail, but I don't want to play badminton either. I guess I don't belong in the hunter's world and I guess I don't belong in the lion's world. I guess I just don't belong anywhere," he said.

And with that he shook his head and he put down his gun and he picked up his hat and he sniffed a couple of times and he walked away over the hill, away from the hunters and away from the lions.

And he walked and walked, and soon from far away he could hear the sound of the hunters shooting the lions and he could hear the sound of the lions eating up the hunters.

And he didn't really know where he was going, but he did know he was going somewhere, because you really have to go somewhere, don't you?

And the sun was just beginning to go down behind the hill and it was getting a little chilly in the jungle and a warm rain was beginning to fall

and Lafcadio the Great walked down into the valley alone.



the pros and cons, history and future possibilities of vision-inducing psychochemicals

a reporter's objective view

BY DAN WAKEFIELD

"... Our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different... No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. How to regard them is the question..."

THIS QUESTION raised by psychologist William James more than half-a-century ago is no longer academic. The use of new drugs that bring about "these other forms of consciousness" has become an explosive issue in scientific, medical, religious, and educational circles and a source of increasing fascination for the public. James was led to consider the question while reporting on the powers of nitrous oxide, commonly known as laughing gas, to "stimulate the mystical consciousness" and today such stimulation by newer types of "hallucinogenic" — or hallucination-producing — drugs such as mescaline, LSD and psilocybin is being explored by growing numbers of amateur as well as professional experimenters. Psychologists, hipsters, ministers, mental patients, movie stars, housewives and college students have taken these drugs in the past several years, with results ranging from hellish to heavenly — as well as nothing more than ordinary nausea.

The interest as well as the controversy stirred by these substances has grown ever since the accidental discovery of LSD 25 (the shorthand name for lysergic acid diethylamide) in 1943 and scientists were faced with the problem, as candidly described in a medical journal, of "what to do with it." Writing more than a decade after its discovery, the researcher wryly noted that the drug had already been used for "almost everything from distorting spider webs and scaring salamanders to 'shaking up' psychological trainees or having LSD social parties, to curing schizophrenia."

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a novelist's personal experience

BY ALAN HARRINGTON

A FEW MONTHS AGO I had my first experience with LSD 25. A 12-hour session with the mind-dilating compound dispatched me on a trip through the cosmos inside my head. LSD enables everyone to become an astronaut of himself. During this flight beyond time into the depths of consciousness, each of us can explore an inward universe filled with both violent and peaceful revelations.

I am no pioneer. Thousands of people before me have been research subjects; have ingested LSD, psilocybin and mescaline, not to mention raw mushrooms and cactus buttons, and they have had similar visions and psychic shocks. Many of them hadn't much choice. They were mental patients. But there have also been seers, poets, film stars, and assorted anthropologists, prisoners, priests, ministers, graduate students and housewives.

I find most accounts of mescaline, psilocybin and LSD experiences to be of two sorts — intimidatingly beautiful cruises through the Perception Islands and, at the other extreme, self-pitying horror stories. The beautiful voyages are aesthetic delights, spun-sugar candy of the mind, wondrous — and generally irrelevant to life back on the planet. Scenes encountered along the way appear far more splendid than mine. Gorgeous flowers and jewels, knights in armor and Moorish castles, must not be intended for everyone, at least not during the first session. According to Gerald Heard, the greater the ego, the more severe will be the period of terror under LSD. Before the sublime moments can come, the ego must give up and, willingly or not, break apart. For those who resist this process, the temporary "dying" can be a hellish passage. It was that way for me — apparently so concerned with hanging onto ego that I missed a great deal of the beauty. (But once the cracking and shredding of all that I could comprehend, the imitation of death, was over with, I ascended to a marvelous view and thought I saw the Eternal Situation throbbing in space.)

As for the terror, it can be educa-

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a philosopher's visionary prediction

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

BETWEEN CULTURE and the individual the relationship is, and always has been, strangely ambivalent. We are at once the beneficiaries of our culture and its victims. Without culture, and without that precondition of all culture, language, man would be no more than another species of baboon. It is to language and culture that we owe our humanity. And "What a piece of work is a man!" says Hamlet: "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! . . . in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" But, alas, in the intervals of being noble, rational and potentially infinite,

*man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he is most
assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before
high heaven
As make the angels weep.*

Genius and angry ape, player of fantastic tricks and godlike reasoner — in all these roles individuals are the products of a language and a culture. Working on the twelve or thirteen billion neurons of a human brain, language and culture have given us law, science, ethics, philosophy; have made possible all the achievements of talent and of sanctity. They have also given us fanaticism, superstition and dogmatic bumptiousness; nationalistic idolatry and mass murder in the name of God; rabble-rousing propaganda and organized lying. And, along with the salt of the earth, they have given us, generation after generation, countless millions of hypnotized conformists, the predestined victims of power-hungry rulers who are themselves the victims of all that is most senseless and inhuman in their cultural tradition.

Thanks to language and culture, human behavior can be incomparably more intelligent, more original, creative and flexible than the behavior of animals, whose brains are too small to accommodate the number of neurons necessary for

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HALLUCINOGENS
HALLUCINOGENS

WAKEFIELD (continued)

The various hallucinogens (they are similar in make-up and effects) have also been used, or proposed for use in the future, as a cure for alcoholism, a means of transcending what has been called the dim and drab world of everyday existence, a therapeutic aid in treating neurotics, a means of instant self-understanding, a spur to creative activity, the key to a modern religious revival, and a substitute for cigarettes. This promise-filled horizon, however, is clouded by the darker effects of the drugs that have led to a strong editorial "warning" in a recent issue of the AMA's *Archives of General* (continued overleaf)

HARRINGTON (continued)

tional. For instance, the tour through endless coils of ego ever-turning in on themselves until the subject screams to be rid of his self-imposed solitary confinement is a humbling experience. For some time afterward one is likely to be sympathetic to the vanities of others. Even coarse aspirations seem unobjectionable. But such promiscuous kindness will not last indefinitely unless you have an inclination that way.

What has lasted for me is a sort of religious or anyway metaphysical experience brought on directly by LSD, and not felt before. I have never been religious. I know (continued overleaf)

HUXLEY (continued)

the invention of language and the transmission of accumulated knowledge. But, thanks again to language and culture, human beings often behave with a stupidity, a lack of realism, a total inappropriateness, of which animals are incapable.

Trobriand Islander or Bostonian, Sicilian Catholic or Japanese Buddhist, each of us is born into some culture and passes his life within its confines. Between every human consciousness and the rest of the world stands an invisible fence, a network of traditional thinking-and-feeling patterns, of secondhand notions that have turned into axioms, of ancient slogans (continued overleaf)

Photographer David Attie interprets the surrealistic visions induced by LSD 25 and other psychedelic drugs. On the preceding page is a sexual-religious apparition. A frigid woman who had been helped by the drugs said: "In the act of love I became both Man and Woman. Together we dissolved into the Energy which exists before Matter." Below, a joyful hallucination in soft focus. A scientist described one of his as: "Floating films of color, then an abrupt rush of white light swept across the field of view." Right, some visions can be worse than nightmares. A graduate student saw: "A city overrun by insects being pursued by giant rats."





WAKEFIELD (continued)

Psychiatry that "Latent psychotics are disintegrating under the influence of even single doses [of LSD]: long-continued LSD experiences are subtly creating a pathology. Psychic addiction is being developed and the lay public is looking for psychiatrists who specialize in its administration." The editorial concluded by cautioning the psychiatric profession that "greater morbidity, and even mortality, is in store for its patients unless controls are developed against the unwise use of LSD 25."

While widespread public interest in these drugs is a recent phenomenon, hallucinogens have been used in their natural forms for at least 3000 years. It may seem a wonder that men ever got around to such mundane pursuits as plowing and planting at all after finding the artificial paradises offered by the hallucinogens; but Gordon Wasson, a banker who has gained renown through his study of mushrooms, believes that rather than holding man back, the hallucinogens (especially the mushroom varieties) were probably responsible for the origins of human culture.

Banker Wasson brought new scientific attention to the powers of the mushroom when he journeyed to a remote Mexican village in Oaxaca province in 1953, and discovered the hallucinating "sacred mushrooms" (*psilocybe mexicana*) which had been providing the natives with visions for more than four centuries. They transported Wasson as well, taking him to realms of the mind such as one he reported when "I saw a mythological beast drawing a regal chariot. Later it was as though the walls of our house had dissolved, and my spirit flown forth, and I was suspended in mid-air viewing landscapes of mountains."

Wasson's reports excited scientists, who soon synthesized the active chemicals into psilocybin, the newest of the hallucinatory drugs, and stimulated fresh interest in its chemical companions. Though mushrooms lately have attracted more historical interest than the other hallucinogens, they are only one of a galaxy of flowers, roots, seeds and plants that men have used in all ages and all parts of the world to escape to a world of visions; there are 13 *phantastica* (the original botanical name given to the hallucinogens) used by the Indians of Mexico alone. Peruvian Indians prepare a hallucinating brew from a jungle vine called caapi or yajé, and natives in the Orinoco basin use a hallucinatory snuff known as *yopo*.

Until very recently the only interest that people of advanced civilizations took in these practices was trying to stop them. Spanish conquistadors outlawed the rites of the sacred mushrooms among

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HARRINGTON (continued)

very little about Eastern philosophy. Lotuses, the idea of reincarnation, stages of existence, visions beyond time, etc., have been foreign to my habits of thinking. Yet all of these symbols and concepts attended my LSD voyage, and furthermore, they are present in the drug-induced experiences of thousands of others. The fact that symbols encountered on the voyage are often identical with those employed by Himalayan sages may not mean anything. It may prove only that these sages knew how to put themselves in a condition that I reach via an LSD cocktail.

Under the influence of LSD the subject feels that he is being invaded by a huge force. This force manifests itself first in one way and then another. In my own case: the subject had wrenched out of him prolonged laughter that seemed to issue independently from the depth of his being as though the cosmos were laughing through him. This laughter then turned into a jag of grief. He burst out with wholly unexpected confessions. He felt that the walls of consciousness were being opened by an enormous thrust, and he was cast out of time. He went out of himself and became instead a representative of the human race. He felt that he was reliving the history of the species, and only incidentally of himself. Crying out, he groped and crawled over a soft living-room rug, his ancient mud and swamp, before he was able to stand erect and think again. When he came back down to the present, and the do-it-yourself brainwashing was over, he felt clean and marvelously refreshed.

Afterward, I imagined psychoanalysts as diligent little men with shovels working away, along with the patient and his shovel, at a mountain of neurosis—and in comparison LSD could be an engineered atomic force lifting off the mountain, exposing the caves not necessarily of one's private childhood but the childhood from which everyone springs.

My connection with LSD was made through clinical psychologists associated with the nonprofit organization known as the International Federation for Internal Freedom. These psychologists administered the drug to me; that is, after obtaining medical approval I volunteered as a research subject.

Before going into the details of my experience, it might be helpful to present my own view of the background and the character of the IFIF group and the beliefs of its leaders—especially the organization's president, Dr. Timothy Leary. Until early this year, Leary, along with Dr. Richard Alpert, and a number of colleagues now in IFIF, conducted studies with psilocybin at Harvard's Center for Research in Personality. In Jan-

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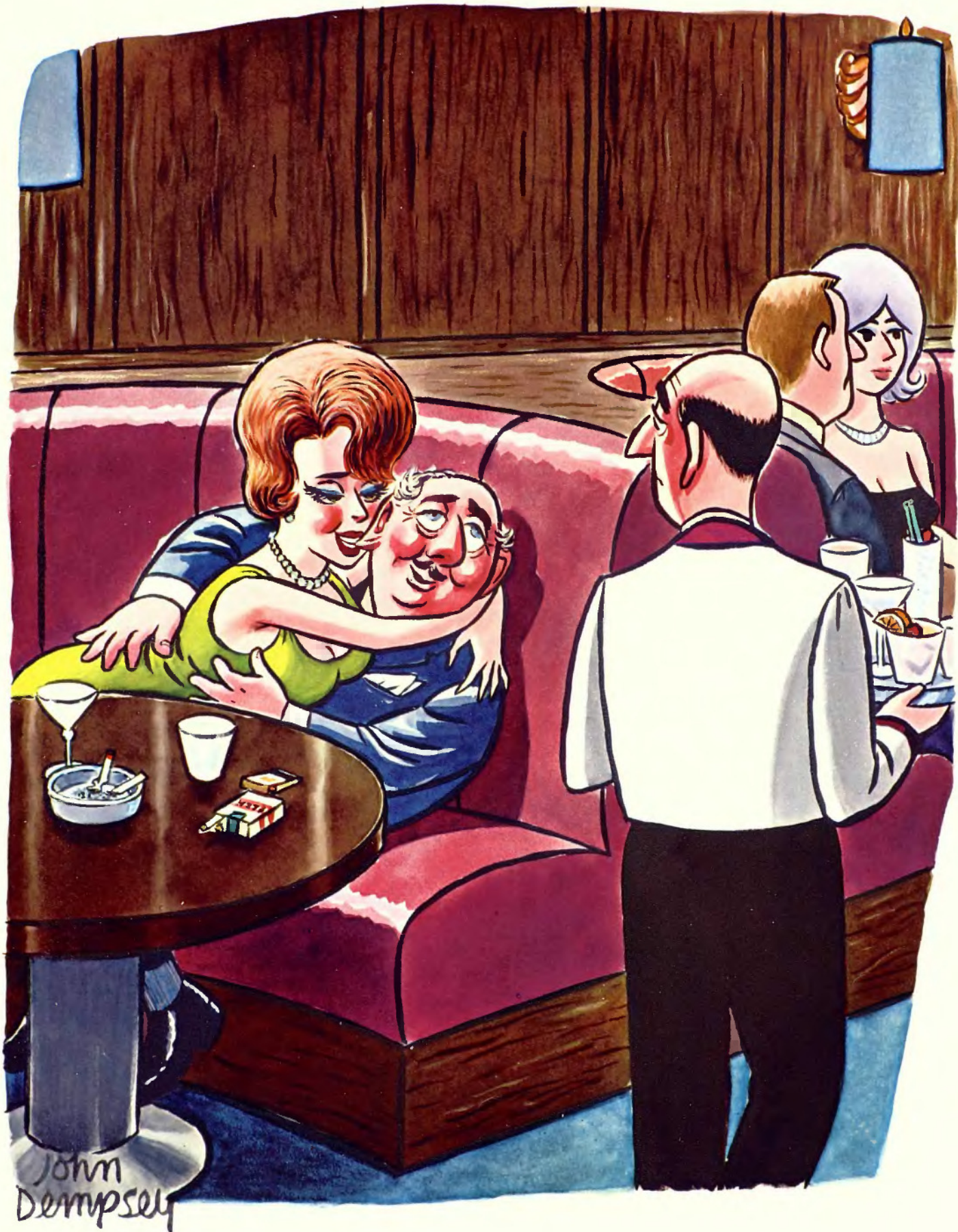
HUXLEY (continued)

revered as divine revelations. What we see through the meshes of this net is never, of course, the unknowable "thing in itself." It is not even, in most cases, the thing as it impinges upon our senses and as our organism spontaneously reacts to it. What we ordinarily take in and respond to is a curious mixture of immediate experience with culturally conditioned symbol, of sense impressions with preconceived ideas about the nature of things. And by most people the symbolic elements in this cocktail of awareness are felt to be more important than the elements contributed by immediate experience. Inevitably so, for, to those who accept their culture totally and uncritically, words in the familiar language do not stand (however inadequately) for things. On the contrary, things stand for familiar words. Each unique event of their ongoing life is instantly and automatically classified as yet another concrete illustration of one of the verbalized, culture-hallowed abstractions drummed into their heads by childhood conditioning.

It goes without saying that many of the ideas handed down to us by the transmitters of culture are eminently sensible and realistic. (If they were not, the human species would now be extinct.) But, along with these useful concepts, every culture hands down a stock of unrealistic notions, some of which never made any sense, while others may once have possessed survival value, but have now, in the changed and changing circumstances of ongoing history, become completely irrelevant. Since human beings respond to symbols as promptly and unequivocally as they respond to the stimuli of unmediated experience, and since most of them naively believe that culture-hallowed words about things are as real as, or even realer than their perceptions of the things themselves, these outdated or intrinsically nonsensical notions do enormous harm. Thanks to the realistic ideas handed down by culture, mankind has survived and, in certain fields, progresses. But thanks to the pernicious nonsense drummed into every individual in the course of his acculturation, mankind, though surviving and progressing, has always been in trouble. History is the record, among other things, of the fantastic and generally fiendish tricks played upon itself by culture-maddened humanity. And the hideous game goes on.

What can, and what should, the individual do to improve his ironically equivocal relationship with the culture in which he finds himself embedded? How can he continue to enjoy the benefits of culture without, at the same time, being stupefied or frenziedly intoxicated by its

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John
Dempsey

"My compliments to the bartender."



there was something special about this bum, bernie realized, some-

BERNIE THE FAUST

THAT'S WHAT RICARDO CALLS ME. I don't know what I am.

Here I am, I'm sitting in my little nine-by-six office. I'm reading notices of Government-surplus sales. I'm trying to decide where lies a possible buck and where lies nothing but more headaches.

So the office door opens. This little guy with a dirty face, wearing a very dirty, very wrinkled Palm Beach suit, he walks into my office, and he coughs a bit and he says:

"Would you be interested in buying a twenty for a five?"

That was it. I mean, that's all I had to go on.

I looked him over and I said, "*Wha-at?*"

He shuffled his feet and coughed some more. "A twenty," he mumbled. "A twenty for a five."

I made him drop his eyes and stare at his shoes. They were lousy, cracked shoes, lousy and dirty like the rest of him. Every once in a while, his left shoulder hitched up in a kind of tic. "I give you twenty," he explained to his shoes, "and I buy a five from you with it. I wind up with five, you wind up with twenty."



SAUL LAMBERT

thing out of this world about the strange deals he came up with

fiction **By WILLIAM TENN**

"How did you get into the building?"

"I just came in," he said, a little mixed up.

"You just *came in*." I put a nasty, mimicking note in my voice. "Now you just go right back downstairs and come the hell out. There's a sign in the lobby — NO BEGGARS ALLOWED."

"I'm not begging." He tugged at the bottom of his jacket. It was like a guy trying to straighten out his slept-in pajamas. "I want to sell you something. A twenty for a five. I give you—"

"You want me to call a cop?"

He looked very scared. "No. Why should you call

a cop? I haven't done anything to make you call a cop!"

"I'll call a cop in just a second. I'm giving you fair warning. I just phone down to the lobby and they'll have a cop up here fast. They don't want beggars in this building. This is a building for business."

He rubbed his hand against his face, taking a little dirt off, then he rubbed the hand against the lapel of his jacket and left the dirt there. "No deal?" he asked. "A twenty for a five? You buy and sell things. What's the matter with my deal?"

I picked up the phone.

"All right," he said, holding up the streaky palm of his hand. "I'll go. I'll go."

"You better. And shut the door behind you."

"Just in case you change your mind." He reached into his dirty, wrinkled pants pocket and pulled out a card. "You can get in touch with me here. Almost any time during the day."

"Blow," I told him.

He reached over, dropped the card on my desk, on top of all the surplus notices, coughed once or twice, looked at me to see if maybe I was biting. No? No. He trudged out.

I picked the card up between the nails of my thumb and forefinger and started to drop it into the wastebasket.

Then I stopped. A card. It was just so damned out of the ordinary—a slob like that with a card. A card, yet.

For that matter, the whole play was out of the ordinary. I began to be a little sorry I hadn't let him run through the whole thing. After all, what was he trying to do but give me an offbeat sales pitch? I can always use an offbeat sales pitch. I work out of a small office. I buy and sell, but half my stock is good ideas. I'll use ideas, even from a bum.

The card was clean and white, except where the smudge from his fingers made a brown blot. Written across it in a kind of ornate handwriting were the words *Mr. Ogo Eksar*. Under that was the name and the telephone number of a hotel in the Times Square area, not far from my office. I knew that hotel: not expensive, but not a fleabag either—somewhere just under the middle line.

There was a room number in one corner of the card. I stared at it and I felt kind of funny. I really didn't know.

Although, come to think of it, why couldn't a panhandler be registered at a hotel? "Don't be a snob, Bernie," I told myself.

Twenty for five. What kind of panhandling pitch would follow it? I couldn't get it out of my mind!

There was only one thing to do. Ask somebody about it. Ricardo? A big college professor, after all. One of my best contacts.

He'd thrown a lot my way—a tip on the college building program that was worth a painless fifteen hundred, an office-equipment disposal from the United Nations, stuff like that. And any time I had any questions that needed a college education, he was on tap. All for the couple, three hundred, he got out of me in commissions.

I looked at my watch. Ricardo would be in his office now, marking papers or whatever it is he does there. I dialed his number.

"Ogo Eksar?" he repeated after me. "Sounds like a Finnish name. Or maybe

Estonian. From the eastern Baltic, I'd say."

"Forget that part," I said. "This is all I care about." And I told him about the twenty-for-five offer.

He laughed. "That thing again!"

"Some old hustle that the Greeks pulled on the Egyptians?"

"No. Something the Americans pulled. And not a con game. During the Depression, a New York newspaper sent a reporter around the city with a twenty-dollar bill which he offered to sell for exactly one dollar. There were no takers. The point being that even with people out of work and on the verge of starvation, they were so intent on not being suckers that they turned down an easy profit of nineteen-hundred percent."

"Twenty for one? This was twenty for five."

"Oh, well, you know, Bernie, inflation," he said, laughing again. "And these days it's more likely to be a television show."

"Television? You should have seen the way the guy was dressed!"

"Just an extra, logical touch to make people refuse to take the offer seriously. University research people operate much the same way. A few years back, a group of sociologists began an investigation of the public's reaction to sidewalk solicitors in charity drives. You know, those people who jingle little boxes on street corners: HELP THE TWO-HEADED CHILDREN, RELIEF FOR FLOOD-RAVAGED ATLANTIS? Well, they dressed up some of their students—"

"You think he was on the level, then, this guy?"

"I think there is a good chance that he was. I don't see why he would have left his card with you, though."

"That I can figure—now. If it's a TV stunt, there must be a lot of other angles wrapped up in it. A giveaway show with cars, refrigerators, a castle in Scotland, all kinds of loot."

"A giveaway show? Well, yes—it could be."

I hung up, took a deep breath, and called Eksar's hotel. He was registered there all right. And he'd just come in.

I went downstairs fast and took a cab. Who knew what other connections he'd made by now?

Going up in the elevator. I kept wondering. How did I go from the twenty-dollar bill to the real big stuff, the TV giveaway stuff, without letting Eksar know that I was on to what it was all about? Well, maybe I'd be lucky. Maybe he'd give me an opening.

I knocked on the door. When he said "Come in," I went in. But for a second or two I couldn't see a thing.

It was a little room, like all the rooms in that hotel, little and smelly and stuffy. But he didn't have the lights on,

any electric lights. The window shade was pulled all the way down.

When my eyes got used to the dark, I was able to pick out this Ogo Eksar character. He was sitting on the bed, on the side nearest me. He was still wearing that crazy rumped Palm Beach suit.

And you know what? He was watching a program on a funny little portable TV set that he had on the bureau. Color TV. Only it wasn't working right. There were no faces, no pictures, nothing but colors chasing around. A big blob of red, a big blob of orange and a wiggly border of blue and green and black. A voice was talking from it, but all the words were fouled up: "*Wah-wah, de-wah, de-wah.*"

Just as I went in, he turned it off. "Times Square is a bad neighborhood for TV," I told him. "Too much interference."

"Yes," he said. "Too much interference." He closed up the set and put it away. I wished I'd seen it when it was working right.

Funny thing, you know? I would have expected a smell of liquor in the room, I would have expected to see a couple of empties in the tin trash basket near the bureau. Not a sign.

The only smell in the room was a smell I couldn't recognize. I guess it was the smell of Eksar himself, concentrated.

"Hi," I said, feeling a little uncomfortable because of the way I'd been with him back in the office. So rough I'd been.

He stayed on the bed. "I've got the twenty," he said. "You've got the five?"

"Oh, I guess I've got the five, all right," I said, looking in my wallet hard and trying to be funny. He didn't say a word, didn't even invite me to sit down. I pulled out a bill. "OK?"

He leaned forward and stared, as if he could see—in all that dimness—what kind of a bill it was. "OK," he said. "But I'll want a receipt. A notarized receipt."

Well, what the hell, I thought, a notarized receipt. "Then we'll have to go down. There's a druggist on 45th."

"Let's go," he said, getting to his feet with several small coughs that came one, two, three, four, right after one another.

On the way to the druggist, I stopped in a stationery store and bought a book of blank receipts. I filled out most of one right there. New York, N.Y., and the date. *Received from Mr. Ogo Eksar the sum of twenty dollars for a five-dollar bill bearing the serial number* "That OK?" I asked him. "I'm putting in the serial number to make it look as if you want that particular bill, you know, what the lawyers call the value-received angle."

He screwed his head around and read the receipt. Then he checked the serial

(continued on page 187)

SKIING USA

playboy's guide to the finest runs, handsomest hostelvies and most beguiling snow bunnies



THE QUESTION OF WHAT is bringing so many ski-happy Mohammeds to the mountains has begun to intrigue motivational-research men and psychiatrists, who are especially interested in skiing's allure for single men and women. Dr. James Knight of Tulane Medical School describes it as "A philosophy of living with, and not against, the elements." Dr. Knight adds to this the observation (apparent even to those not oriented psychiatrically): "Girls dress in very seductive fashions and exhibit their sex in stimulating ways."

Even Freud has been invoked by skiing enthusiasts. Dr. Ernest Dichter, a leading motivational-research specialist, has said: "There is a sort of defloration involved . . . of the virginal snow. Conquest. You make your own tracks. Stretch pants can be compared to a sweater of the lower extremities." Dichter makes the sport seem even more sensual when he says: "Skiing also has a similarity to getting drunk. You're discovering, as you do when you're intoxicated, another part of yourself. Is this really me? you ask yourself. Am I capable of this kind of enjoyment? Perhaps there is a relationship here to sexual release."

It's doubtful that most skiers have ever considered the art of going downhill in this light. But regardless of the subconscious implications of skiing, Dichter's description of the sport's essence is perceptive: "In the end it's all of these things and the moment of truth, too—the moment of truth, complete absorption away from the complicated trials of modern life. You are alone in a winter landscape . . . and you have become very important."

Add to this the savor of hot *Glühwein* after the last run, an excellent dinner with a lovely friend, dancing at a local cellar, and all the rest of it, and it's easy to see why a man's best friend can be his skis.

Skiing, the fastest growing sport in the United States today, has become *the* winter fashion; and, in more ways than one, it is extremely high fashion. Beginning in December and continuing through April, increasing numbers (10 percent per annum at the going, growing rate) of hardy individuals gladly forsake the snug warmth of urban pads for zestful days in invigorating mountain air.

As an American phenomenon, skiing received its greatest lift in the post-War years, when returning veterans took to the slopes like wintry lemmings. Perhaps these old-timers regard with scorn the *nouveaux-arrivés* who trammel what was once pristine and white and add length and weight to straining lift lines; but their uneasiness is assuaged by the knowledge that every masculine newcomer is usually matched by a feminine beginner in molded stretch pants. Quite understandably, the arrival of the female on the ski scene has helped



accelerate the development of *après-ski* (a charming French phrase that says more in three syllables about the other-than-outdoor aspects of skiing than could be expressed in volumes), until now it's a fine art as fully developed as the most complex ski maneuver.

There are about 3,000,000 Americans who ski annually. Whether they make it to the mountains for one or two weekends each season, or do the Friday-night-Sunday-night bit from December to April, or take a winter holiday in the Rocky (text continued overleaf)





EAST Top: A couple of Kanonen (as expert skiers are dubbed) execute a spectacular jump on Vermont's Mt. Snow. Far left: Wheeling in from New York, young couple in jaunty Daimler S.P. 250 sports car typify the fast-moving, fun-loving set at Vermont's plush Sugarbush spa. Left, top to bottom: Ski bunny, up to her sitzmark in snow, is offered aid and comfort by attentive companion. Above, left: Getting into the swim of things is a literal pleasure at Snow Lake Lodge, Vermont. Above, right: Changing from outdoor to evening togs, an attractive hotel guest pauses to admire the sweeping mountain view.



Top: Colorfully contrasting skis, racked at foot of Mt. Snow, make an unusual abstract pattern. Center: Skiers gather at Sugarbush's base lodge for a spot of midday socializing laced with a sip of wine. Above: Tony's Club is located in the heart of Yankee country—Stowe, Vermont—but its relaxed, congenial atmosphere exemplifies perfectly that richly flavored French phrase, *après-ski*.





or Green Mountains, they have an investment in ski wear and equipment that grosses the ski industry close to \$1,000,000,000 a year. A well-equipped participant with an active interest in the sport will have a minimum investment in gear and clothing of \$250.

The current interest in skiing has also been a boon to the travel industry, and virtually every type of transportation has a stake in the ski boom (although in the East, those day-coach ski trains are as obsolete as the visored ski cap). Major seaboard areas where stable snow conditions can be counted on are about 5½ hours away, so most New Yorkers drive. Friday evening in midwinter Manhattan is revealing: ski racks are as plentiful as deer antlers in a game preserve — including the expensive skis carried by Commander Whitehead atop his Rolls-Royce — and, as twilight deepens, the steady *(text continued on page 101)*



MIDWEST Left: Skiers relax on the seven-minute chair-lift ride up Indian-head Mountain, Michigan, before making the exhilarating downhill run. Above: Meanwhile, back at the lodge, a couple tests the old adage: "From wine what sudden friendship springs!"

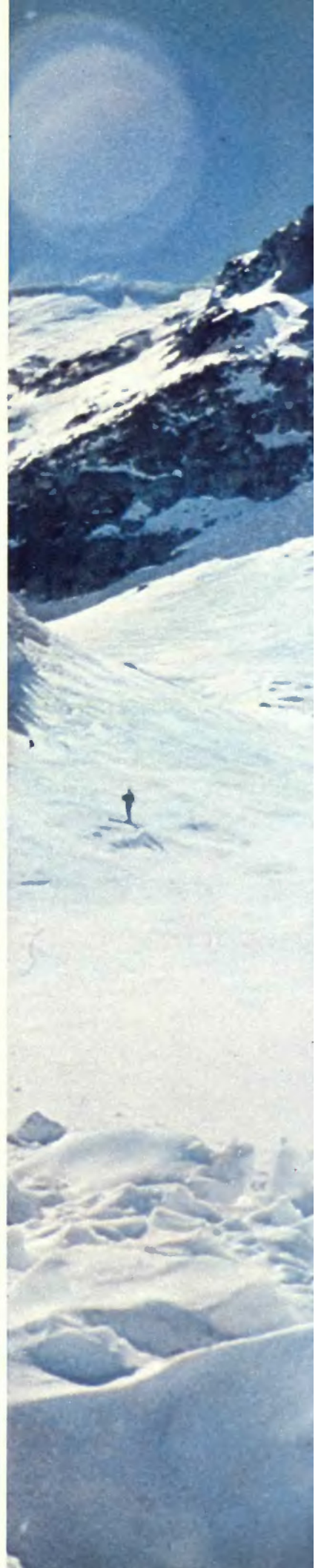
Below: Fashionable and functional woolen masks are popular for their vivid tones and bizarre designs, and because they protect the skier's face from wintry winds. Peruvians, who originated these masks, claim they have unusual allure for the opposite sex. Bottom: First morning on the beginners' slope for this group; while instructor, at left, demonstrates the classic snowplow, tyros slide along in varying degrees of ineptitude.



Right: Skiers arriving at Boyne Mountain Lodge (Michigan) are greeted by flurries of snowflakes, quaint snow sculpture and Tyrolean clock; chair lift and slope are seen in background. Far right: As the sun sets vividly on a long day of instruction for this pair of skiers—about to make their first run from the top of Indianhead Mountain—they indulge in an ancient Swiss ritual believed to insure safe schussing.









stream to New England begins. For those New Yorkers who prefer to travel more elegantly, and at the same time get their sleep and adequate liquid nourishment, there is the Stowe-Sugarbush Express — a two-section Greyhound service. The one to Stowe, called the "Stowe-away," takes six hours, leaves for Vermont at an appropriate time on Friday night and returns Sunday evening. The other, to Sugarbush, also stops at Killington. Each costs \$20 for the round trip. A stewardess serves wine, setups and snacks.

Midwestern skiers, the most obsessed of all in their week-end urges, drive, fly and bus long distances for their pleasure. (Flying from New York to Eastern ski areas, private or commercial, is for the most part dependent on the vagaries of the weather.) Midwesterners, apparently, are less timid about atmospheric problems. One Chicago ski-shop operator, who pioneered chartered DC-3 trips to Wisconsin areas last winter, intends to expand service this season. He also hopes to offer some long-weekend flights to Colorado. A Chicago travel man operates bus trips to Midwestern areas, but has also gotten ski trains going again. This winter, he and the Burlington Railroad are putting together two- and three-day packages to Breckenridge and Vail in Colorado for about \$60.

In Detroit, bus trips are operated to Georgian Peaks, Ontario, and in Minneapolis, packaged weekend trips to areas as distant as 250 miles are available. None of these bus arrangements are tours, by the way. They're just an economical and unharried way of going skiing.

In the West, where skiing is usually closer at hand, the car is still the prime means of transportation. The exceptions include buses out of San Francisco to the areas around Lake Tahoe (like Heavenly Valley, Squaw, Donner Summit) and buses out of Los Angeles to the Southern California areas like Mammoth and Snow (*text continued on page 180*)



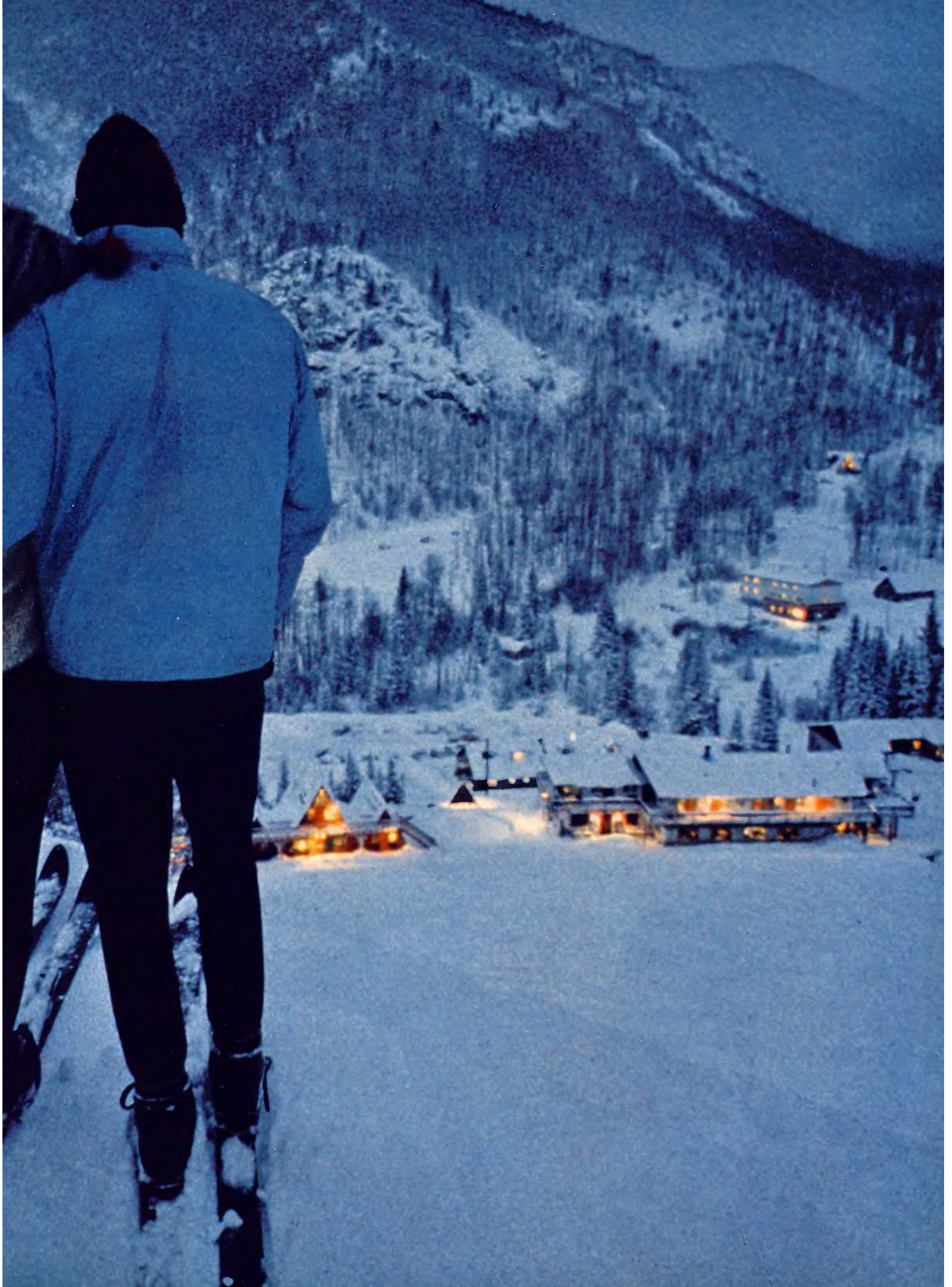
WEST Opposite page, top: Snow bunnies double as water sprites at Aspen Inn. Center, left: Curvy skier checks bindings before a downhill run. Center, right: Skiers throw toes, inhibitions at St. Bernard Chalet, Taos, N. M. Bottom: Aspen Inn decor is perfect for songfests around piano. Left: Mammoth Mountain, Calif., looms over glistening ski slopes. Above: Voil Lodge, one of Colorado's newest resorts.

Below, left: A canine caper aboard a Husky-drawn sleigh is part of Aspen's great variety of winter fun. Below, right: A ski enthusiast slips into form-fitting stretch pants — without which no self-respecting snow queen would be seen.



Above: Following a bracing day in the crisp mountain air, skiers congregate for a round of bracers in Aspen's Hotel Jerome. Right: A ski twosome looks down at Taos' snug base lodge before making the day's final schuss.





AMBUSH

fiction by JOHN REESE

"THE COLONEL!" Sergeant Rojas warned softly.

"Where?" said Lieutenant Montoya.

He looked around quickly, but all he could see was the red of the Sonora desert, glittering with heat. Often it was possible to make out cars on the International Highway that led to the American boundary, 60 miles to the north; but not today. Today all that was a sea of blinding light, reflected from blazing rocks and hot sand. To the southwest, from which the colonel might also approach, he could make out the line of low hills; but as for the rutted road that squirmed around them, or the village tucked in among them, they were invisible, drowned in light.

Then Rojas handed over his binoculars, and with them Montoya could see a car speeding along the road below the hills and the village, and a long trail of dust that hung suspended in the still, superheated air behind it. That a man could see it with the naked eye was incredible; but Rojas was a Yaqui Indian, and the Yaquis claimed to have the best eyesight of any people on earth.

"It's a car, but how do you know it's the colonel's?"

"Who else has four-wheel drive, and what could go there without it? I will leave the glasses with the lieutenant while I relieve the guard. The colonel may need them, sir."

"Why, thank you, sergeant!" said the lieutenant.

"For nothing, sir," said Rojas.

He gave his men an order and marched them up the slope. He wore a steel helmet and boots, and he had every button buttoned, yet he did not seem to be in distress. His flat, swarthy face — an old man's hard, wise face although Rojas was only 24 — had a slight shine, and there was a dark stripe under the sling of his carbine; but that was all.

Lieutenant César Montoya wore cool summer tans, but he did not know how much more of this he could stand. I'd die in what I make those men wear, he thought.

He waited at the company truck until the command car roared up in a cloud of dust. Out jumped Colonel Arriega. He returned Montoya's salute smilingly and offered his hand. He was a tall man, not handsome, but intelligent-looking, and almost as tidy as Sergeant Rojas.

"Ah, César — anything to report?" he said.

"No, sir," Montoya replied. "There aren't enough soldiers in Mexico for this job. Rubio comes and goes at will."

"Exactly what we were to prevent!"

"I know, sir. It's my fault."

"If he can't meet his girl, if he can't get out for food and water and to do business, eventually he must come out with his hands up. If, that is, he's really there!"

"Oh, he's there, all right!"

"You were not so sure, last time."

"Neither was Sergeant Rojas, sir. He is now, and I've never known that man to be wrong yet."

"Rojas. He's the man you told me about, the subject of your little experiment in rehabilitative psychology?"

"That's the man. I don't ask how he knows Rubio is there. What's the use? I'm not sure he knows how he knows."

The truck and car had gone as far as they could, even with four-wheel drive. Ahead was a steep, boulder-strewn slope, which the colonel studied cheerfully, as though looking forward to a nice hot climb. "Well, let us see for ourselves," he said. "I see you have some new binoculars!"

"The sergeant's. He also has a new wrist watch. It's odd how such things turn up in a remote village,

to the lieutenant these men were children, yet perhaps he had underestimated their capacities as beasts



but if I asked Rojas to explain them, I'm sure he could."

"César, I like that man!" the colonel cried, clapping his hands together. "A good soldier must be a good forager."

"Rojas is that. But he's also a savage, a sadistic brute. And, Joaquín, such traits don't make a good soldier. They spoil him. They degrade the profession of arms."

"Ah, you idealistic intellectual!" Arriega said, affectionately. "Take care that you don't spoil a good petty officer with your experiments. Men vary in goodness. Rojas commands brutes—therefore he must be more brutal."

"I command all of them," Montoya pointed out. "I do not find it necessary to be a brute."

"Because you have intellect. A little idealism and a little savagery—I like the combination! It makes me think you'll bag Rubio yet. Shall we go have a look?"

Arriega led the way up the slope, using handholds on red boulders that were fiery to the touch. At one point, the guards Rojas had just relieved stood aside respectfully for them, vacating the trail to perch like foxes on the rocks. These were Yaquis, too—short, muscular youths who, like Rojas, looked middle-aged in their stiff, green field uniforms. Their bony faces might have been carved out of brown Mexican ebony, for all the expression they showed. But these men were sweating. They were tough, but not as tough as Rojas.

The colonel smiled at them. "Men, it is hot!"

They saluted gravely. A corporal answered for all of them: "Yes sir. As the colonel says, it is hot."

The soldiers went on down to the truck that would take them back to company headquarters in the village. The two officers kept climbing. "I like the looks of your command, César," Colonel Arriega panted. "You whipped some bad men into shape in good time."

"Thank you, Joaquín," said the lieutenant.

"Lay hands on Rubio and you'll be a captain. Then you may be glad you had a top sergeant like Rojas. What a job! The politicians ought to start a few less difficulties, or finish more of them."

This was as close as the colonel would come to complaining about being given ignoble police work and what amounted to a prison company to do it. He had spent a year with the Japanese army and a year with the American. He had returned without his mustache, and with a determination to give Mexico the best army of its size in the world. He believed in his country, his men. Well led, he said, his Mexicans could stand against any fighters in the world.

He should have been a general long ago. Unhappily, he was an impatient man, and perhaps too dedicated. He

had been too brusque with politicians whose sons wanted to be staff majors in Mexico City and "co-ordinate" electronic development. So he remained a colonel, one it was unprofitable to know.

César Montoya had nothing to lose by knowing him. César was a year older than his colonel—42—and was only a lieutenant. The two had been friends at the university. César had remained there to teach logic. He married a lovely girl from a wealthy family. They had two children, and 13 years of happiness.

It ended when she died suddenly. After that, nothing was worthwhile, neither teaching nor being taught, neither the exquisite perfection of logic nor the perfumed pattern of wit and humor they had so enjoyed together. He walked about in a daze. Sometimes he slept in his chair and came to his classes in yesterday's shirt. Often he did not sleep at all, and when he lectured, he mumbled and rambled.

Then Joaquín Arriega came to him shouting, "No more of this, my friend. You need work. Into the army with you! Oh, wait until you see the command I've got for you."

Now César had not seen his son and daughter in a year. They were with his wife's parents, getting loving care and a good education. He had learned how not to miss them too much.

As for this job, it was at least a challenge, particularly since it called for a captain's rank. These men were serving second enlistments, and the army did not want to lose their expensive training. But they were also men close to dishonorable discharge or prison. They were troublemakers, alcoholics, rapists, thieves, deserters, killers—the dregs of the army.

They fascinated Montoya who had not known that such men existed. He found he could usually obtain obedience without shouting; but he could shout, too. It seemed to him that these men were only children, their toughness notwithstanding. One must never overestimate their judgment or underestimate their intelligence. It was quite a bit like teaching.

He had solved most of his problem when he discovered that about half of his command were Yaquis. He divided them into platoons that way and taught them to compete. The other platoon had been left at departmental headquarters where, he hoped, it was not getting into too much trouble.

It took them half-an-hour to reach the top. Here they looked across a rocky canyon, steep but not deep, and barren of all but a few cactus clumps. Beyond it rose brown hills, and beyond them the high, blue haze of the Sierra Madres. The village had looked bleak and forbidding when Montoya first brought his platoon of scoundrels there. But this! This view always stirred him deeply.

He gave the colonel the glasses, and just then Rojas materialized. Rojas was always military, never stealthy, yet he could pop up in the most disconcerting way. He came stiffly to attention until Montoya said, "At ease, sergeant. Show the colonel how you have deployed your men."

Rojas pointed. "There, there, there and there, sir."

The colonel studied the deployment, but he was also studying Rojas. "Excellent, sergeant!" he said. "Not even a lizard should be able to get past you."

"He got past us last night in the dark, sir," said Rojas.

"Your men saw him?"

"No, sir."

Rojas looked helpless. Montoya said, "Colonel, a Yaqui always knows when someone gets behind him. If this man says he got through, he got through, believe me!"

The colonel put the binoculars to his eyes and peered down to the bottom of the canyon, where stood a small stone house, little more than a hut. It had one large, low window with no glass, and a roof of greasewood brush that kept out the sun. Rain was not a problem here.

It looked empty, but beyond it and concealed by it was the mouth of a tunnel that led a hundred yards into the other wall of the canyon. This old gold mine, one of hundreds in this part of Sonora, had not been worked in years. But if Rojas was right, somewhere down there, either in the house or the cooler mine shaft, was a man of only 30, but prematurely, handsomely gray, by the name of Rubio.

Rubio was a smuggler, wanted in Mexico for smuggling illicit gold into Arizona, and by Arizona for smuggling in illicit narcotics. The police had chased him for years. Still, Rubio had been a relatively trivial problem until just a few months ago.

Lieutenant Montoya and his scoundrels had been called in after Rubio, singlehanded, had robbed two buses and killed one of the drivers. He stopped them on the open highway and stripped them at pistol point, in the old way. He did not get much, but what he got he spent freely.

Overnight he was a popular hero combining the most appealing traits of Robin Hood, Jesse James and Pancho Villa. So far, the government was officially ignoring his antics. Officially, this was only a training exercise to make tough men tougher, and not the pursuit of a man who could become, and might be now, a dangerously attractive subversive.

Of course, everyone in the village knew better. They had certainly heard about Lieutenant Montoya's two raids on the stone house and the old mines. The derisive stories, which were too ac-

(continued on page 212)



"He turned out to be an amateur ventriloquist, and I suddenly heard myself saying, 'Yes!'"

A woman with dark hair pulled up, wearing a blue patterned bikini, stands in shallow water. She has her hands on her head, looking down. The background is a sunset over the ocean, with the sun low on the horizon and its light reflecting in a shimmering path on the water's surface. The overall mood is serene and relaxed.

***fair
deal***

***carefree
terre tucker
prefers
cards to
career***



Guitar and cards in hand, Terre heads for the park with roommate Sharon where the two tarry over song and gin rummy.

IN A WORLD OVERPOPULATED with would-be career girls, we were cheered recently to uncover a capable young lass who desires only happiness — despite a sparkling array of talent which could kindle fiery ambition even in a less volatile framework. This take-life-as-she-finds-it girl is umber-tressed Terre Tucker, our November Playmate, an emerald-eyed 19-year-old who ripened under Arizona sunshine and emigrated to Chicago via Beverly Hills and Las Vegas. Though peripatetic Terre (pronounced “Terry”) is an accomplished guitarist (“My playing has a long way to go — but it’s sufficient for now”), who will provide her own vocal accompaniment at the drop of a chord (“I think I have a good voice — in fact, I’m proud of it”), she aspires to a performing career only tentatively. “Some day I may have to work steadily,” she admits, “and if that day comes I would enjoy acting and singing.” Currently between jobs and living on savings, our Miss November has turned in creditable performances in multifold métiers: she played salesgirl for several months at O’Brian’s Casuals in Phoenix, won her wings as a Transcontinental stewardess, and enhanced the summer scenery at a Phoenix watering spot as Arizona’s most lissome lifeguard. Rescue and resuscitation techniques

A hamburger stop at Chicago’s Chances R provides Terre with the opportunity to exhibit considerable folk-singing talent.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS NOVEMBER



Home again, Terre and Sharon spend a carefree afternoon wheeling round after round of their favorite pastime.

being what they are, it's not surprising that the number of near-drownings in Terre's territory rose alarmingly. A compulsive gin-rummy player ("I'm really hooked on the game") who has been known to manipulate both cards and guitar simultaneously, Miss November is a folk *aficionado* and Baezophile who finds chain-gang songs irresistibly captivating. On a typical day, Terre may snooze out the forenoon before rising for a troubadour stroll down North State Parkway with roomie Sharon Rogers (this month's cover girl), during which the two may tarry for a song or a hand of gin, either in the park or at a nearby pizzeria. Some nights, Terre goes to The Happy Medium, a theater-café, to visit friends appearing in the show. Until she finds the man in her life ("Tall, intelligent, ambitious and thoroughly in love with me"), Terre — admittedly an ingénue — is content with her guitar-and-gin-rummy days as a bachelor girl. For an eyeful of Terre at her ingenuous best, see gatefold.

No diversion lasts forever; cards and guitar disappear while Terre dresses for an evening at The Happy Medium.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sadist* as one who is kind to masochists.



Then there was the cute, but somewhat confused, chick who told the movie producer that she wanted to be a Stollywood harlot.

The Jag zoomed along, with the native Californian sitting behind the wheel describing to his visiting chum the blind date they were on their way to meet. "She's young, she's rich, and her face is a picture," said the driver.

Before the evening had grown very old, the visitor found that the young lady was indeed young, had very glowing financial prospects . . . but her looks were incredibly bad. The next morning, he challenged his friend, "I thought you said my date's face was a picture!"

His host yawned and replied, "Can I help it if you don't dig Picasso?"

Of course you've heard of the playboy baron who went serf riding.

The stunning coed was stunned herself when the biology professor asked her, "What part of the human anatomy enlarges to about 10 times its normal size during periods of emotion or excitement?"

"I-I refuse to answer that question," the girl stammered, as she shyly avoided looking at her male classmates sitting nearby. One of them was called upon next and he correctly answered, "The pupil of the eye."

"Miss Rogers," said the professor, "your refusal to answer my question makes three things evident. First, you didn't study last night's assignment. Second, you have a dirty mind. And third," concluded the professor, "I'm afraid marriage is going to be a tremendous disappointment for you."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marriage* as the evil eye.

The busy Park Avenue veterinarian impatiently assured the well-dressed lady with the schnauzer dog that there was nothing wrong with the animal's hearing. "There's just too much hair around the dog's ears," he said. "Get some hair remover and he'll be all right."

She purchased a bottle of depilatory at a nearby pharmacy, and the clerk instructed her to use it at full strength for leg hair, and to

dilute it by half for underarms. "Thanks," said the woman with a puzzled frown, "but I want to use this on my schnauzer."

"Oh," said the clerk, somewhat taken aback. "Well, in that case you'd best use it at one-third strength . . . and . . . uh, I wouldn't advise bike riding for a while!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wedding ring* as a one-man band.

Having wandered helplessly into a blinding snowstorm, Sam, a notorious drinker, was greatly relieved to see a sturdy Saint Bernard dog bounding toward him with a keg of brandy strapped to his collar.

"At last," cried Sam, "man's best friend—and a great big dog, too!"



The two couples were enjoying their vacation together at a resort hotel. They were in the middle of a game of Scrabble in the lobby when a thunderstorm cut off the hotel's electricity, leaving little to do but retire to their rooms. Will was a rather devout chap, so before getting into bed with his companion, he said his prayers. As he got under the covers, the lights suddenly went on and he discovered he was in the wrong room. He instantly jumped up and started to dash for the hallway. "It's too late," called the girl from the bed, "my guy doesn't pray."

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



"What do you mean you're not that kind of girl?"

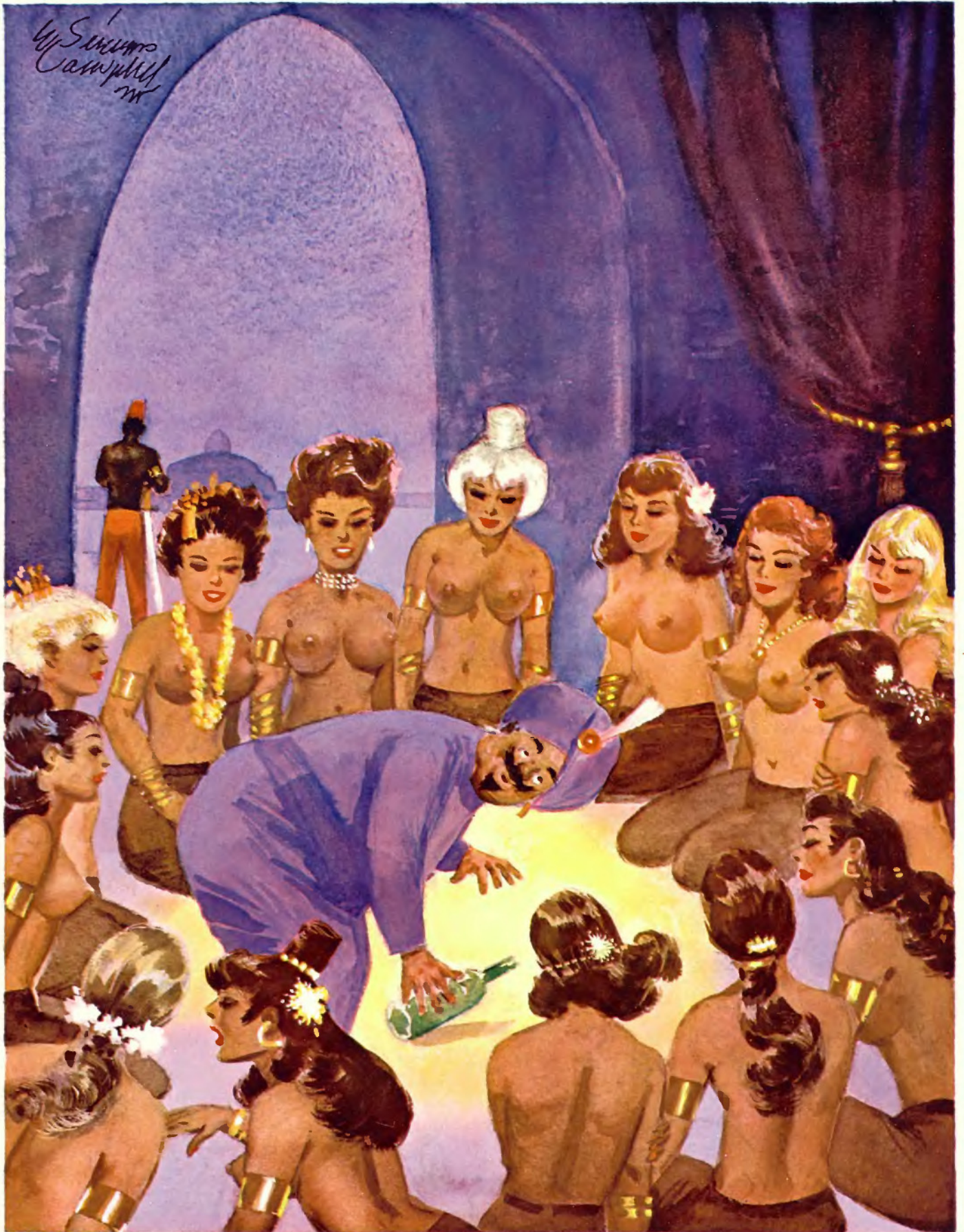


THANKSGIVING DINNER À DEUX
gourmandial feasting for the bachelor with
a one-woman guest list *food* By THOMAS MARIO



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN

BACHELORS HAVE COME A LONG WAY in the world of fine holiday cookery since America's first feast — that three-day eating and drinking session in Plymouth in 1621. Not that Thanksgiving got its start in Massachusetts. Long before the Pilgrims' bash, there were all kinds of thanksgivings not only in England and on the Continent, but even in pagan times when unbridled thanks were offered to Demeter, the Greek goddess of fruitfulness. Any modern-day bachelor intimately sharing his holiday food and drink governs himself by a happy principle laid down during the reign of the Elizabethan Queen Elizabeth, who decreed that during days of thanksgiving there should be no servile labor permitted under penalty of harsh punishment. A bachelor's normal resistance to hard labor at the range asserts itself particularly around the fourth Thursday in *(continued on page 184)*



"Deep down he's just a goddamned kid."

THE STRANGE GIG

they had beaten themselves with the music until it was a pair of fists in a dark alley; and now it was gone, gone out of all of them

fiction by **BORDEN DEAL**



ANDA

HE STOOD HESITANTLY inside the door. He was wearing the coat to the blue suit and the pants to the brown suit because the coat had gone of the one and the pants of the other. The shirt was a pale blue, a different shade from the coat, and he hoped that no one would notice that he was not wearing socks. He couldn't bear socks with holes in them; he didn't have any other kind.

He was hesitant because he was already wishing that he had not come. It was too late now; the young man bustled over toward him with the frown on his face that meant he was going to get asked why he was here.

"Yes?" the young man said in a voice that was ready to become belligerent though it was not belligerent yet.

"I'm Hardy Moon," Hardy said. He was ashamed that he had to clear his throat before he could answer.

"Oh, yes," the young man said, the frown and the incipient belligerence rapidly clearing. "Come this way, Mr. Moon."

Hardy followed the young man down a side aisle and through a doorway. Only then did Hardy realize why he had not been able to recognize any of the faces among the crowd in the small auditorium. They were all here in the back room.

All the old familiar faces, he thought as the door closed behind him and they turned to regard him. He stood still, looking in his turn, and for a moment there was a stillness across the distance before Bobby Rogers came forward.

"Why, Hardy Moon," he said. He hit him on the upper arm. "It's been a long time."

"Too long," Hardy said.

They came to him, then, and it was a

time for shaking hands and talking in quick, short catch-up sentences. His hands were tender from the arthritis this morning and he tried to make the handshakes short. The door opened again and another old face stood there and again, this time Hardy Moon among them, they turned to recognize and assess.

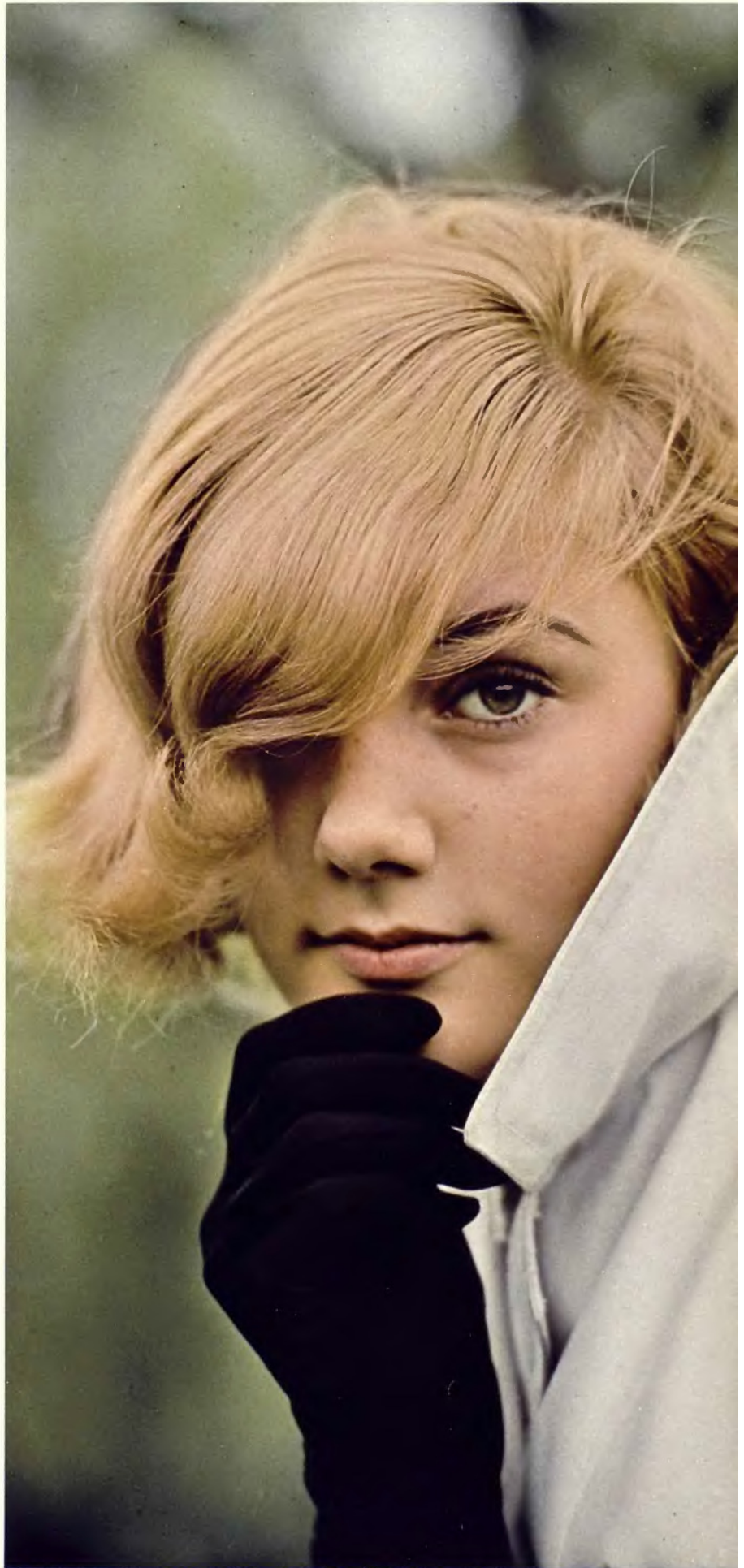
A seedy bunch, Hardy thought. All in all. He looked at the careful clothing, the ravaged faces, the eyes that had long since been emptied from too much seeing, the twitches here and there and the pouches under the eyes and the nervous hands. He put his own hands into his pockets.

"What's the gig?" he asked John Thompson. There was only one man in the room who didn't look on his uppers. Bucky Waters. He had a cashmere overcoat over *(continued on page 196)*



The Girls Of Canada a salute to the comeliest chicks
of our neighbor to the north

Above: Having a highland fling, kilted kitten Linda Berry leaps in front of Casa Loma, Toronto's tourist-haunted replica of a medieval castle. Now a student at Bathurst Heights Collegiate, Linda hopes someday to prance professionally in musicals or ballet.



Top, left: Future schoolmarm Connie Bartello of Toronto sees through a glass, brightly. Bottom, left: Montreal secretary Dane Richer prettily decorates her pad. Right: Vancouver girl Sylvia Wood is a 17-year-old who dreams of becoming a singer.



Above: 18-year-old Rosalyn Linhart is a classically featured sophomore at the University of Manitoba.

CANADIAN CHAMPAGNE is sweeter than American, and it soothes the palate with a slightly softer touch. So, too, the girls of Canada. Though their eye shadow tends to be by Helena Rubinstein and their small talk by Dorothy Kilgallen, these exemplary examples of North American womanhood seem to ripen on more pliant vines than the American growth — and to the connoisseur their bouquet is perceptibly sweeter and softer. In short: If the ambition of the American variety is to capture a man and use him, the inclination of the Canadian variety is still, as often as not, to capture a man and let him use her.

Americans have half-understood this happy distinction for at least three generations. In years past, when Hollywood sought a romantic symbol rather than a sex symbol, their intrepid scouts trekked north of the 49th parallel and brought back a Mary Pickford or a Norma Shearer or a Deanna Durbin. But this cinematic image of old-fashioned virtues — once reinforced by Nelson Eddy's leather-lunged paean to *Rose Marie* — has caused many American males to misinterpret modern realities. Where most U.S. enthusiasts, as well as many Canadians, go wrong today is in assuming that if the sex symbol stands for Instant Intercourse and not much else, the romantic symbol must stand for Prolonged Togetherness and nothing more.

It is true that the thinking of Canadian girls is still, by and large, more colored by 19th Century hearts-and-flowers sentimentalism than is the thinking of American girls. But this is not to say that an appetite for romantic love is the operative trait, or even a leading one, in every girl of the frozen north. Of late, Canada has had only slightly less than her share of the North (text continued on page 132)

Left: Pink-lipped Georgine Helbren plays it cool in a Winnipeg pool. Right: Kerchiefed beguiler Gale Gerber is a white-and-gold confection from Toronto.

Below, right: Attractive Montreal native Louise Arlette is an aspiring opera singer who dotes on Verdi. Bottom, right: Wind-buffed Ruby Sidor, a 20-year-old show-business hopeful, enjoys a cool outing in a Montreal park. Bottom, center: Pert Lois Alma Washington is a storyteller's dream come to life: she's a fetching farmer's daughter from Manitoba.



Below, left: Flower-framed Beverley Takeuchi—a 21-year-old receptionist in a Vancouver beauty salon—has haunting Oriental appeal. Bottom, left: Here pictured in free-form silhouette against Vancouver foliage, pneumatic Terry Lee is a saucy 19-year-old who huskily sings folk songs and believes strongly in being an individualist. Below: A blonde peach in an orange wrap, playful Angie Williams of Toronto is a sports-car enthusiast and a constantly sought-after tennis partner.



Below, left: Stylishly tailored Inge Sagermann, 23, was a successful model in Germany before her emigration to Toronto four months ago. Below, center: Fair Donna Lynne Everson languidly poses with a posy in her Winnipeg chambers. Below, right: Chic even in a trench coat, Toronto fashion model Anna Gorman pauses to savor a cappuccino between lens assignments. Bottom: Bounteous 20-year-old Marlene Stevens of Banff, a kindergarten teacher, enjoys a moment of pensive ease.





Top: Obviously in the pink of condition, Vancouver's sultry Joan Stewart is an avid horsewoman and an admirer of 17th Century English poetry. Above, left: In a sylvan setting, ample Lea Strauss of Vancouver, an English-born coffeeshop cashier, exudes the dedicated sun worshiper's healthy glow. Above, center: Pale blonde Jill Kristine Ball, here poised over a *café au lait* in a Toronto restaurant, has studied piano under Oscar Peterson and hopes to make it as a pianist in a jazz trio.



Above, left: Piquant beauty Joanne Gayre, peeking mischievously around a shower curtain, is a Torontonian whose pride is her long tresses and whose ambition is to become a fashion consultant. Top, right: Goldenly glowing Elizabeth Wolff of Montreal has Sioux blood from her mother's side, Irish from her father's. Above, right: German-born Countess Sylvia Reventlow, Lance Reventlow's cousin, who says she would like to become a Bunny, leans regally against a crimson convertible in Vancouver.



Top, left: Québécoise Janot Coutu, a high-fashion hairdresser, relaxes in her white-curtained *chambre à coucher*, thereby illustrating the accuracy of her own self-assessment: "In every way I am very French." Top, right: Trans-Canada Airlines stewardess Karen Campbell, a denizen of Winnipeg, has blue eyes and a striking fuselage. Above: Madly hatted Ingrid Heath is a strawberry blonde from Germany who has taken up fashion modeling in Toronto and become an out-of-this-world s-f fan.



Above, left: Blithe Jeannie Belcher, here logging time in the sun on the outskirts of Victoria, works as a receptionist for Canadian Broadcasting Corporation-TV, has dreams of one day acting in New York. Top, right: Fresh-faced teenager Beverley Reed, smiling from a Toronto pool, hopes to either model or become a girl Friday, is currently hipped on gymnastics and surfboarding. Above, right: The haunting, high-cheekboned beauty of Natalie L'Heureux warms the Montreal scene.

Below, left: Patricia-Juli Nelson, 19, a Willowdale girl, works summers at the Banff Springs Hotel. Below, right: Surfside at Vancouver, Yvonne Arráte acquires an all-over tan. Bottom: Erika Braun, from Vancouver, relaxes in front of the hearth.



Below: Obviously a girl worth lionizing, sultry Jane Kristiansen, 18, perches on a paw overlooking Toronto's Exhibition Park. Jane came to Canada from her native Denmark 11 years ago, is attending school, and wants to become a psychologist.



American female urge for sexual equality, a down-to-earth attitude that has led at one extreme to the proliferation of nonvirgin clubs in certain Canadian high schools.

This burgeoning duality of approach to affairs of the heart was reflected in the content and concept of the most talked-about book to appear in Canada last season. *Love Where the Nights Are Long* was published (by McClelland and Steward, Ltd.) in two editions, a limited one at \$65 that sold out overnight and a paperback version that is still moving briskly. The book is billed as an anthology of Canadian love poetry, but in more explicit language it is also a metrical manual of sex. The anthologist, a poet named Irving Layton who writes and talks mainly about his own libido, says in the foreword that whatever Canada has not got going for her, love she has.

"Canadians are a backward folk," he says. "They have not yet heard that love is dead. . . . Think of those sprawling megalopolises whose monstrous, unstoppable advance converts fields and healthy forests into acres and acres of neurotics. Love cannot grow in this wreckage of human hopes, this junk yard; only psychoanalysis can, to explain why love doesn't." Layton's point, right or wrong, is that Canadians haven't got much on their minds worth brooding over *but* love — and rather physical love at that. This is certainly all that is on the minds of the girls to whom the poets in his anthology are talking.

Though Canada is the second largest country in the world (in square miles only Russia is bigger), her population is approximately equal to that of New York State. This means that for every square mile of Canadian real estate there are less than three women — of any age. Such sparse distribution does not occur in actuality, of course, for practically all Canadians live within 200 miles of the U. S. border, and roughly two thirds of these may be found in the wedge made by Quebec and Ontario into the U. S.

Of the nearly 10,000,000 Canadian women clustered so close to American borders, about a million are between 18, the age of consent under Canada's criminal code, and 25, an age at which eight of every ten are married. Men marry later; only six out of ten have taken wives by the time they are 25. This tardiness is caused in part — particularly in the minds of practical men — by the extreme difficulty of obtaining a divorce in Canada. Until this year divorce in two of the ten provinces (the rough equivalent of American states) required a special act of the federal parliament.

For Canadians, the only alternative to this sort of governmental red tape — aside from maintaining a discomforting union — is divorce in Mexico or in one of the

American states where the courts accept a reasonable number of the various grounds that can make divorce necessary. In view of such complications, it is not surprising that quite a few young Canadians decide to live together without committing themselves to marriage.

The girls, of course, are often more eager to seek the tie that binds than are their male friends, and like their American sisters, they have found the groves of academe to be a happy hunting ground. Each year finds an increasing number of feminine students going on from the high schools to the universities, and this year almost half the freshman classes in arts and sciences at the large English-speaking universities like McGill, in Montreal, the University of Toronto, or the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver, are made up of coeds. Some are there to obtain bachelor of arts or science degrees; more are there to acquire bachelors. While less than 6000 Canadian coeds will earn degrees this year, over 6000 will legally get their man.

If a man wished to investigate at first hand the quantity and quality of Canada's choicest girls, he might well undertake a coast-to-coast journey, starting on the shores of the Pacific and thence following the thin ribbon of densest population eastward, pausing at such likely places as shall be indicated in this essay. The trip would not be completely comprehensive, of course; no trip can be, nor can any written account thereof. But it would be eminently enjoyable.

A fine commencement address is Vancouver, British Columbia. Vancouver is less a large, modern city than an all-season playground where youth, beauty and high spirits have become a kind of secular religion. (In 1962 PLAYBOY readers were memorably apprised of Vancouver's superb scenery by the appearance of two local girls on our gatefold: March Playmate Pamela Anne Gordon and July Playmate Unne Terjesen.) There is perhaps no city in the world where sporting blood can get a more vigorous workout in so short a time. When a stranger arrives in town, the natives often get their kicks by hustling him to the mountainous north shore of Burrard Inlet for a day whose schedule may include: nine holes at the Capilano Golf Club; a ride up the Grouse Mountain chair lift and a run on the Kandahar downhill course; a turn or two across Horseshoe Bay with the trolling tackle set for salmon; a swim in the low surf and a driving run under sail back across the bay in time to change for dinner. The native who sets the pace is likely to be an exuberantly healthy girl who comes closer than any female in Canada to endorsing casual assignations.

For a stranger who arrives knowing no one, the Bayshore Inn is a strategic place to headquarter. The tang of the

sea is still on the king crab and Gulf of Georgia oysters, and the dinner-dance music is tuned to young and expert ears. During the summer a man and his date may stroll off among the evergreens of Stanley Park to an open-air bowl called Theater Under the Stars, an admirable stage for highly professional musical comedy. The sole drawback to this sylvan site is that it is set so consummately for the pleasant play of the sexes that a guy who doesn't have a girl in tow may not be inclined to dig the scenes, on-stage or off. The surest antidote to such melancholy malaise is a brisk walk uptown to either Philliponi's Penthouse, the Arctic Club or the Quadra Club. Not so long ago all three were a peculiar local compromise between bootleg joints and legitimate private clubs (you bought your membership card at the door for the price of a double). Now, with the advent of cocktail bars in Vancouver, the old clubs have become respectable. But the aura of their misspent youth remains, and in the shank of the evening they are the likeliest places to find the liveliest girls still out on the town.

East from Vancouver, tucked within the scarcely believable grandeur of the Canadian Rockies, lie Banff and Lake Louise. These plush resorts are justly celebrated around the world for the tailoring of their golf courses, the sharp vertical drop of their ski runs and the chicness of their feminine guests. The real genius of their proprietors, however, has never been properly acknowledged. For years these entrepreneurs have been in the habit of recruiting their female staffs from among vacationing college students. Whether they are adroit in this task or just lucky is hard to say, but they always seem to recruit the best, so that even when the female guest lists offer slim pickings, the resorts are populated by several hundred of the country's prettiest young women. The proprietors, as it happens, are Canada's railroads, and this is exactly the way to run a railroad.

Beyond the Rockies, the great central plain stretches across the continent to the old rock of the Laurentian Shield. Fortunately, the women of the prairies are vastly more rewarding to look at than the landscape. Calgary, Edmonton and Winnipeg all claim to raise the loveliest girls in Canada, and at the right time and place one would be tempted to agree with each of them. Calgary's Petroleum Club, on a good night, sets crystal and silver for a dozen oil millionaires' daughters who all have the casual gloss that only money can buy. In the long northern summer twilight, Edmonton's Jasper Avenue becomes the promenade for a distinctive female breed that owes its beauty to the high cheekbones and high breasts of the full-bodied Slavs who settled the region two generations ago.

(continued overleaf)



"Take your time. That's part of the game."

Winnipeg's Portage Beach is said by experts to display more superlatively carved calves to a yard of sand on an average day than Laguna Beach on a sunny Fourth of July. There seems little doubt that the claim is worth investigating.

Wherever the loveliest girls are raised, or the brightest, or the most talented, or just the most hopeful, it is a certainty that to each and all of them the urge will someday come to try their luck in Toronto, Ontario. This is the familiar New York effect, on a smaller but no less intense scale. Toronto is where the television studios and the publishing houses are, as well as the advertising agencies and the model agencies and the artists' colonies and the big money. And so, in the natural course of events, Toronto is where the girls are, too. Most of them, in fact, aren't even widely scattered within the city. Through some mysterious feminine nesting instinct, they all seem to congregate within a few square blocks of the midtown intersection of Bloor Street and Avenue Road.

This intersection is the site of the Park Plaza Hotel, not the biggest hostel in town, but easily the most sophisticated. An affluent male who has already exchanged pleasantries with, say, a model from one of the agencies a block up Avenue Road, and has then been subtly informed that she hasn't got a thing to wear for cocktails in the Plaza Room, can proceed in one of two ways. He might make a speculative investment and cover her nakedness in a simple little frock flown in from Givenchy's current Paris opening, set it off with a square-cut diamond, and wrap the ensemble in a sable for warmth, all by taking her for a 10-minute stroll along Bloor Street. Or he can say to hell with it, kiss her good-bye, and walk north.

Within two blocks he stands a better-than-even chance of meeting: a warm-blooded University of Toronto coed sipping espresso in time to a guitar in one of half-a-dozen folknik clubs; a dusky-eyed avant-garde junior copywriter waiting for adventure at one of three sidewalk cafés that smack strongly, in color and commotion, of the Mediterranean; an abstract sculptress wearing pale lipstick, drinking ice water and relating to Life in one of many beatnik coffee cellars; a gorgeous interior decorator drinking brandy alexanders in a bar where the waitresses are imitation Bunnies and the entertainers apprentice opera singers; or, indeed, just about any kind of woman he wishes to find.

The only type of woman he will not meet in this female Casbah is the kind a wishful Canadian poet named Tom MacGinnis used to call daughters of joy; since early in its history the city has been known as Toronto the Good. It earned this title by fighting a losing battle against Sunday movies, and waging a

winning campaign to restrict most of its many prostitutes to the environs of a single street, the thoroughfare called Jarvis. By making the hookers easy to find, the city fathers have subjected them to an ironic hardship. They share Jarvis Street with the television and radio studios of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. It is hardly the hookers' fault if they suffer by comparison with the actresses, dancers and fresh-faced hopefuls who constantly saunter through studios.

What Toronto is to the girls of English-speaking Canada, Montreal is doubly so to *les québécoises*. Montreal shares with a handful of North American cities the feel and flavor of a cosmopolis that can teach the world something about living at night. The city's style still owes a fading patrician edge to the English-speaking enclave, which is small, but rich by inheritance from the railway-building and fur-trading robber barons of the 19th Century. Watching the great-granddaughters of the great old thieves contrive to look like British aristocracy over gibsons at the copper-topped tables of the elegant old Ritz Hotel's Marine Bar is one of the pleasures that accrue from Montreal bistro-hopping.

But the leggy, smooth-haired girls at the Ritz are souvenirs of a style Montreal has almost discarded. In the 1960s the city's flavor is Latin, exuberant and contagious. You can taste the flavor of Montreal long before the first course reaches your table in the small but superb Continental restaurants on the terraced side streets not far from the Ritz. The girls here are all animated eyes and hands; their French is softer than the staccato tongues of Paris, but their love of life is the same in both worlds.

There is civilized education, for example, in the conversation of a *québécoise* over the choice of drinks during an evening on the town with her ami. At the bar she might deliberate between flavored wines—Cinzano, St-Raphaël a vermouth cassis—but will spurn any offer of cocktails. Later, at dinner, she may participate volubly in the selection of the wines—a Gewuerz-Traminer with the snails, say, and a Nuits-St-Georges with the barely browned slivers of *boeuf bourguignon*—but she will probably refuse cognac with the coffee and protest if her partner has more than one. For her, it is a matter of good breeding to titillate rather than anesthetize one's palate.

If a visitor lacks such charming company, he might spend an earthier evening at the Café St. Jacques, an oasis midway along a barker-infested east-end strip of gin mills, strip joints and bawdy cabarets. This is the belt of Montreal that is known from Kazabazua, Quebec, to Mexico City as the Pigalle of the New World. The St. Jacques is distinguished by its efforts to resist the temptation to

clip customers on the same heroic scale its neighbors long ago adopted, and by its oddball design, which consists of five night spots placed one atop the other. The street floor is a serious drinker's layout with a few bar girls sprinkled about to brighten the decor. Above it is a Continental room where, on a lucky night, a Canadian thrush named Pauline Julien may be singing between appearances in Paris. Elsewhere under the same roof there is a supper-dance club, a dim bar for handholding, and a cabaret that runs to gutsy blue revues. In one or another of these rooms a man passing through Montreal can see, and with a little luck meet, a *femme* of almost any specification that appeals to him.

If Montreal is, to coin a cliché, the Paris of North America, it may be said with equal hyperbolic accuracy that this continent's answer to Switzerland lies half-an-hour due north of the city. Here, in a 15- by 40-mile resort Shangri-La known as the Laurentians, there are at least 80 towns and lifts and a score of lavish Alpine lodges where the skiers can relax regally between dusk and the next day's sport. If you belong to the growing school of thought that contends a girl rarely looks more enticing than she does on a ski slope in stretch pants with frost biting color into her cheeks, you should be advised that no place in the world has more such girls within a comparable area than the Laurentians. If, however, you are specifically seeking out Canadian girls who are great in the stretch, you have to know where to look. Americans find the Alpine flavor of the region so convivial that they greatly outnumber Canadians at many of the big lodges, such as the Laurentide Inn in Ste. Agathe, Chalet Cochand in Ste. Marguerite, Gray Rocks Inn near St. Jovite, and massive Mont Tremblant Lodge. In fact, of the big resort hotels only the Chantecler at Ste. Agathe des Monts (where most people speak English) and La Sapinière at Val David (where almost everyone speaks French and the wine cellars are among the best-stocked, as well as the most colorful, in Canada) have more Canadian guests than American. Most of the instructors at these lodges are girls, and are worth a look as well as a listen.

Three hundred miles down the St. Lawrence from the Laurentians and Montreal, through the valley where the French have farmed for 300 years without finding it necessary to assimilate much more English than the handy word *gazoline*, is the steep fortress-city of Quebec. The capital of French Canada is built away from the riverbank up a rock escarpment; the large number of streets that are in effect flights of steps may help account for the figures of the local girls, which even Montrealers ac-

(concluded on page 174)

playboy's preview of presents perfect




A three-page yule package presented early enough for you to order custom-made items. Clockwise from noon: Aston-Martin DB-4, by David Brown, \$10,500 (East Coast P.O.E.). Poweriter portable typewriter, uses battery or A.C. outlet, by Smith Corona, \$199.50. Car tape player, takes 4-track cartridge, by Electronic Recorder, \$99.95. Movie camera, 8mm, battery-operated, has electric eye, zoom lens, by Bell & Howell, \$150. Clock-radio-TV, has 11-inch screen, earphone, by General Electric, \$139.95. Binoculars, 6x25, with magnesium frame, by Bushnell, \$59.50. Gilt travel clock, in calf case, from Tiffany, \$104.50. Portable stereo phono, uses 6 flashlight batteries, from Mercury Records, \$39.95. Flagman highway signal, battery-powered, chrome in leather case, by Sturgis, \$25. Sunglasses, distortion-free, in case, by Renault of France, \$15. World-wide Lektronic shaver, can use 3 different voltages, rechargeable, with Continental plug adapter, by Remington, \$39.95. WR 3000 6-band portable radio, has short-wave, local-broadcast, low-frequency bands, from Hallicrafters, \$199.50. Deluxe Globemaster sailboat compass, by E. S. Ritchie & Sons, \$137.50. Rifle, .257 magnum, has European gold-inlaid, custom-engraved metal, maple custom stock, Buehler 2-piece mount, 2x to 7x scope, by Weatherby, \$1308.75. Vicuña rug, from Mark Cross, \$600. 135



Clockwise from noon: electric clock, with crystal face decorated in burnished silver, has aluminum hands, sculptured-walnut base, by Distinguished Gift, \$20. Shoehorn, of teakwood with black-leather trim, by Alfred Dunhill, \$5. Manicure set, 8-piece, chrome-plated, in soft-cowhide case, from Hof-fritz, \$22.50. Personal Traveler auto seat belt, all nylon, with monogrammed buckle, by Hickok, \$14.95. Monogrammed cuff links, 14-kt. gold, custom-made, take two or three entwined script initials, by Bullock & Jones, San Francisco, \$95 the pair. Sea Shark Supreme watch, has gold-filled case, pearl-gray dial, by Lucien Piccard, \$140. Table lighter, apple-shaped, in antique silver, by Evans Case, \$19.50. Silver-banded crystal ashtray on black-walnut base, by Distinguished Gift, \$7.50. Pipe, mechanically presmoked, needs no breaking in, by Dr. Grabow, \$11.95 the cased matching pair. Foxhead slippers from Peal & Co. of London, are black velvet with quilted-satin lining and hand-embroidered gold-metallic fox-head, from Brooks Brothers, \$58. Model 500 Stenocord Explorer portable dictating machine, has permanent battery, built-in recharger, A.C. cord, reusable magnetic belt, by Stenocord, \$249.50. Center: custom all-wool four-ply carpet has one-inch pile, by Creative Textiles of Puerto Rico, \$60 per square yard. On carpet, left to right: Kash Klip, in calf, is magnetic, holds up to 18 bills, personalized with initials, by Kash Klip, \$5. Playboy Identification Bracelet, in rhodium, has heavy links, safety clasp, Rabbit emblem, by Playboy Products, \$12.50. Portable AM-FM radio, 8-transistor, with carrying case, battery, by Toshiba, \$44.95. Cuff links, 14-kt. gold, by Tiffany, \$85. Ring, 14-kt. gold, by Tiffany, \$245. Polaroid Automatic 100 Land camera, battery-operated, takes interchangeable, pack-style color or black-and-white film, 2½ lbs., by Polaroid, \$130.

Clockwise from noon: electric map-clock, tells time automatically in 69 worldwide locations, in walnut frame, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$55. Steak knives, set of six, in cowhide case, by Hugo Bosca, \$12.50. Fireplace matchbox, has brass name plate, in cowhide case, by Hugo Bosca, \$5. Riding boots, in custom-made French black reversed calf, by Miller's, \$100. Polar-bear rug of Acrilan, is hand-washable, nonflammable, lined with foam rubber, by Berkshire, \$295. Grand Concert guitar, ivory laminated, with inlaid headpiece and back, mahogany back, sides and neck, spruce top, rosewood finger board, by Fred Gretsch, \$200. Chess set of buffalo horn, \$75, chessboard, in walnut, \$25, both from Alfred Dunhill. Fitted toilet case, in congo leather, has clock, from Mark Cross, \$105. Above case: Graph-Check sequence camera, takes 8 stop-motion sequence shots which can be examined in 10 seconds, has custom-fitted carrying case, from Neiman-Marcus, \$395. Crystal ashtrays, nest of six in walnut carrier, can be initiated in black and 23-kt. gold, by Distinguished Gift, \$7.50. Desk/table lighter, in satin-finish aluminum and black walnut, may be had with three-line imprint (maximum of 15 letters per line) on bottom of base, by Distinguished Gift, \$7.50. 12-pack card set in leather case, by Mark Cross, \$50. Center: clothesbrush, leather-covered, brass-trimmed, has hardwood frame, hog bristles, by Hoffritz, \$12. Nite Caddy in black walnut and brass takes three-line imprint on base, by Distinguished Gift, \$5.95. On Nite Caddy: wallet, in pigskin, by Mark Cross, \$9.95. Navitimer watch, for pilots, is stop watch, slide rule, can be used for calculating gasoline consumption, nautical- and statute-mile conversions, by Wakmann Watch, \$170. Pocket-billiards table, regulation size, with ball return, balls, cues, rack, table brush, by Brunswick, \$1500 delivered and installed.





*"Every time I meet
someone I really like . . .
either he's married
or I am . . ."*

Vargas

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

A CERTAIN LADY IN EPHESUS loved her husband so dearly and was so faithful to him that people came from far and wide to gaze upon her. Delegations of matrons traveled from foreign lands for inspiration; maidens from all Greece and Asia Minor vowed to emulate her; young men in search of wives compared her with their sweethearts; and pilgrims who visited the city to see one of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Temple of Diana, went home insisting that in that wife they had seen the Eighth.

No one, therefore, was surprised at her actions when a sudden illness robbed her of her beloved husband. All gazed in admiration at her as she walked behind the bier, tearing out whole handfuls of her golden hair which she strewed over the coffin of the departed; they marveled at the perfection of her breasts lacerated by her hands in pious grief; and they expected nothing less than the decision she made at the door to the tomb. "I will take no food nor drink," she said, "and will let starvation conduct me to my one true love now waiting for me in the other world."

Nor could anybody alter her decision, not even the magistrates who came to the tomb in their robes of state to reason with her. "You are far too rich and far too beautiful to die," they told her. "Mourn the allotted time, or even longer, if you insist, but then dry your tears and marry one of the nobles who will surely seek your hand."

The widow looked at them contemptuously. "Not I," she said. "I vowed to love only one man. I will look at no other and let death reunite me with my one true love."

"Commendable in the extreme!" said the magistrates. "Such devotion!" And they returned to the city hardly noticing the tall young soldier who stood at the foot of the cross on which the governor had ordered a thief to be crucified.

When darkness fell the soldier saw a light in the cemetery and he went to investigate. Through the door of the vault he saw the widow beside the coffin. His eyes studied her pale and lovely face, her long blonde hair, the velvety whiteness of bare and lacerated bosom. In haste he returned to his sentry post, took bread, meat and wine and ran back to the tomb. The lady refused to eat, but at length her faithful maidservant, who had agreed to starve with her, emerged from the shadows and took food and wine. She begged the widow to take some also, but the latter refused. It was not until the soldier supported her shoulders with his arm and pressed the wine cup to her lips that she accepted.

When she had eaten, the lady felt a little better and she looked more closely at her benefactor. "His armor is rather becoming to him," she mused. And she made a hasty mental

from *The Satyricon* of Petronius



Ribald Classic

comparison between him and her spouse now sedately striding over the Elysian Fields. "He is younger," she said to herself, "and far more handsome . . ."

The soldier gazed into her eyes and smiled. He nodded to the maidservant, who went outside and closed the door behind her. The widow did not repulse him as he took her in his arms, but she said a little ruefully: "I vowed to love only one man . . ."

"And you are keeping that vow," he laughed, "for you are loving only one . . . at a time."

The next morning the soldier returned to his post and discovered that during the night someone had removed the body of the thief from the cross. In terror he ran to the widow and buried his face in her lap. "My punishment will be to take the thief's place," he cried. "And you can return to tears—this time for me—for I am as good as dead this minute!"

"The Gods forbid!" cried the widow, stroking his head. "I would rather give up the dead and spare the living." And she told him to help her hang her husband's body on the cross in the thief's place.

And that night, and for many nights thereafter, the faithful widow and her soldier celebrated the rites of Venus so zealously that no one in Ephesus could possibly have denied that she was wholly faithful to the one she loved.

— Translated by J. A. Gato

how to talk dirty and influence people



This Sabu shot was taken during my mystical period – so mystical I can't even remember where or why it was taken.

part two of an autobiography by lenny bruce

Synopsis: Last month, in Part I of his autobiography, Lenny Bruce detailed the crazy quilt of childhood experiences that influenced his development into the most controversial comedian of our time. He described his Depression- and divorce-sundered family; his awkward introduction to sex; his two happy years with a hard-working farm family and the disillusionment that followed his discovery that his self-adopted "family" considered him just another hired hand. He told of his enlistment, at 16, in the Navy during World War II; of his preference for battle over boredom on the U.S.S. Brooklyn; and of winning a speedy discharge at war's end by masquerading as a WAVE. Finally, he recounted his first onstage encounter with show business—as emcee for his mother's dance act. Beginning Part II, we find Bruce, in 1945, unsteadily perched on the bottom rung of vaudeville's rickety ladder to fame.

I BEGAN TO MAKE the rounds of agents' offices in Manhattan, and got in with Buddy Friar, an amateur agent who had an office in the Roseland Building, now torn down.

There were 15 or 20 clubs—such as Squires in Long Island, the Clay Theater in New Jersey, George's Corners in Greenwich Village, the Blue Haven in Jackson Heights—that would put on amateur shows to fill in on slow nights. Supposedly, people from the audience would be called on as contestants. Actually, we were the forerunners of the rigged quiz shows.

The prizes were \$100, \$50 and \$25. We "amateurs" would sit around the club, and when they called for volunteers we would get up. We were paid \$2 apiece, carfare and, if we won, an empty envelope.

One of the other "amateurs" was a waiter from the Bronx who always sang *Sorrento*. When he reached the last four bars his face used to get red and his neck blue. I think he got a hand from the audience just for the fact that he lived through the number.

There was also some nut from Rye, New York, whose act consisted of standing on a chair, jumping straight up into the air and then diving and landing square on his head. Not on his hands, mind you; they were held tight to his sides. No, he would land smack on his god-damn head. It was a short act but it certainly was a hell of an opener.

There was another guy who played the sweet potato, doing a medley of patriotic songs like *The Caissons Go Rolling Along*. Then there was a performer known as "Al Jolson, Jr."—he was about 65 years old. And there was a girl acrobatic dancer who used to come to the club with all her lights, costumes, props, and her mother. I always wondered why no one ever caught on. Did they think that she just happened to drop in that night lugging all her paraphernalia?

Sometimes legitimate amateurs would try to get on, but they would be told that there wasn't enough time.



At last! My name in lights: S-T-R-A-N-D...



"And you can just stay up there, young man, until you learn how to talk decent..."



Honey Harlowe was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life...



...and she still is.



But the week that I met her, I shipped out in the merchant marine.

The winner was selected by holding a hand over the contestant's head and asking for applause. I never won. The sweet potato usually did. He had a limp and wore a double-size ruptured duck he had made especially for himself: you could see it from anywhere in the house. This gave me an idea for the first bit of material I ever did that caused controversy.

My agent had a pro date to fill on a Saturday night in Staten Island, at a place called The Melody Club. Since it had struck me funny that anyone who had been in the service would use that fact to gain rapport with the audience, I had a picture taken of all my campaign ribbons and medals (including a Presidential Unit Citation), had it enlarged, and put it on. I had the band play a big fanfare and *Anchors Aweigh*. Then I came out and said, "I stole this routine from Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler."

Right away one guy wanted to punch me in the nose for making fun of the ribbons. It was the first time I felt real hostility from an audience. And they'd missed the point.

The owner asked me to take the bit out for the second show. I tried to explain that I was trying to make fun of a guy who would do such a thing, not of the ribbons. He replied, "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

"OK, but I'll never play Rome again."

And I haven't played Staten Island since.

After four or five months of these amateur gigs, I wrote a little act for myself which eventually refined into the Hitler bit, wherein the dictator was discovered and handled by MCA. And I did all the standard impressions — Cagney, Lorre, Bogart — in double-talk German.

Marvin Worth, who later became a writer on the *Steve Allen Show*, had a lot of faith in my comedy prowess and decided to be my manager. He and his partner, Whitey Martin, and another agent, Bob Starr, got me on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts* show, which I won.

Within a few months I became "hot" — I was making \$450 a week and working everything "good" — the Strand on Broadway, the Tick Tock in Milwaukee — and, around 1951, the consensus of showbiz opinion was, "Anybody can get a laugh with dirty toilet jokes; it takes talent to get laughs with clean stuff. You'll go a long way, Lenny, you're funny and clean."

Tears filtered through my lashes and rivered along each side of my nose. I was overcome with emotion — for I was blessed with talent; I didn't have to resort to dirty toilet jokes.

Then I started worrying . . . how dirty is my toilet?

I lay in bed, thinking about the "dirty-resort-to-anything-for-a-laugh" comedian.

This could be the start of making the word "resort" dirty. Comedians who work resorts, entertaining people who go to resorts, are certainly resorting.

I couldn't contain my religious fervor. I exploded from the bedroom, thundered down the hall and threw open the door to that odious place — the "resort."

I screamed, "You dirty, filthy, stinky, crappy, Commie, dopey toilet! Thank God I don't have to resort to you to make people laugh. It's just a shame that there aren't laws to keep you and your kind out of a decent community. Why don't you go back where you came from? Take the tub and the sink and that jellyfish hamper with you! Even though their names aren't as dirty as yours, anybody who'd live with a toilet must be resort-addicted. Purists don't even go to the toilet. All I can say to you, toilet, is — it's lucky you're white!"

After theaters started closing and night clubs felt the absence of war, some show people couldn't get work and actually did have to resort to toilets. Not discussing them; cleaning them.

What happens to people whose vocations become outmoded?

Take Horace and Hilda, a dance team. They were a by-product of World War II. Not a very good dance team; everything good was sent overseas to be killed. Horace handled the business, making the rounds of agents: Horace, fighting for breath in the abundance of the icy wind that trilled and wheezed around the Brill Building, echoing with the sound of a behemoth Goliath with bronchitis.

Horace and Hilda had met at the Arcadia Ballroom — "Dancing nitely, fun for all ages, no minors allowed." Hilda had been fortunate: she had a classical-ballet background received at the Burrough Hall Y.W.C.A. every Tuesday between eight and nine p.m., immediately after the Public Speaking Salesmanship class convened.

She had a big keister and no nay-nays. She was built like a pear. Ballet helped her so she didn't have any fat. Rather, she was very muscular. A muscular pear.

Horace lived flamenco and spent all of his time in the rehearsal halls striking the classic flamenco pose. The way he stood looked to Hilda as if he were applauding his ass. Horace was a faggot, an out-and-out flaming faggot. He didn't swish but he was sort of like an old auntie. He was so obvious that everyone knew he was a faggot except Hilda and her family. They didn't know because they were very religious and Horace acted just like a lot of ministers she had seen in her formative years.

Horace had chosen show business because it was best for him since he was so obviously nellie; not that show people have more of a Christian attitude toward their fellow men and are less likely to

look askance at one who is out of step — it's just that their egos are so big and they are so self-centered that they haven't the time to concern themselves with the individual and his problems.

As with drug addicts, Horace's homosexual traits were environmental. He wasn't "born that way." He was introduced to a group once that gave him *identity*. He was a stock boy at Macy's and after one summer at Atlantic City he came back a faggot. He could just as easily have come back a junkie or a water skier or a Jehovah's Witness — the point is, he came back as *something*.

"At least I'm something," is the keynote. "I belong to a group. I share their notoriety, their problems, their laughter." In a crowded arena, the cliché "It takes one to know one" is actually a profound philosophy.

At any rate, Horace blossomed in this anthropophagous society. He became poetic in his facility to relate in the argot of the citizens of Groupery in the county of Padded Basketdom — the esoteric delight in passing a complete stranger and shrilling, "Get you, Annie!"; the same idiomatic rapport of the nighttime junkie who is looking to score. Horace became a faggot simply because he wanted to belong.

Well, the Korean War weeded out some of the population and helped the housing problem, but it didn't leave the dramatic impact that World War II did. As the impact lessened, so did the desire to escape lessen. And all the escape hatches — the bars, night clubs, theaters — felt it. And the people who depended economically upon these media also felt it.

Horace and Hilda were part of this milieu.

I was luckier. Comedy is an amorphous craft in the sense that there are no academics, there are no formulas. There are no books on comedy that can train an aspirant to command a salary of \$200,000 a year, but it is a craft and it can be learned.

The reports on me were now: "All Lenny Bruce seems concerned with is making the band laugh." That should have been my first hint of the direction in which I was going: abstraction. Musicians, jazz musicians especially, appreciate art forms that are *extensions* of realism, as opposed to realism in a representational form.

The Club Charles in Baltimore was my last bomb, then. The owner asked me if I had any good numbers like "The Golf Lesson." This routine was sort of degenerated Dwight Fiske. I told the owner I didn't have any good numbers like that.

Jack Paar, Sophie Tucker, Joe E. Lewis and the other comedy performers of their generation grew up in our culture at a time when the discussion of sex was secrete-

(continued on page 152)

attire

the playboy dinner jacket
an elegant innovation in evening
wear for the gentleman-about-town

THE MAN OF SARTORIAL SAVOIR-FAIRE is known no less for his receptivity to correct new styles than for his adherence to fashion traditions. Believing our readers to fit this description, we predict they'll approve a refreshing departure from formal-wear tradition, designed by PLAYBOY's Fashion Director Robert L. Green: the separate dinner jacket, worn in co-ordination with any regulation formal trousers. Tastefully tailored to fit the lean physique and contemporary tastes of the style-wise urbanite, it's unmistakably individual, unimpeachably correct in black plaid-weave Italian silk with one-button front, natural shoulders, satin-piped notched lapels, sleeve cuffs, black-silk lining, double-piped pockets, no vents, \$90, matching formal tie and waistcoat with three-button front, satin piping, two pockets, \$25, all by After Six. No less impeccable are his finely pleated English-cotton-voile formal shirt with modified-spread collar, by Sulka, \$23; black patent-leather formal shoes, by Bostonian, \$21.95.





pascale petit outbuffs liz in an historic movie roll

CLEOPATRA, ITALIAN STYLE

MOVIEGOERS SHOULD NOT be bothered by the fact that *Cleopatra*, a *Queen for Caesar* was produced on a smaller budget than the current Liz Taylor vehicle, especially when they view the effect of cost cutting in the costuming department. Though there's plenty of epidermis in 20th Century-Fox's *Cleo*, with Liz all but busting out of her gowns and going all out in the massage-table sequence we showed you last January, the historically accurate nudity in the rug-rolling first meeting between Cleo and Caesar inexplicably found Miss Taylor fully draped. Not so in the Italian version, enacted here by Pascale Petit, who gives onetime Tarzan Gordon Scott something to really beat his chest and howl about, as she rises nimbly from rug to riches. Feeling that too much exposure never hurts an actress' image, Pascale easily outstrips Liz and amply demonstrates that the biggest wheels were won over, then as now, by rolling out the carpet.





Pascale Petit and the camera are ready to roll and the director calls her on the carpet . . .



. . . where she is wrapped up in her work by stalwart stagehands, making an even tidier bundle.





The felt pile being found almost atomic, the hidden persuader is soon put in a counterrevolution.



Scott looks down upon Pascale, but, despite their respective stances, he is the one who is floored.





The imperial chamber, observes Scott, is now furnished with the barest of necessities . . .



. . . as, rising to the occasion, Pascale shows Scott that, for a lady, she is basically shy. Their relationship on a firm footing, Caesar assures her he could never leave her behind.

to consider my position: suppose the Christian Scientists asked us to take out medical books, and then the doctors objected to the Christian Science books. Vegetarians might want the meat-cookery books taken out and then the butchers might retaliate on the fruit-and-nut people. What would we be able to say to people who came in and asked us to remove, on the grounds that they were untrue, the very books they had just given us? The young men saw the point and were very nice about it."

Nor are we, in any sense, suggesting that the problems we have been discussing this month represent a universal Roman Catholic viewpoint. The men who take the sort of undemocratic action described herein, be they Catholic clergy or laymen, are actually enemies of their Church, whatever they may think to the contrary, for they hurt the cause of Catholicism. No religious minority in America can benefit from a reputation for intolerance or dictatoralism.

Time magazine reported, in its issue of March 29, 1963: "Catholic University in Washington, D. C., has a high aim — 'to search out truth scientifically, to safeguard it, and to apply it' — qualified in practice by a timid feeling that now and then some of the truth has to be suppressed. The newest case of suppression has the school's faculty in revolt and deeply worries many of the 239 Roman Catholic bishops in the U. S., who are C. U.'s guardians.

"Barred from a student lecture series at C. U. last month were four eminent Catholic intellectuals, including two of the nation's top Jesuit theologians, Fathers Gustave Weigel and John Courtney Murray; a noted Benedictine liturgical scholar, Father Godfrey Diekmann; and one of the official theologians at the Vatican Council, Germany's Father Hans Küng. To Monsignor William J. McDonald, rector of Catholic University of America, giving a forum to these scholars might seem to place his school on the liberal side in debate at the Council — and he did not want the school to be on any side.

"By last week, six major faculty groups had backed resolutions calling on the C. U. administration to rethink its notions of academic freedom. 'Now all this is out in the open,' says one faculty man. 'The trustees cannot bypass the situation as it exists.' Rector McDonald himself gave a sign that all the protest was having a telling effect. He announced the appearance at Catholic University next month of a timely guest speaker: Augustin Cardinal Bea, a towering liberal at the Vatican Council. Bea's topic: 'Academic Research and Ecumenicism.'"

On the negative side, a pamphlet being distributed by the San Diego Cath-

olics for Better Libraries lists some 40 authors and illustrators who "have had Communist Front affiliations and/or write against faith, morals and the American way of life," with the suggestion that all Catholics check their own libraries against the list. The book, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, was removed, last spring, from the Ashland, Wisconsin, public library after a Roman Catholic priest forbade his parishioners to read it on pain of mortal sin. "Furthermore," said the American Library Association *Newsletter*, "he forbade the parishioner who showed him the book to return it to the library, since it would be a mortal sin to make it available to others. 'I still have the book,' said Father Schneider. 'I'll have to return it to the librarian now and see that it's burned.'"

The Catholic Messenger editorialized against the book's suppression, however. Putting aside the fact that the book's author, Nikos Kazantzakis, "is held in high regard as a serious writer, and that his fictionalized interpretations of religious figures (his recently published *St. Francis of Assisi*, for instance) have been generally accepted as unorthodox, but reverent"; putting aside also that "precious few of the people attacking the book seem to be familiar with it" — the *Messenger* pointed out that after the 31-member Arcadia (California) Council of Churches "voted overwhelmingly in favor of forcing the book out of the library, it was established that only three of the 31 members had read the book.

"These facts, as we say, we put aside. As revealing as they are, they do not touch the main issue at stake, and that is the freedom of the public at large to have access to literature that a minority find obnoxious.

"There are probably very few books on the shelves of the average public library that don't irritate some group of people. If the library were to be at the mercy of every pressure group annoyed by a given book, it seems obvious that only the most harmless, least valuable books would be available through library facilities.

"Quite clearly this is not the function of a public library. It must open its shelves to books reflecting the free interplay of ideas, and if a given book irritates a given group, that group has an easy recourse: not to read the book. What it should *not* be able to do, just as clearly, is to keep the rest of the public from reading it, and this is the kind of suppression that the California clergymen [and the Wisconsin priest] are trying to practice at the moment."

On the negative side, a Catholic reader misinterpreted remarks we made in the third installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, drawn from a story and comments

in *Newsweek* and *Harper's*, regarding a Post of the Catholic War Veterans in Hartford, Connecticut, that justified a censorship campaign they had undertaken by commenting favorably on a similar book-burning purge in Red China: "We have to hand it to the Communists... who have launched a nationwide campaign against pornographic trash... Should not this example provoke a similar literary cleanup in our land where the morality of our actions is gauged by service to God and not to an atheistic state?" The reader wrote to a Catholic periodical, the *Brooklyn Tablet*, with the suggestion that militant action be taken against us for what he considered a slur: "Incredible to equate Catholicism with communism? Well, Hugh Hefner, publisher of *Playboy*, in the February issue, on page 46, does just this in an attack on the Catholic War Veterans. It is worth mobilization of effort to uphold Licenses Commissioner O'Connell, who in refusing Hefner a cabaret license recently was ridiculed by some judge."

By this reader's logic, the present installment of this editorial series will be viewed by some as a general tirade against Catholicism, which it is not, of course. It is strenuous opposition to censorship and attempts at totalitarian control by a few within the Catholic religion (and everywhere else these same undemocratic tactics exist) and it is addressed to free men of good will of every religious affiliation — Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and those of no religious affiliation at all.

Another letter was written recently by Reverend Harold J. Drexler, assistant pastor, of the Sacred Heart Church, Dubuque, Iowa, to a number of *PLAYBOY's* advertisers. The letter read: "We have been concerned with certain magazines in our neighborhood stores. We have over 1200 children of school age and like to protect them from harmful reading matter. We found the *Playboy* magazine in our area and the managements cooperated in their regard.

"However, we noticed your large advertisement in this magazine. We were surprised that such a reputable business firm as yours would advertise in this type of magazine. We hope that you will reconsider your policy of advertising in this type of publication. It is our judgment that you are doing your firm's good name more harm than good by supporting a magazine that treats relations between man and woman as something of a game. Other advertisers whom we have written have acknowledged the soundness of our disapproval. May we hear from you?" A postscript referred to the June-issue arrest "on charges of publishing and circulating an obscene magazine."

The seemingly personal correspondence was actually a form letter sent to a majority of the advertisers in a particular issue of *PLAYBOY*. We've no notion who those advertisers might be who "acknowledged the soundness of our disapproval," since advertising lineage, like readership, continues to climb at an astounding rate, and we are aware of no advertising cancellations related to this letter. Here, however, are letters of response from a couple of advertisers that we do know about, because they sent us copies of their replies:

A vice-president of After Six Formals wrote, "We would like to point out to you that our relationship with *Playboy* is a business one and that our advertising in the publication does not constitute an endorsement of its editorial contents, any more than an advertisement in a Republican or Democratic newspaper constitutes a political endorsement.

"*Playboy* magazine is certainly not intended for children and neither are the products advertised therein. Our highest courts have repeatedly held that adults may not be deprived of reading what they want to read, simply on the grounds that the subject is not fit for children.

"We certainly do acknowledge the right that you are entitled to your viewpoint, but we feel sure that as a good American you will permit others to hold a dissenting viewpoint."

An executive of the top advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson Co., wrote: "Your letter dated August 6th, addressed to our client, Prince Matchabelli, Inc., has come to my attention. I would like to take this opportunity to share with you some of our thoughts concerning the selection of *Playboy* as one of many magazines that carry Prince Matchabelli advertising.

"As you must know, *Playboy* is purposely edited for the young American male and clearly is not a general or family publication. Reliable studies show that *Playboy* has become the nation's most popular men's magazine in the span of a few short years and reaches several million young, urban-oriented and well-educated men each month. These men have, of their own choice, elected to purchase a magazine that would seem to be far more acceptable than [a great many other] magazines that have been on sale for decades and have never really been superseded by readers or advertisers in any significant numbers. Perhaps this is true because *Playboy* publishes some of the finest, most thought-provoking fiction, satire, articles, cartoons, service features, art and photography appearing in the magazine world today. . . .

"The result has been the growth of a magazine that effectively reaches a par-

ticular audience of consumers who are excellent prospects for hundreds of products. . . . Prince Matchabelli, incidentally this nation's fastest growing fragrance house, needs to present its advertising story to these young men, so well-reached through *Playboy* magazine. They are logical prospects for our men's fragrance products, Black Watch, and are important gift-giving purchasers for women's fragrance products. . . .

"I do hope that this summary of our judgment concerning the inclusion of *Playboy* magazine in our list of magazines for Prince Matchabelli advertising has been of interest to you. We would hope that you might select your favorite fragrance on its merits in much the same spirit as we have attempted to select our advertising media."

And the advertising manager of American Honda Motor Co. wrote: "Thank you for your interest in our selection of advertising media. We are concerned with favorable exposure of our advertising message to American adults with an interest in and a capacity for buying our product. *Playboy* delivers this exposure.

"If you were surprised that such a reputable business firm as ours, which can hardly have achieved high repute in Dubuque, since we are new to the market [would advertise in *PLAYBOY*], you must have been truly shocked at the appearance of such old and reputable firms as: [A list of 28 major *PLAYBOY* advertisers follows.]

"At your suggestion, we have reconsidered our policy of advertising in this publication, and now view the future bravely, hoping that we will be able to continue our support of a truly adult periodical in the face of misguided efforts to reduce the intellectual level of this nation's mass publications to that of

school-age children. However, if you will furnish this office with (1) the names of other advertisers to whom you have written who 'have acknowledged the soundness' of your disapproval and/or (2) the content of their replies, we will undertake a review of our policy once again.

"In the meantime, please note our company name, as displayed in *Playboy*, is 'Honda,' not 'Hondo.' We feel further impelled to point out that the quotation you so thoughtfully included at the bottom of your letter indicates an accusation rather than a conviction. Unlike the tribunals of the Inquisition, the courts of this country do not presume guilt prior to the trial; nor, we are hopeful, do the members of your congregation.

"Finally, I am enclosing, for your disapproval, a list of New York Stock Exchange members who advertise in *Playboy* and a proof of our next insertion."

If attempts at censorship and coercion on the part of ordinary citizens are reprehensible, how much more repugnant must be such undemocratic actions on the part of men who hold some special position of power, because of their established rank in church or government. A growing number of liberal Catholics recognize this fact clearly and are most outspoken on the subject.

In an address before an audience of 6500 at Jesuit University of San Francisco last March, University of Tübingen's Professor of Dogmatic Theology Hans Küng eschewed dogmatism and called upon the Roman Catholic Church to abolish its Index of Prohibited Books and cease its censorship of speech and press. He said the Church has committed sins against the freedom of man, and to outsiders the Church



sometimes looks more like a prison than a sanctuary of the spirit.

In June, Cardinal Cushing, in two lengthy interviews with the Reverend Walter M. Abbott, S. J., feature editor of *America*, the *National Catholic Weekly Review*, said much the same thing. The Cardinal urged the removal of the "famous promises" asked by the Catholic Church of the non-Catholic partner in a mixed marriage, as "an irritant to many, and some, it is clear from what happens, make the promises in bad faith" . . . with this change, "we would start those marriages off in the context of a church which opens up the possibility of many graces being given, instead of the generating of feelings of frustration, hostility, etc." He also favored abolishing the Index of Prohibited Books and stated, that if the Vatican Council II, first summoned by Pope John XXIII, is faithful to the pastoral approach requested by the late pontiff, "there should be considerable changes in church law.

"After all, canon law is the result of pastoral needs," said the Cardinal. "But the needs of one time are not the needs of another. The laws of the past that were put on the books to take care of the problems of the past may not be of much help to a later generation.

"In fact, they can sometimes be a hindrance in the care of souls. That is why I think the Council can and should do something about our many problems. . . ."

The principles at stake in censorship were set forth with admirable clarity by Father John Courtney Murray, S. J., Professor of Moral Theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, in an address on "Literature and Censorship." He offered four rules which, as the editor of *Harper's* has noted, ought to command the enthusiastic support of all Americans regardless of religious belief:

"(1) Each minority group has the right to censor for its own members, if it so chooses, the contents of the various media of communication, and to protect them, by means of its own choosing, from materials considered harmful according to its standards." (He also pointed out that in the United States "all religious groups . . . are minority groups.")

"(2) No minority group has the right to demand that government should impose a general censorship [on material] judged to be harmful according to the special standards held within that group.

"(3) Any minority group has the right to work toward the elevation of standards of public morality . . . through the use of the methods of persuasion and pacific argument.

"(4) No minority group has the right to impose its own religious or moral views on other groups, through the use of methods of force, coercion, or vio-

lence."

Father Murray went on to warn that methods of coercion are especially imprudent for Catholics or Catholic associations. "The chief danger," he said, "is lest the Church itself be identified in the public mind as a power association. The identification is injurious; it turns into hate of the faith. And it has the disastrous effect of obscuring from the public view the true visage of the Church as God's kingdom of truth and freedom, justice and love."

He quoted Jacques Leclercq, of the Catholic University of Louvain, "who is no slight authority," the dictum that "no government has ever succeeded in finding a balanced policy of combating unhealthy sexual propaganda without injuring legitimate freedom or provoking other equally grave or worse disorders."

Dean Joseph O'Meara, of the Notre Dame Law School, expressed the point most forcefully like this: "Unfortunately many sincere people do not comprehend the genius of our democracy . . . such people would deny free speech to those with whom they are in fundamental disagreement. . . . They would establish a party line in America—their party line, of course. This is an alien concept, a totalitarian concept; it is not consistent with the American tradition; it is anti-democratic; it is, in short, subversive and it should be recognized for what it is."

The best evidence that an official of government can conscientiously execute his administrative duties without permitting his religious beliefs to interfere is President John F. Kennedy. He is the first Roman Catholic to ever hold the highest office in our land and whatever forebodings religious bigots had, as regards a Catholic President, they have not come to pass. His decisions, both good and bad, have been made as the Chief Executive of all these United States, and not as a member of a particular minority group.

He has publicly opposed Federal aid to parochial schools, which the Catholic Church strongly favors; he has endorsed the Supreme Court decision to keep prayers and other religious exercises out of the public schools; he has taken a more positive, progressive stand on the dissemination of birth-control materials and techniques to underprivileged foreign countries, suffering the results of uncontrolled population explosion, than did his Protestant predecessor.

He offers an outstanding example of the manner in which a government official can and should keep separate his responsibilities to church and state. It is an example that many lesser public officials would do well to emulate.

On the specific matter of censorship, John F. Kennedy, then a Senator from Massachusetts, summed up the subject

with these prophetic words: "The lock on the legislature, the parliament or the assembly hall, by order of the King, the Commissar or the Führer, has historically been followed or preceded by a lock on the door of the printer's, the publisher's or the bookseller's."

In the June installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, we quoted these all-too-prophetic words from Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black: "... [The Bill of Rights] is intended to see that a man cannot be jerked by the back of the neck by any government official; he cannot have his home invaded; he cannot be picked up legally and carried away because his views are not satisfactory to the majority. . . ."

But that is precisely what happened to us that very month.

It would be a simple matter to give in to such pressures. Our business is not dependent upon the expression of these outspoken editorial views. Indeed, it has been proven that voicing them only produces attempts at retaliation, making our life and the earning of our livelihood just a little more difficult. But this is a contest involving a principle that we cannot back away from.

We have already been offered a compromise. The maximum fine involved here is \$400—\$200 on each of two counts for "publishing and circulating" obscene material. The legal fees and cost in time, for ourself and a number of our executives, will be, of course, many times that figure. The prosecutor for the Corporation Counsel's office asked our legal counsel: Would we settle for a plea of guilty if the fine were reduced to \$100? . . . \$50? . . . \$10? . . . \$5?

But we will fight for the principle—because the principle is an important one to us.

We quoted something else by Justice Black in that June issue—on obscenity: "It was the law in Rome that they could arrest people for obscenity after Augustus became Caesar. Tacitus says that then it became obscene to criticize the Emperor."

Our case comes up at about the same time as this November issue goes on sale. We'll apprise you of the outcome.

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner will discuss sexual conduct in contemporary society and how the schism between supposed beliefs and actual behavior breeds sickness for the body, mind and soul of man.

Because of the unusual length of this month's "Philosophy," the issue includes no "Playboy Forum," but the "Forum" will be continued next month. Address all letters re the "Philosophy" to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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how to talk dirty *(continued from page 142)*

tive and chic, so that the *double-entendre* comedian was considered quite daring. It delighted the customer to be "in"—"Ha, ha, you know what *that* means, don't you?"

My generation knows—and accepts—what *that* means, so there is no need for humor in that whoopee-cushion vein.

This is not an indictment of the performers of that era, for I know (and it disturbs me greatly) that soon I will be out of touch. I am 37 and already I can't relate to Fabian.

There's nothing sadder than an old hipster.

• • •

During this post-War period, I was afraid I didn't have it as a comedian. I had the mental facility, but I didn't have the psychological capacity to accept rejection, which I sure got a lot of in those days. It was after work in one of those showbiz restaurants—the Hanson's of Baltimore, where everybody has his picture hanging on the wall—that I bumped into Tommy Moe Raft, who was a terrifically funny burlesque comic. I had seen him work several times and admired him immensely.

Sitting next to him was a stripper who was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life.

She had long red hair that she actually sat on. She had a face that looked like a kindergarten teacher's. Since she was obviously a natural redhead, she wore very little make-up, stood about five feet, seven inches tall, and had strength-and-health-club measurements. Her firm, alabaster breasts that were mapped with light, delicate blue veins, showed from her low-cut Frederick's of Hollywood dress, and I suddenly realized the attraction: Honey Harlowe was a composite of the Virgin Mary and a \$500-a-night whore.

I sat with Tommy and he introduced us. Then he invited me to a party that she also was attending.

I took a cab there and walked up the stairs, heading for the door with the noise. The host was a manufacturer of aluminum awnings, and he "just loved show people." They used to give parties and get drunk, and then the husband would love *his* show people (the strippers and the girl singers) and the wife would love *her* show people (the acrobats and the emcees).

Everybody at this party was sober, and quite proper. Some people were exchanging cute little off-color jokes, and a few intellectuals were discussing the decadence and lack of culture in Baltimore.

Honey and I just stared at each other and got hot.

Suddenly, right there on the sofa, in the midst of 20 to 30 people, we were hugging and kissing and rubbing and groping and embarrassing everyone at the party.

This was something special. I knew, and I didn't want to know it. Besides, who wanted "something special"? I was half-glad and half-sorry when I realized I wouldn't be around long enough to find out: I had made previous plans to ship out on a merchant ship after the Baltimore engagement. I was bored and depressed, so I had signed up.

If I had met Honey before, maybe I wouldn't have.

• • •

I was on the Luckenbach Line bound for Turkey, Greece, Marseilles, back to the Mediterranean I couldn't wait to get out of a few years before.

Two ships performed the same function—transporting men and objects across the Atlantic from one place to another: one place was Pier 92 on New York's West Side, the other was Marseilles—the two ships were the U. S. S. Brooklyn and the Samuel Brown. And I was on them both.

Samuel Brown might live in Brooklyn—but in Red Hook, not in Seagate. He alone could never attain the stature of all the individual little people in all the neighborhoods from Kensington and Bay Ridge to Bensonhurst and Coney Island who collectively make up the borough—rich, influential and powerful. That essentially is the difference between the merchant marine and the United States Navy. Though the merchant seaman commands less esteem (there are no campaigns to write letters to the boys on tramp steamers and no USO shows at Christmastime), he has an easier life and makes more money, which are a pair of compensatory factors carrying no small weight.

I shared a compartment with two West Indian Negroes who were immaculate in their personal habits, and quite entertaining to listen to. They had a unique sound: "Mon, what de hell awr ye tawkin' about? You don't speek de king's Hinglish!"

They were marvelous seamen, and one of them with whom I became very friendly, Caleb Chambers, had been all over the world 60 times. It never failed to amaze me that he was as much at home in North Africa, Casablanca or Gibraltar as he was in San Pedro, California. It really knocked me out to hear him give directions. I've traveled the States extensively, but my knowledge of places is extremely limited. I can tell you how to get from the Civic Center in Los Angeles to Hollywood and Highland Boulevard, or how to get from O'Hare Airport in Chicago to Mister Kelly's on Rush Street, but so



"As one attorney to another—I hope the Saturday Evening Post never goes back to cowboy stories."

could Caleb.

He could also tell you how to get from the Medina in Casablanca to the Valletta in Malta, and advise you on the fastest, cheapest way to get there. But what really bugged me was that he was so familiar with everything everywhere that sometimes, when we would hit port, he wouldn't even bother going ashore. Imagine docking in Istanbul and staying on ship!

I have been to about 30 different countries and I'm ashamed to admit that my knowledge of the sights, culture, art and customs is on a par with the limited perspective of any other sailor. In Lisbon, the only place I know is the American Bar and Madame Krashna's. The same in Marseilles, Oran, Algiers, Izmir. The only place I know a little bit about is Libya. That's because the whorehouses are off limits. If you get caught in one of them, a fine and a jail sentence are mandatory.

I am enough of a snob to not mind having a record for jewel theft, embezzling or safecracking; but doing time for getting caught in a whorehouse would really be humiliating.

This is a warped concept, I realize. We Americans have a negative attitude toward prostitution which is not shared by foreign peoples. Even the words "French brothel" sound exotic, nearly romantic, compared to "cathouse." And they *are* more romantic. They cater to the imagination and the spirit as well as the body. Here, it's disgustingly cut and dried.

In Marseilles, for example, there was a place called Madame Claridge's which was delightful. They had an Arabian jazz trio, a bar and, of course, lots of girls. They charged admission, which I suppose you could call a "cover charge." Many guys used to go there just to drink and absorb a part of culture few American men ever experience.

If a guy walks into an American bar with the thought of picking up a girl, he will get an audible, hostile rejection from at least 90 percent of the women he approaches. And a painful physical rejection from the boyfriends of some of the other 10 percent when they return from the men's room. At Madame Claridge's, however, if you had a neurotic imagination, you could pretend that you were walking into an American bar and that every girl you tapped (you had your choice of 20 or 30 beautiful ladies) was willing to go upstairs with you.

Their return English is always questioning, in the few broken phrases they know: "How much you got?" "Short time?" "All night?" "Costume show?"

The costume show is an institution which might well be studied by clinical psychologists. Although I assume none of these girls has ever read Krafft-Ebing, I am sure they are instinctively cognizant



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92 PROOF—GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR

153

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of the many erotic fetishes which men have and are willing to pay for in order to have them catered to.

The costume show cost 1000 francs extra, which in those days was about \$20. This might seem expensive, but we were getting \$10 a carton for cigarettes which we bought tax-free for about 50 cents a carton.

You had a choice of basic settings—rooms complete with the particular decor required by the girl in costume to play her part.

1. *The Housewife Room.* The room was decorated like a homey kitchen. The girl wore a white cotton dress, an apron, no make-up, her hair pulled back simply in a bun. I didn't understand French, but since she had a complete routine memorized I called in a friend to translate for me. "Ah, Antoine, you naughty boy, you are late again. Tsk, tsk, tsk. You are making your poor mother gray with worry. Ah, *quel dommage*, you look disturbed, my son. Here, sit by Momma. There, that is better, no? See, I'll massage your back. But don't do anything naughty to me. Antoine! Antoine! What are you doing? I am your mother! In a moment I will have to ask you to stop. . . ."

2. *The Seminary.* This cost 2000 francs, but it was worth it. The room was a bare monastery cell with only a wooden table, some straight chairs and a straw pallet. Religious statues, pictures and candles were everywhere. The "towel girl" led me in and left me alone there, and as I looked about I was furious that when I would tell my friends in the States about it, they would think it was a lie. Not only that, but they might have me committed. And I was at least as sane as the hundreds of men who visited this place *seriously*, men who we would consider decadent and degenerate, and, more than that, in some twisted way, fanatically religious.

In a moment my thoughts were interrupted by a beautiful "nun," complete in her habit, white starched headpiece, cross around her neck, gold wedding band and all. I was so excited that I offered her a 2000-franc tip if she would just sit and talk to me in her broken English; that was a twist—a nun confessing to me. I was fascinated with her description of the operation. Some of her stories made my hair stand on end.

3. *The Nursery.* This was a sunny little room with small furniture, and an actual crib, with animal pictures and Mother Goose characters painted on the walls. There were all sorts of toys, a rocking horse, a music box, and lots of dolls. The girl was dressed in a little starched white organdy dress, and she acted as if she were no more than 12 years old. One of the musicians, who was her fiancé, told me later that she made more money than all the other girls put together. Especially in tips from men who got gratification from

ripping the clothes off her, literally tearing her outer- and undergarments to shreds. Of course it put a lot of physical strain on her because most of these men demanded that she struggle, for they desired not the sexual act so much as the illusion that they were violating her.

4. *The Torture Chamber.* Again, macabre though I be, I am not making this up. If this were a production of the Grand Guignol it would have in the program, "Sets and costumes by the Marquis de Sade." The walls were blood red and adorned with whips and instruments of torture of all descriptions. There were pictures of men and women in every conceivable pose of suffering and debasement. A record played the *Danse Macabre*. When the girl entered, made up in a satanic manner, wearing a long black Dracula cape, I really shuddered. She bolted the door. She meant business! How could I tell her I was only window-shopping?

She took off the cape purposefully. Underneath she wore only brief black panties and a push-em-up bra, arm-length leather gloves, and what looked like hip-length leather-laced stockings with spike heels that were easily six-inches high. She walked toward me and menaced me with a riding crop, raised it over her head and screamed something in French, baring her sharp white teeth. Just as in nearly every other delicate situation in my life, I began to laugh. She got quite insulted and threw me out.

I had laughed myself right out of a beating.

. . .

When I talk on the stage, people often have the impression that I make up things as I go along. This isn't true. I know a lot of things I want to say; I'm just not sure exactly when I will say them. This process of one subject automatically associating itself with something else is referred to as "stream of consciousness" à la James Joyce.

I think one develops a style like that from talking to oneself. I don't actually talk to myself out loud—"Hello, Lenny, how are you today?"—rather, it's a form of *thinking*. And out at sea you have a lot of time to think. I would just think all day and all night. All different kinds of things.

Sometimes I would talk out loud up on the bow, where tons of water actually bend the shield plate. You would never figure water to be so hard that it could bend steel, but I've seen it happen.

In the spring, however, the Atlantic Ocean is very pleasant, and the trip isn't so bad. The first land you sight is a thrilling experience. I must have played Columbus hundreds of times. It was really fun, standing those bow watches all alone.

I always felt that the Azores were going to sink, because on the map they're

just a bunch of little dots. And everything that's *on* the Azores is shipped in. There was even a Turkish seaman who had gotten an attack of appendicitis on board his ship, and they had let *him* off at the Azores, where we picked him up.

He bunked with Caleb and me. He had a little leather bag in which he kept all his worldly possessions. He didn't speak any English, but when he sat down on the bunk, I tried to communicate with him anyway, asking him what had happened to him, although we already knew.

People are the same the world over. Just like an old lady from the Bronx, he proudly showed us his appendix scar.

I gave him two candy bars which he devoured immediately, and Caleb gave him soap and a towel. He scowled at us, and I guessed that probably in his country a towel and soap meant only one thing—that you were in *need* of same. I tried to explain in sign language. I sniffed him and smiled, in order to show that we *all* have towels and soap to keep in our lockers *if* and *when* we need them.

He wrote his name in Turkish for us, and we wrote our names in English for him. It seemed to be turning out like a Richard Halliburton story.

But then he opened his little bag and offered us something. I didn't know what the hell it was. It looked like bunches of strips of leather. I asked Caleb if he knew what it was, and he said maybe it was some sort of "good-luck leather." He took a piece and pushed it toward my face, and I pantomimed to the Turk: "Should we eat it?"—and then it dawned upon him that we didn't know what it was.

He gestured for a knife and a cigarette. He took the cigarette and opened it up, dumping the tobacco out on the bench; then he started chopping up the leather and the cigarette tobacco, until he had it evenly mixed. He took a pipe from his bag, filled it, and lit it. Oh, that was it—some sort of religious ritual like the Indians have on first meeting—a peace pipe.

The tobacco was rather strong, and we passed it around several times, but when the pipe came to me the fifth time, for no apparent reason Caleb looked hysterically funny to me, and I started to laugh, and Caleb started to laugh, until we were carrying on like a couple of damned idiots.

"Oh, my God, this son of a bitch has us smoking hashish!"

As soon as I got the word out, he nodded and laughed, too. We smoked some more, and when it came time to go on watch, the relief man came and said, "Time to go topside," and I thought that was the funniest goddamned thing I'd ever heard in my whole life.

We laughed so hard that it scared the

relief man, and he went away and didn't bother us anymore.

Within a week I could communicate perfectly with Sabu (the name I'd christened him). I made Harpo Marx look slow. I'm sure Vincent Price would have been honored to have me on his team on the TV version of charades.

No matter how hard I tried, though, I couldn't make Sabu believe that it was against the law on American ships to smoke dope. He wanted to know why, and I honestly couldn't tell him. He asked me what I used to get high, I told him whiskey, and he was horrified.

Since then, I've learned that Moslems do not drink. But they sure smoke a lot of that lovelorn. It's based on their religious-health laws. Imagine that: religious laws to smoke dope. But here's the capper: They're right. Alcohol is a deterrent that destroys tissues which cannot be rebuilt. It is toxic, and damages one of the most important organs in the body that cannot repair itself or be repaired — the liver. Whereas, for example, no form of *cannabis sativa* (the hemp plant from which marijuana is made) destroys any body tissue or harms the organs in any manner.

This is a fact that can be verified by any chemistry professor of any university in the United States. Nevertheless, the possession of marijuana is a crime:

PUBLIC DEFENDER: YOUR HONOR, I make

a motion that the prosecution's statement, "Was involved and did encourage others to partake in this immoral degenerate practice" be stricken from the record. The word "immoral" is entirely subjective and not specific.

JUDGE: Objection overruled. Existing statutes give this word, in the context used, legal credence. Can counselor refer to an existing statute that labels marijuana users as moralists?

PUBLIC DEFENDER: Which moralists are we using as criteria? Sherman Adams? Earl Long? Jimmy Walker? Or does the court refer to the moralists who violated Federal law — segregationists, traitorous anarchists that have given ambiguity to the aphorism, "Of the people, by the people, for the people. . . ." Or the moralist who flouted Federal law — the bootleg coffers flowed with billions, illegal whiskey drunk by millions. A moral standard that gives mass criminal rebellion absolution? In the realm of this subject, the Defense requests that the six men on this jury be disqualified on the grounds of unfitness.

JUDGE: Can the Public Defender qualify this charge?

PUBLIC DEFENDER: The Defense submits these qualitative and quantitative documents in answer to the Court's query.

JUDGE: (Reading the documents aloud.) ". . . And these six jurors have sworn in the presence of a notary that their daily

alcoholic consumption, martinis for lunch and manhattans before dinner, totals an average of a half-pint per day. Jurist also stated motivations for drinking: 'Gives me a lift.' 'Need a boost once in a while.' 'After a frustrating day at the office a couple of belts lift me out of the dumps.'" I fail to see the merit in your plea to disqualify. What is your point, succinctly?

PUBLIC DEFENDER: One cannot cast the first stone — if already stoned.

(Dissolve to interior of jury room and new set of jurors.)

FIRST WOMAN: You know, I was thinking, that Public Defender was right. A crutch is a crutch no matter if it is made of wood or aluminum.

SECOND WOMAN: A couple of those jurors gave me the creeps anyway. That one with the thick fingers looked like a real moron.

THIRD WOMAN: And the other one with those sneaky eyes. I can always tell a person's character by his eyes.

FIRST WOMAN: To serve on a jury in a civil case is easy, but when you're dealing with drug addicts it's rough. This damned jury duty has me a nervous wreck. I had to take five sleeping pills to get some rest last night. You build up a tolerance to the damned things so quickly. I feel miserable today. I'm really dragging.

SECOND WOMAN: Here, take one of these Dexies.



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FIRST WOMAN: What are they for?

SECOND WOMAN: They're Amphetamine, Dexedrine Spansules. My doctor gave them to me for depression and fatigue. They really give you a lift. I take them all the time except when it's "that time of the month" — then I take Demerol.

THIRD WOMAN: (*Rummaging through her purse and producing a handful of pills.*) Do you know what these red-and-white ones are? My neighbor's doctor gave them to her to try out. They're supposed to be for nerves. Better than Miltowns.

SECOND WOMAN: Oh, these are Deprols. Umm, no, wait a minute, I think they're Phenobarbs.

(*An elderly woman juror, silent until now, turns and speaks.*)

ELDERLY WOMAN: Come on, ladies. We need a verdict. What are we going to do with this man?

FIRST WOMAN: Oh, yes — the dope addict. How does a person sink that low?

So I do not understand the moral condemnation of marijuana, not only because of its effects as contrasted with those of alcohol, but also because, in my opinion, Dexedrine, Amphetamine, and all tranquilizers are crutches for people who cannot face life without drugs.

Surprisingly enough, there are actually psychotics in high public places that have been reported to have *sympathetic* feelings concerning the stiff penalties received by the marijuana users and other narcotics offenders. Judging from the newspapers and movies, one would believe that drug users are sick, emotionally immature, degenerates, psychos, unstable. They are not right in the head. They are *weirdos*. So, I would assume, they belong in jail with all the other crazy people.

Or do you believe all that crap about mental-health programs? I mean, you don't actually believe there *are* crazy people, do you? You don't actually believe people are emotionally unstable, do you? A person is only bad because he wants to be. You can do anything you

want to. Anything. You can memorize 12,000,000 different telephone books — all the names inside them.

Or *can* you do anything you want? Do you perhaps believe in the *existence* of mental illness, but still feel that treatment for the mentally ill should be duplexed? Good nuts, the ones who blow up trains with 300 people or repeatedly try to kill themselves, should be sent to Bellevue or other institutions equipped with mental-health programs; but bad nuts, who try to kill themselves with heroin or other narcotics, should be sent to jail.

After all, what's the sense of sending a narcotics addict to a hospital for intensified therapy and perhaps curing him in three years, when you can have him in and out of jail three times over a period of 10 years? Then, the last time, you've got him for good!

I don't know about you, but I rather enjoy the tax money that is spent to arrest, indict, convict, imprison, parole, and then re-imprison these people. I'd just piss it away on beer, anyway.

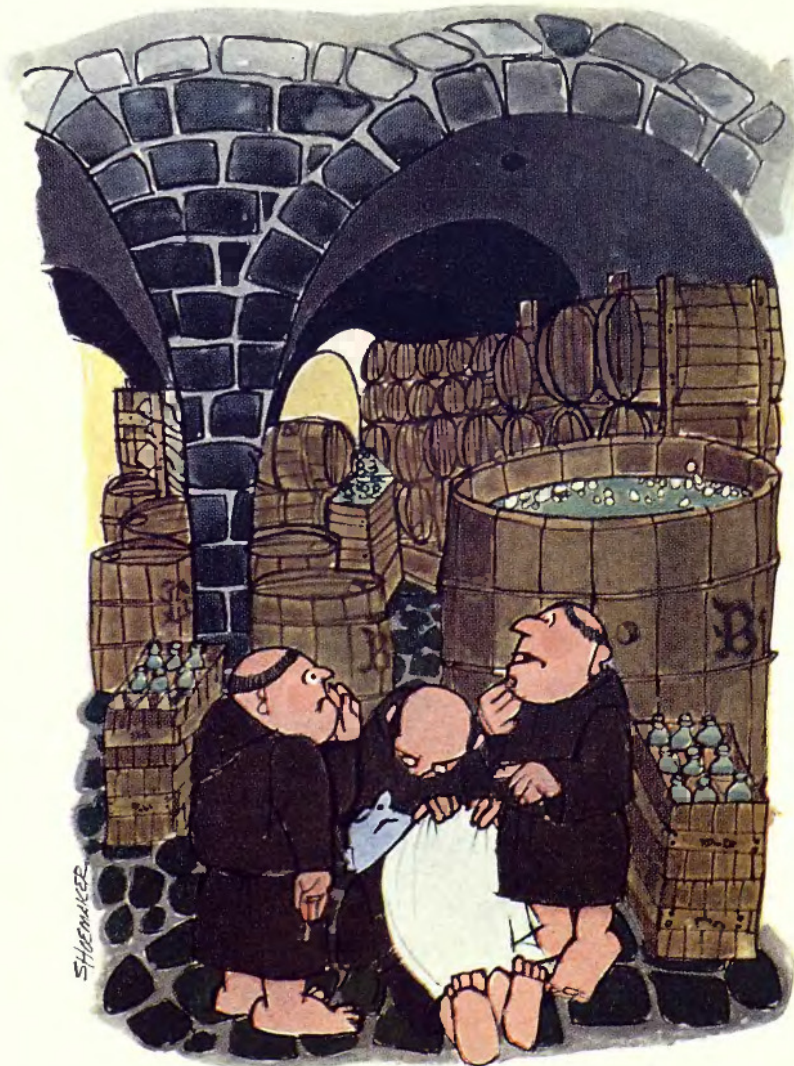
I must admit that, since a certain incident, I've never given a penny to mental health. I shan't mention the city in which this occurred because I have no desire to cause any trouble for the individual involved (although, what with his being a genuine masochist, he might *love* the trouble). And certainly I have no moral judgment to bestow on him — which others certainly would, if they recognized him from my description.

I discovered the truth about this guy through a friend of mine, this chick who was a hooker (vernacular for prostitute); the guy was one of her tricks (customers). Anyway, this *noffka* (Yiddish for hooker) told me about a trick who didn't want anything but a good beating. He was willing to pay from \$100 to \$500, depending upon how ingenious and sadistic the amusement she devised for him was each evening.

She described the guy in detail to me — his home, his personal appearance, right down — or up — to his toupee.

Then, another hooker, who, I'm positive, didn't know the first chick, told me about this same trick one night and said that he had asked her to bring her boyfriend along to help work him over. She was a little wary about asking her boyfriend to do this because he was a rather surly type and inclined, perhaps, to get a little carried away with his work, which was important to avoid, because this trick insisted that he was never to be hit above the shoulders. He was an important man and had to travel in respectable business circles, and couldn't afford to have his scars seen in public.

She asked me if I would accommodate her that evening and punch him around



"Oh, good grief... and I thought he passed the Secret Formula on to you!"

a bit. Somehow, I didn't feel quite up to it — I don't know, maybe I'm just a sissy — and I graciously declined her offer. I was sorry about it afterward, because the next day she saw me and complained that they hadn't been paid because, sure enough, her boyfriend had gotten a little overexuberant and given the trick a black eye and a swollen jaw.

Now here's the capper, and I swear it is true. That afternoon there was a meeting of the heads of the mental-health campaign, and I had been asked to contribute my services as a performer to a fundraising show they were organizing. I attended the meeting with the other acts, planning the billing and staging, and so forth, and we had to wait for about 10 minutes for the president of the committee to arrive. I had met the gentleman before, a very imposing, robust businessman with a brusque good nature and a toupee that nearly matched the graying hair at his temples.

Till the moment he walked in, I had never connected him with that trick, nor would I have in a million years. But there he was, black eye, swollen jaw and all. It was like a cheap old Charlie Chan movie; the Chief of Police turns out to have committed the series of brutal murders.

Immediately everyone displayed great concern over him. "What happened?" "You poor thing!" "Oh, my God, George, look at your eye!"

He sat down wearily and told his tale: "I was coming out of the Plymouth House last night, about two in the morning, meeting with the board from the United Fund, you know, and in the parking lot there were these two chaps attacking a young girl. Well, I grabbed one of them and knocked him out and clipped the other one, when six more jumped out from behind a car. You see, it was a setup: the girl was in on it — part of the gag, I guess. The next thing I knew, I was flat on my back. I mean I couldn't handle them *all*."

"Were there any witnesses?" I asked.

"No. At two o'clock in the morning, I might just as well have been alone in the jungle."

"Weren't there any cops around?"

"No. Isn't that the damndest thing, Len? It's always that way — when you want a cop, you can't find one. They're too busy giving out parking tickets."

"Well," piped up the inevitable cliché expert, "it's a lucky thing you didn't get killed."

"Yes," he agreed philosophically, "I guess I am lucky, after all."

I thought to myself: He probably would *love* to get killed, if only somehow he would be able to live through it to enjoy it.

I am not trying to project an image of myself as pure, wholesome and All-American. Again, I certainly am not making any value judgment of others and

attempting to put myself on a high moral level above anyone else. As I have said, I have indulged myself in houses of prostitution.

I try to keep in mind that the only difference between a Charles Van Doren, a Bernard Goldfine, a Mayor Curley or a Dave Beck, and me, is that they got caught. I am always offended by a judge or district attorney with an Academy Award sense of moral indignation. I have great respect for the offices of law enforcement and preservation, but I'll never forget that William O'Dwyer was the D.A.

I love my country, I would give allegiance to no other nation, nor would I choose any other for my home, and yet if I followed a U.S. serviceman and saw the enemy bind him, nude, lying face down and then pouring white-hot lead into a funnel that was inserted in his keister, they wouldn't even have to heat another pot for me. I would give them every top secret, I would make shoe-shine rags out of the American flag, I would denounce the Constitution, I would give them the right to kill every person that was kind and dear to me.

Just don't give me that hot-lead enema.

So that's how low I am. That's what I would resort to, to keep that lead out of my ass. I spent four battle years in the Mediterranean and saw starving priests, doctors and judges. I saw ethics erode, again, according to the law of supply and demand.

So I am not offended by war in the same way that I am not offended by rain. Both are "motivated" by need.

I was at Anzio. I lived in a continual state of ambivalence: guilty but glad. Glad I wasn't the GI enjoying that final "no-wake-up-call" sleep on his blood-puddled mud mattress. It would be interesting to hear his comment if we could grab a handful of his hair, drag his head out of the dirt and ask his opinion on the questions that are posed every decade, the contemporary shouts of: "How long are we going to put up with Cuba's nonsense?" "Just how many insults can we take from Russia?"

I was at Salerno. I can take a lot of insults.

War spells out my philosophy of "No right or wrong" — just "Your right, my wrong" — everything is subjective.

After we resolved our conflict with the villainous English, the Indians were next. They had some absurd notion that since they were here before us, they had some claim upon the land.

Setting a precedent for Nazi purging, we proved to those dunderhead Indians the correctness of the aphorism "Possession is nine tenths of the law." If you have any doubts about that, if you're ever in Miami, drive to the one tenth: the Seminole Indian reservation, in the mosquito-ridden, agriculture-resistant Ev-

erglades swamps.

The next suffering people we had to liberate were the Mexicans. We took Texas and California. But we always maintained a concept of justice. We left them a land where holy men could walk: the desert.

Later, continuing with our hollow, rodomontade behavior, we involved ourselves in the war to end all wars.

After going out on a limb like that, there were wars that followed nonetheless, especially the one that took courageous Americans, heroic Russians, invincible Englishmen, and the indefatigable French, who shared moral unity, having God and Irving Berlin on their side, and censuring those who offended the principles of Christianity — the Italians.

Where was I? Coming out of a whorehouse in Marseilles — the mental-health official would have been so happy in *The Torture Chamber*.

Sometimes when I work onstage I make these stream-of-consciousness transitions so smoothly from one point to another that the audience doesn't realize until later that I have forgotten to tie up the idea I began with. More than once, someone has come back to the club and tried to get back in, demanding to find out the ending.

• • •

Something unusually emotional was happening to me during that merchant marine time. I found that the longer I stayed away from Honey Harlowe, the more involved I became with her. It was so new to me — what others had called "being in love" — and I discovered that I actually enjoyed abstaining: a sort of selfless sacrifice. I just was not interested in participating in sexual relations with anyone but Honey.

It was an amazing experience for me. I was 25 and I had dated at least 200 girls and been promiscuous with twice that number (since this included those I never "dated," in dressing-room bacchanals, chorus girls and strippers who had nothing else to do till their nails got dry). It was an inescapable fact: I was hooked on Honey.

When our ship hit Spain I took all of the money I had saved and called Honey. It took me a long time to trace her, from one club to another, and finally to her mother, but then at last I heard her voice.

I told her I loved her and I was coming home.

• • •

Honey and I got married . . . I was wed to a stripper!

Strippers were only a step above hookers, even as late as 1951. The first great break-through — or, rather, breakdown — of society's nudity/lewdity guilt-by-association was the now-famous Marilyn Monroe calendar. Marilyn's respectabil-



George Dole

"Just what kind of aptitude test do you give around here?"

ity when she died was based principally upon her economic status, which is, in the final analysis, the only type of status our society really does respect.

There were a number of other steps which she took to climb down off the barbershop mirror and up the ladder of acceptability, to the chairmanship of the Board of Directors of her own corporation. Joe DiMaggio was the first rung in that ladder. In marrying all America's All-American, she challenged society to condemn its own honored image of the red-blooded hero prototype. After all, would Jolting Joe ever take as a wife someone who we could not admire?

After she had thus won the "workers' vote," she copped the intellectuals' approval in a tour de force by becoming Mrs. Arthur Miller. (He's a brilliant fellow — would he demean himself by climbing into bed with someone who was not his equal? She reads Dostoevsky!)

Other bovine ladies began to bare their chests for a frank and honest appraisal of their inner spiritual qualities. I have in mind that picture of Sophia Loren sitting in a public restaurant, quite exposed herself, in a gown of delicate décolleté, but staring at Jayne Mansfield's naked nipple peeking out of her low-cut sheath as if to say, "Now, why didn't I think of that?"

Marilyn Monroe was PLAYBOY magazine's first Playmate of the Month. PLAYBOY's Editor and Publisher, Hugh M. Hefner, has cleverly accompanied these center foldouts with capsule biographies emphasizing that the Playmate is *not* necessarily a professional model, but the very antithesis: a secretary, a coed, a waitress, a social worker. You Too Can Take Off Your Clothes and Succeed.

Archaeologists a thousand years hence will indeed be confused by the slew of would-be PLAYBOY imitators, and even Pageant (the Legion of Decency's PLAYBOY) and other like magazines with their articles interspersed with sweet young Oklahoma asses that are kept from being overexposed by bulky-knit Italian sweaters that never quite do the job.

If a girlie book was all that was left as a document of this generation, an anthropologist of the year 2963 would logically assume that this culture seemed to be identified with the religious concept: "God made my body and if it is dirty, then the imperfection lies with the Manufacturer, not the product. Do not remove this tag under the penalty of law."

I have had the opportunity to date these "Playmates" at various times and, although I can't produce doctors' certificates, I can state with reasonable authority that they were actually virgins. They were charming, intelligent, but — to me, at least — annoyingly virtuous. "Just because I pose in the nude doesn't mean I'm promiscuous."

Meanwhile, back at the strip show, I knew that according to all true Christian standards nudity in itself was certainly not lewd, but burlesque — with its "subtle" charades of grabbing, "floor work," pulling and touching — *was* lewd. Lewd in the sense that there was a woman on the stage whose chief aim was to get the audience horny. I knew that my wife would have to stop stripping unless I could rationalize being a halfway pimp.

I decided to develop her other talents. Honey had a fairly good voice. I spent two years doing a double with her, working all sorts of joints so that we could be together, but after about the first month,

I realized I would have to have more money to make her a singer than I was making as a comedian.

How to make some quick money and stay out of jail. . . .

If Father Divine could do it, why couldn't I!

Of course — that would be the gimmick — I would become a priest or a rabbi or a monk or whatever the hell was necessary to perform miracles such as taking money from someone else's pocket and putting it into mine, still remaining within the confines of the law. I had no qualms about the sinful aspect of my aspiration because I felt — and still do feel — that all so-called "men of God" are self-ordained. The "calling" they hear is just their own echo.

I knew, of course, that becoming a rabbi or a priest would be a slow process. Churches and synagogues were probably hard to come by. I've never seen one for rent, and they don't ever seem to go out of business. The amazing thing about churches and synagogues is that they never complain about a bad location. I suppose they have a lot of walk-in trade.

No, that would be too slow a process for me. First renting the building, then putting ads in the papers, "Grand Opening, Free Prizes and Blessings to the Kids!" Then I would have to hire an organ player, one that would be responsible and show up for the gig. And then I would have to decide if I would be the emcee or would I hire one, and what would be the theme of the show — would it be Fire and Brimstone, or Ivy-League Reform?

The big problem would be the breadbasket holders. Most good ushers were working, I assumed, and the ones who weren't working had probably been busted for gelt-grabbing.

So a house of worship wasn't the answer. What I needed was some disease which hadn't been exploited yet. Cancer, muscular dystrophy and tuberculosis had been run through the wringer. Most people had benefited from their contributions — they had the same catharsis of guilt for their own health that Nobel, the man responsible for the killer, dynamite, must have had when he instituted the Nobel Peace Prize.

I needed a disease.

Bronchitis? No, that's such an unhip disease. At least consumption has a sexual connotation to it; bronchitis is sort of poor and Jewish. "I've got bronchitis, I want a *hallah* and some sweet butter."

Cholera is Midwest-Protestant-Nelson Algrenish.

Pellagra has class. "Yeah, I got pellagra — uh huh, we brought it up from Southampton with us." You can even make out with chicks. "Yeah, baby, cool it with him if you want to. I'll just pellagra it up here. I'll stay in the pad

alone. . . " That'll get her.

The clap! No one had ever exploited the clap! When the guy comes to your door for the Community Chest or the United Fund, do you ever say to him, "Hey, wait a minute. I'm gonna give you a donation, but how much of my buck is going to the clap?" And actually, it's way up there on the charts. Or are you like a lot of subintellectuals who would say, "Well, no, I wouldn't ask about the clap because only bums get it. And Communists." Sure. 7,000,000 war heroes that are bums and Communists.

You can talk about leukemia all day long, because there's no specific cure, but the clap—you could whack it out in two days with all the antibiotics, so how come it's there and stays up there? Don't even say the word clap, man. "It's all right, Mrs. Sheckner, you've just got a little discharge." Because you get leukemia in a respectable way. But how do you get the clap? By *doing it*, and anybody who does that dirty thing obviously *deserves* to get the clap.

Why do you think Ben Hur's mother and sister got leprosy? Because they didn't put paper on the seat.

I envisioned my campaign. . . "She's got it, by jove, I think she's finally got it!" And then the chorus would sing, to the tune of "Tour the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet." "Curb the Clap Today in the U.S.A., it's a job that's never been done before!" What a thrill it would be to produce the first Clapathon on TV. Instead of little children being exploited, coming out with their little crutches, you could have glamorous movie stars: "Folks, we've raised \$680,000 tonight, \$680,000 that will be spent for research and treatment: no longer will men have to suffer the indignity of putting it on the window sill and slamming the window on it." A big ad campaign—"Remember, an ounce of prevention, the most important quarter inch!"—and then perhaps a beautiful dramatic actress would give a testimonial:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have been helped by this wonderful organization: thanks to these brave people, we have been brought out of the dark ages. We have had the clap in our family for years and never knew it. My husband and I sensed there was something strange about the size of Ronnie's head—he was our first son—but like many others we were too ashamed to ask our doctor about it. Then we read the literature, *Curb the Clap Today*, and we brought it to our family doctor. He read it and to his amazement he discovered that he had the clap, too. . . ."

But I was only fantasizing again, making stuff up for my own amusement. Then one day I was looking through my

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scrapbook and I came upon a feature story on myself that had appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*:

FRIEND TO FOUR HUNDRED *Entertainer Conducts Aid Drive For Lepers* By Ralph Nelson Free Press Staff Writer

Ashore in Trinidad in 1944, while his ship was being refitted with guns, a 27-year-old Detroitier began a friendship with a colony in British Guiana that remains strong and warm.

The people of the colony number about 400 lepers at Mahaicony Hospital, East Coast Demerara, British Guiana, a handful of missionaries and six American Sisters of Mercy who care for the sick.

Leonard Bruce, of 1347 Selden, was then a turret gunner aboard the U.S.S. Brooklyn, a light cruiser that saw action at Casablanca and Salerno, and won a Unit Citation at Anzio.

"We put in at Trinidad for new guns and repairs from shell fire," Bruce said. "It was there I first found out about lepers, and how completely forgotten they are by the world."

Bruce said that the greatest strength for good at the tiny colony is a 61-year-old Unitarian missionary, himself a leper.

"The care and Godliness that Adam Abrigo, himself incurably ill, spread among the sufferers was wonderful," Bruce said. "I cleaned out the ship of all we could spare in the way of old clothing, shoes and food, and I've been sending the colony things ever since."

Bruce admitted that his private welfare project is getting out of hand.

"There are about 400 lepers there, including 50 small children who are stricken," he said. "Their need for toys, with Christmas coming, under-clothing, jackets, candy and food, is overpowering. The colony is very poor."

Bruce pointed out that sunglasses are a great boon to the sick, as leprosy strikes at the eyes, making the equatorial sun unbearable.

Bruce and his wife, Harriet, both well-known Detroit entertainers, will leave January 15th, with a USO group headed for Korea, for a 10-week stay.

"Before we go, I hope we can reach into the hearts of enough Detroiters, with a few toys or old clothing to spare, to make a good Christmas for the inmates of the leper colony," Bruce said.

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Letters to Bruce from Father Ab-rigo bear mute testimony of the need and gratitude of the colony for gifts Bruce had sent on his one-man crusade of help.

"Just a package, to the Medical Superintendent of the Mahaicony Leprosarium, East Coast Demerara, British Guiana, South America, will do more for these people than anyone can ever know who has not been there."

Now this article had been factual and I had been proud of it. But for the first time it seemed to me that even *I* had been exploited. The reporter, a nice-enough guy, was hard up for a human-interest story around Christmastime and *that* was the reason he had printed it. He had to make a living, like everyone else. It was just practical.

Actually, the article didn't hurt anybody; it helped people. As a direct result of the article, a wealthy man donated 30,000 pairs of sunglasses. The people who received the donations, as well as those who gave them, benefited. They felt very generous and noble and gratified.

But more important — to me, that is, at that particular moment — was the fact that the reporter had helped *himself*. "God helps those who help themselves," I remembered.

Until then my theological knowledge had been limited to the lives of Christ and Moses, which I had read many times. I had been touched deeply by what I understood. I really loved Christ and Moses. I related very strongly to them because it seemed to me that I thought so much like them in so many ways. They had a deep regard for education and they continually gave, with no motivation other than to give.

Which is where we were to differ.

I felt that modern-day priests and rabbis were doing about the same thing as that reporter, and no one saw anything wrong with it. Maybe this is the sort of thing I was cut out for. I could assume the role of a "priest" and raise money for the leper colony. It would be better than going about it in the amateur manner I had been.

The lepers would benefit, and so would the good people who contributed. And I would keep 50 percent for my efforts. It was no more — and certainly much *less* — than the majority of charitable institutions take out for *their* efforts. They hire professional collecting organizations, advertising agencies, fellows who really know how to get the gelt. I might even employ some novice "priests" my-



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self if business got good.

Of course it was dishonest and corrupt, and I don't fool myself by saying there are degrees of corruption. Just as the old cliché goes, "There is no such thing as being a little bit pregnant," stealing is stealing. But, I rationalized, what is the difference between a real priest and me?

Instinctively, I knew that for a *true* man of God with a crystal-clear set of ethics, there could be no compromise.

There are people living on the verge of—and dying of—starvation in this country. In New York City, in the vicinity of Lexington Avenue and 110th Street, there are 10 or 12 people living in one rat-infested room. This is not copping out on the "starving masses of India and China," although that, too, is nonetheless true, but it is too removed for people to grasp the horror of children eating out of maggot-infested garbage cans somewhere else in the world.

I did not doubt for a moment then that if Christ were to come down at that moment, he would go immediately to Headquarters and ask the pope, "What are you doing wearing that big ring? What are those gold cups encrusted with diamonds and other jewels for? Don't you know that people are starving all over the world? At this very moment a poor pregnant Negress is standing with swollen ankles in the back of a bus in Biloxi."

And if Moses were to come down, wouldn't he order all the rabbis in their Frank Lloyd Wright *shuls* to sell their *tallith* for rags and melt down the *mezuzahs* for the bail money for all the Caryl Chessmans that sit in gas chambers or electric chairs or walk in the blue-gray shadow of the gallows? Would not Moses say to them, "Why have you mocked the Ten Commandments? What is your interpretation of 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'? It's not, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill *But . . .*'"

I knew in my heart by pure logic that any man who calls himself a religious leader and owns more than one suit is a hustler as long as there is someone in the world who has no suit at all.

So I made up my mind. I would become a priest.

. . .

I spent two weeks hanging around a rectory, trying to observe the mannerisms of the Holy Men.

I noticed that the priests had the same attitude toward their lessers as do most successful businessmen: they treated them like illiterate children, not by kissing them and giving them ice cream, but rather by giving them the kind of treatment which makes the receiver feel as though he had graduated from third grade only with the help of political influence.

And then, too, they had their friends

with whom they would have a few beers when they were off duty. They even enjoyed telling each other off-color stories.

With others, they were able, chameleonlike, to fit into the Pat O'Brien stereotype.

I found an ingenious method of hanging around the rectory without being picked up for vagrancy. I sold *The Watchtower*.

Daily, I learned more about how to behave in the manner of men who have the world by the tail . . . no income tax, no traffic tickets, you live in a world on its best behavior, a wonderful, rosy world . . . instead of cursing, everybody pours his soul out to you.

I would stand there every day watching visitors go in and out, and I observed, sadly, that most of them were little old ladies; the ones who actually needed help—soothing love—would never come. And, since the priests didn't go out looking for needy cases, the purpose and the end result seemed quite paradoxical to me.

After a couple of weeks of observation, I realized that I couldn't bring myself to start the basic operation; because of years of moral conformity I couldn't bring myself to break into a church and steal the uniforms.

And, unfortunately, Klein's didn't stock them.

But, as I pondered this problem, I noticed something else about priests that made my uniform-heisting task much easier—both morally and technically. Their attitude with strangers was similar to any successful, busy merchant—curt and direct. This was the direct opposite of the behavior pattern which Christ was supposed to have followed. So, not only was their life like the successful businessman's, but it was, in fact, a little better: Everything was delivered.

On Monday, Carmelo the barber would come.

On Tuesday, the Peerless Laundry man would come.

On Wednesday, the Paris Dry Cleaners man would come. This visit interested me most of all. The man from Paris Dry Cleaners was a rather nondescript chap with a strong Boston accent. He would rap sharply on the door with a two-bit Leonard Berustein tempo, an overture which was the cue for a cheerful, red-faced father to appear with a bundle of soiled holy garments. The man from the dry cleaners would come at nine A.M. sharp, every Wednesday.

A week later, at ten minutes to nine, I appointed myself as Guest Conductor, substituting my own knock—da de da, da de da da da (the opening bars to *Joe and Paul*, a dirty Jewish folk song)—for the regular pickup man's "shave-and-a-haircut" rapping. I waited a moment, and a handsome young priest appeared with

a bundle of priest uniforms that he would never see again.

He studied me quizzically, then said, "Haven't you been selling *The Watchtower* in front of the rectory?"

"Yes," I said, "but I didn't agree with their editorial policy, and I got a job instead with the Paris Dry Cleaners."

I noticed his white collar. Where the hell would I get white collars? They weren't included in the bundle of soiled uniforms.

Being an inventive, if corrupt, genius, I said, "Father, do you know the owner of the Paris Dry Cleaners?"

"No, I can't say that I do."

"Well, it's supposed to be a surprise, Father, but he wants to present Monsignor Martin with a dozen handmade Irish-linen collars."

"Well, isn't that lovely—I'm sure he will appreciate them."

"Now, if you'll excuse me, Father, I don't want to be pushy," I said, jamming my head between the oak sill and the copper binding of the door, "but Mr. Kepnews, the owner, wanted to use Monsignor Martin's collar for a sample."

"Oh, that would be impossible. To touch anything in the Monsignor's room is unthinkable. However, you could ask Father Langford. He is the same size as Monsignor Martin." He pointed to a cottage at the end of the rectory yard.

As my feet crunched the gravel, I imagined them turning into red-hot coals. I saw Walter Huston, the Devil himself, laughing at me from above, where he was sitting on a tree limb.

I was about to knock at Father Langford's door when I noticed a brass plate that announced the residence of Monsignor Martin. The door was ajar. I strolled leisurely in, whistling *Ave Maria*, and was in and out before you could say, "Blessed are they who give . . ."

I had a neat haul: twelve collars and, believe it or not, seven of the furthest-out *Tillie and Mac* books I'd ever seen, plus one of the numbered editions of Henry Miller's *Black Spring*.

I left the grounds with movielike timing. I heard the disbelief in the voices of the real man from Paris Dry Cleaners and the priest as they exchanged the dialog that always follows the discovery of an unusual theft: "Why would anyone . . .?" "How could a person be so . . .?" "Now if they had some *use . . .*" "This is just a case of wanton stealing for *no earthly reason . . .*"

I had learned my last important lesson in theology: *Always insist on an official receipt for your dry cleaning.*

This is the second of six installments of "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," the autobiography of Lenny Bruce. Part III will appear next month.





Dirk
Sichel

"A fella can always use a little salt . . . !"

uary, the project was discontinued by the university, and last May, Leary and Alpert were ousted from the Harvard faculty. The impression has been conveyed in numerous press reports that Leary and Alpert are drug-happy adventurers. They are nothing of the kind. It is true that most conscientious academic and professional specialists in the psychiatric field disapprove of IFIF's ideas and methods. Even so, the two clinical psychiatrists are serious people. They bring to their activities what might be called either devotion or fanaticism, depending on how you look at them. The IFIF approach to the consciousness-expanding or hallucinogenic substances may, from a medical standpoint, be dangerously irresponsible. Yet Leary and Alpert are guided by a respected body of thought — thousands of years older than psychoanalytic doctrine. Question: Is this body of thought, largely derived from Eastern philosophy, properly applicable to a scientific research program?

What Timothy Leary has described as a "power struggle over the control of human consciousness" has built up this year around the question of who will be permitted to administer LSD and psilocybin and for what purposes. The struggle at this time relates genuinely to principle. Two opposed *views of life* have gone into combat.

One may be called the traditional scientific perspective. It is maintained by most psychiatrists and other medical doctors who have employed LSD and psilocybin as laboratory tools in the treatment of mental illness. They believe that the hallucinogens are *medical* materials only, to be administered — preferably in a hospital environment — under the authority of a physician or highly qualified clinical personnel. The second approach to the psychochemicals is championed by members of the IFIF group. They consider LSD and psilocybin to be *educational* materials. In a foreword to Alan W. Watts' *The Joyous Cosmology* (Pantheon, 1962), Drs. Leary and Alpert (Ph.D.s, not physicians) put the question:

"What are these substances? Medicines or drugs or sacramental foods? It is easier to say what they are not. They are not narcotics, nor intoxicants, nor energizers, nor anesthetics, nor tranquilizers. They are, rather, biochemical keys which unlock experiences shatteringly new to most Westerners."

The groups in conflict over the uses of LSD and psilocybin couldn't be much further apart, even in the language they employ. For example, a common psychiatric view has been that the drugs create an instructive "model psychosis." But the

IFIF clinical psychologists question the whole idea of a doctor-patient relationship. They agree that the materials can be applied in an effective manner to the process we know as psychotherapy. At the same time they believe that the doctor's conventional detachment from the subject's trauma is a deterrent to understanding. A psychiatrist sitting off to one side taking notes, and placing himself in cool authority outside of the LSD experience, will almost surely fail to understand what is going on, the IFIF people insist. Leary and Alpert say that in many instances an orthodox "book" psychiatrist may be the worst possible individual to place in charge of an LSD session. Who else should be in charge? Leary: "Someone who trusts the life process; who has an egalitarian wisdom." (Timothy Leary has also observed in a research paper: "The greatest psychotherapist in world history was the Buddha...")

The IFIF argument is that LSD and psilocybin should be administered not with authority but in the spirit of brotherhood. Medical authority aims at bringing back mentally disturbed people to the world we know. Authority has had its run, according to the IFIF line of thought, and now is the time for a frightening democracy of love — brought on and intensified by the LSD hours.

Gigantic misunderstandings afflict any discussion among Timothy Leary and his critics. The antagonists appear to be talking past each other and making no connection at all. Listen to Dr. Theodore Rothman, Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, speaking in a panel discussion December 1, 1962, before the Los Angeles Society of Clinical Psychologists:

"Such wild statements and conjectures as those made by Dr. Leary . . . can have serious social consequences for the gullible. I must emphasize the enormous harm that his beliefs can do to persons unwary of the nature of psychotomimetic drugs."

What kind of "wild statements" brought forth such an attack? Well, here is an excerpt from Timothy Leary's talk before the 14th International Congress of Applied Psychology at Copenhagen, August 1961:

"All behavior involves learned games . . . Only that rare Westerner we call 'mystic' or who has had a visionary experience sees clearly the game structure of behavior. Failure to understand its [game] nature leads to confusion and eventually to helplessness . . . Cultural learning has imposed a few pitifully small pro-

grams on the cortex [which] activate perhaps one-tenth or one-hundredth of the potential neural connections. The consciousness-expanding drugs unplug these narrow programs. They unplug the ego, the game machinery, and the mind — that cluster of game concepts."

The *Medical Tribune* notes that psychiatrists in general do not feel that LSD is addictive. But "psychiatrists do fear . . . the psychotic reactions and acting-out behavior that they believe are associated with the (hallucinogenic) drugs." Timothy Leary not only doesn't fear but positively *advocates* this sort of acting out.

Here he is, off the cuff, in his Copenhagen talk:

"There are many methods of expanding consciousness beyond the game limits . . . Have a psychotic episode . . . Or expose yourself to some great trauma that shatters the gamesmanship out of you. Birth by ordeal is a well-documented phenomenon. The concentration-camp experience has done this for some of our wisest men. Physical traumas can do it. Electric shock. Extreme fatigue . . . Or separate yourself from the game pressure by institutional withdrawal. Live for a while in a monastic cell. Or marry a Russian . . ."

I think the IFIF people are social revolutionaries with a religious base using extraordinary new drugs as both sacramental material and power medicine. They evidently hope to establish a Good Society, in the United States, and eventually in all lands, by planting cells of companionship and good will in every city and town. These cells are to be arranged around the substances that will give all concerned regular views of creation. Flights into eternity, and the shattering of ego, achieved under psilocybin or LSD (leaving peyote for the most part to the Indians) should, according to IFIF principles, enable you and me to face the games of everyday living and deal with them more effectively — by recognizing them as games rather than ego crusades. It may seem naive to take this fledgling group seriously, but Christ and Hitler started small: classic revolutionaries meet initially in ridiculous barns and bar rooms; few have had a "bomb" as potent as LSD or psilocybin.

In a paper on creative performance, Timothy Leary remarks: "What is most eccentric about our studies is the combination of methods which are very Western — drugs — with a research philosophy which is currently out of vogue in American administrative philosophy."

As an example of a research practice "out of vogue" at Harvard, in the prisoner-rehabilitation program at Concord, Mass., psychologists of the Leary-

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Alpert group took psilocybin along with the inmates. This was a more-or-less standard procedure. At least one of the researchers "stayed back," not taking the drug. One or more members of the team received dosages usually somewhat less than those given to the inmates. In this way the investigators operated on various levels of reality. Those under the influence of psilocybin felt closer to the inmates' problems than their note-taking colleagues could be. They were able to report back what was going on, as it were, from a halfway station in inner space. This was a serious technique, but disconcertingly democratic. Investigators — under psilocybin — had little if any more dignity, prestige or authority than the malefactors. In these circumstances a visiting psychiatrist was found, with his ego temporarily shattered, being consoled by the prisoners!

The Psilocybin Study also made free use of the Harvard Divinity School. Divinity students tape-recorded religious discussions, and were then given the drug and orbited around their earlier conversation, which they found in many parts to be trivial and even foolish.

The authorities might be excused for wondering whether Dr. Leary was not trying to spread distrust in monotheism. He had said in his Copenhagen talk:

"We are so close to our games. We have been born into them. And we are born into a philosophic system which glorifies hierarchical expertise on the one hand and helplessness on the other. Monotheism, the Judaic-Christian tradition. Monotheism, that game started by a few persecuted outcasts (game losers) in the mid-Eastern desert: the subject-object game, the false-duality game, the manipulating, predicting, controlling game. Monotheism breeding helplessness."

And had not Dr. Leary's group given psilocybin to 33 Protestant ministers as well as Roman Catholic priests, not to mention a few Buddhists? Was not Dr. Leary present — though not in charge — when no fewer than 20 divinity students and 10 project researchers were turned on, at a local chapel on Good Friday, in a double-blind study to determine the effect of set and setting in subjects' responses to the material? This might be interpreted as a not-very-subtle form of aggression. After all, parents do not send their boys to divinity school to tour inner space. Nor would they be pleased to have their sons become Buddhists.

Edith Sitwell has been quoted by *The Realist* ("out of context" according to the magazine) as observing that "good taste is the worst vice ever invented." It seems to me, along the same line, that Timothy Leary often shows a deliberate lack of discrimination — for instance, in people.

"Discrimination" has become both a good and bad word. It involves deciding that one thing, or one person, is better than another. Accepting everything and everybody, and saying anything you please — forgetting considerations of discrimination and taste — you can get into trouble. I think this is one reason why the Leary-Alpert group has been cast out by one establishment after another. It stands for an anarchy of taste. The group has attracted some camp followers who do it no credit. Many people find the IFIF camp unsavory. They feel this, without being able to prove anything.

Following the progress of the IFIF people, you find them being suspected of every sin from academic adventurism to that of holding orgies (which they do not). Persistent charges of irresponsibility are perhaps more damaging in the long run, I think. These relate more to IFIF's attitude than anything else. Leary and Alpert can be irritatingly casual. They understand publicity, but know little of public relations. When they are most serious, they will permit *Time* to photograph Timothy Leary and a colleague applying some sort of electronic measuring device to a lovely girl. She sits with a beatific smile and her long legs crossed while the psychologists are made to look like charlatans pattering around her. Such willful poor taste, or in this case possibly innocence, is no help at all for their cause. That photograph, I know, cost IFIF a good deal in potential contributions. The rich people asked: "How can anyone take them seriously?"

I first saw Leary and Alpert early this year. They had come to New York on a fund-raising trip. In the Manhattan apartment they were like two fatigued basketball players, passing off the ball to one another, working to overcome the determined resistance of an intent audience made up of some people with money, *aficionados* of psychoanalysis, editors and writers, and a few others who just wanted to be saved.

Leary struck me as a man who would never again be without disciples. Gray-ing, appearing a little older than 43, he patiently tried to explain the aims of IFIF. He looked at us out of bluish gray, penetrating eyes that glittered at times when he concentrated on a question. He was exhausted and spoke in a low voice that now and then could not be heard.

The two men were deeply involved in what they had to say, and they were straining to put it across to us. Yet a number of their listeners felt that there was a medicine-show quality about them. They seemed peddlers of happiness. The audience was attracted to them, and even fascinated, but also hostile. Richard Alpert, a quick and kindly young man, did his best to explain that happiness was the goal of consciousness expansion, and that IFIF

was looking beyond therapy. The audience persisted in asking about "treatment," and our visitors grew wearier. Timothy Leary had that abstracted look of a person who can see with absolute clarity what no one else will believe is there. I noticed a beautiful young woman gazing at him, and learned after the talk was over that she had come down from Boston with the IFIF entourage. When the presentation was finished she slipped her arm through his and gazed up at him. (Leary is attractive to many women, and refers to the ones he admires as "goddesses.") Later the girl in the living room said: "I adore holy men."

Somebody asked what he would have and Leary said: "Oh, I don't know. Give me a Scotch and tonic." I saw him drinking Bell's 12 and quinine water. I asked whether poets wrote better poetry, or businessmen made more money, after an LSD session. The answer came back, patiently as always, that the lives of many people had been changed for the better by LSD as well as psilocybin, although, of course, there could be no guarantee of it in every case. But one thing was likely—the subject would probably discover how to play the games of life better than he had ever been able to play them before.

And this was enough for me to volunteer as a research subject—to learn what sort of mystery these people were carrying around in a bottle, and perhaps find out some secrets about myself.

Medically certified as being in good health, I kissed my wife goodbye and picked up my notebook and tape recorder. Luba and I were nervous. After 12 years we were going through a period of tension, being frequently at odds. We had heard Timothy Leary say that a session with one of the consciousness-expanding drugs had on occasion helped to save marriages. The people involved did not go through the initial experience together, but met hours afterward when whoever took the voyage began to come back down from it, so this time I went out with Ralph, one of the two psychologists who would be with me, and Luba stayed on the other side of town.

It was eight o'clock at night. We walked along the dark avenue toward the apartment where we would have the session. Arthur was already there. A lively and incisive young man of about 30, a teacher, he also radiated that perplexing good will that I had encountered among all of Timothy Leary's colleagues. (But Leary himself, I thought, was a bit more sardonic and not entirely disappointed by the trouble he had stirred up at Harvard.) Tonight, he would remain back, "on the ground": in other words, take no LSD tonight. My companion on the voyage would be Ralph, the tall and solemn young man now walking with

me. Like most of the IFIF members I had met, he spoke quietly and from well within himself. He was in his early 20s. I was amazed to hear that he had been on this voyage more than 100 times. At his age, I thought, he must have orbited in inner space about once a week for two years. Yet he could not have an addiction, in the sense of a physical need. Even the doctors who held the most conservative views regarding the uses of hallucinogens had not reported signs of the material bringing on a physical craving.

Nor did Ralph give me the impression of being spiritually hung up. In fact, as we walked along he explained that the virtue of transcendental living, including the LSD experience, was that it encouraged "up-leveling out of your hang-ups." Although gentle in manner, he had a quick, attacking mind. If he tended to be grave, he was also funny. I must say that his vocabulary conveyed a sort of detachment. He said at various times: "My projector discovers . . ."; "According to my viewing screen . . ."; and that to achieve internal freedom "you've got to change your lenses and look at life in a new way." But such jargon is likely to be spoken by all persons involved in what they believe to be revolutionary movements—psychoanalysts, Communists and astronauts all have theirs. Earlier, I had heard Timothy Leary reply to someone over the telephone: "Well, the robot is

tired: but I'll be home soon." So I was not surprised to hear Ralph speak of his robot. Detached references to the body and senses came naturally to people with an intense consciousness of souls they could call their own: astronauts of the interior who (via LSD) could roam about eternity whenever they felt like it, and who therefore were very much aware of being temporary inhabitants of a human form on this planet.

We arrived at the apartment, joining Arthur there. He had a fever and hoped, whenever his presence was not needed, to get a few hours' sleep. Ralph had an early-morning date with his girl—even though this session would last all night.

While they were in the kitchen preparing the materials, I opened up my small Japanese tape recorder and hung the microphone on the back of a chair. I also had five newly sharpened pencils. I laid out memo pads around the room. They had printed on top in large red letters: DON'T FORGET. Ralph smiled and said: "That may turn out to be a huge cosmic joke before the evening is over."

Arthur had put a match to the paper, kindling wood and logs in front of me and now the fire blazed up. He lit the candles on the mantel. Feeling still and watchful, I looked up through a big skylight at the stars and waited. The candles smoked and somebody put on a record. It was music I had brought: Char-



"At one time, the changing of the guard was quite an impressive ceremony."

lie Byrd's *Bossa Nova Pelos Passavos*. A record you especially like is part of the comfortable "set and setting," but Charlie Byrd's guitar turned out to be much more than that—a melodic link to life when I desperately needed it.

Arthur placed cushions on the rug. Ralph, my fellow voyager, came in with the cocktail. It looked like a gibson. It was slightly bitter but pleasing. I sloshed water in the glass and drank down the last traces of the LSD material. We took off at 9:30. It was strange to imagine that in 20 minutes or so I would start to take leave of my senses as I ordinarily use them. I taped Arthur's instructions:

"There are two things to remember. During the experience you're going to come to 'choice' points. When you reach them, imagine that you can go up- or downstream. Go downstream always if you can. Just go with it. Second, if you get hung up, always trust your partner. You can trust this cat. If you feel that you're going too far out, move toward your partner. Stay with Ralph."

He said: "I'll be in the next room. Call, and I'll be right there. Remember that. Have a good voyage."

"Why do you keep saying to trust him?" I asked.

"Paranoia," Arthur said. "You'll probably feel suspicious of him. Maybe of me. That's part of it. But now that you know, you can watch for it."

When Arthur left the room, Ralph lay back on his couch. Looking uncomfortable for the only time during the night, he said: "If you don't like me . . . this can happen at some point . . . feel free to say so."

He stretched out and closed his eyes. "Our biggest choice," he murmured, "will probably be whether to keep our eyes open or not." Some minutes later his

voice said: "Muddy water let stand still soon will become clear." I said nothing to him. Every now and then I uttered a few self-conscious phrases for the tape recorder, and then switched it off. Nervously the soloing cadet waited for the moment when he would cut out of time. The veteran traveler dozed. I worried about the wax gathering on the rim of the candlestick. It would soon begin to drop onto the mantel. Somebody in the hall turned over the Charlie Byrd record.

It began with a salty taste in my mouth, and my vision started to become prismatic. (One's pupils dilate and appear to be the size of quarters.) There was a pressure in my head. The curtains seemed to billow. There might be somebody behind them. The air crackled silently. I had a feeling of colored musical notes floating about, and the scene, I can remark now, was quite like a Klee abstraction. I felt a bit queasy, but it passed. The music was louder and the guitar strings beautifully separated. Ralph was looking at me, and I laughed. I was going to flip on my tape recorder! What a ridiculous, hilarious thing to do! Why not though?

"Why not?" Ralph said, and we both laughed. I couldn't stop. Everything that I could think about was insanely and pitifully funny. The world. The universe. All the poor sweet pitiful people I knew. Funny. Myself. What a scene! Filled with noble, ridiculous people! The world, the world!

It was different from any way of laughing I had known. It was almost humorless. It came out as though propelled by a force much larger than the person laughing. It came right up from the center of my being. The force that produced this laughter continued throughout the session, no matter what I was feeling. It re-

sembled a mild and sustained electric shock passing through the body and spirit, and was like a mild and continuing orgasm. This throbbing and rhythmic current moves through the body all night long.

On my tape a man may be heard breaking up. His voice becomes noticeably higher pitched and breathless. Then into the laughter comes a new sound, of fear. The voice trembles. The same force projected through me an enormous grief over the fate of all things. ("The ones who start out by laughing always feel the terror later on," says Timothy Leary. "They realize that the joke is on them.") I wept and sobbed, occasionally laughing. Even now, listening to the tape, I feel sorry for the individual as though it were somebody else.

The machine captures outcries from beyond despair, and frantic attempts of the man to keep himself together, to summon his intelligence and apply it against the grief that has come over him. "Oh God . . . This is awful! . . . Oh . . . Oh . . . I didn't realize it would be so physical. This stuff won't let you go! . . . Oh . . . My God, what have I done?" Suddenly the predicted hostility comes forth. "Why are *you* so peaceful?" I demand of my fellow voyager. "How can you stretch out and smile while I suffer? Why am *I* the only one to suffer?" (Then in a small voice) "I guess there are others. They suffer too."

"Yes . . ." murmured my partner, lying with his arms folded, cruising in space. He had explained that there were storage places in eternity where a traveler could park himself, watching, ready to help the neophyte passing through the turbulent area.

"This is awful. God . . . I want to get back."

"Swing with it!"

It was Arthur's voice. I saw him through air that seemed to have turned to jelly.

"Swing with it? OK! Sure. That's right. Ha! Ha! But it's hard. I wonder if I can stand up. Shall I try?"

"Why not?" said Ralph, eying me compassionately over his folded arms.

"There. You see. I did it. I can walk. But I don't know why I did it. What's the point?"

We laughed but then I heard strange music.

"What's that? I didn't bring that. It's religious music! It must be yours! Is it real? No, no, it's on a record."

I have an aunt near Boston who doesn't speak to anyone in her family. Whenever she disapproves of what a person has done she stops speaking to him. It's very simple. She believes that a person should never be praised because if he's done well that is what he should do. Only his inadequacies are worthy of comment. This aunt's face appeared on the back of a



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leather chair opposite me, frowning and malevolent. But curiously enough I felt sorry for her, and on tape my voice says mildly: "Well, she has a right to be there. She shouldn't be so disapproving though."

I realize that personal revelations may be of no great interest, and that they are embarrassing and tedious if wallowed in, but for the record I burst out with confessions to Arthur — "back there" in reality, having taken nothing. (A young writer named Barry Hughart who has had some experience with truth drugs says that the subject typically passes through three phases: fear of homosexuality, confessions of phoniness, and a desire to go home to mother.)

In this LSD experience there was no specific homosexual feeling; in fact, although I read in *The Reporter* that some subjects had strong sexual urges and that others underwent homosexual experiences after taking mescaline, I have not otherwise heard of any intensified desire, or arousal to action, occurring under the influence of the hallucinogens. (I have a suspicion that this whole business can, if one wants to play it that way, become a substitute for direct sexual activity. The over-all increase in sensuousness is diffuse, and doesn't seem to lead anywhere.)

I would say that the experience has a "mess-around" quality involving physical expressions of affection. Especially if the voyager is in distress his companion may reach out and hold him tenderly, saying: "It's all right!" and the afflicted traveler in this situation, if his ego is still there, may think: "Now wait a minute . . . what's this?" Similarly when a girl participates in any of the roles we have been talking about there will be some embracing by way of consolation or — to use the adjective properly — platonic affection, as the subjects move through various stages of the voyage.

The confession of phoniness will sound trivial, but it was a matter of terror to me, absolute terror, that I was boring. The sum total of my presence in the universe was *boring*.

The voice on tape sobs: "I'm boring. Oh, Jesus, so *boring*!" etc., until finally Arthur's voice replies with some annoyance: "Yes, as a matter of fact, you are boring." And the absolution, or whatever it was, made the panic go away.

The next confession beginning at this point and recurring for the next few hours was that I loved and desperately wanted my wife. This was a surprise to everyone, including — later — my wife and me, because as I said we had been through a bad time together. But under LSD it is impossible to fake anything. There can be no assurance, of course, that the recognition will be permanent. After all, one LSD session cannot be expected to produce everlasting emotions. When the emergency has passed, the

heart is on its own. But it has a guide, a true recollection that can't be explained away.

Someone commented later: "Well, what's so surprising about two people who have been together for twelve years having a bond between them?"

Nothing, I suppose, except that the bond can be buried in the details of everyday living; it can be forgotten: the bond can be taken for granted and become boring if you let it: it may even *be* boring — but just the same over the years it is the main cable attaching you to life. During the parts of the LSD torment when existence itself is being shredded, you know who your friends are. When time and space were disappearing I called to her. The only other link to remembered things was the beautiful progression of chords from Charlie Byrd's guitar.

The world I could see had begun slowly to come apart. No cubic inch of space had to do with any other. Everything in my field of vision turned into bright jelly. There was no time and place, nothing but a flow. I got up and waded through the room, making my way unsteadily. Around me the music, the fire, and the candle dripping, the lights of nearby buildings all combined and flowed. Yet I could see Ralph and Arthur watching me, and I saw my own situation with terrible clarity. I had gone too far out and couldn't get back! I called to Ralph, remembering what Arthur had said in the beginning: ". . . if you get hung up, always move toward your partner." I did, crying: "Help me. I want to get back!"

The jelly before my eyes separated. The universe cracked into bright globules and separated; then I was in little pieces, about not to exist anymore, and being borne away on something like a jet stream, and this was the stream Arthur had mentioned, streaming unconsciousness that one was supposed not to fight. Let the ego die. Go with it . . . but I fought upstream all the way. Ralph caught my hand and said: "Go with it!" But I said: "Get me out. I want to go home. Where is she?" They were like people trying to reach me through my envelope of flowing air, not being able to do anything but sympathize. But I could see them with amazing clarity all this time. They were taking notes on me! Arthur had a chart.

"Help me get back!"

Arthur stepped close to me and said: "There's no way you can shorten this. You've got to go through every stage. You've got to go all the way."

I tried to look at my watch to see how much time had gone by, and how much longer I would be in this, but my eyes were so dilated that I couldn't see the numbers or the hands, and then I forgot what time *was*. The candle was dripping on the mantel, and I pointed to what was

happening, and Arthur placed a saucer underneath the candlestick, but where was I? I'd find out. I would walk out!

The foregoing phase, by the way, may be attended by a great deal of shouting and sobbing. If the subject is having quite a bit of trouble the neighbors will be alarmed. For this reason LSD sessions should be held in top-floor apartments, remote places, or rooms with thick walls. Otherwise if somebody should call the police or the superintendent, the uninvited visitors will observe a hollering madman on the floor, and there will be too much explaining to do. Also, the session must be carefully guarded by the psychologist who has stayed back, because the soul in disorder can become panicky and decide, as I did, to leave the premises. Subjects have a dim recollection of "home" somewhere, like the world, and feel that if they can "go out there" everything will be all right. But unfortunately there is no world anymore, and if they should get out in it, there would be panic in the streets for certain, and the possibility of embracing an oncoming taxi, or something like that. The intended departure is easily blocked by the psychologist in charge. A subject, so far as I know, will not be violent in this phase, having no place to stand from which to launch a violent act, either physical or mental, since he's not even sure that he exists. The conception of self varies from one moment to the next, and this is the agony.

In the next room, I later learned, a telephone call went to my wife: one of several during the evening. "He's having a bad time. Yes, really bad. He won't give up his ego. He refuses to die," the caller said with irritation. "He's fighting it. Well, the bigger they are the harder they fall. What? I'm speaking of egos. You know, he's calling for you. Yes, you. You're the only person he wants."

"Calling for *me*?"

"Yes. I don't know. Neurotic dependency . . . that's love. What's the difference?"

"Is he the one making all that noise?"

"Yes, he still won't give up."

"He's schizoid enough as it is. I knew I shouldn't have let him do it. He's probably having some awful memories. Oh, yes. When he was a baby he was supposed to have had a nurse who did something or other. Ask him."

The only square thing that happened during the evening was when the psychologist came running in, as I rolled around on the floor trying to avoid going downstream, and yelled in my ear: "Do you remember a nurse? Did she do anything?"

I didn't know what he was talking about. There was no nurse, no desire to top Oedipus, no wish to kill my poor father. These people were not on the scene at any time.

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The view of oneself can stand out against the universe for just so long, and then it lets go and "dies," going downstream. But at some point there must occur the ride into the hell of self-preoccupation, a passage through glowing coils which plant endless bright circles in the mind. Far from home, far into inner space, the voyager can no longer be helped by his serene companion who cruises compassionately alongside the frightened speck of ego. The huge melancholy eyes watch from the couch. The brotherly hand is outstretched but ignored, and the speck travels in no time, space or dimension, like an astronaut flung out too far who will never return, until time bends back on itself, to his dear home, and if it were not for the remote stroke of the guitar this speck would perish utterly in the void.

Arthur offered me the pulp of an orange. The presence accepted it, huddling cold in his jacket, then sweating from the fire's heat, shivering and gasping for breath.

Meanwhile the flock of existence performed every act it had never dreamed of performing. While the body in the living room constantly changed positions, during which at various times it was fetal, crawling and sucking its thumb, the speck was pushed by a tremulous current into a lotus of naked bodies, and diving in, was folded into the universe, as if the universe was making love to itself. The speck then flew to the top of all things, and saw in every direction what was and will be. The Enduring Situation was this:

In space an endless power station, plugged and electrical, with a current pulsing through every part of it. This structure, resembling a playground jungle gym, was the totality of all being. Individual living beings, attached, in stasis, made up the structure. The relationship of each being to the whole was religious and also sexual.

Thereafter the speck whirled down a great glowing tract, experienced a terrific pressure, as if its mass were built up intolerably, and — re-entering — was

thrust down, labored, felt a collar, and burst clear into the room.

I rested on the couch, with the colored musical notes still floating in the air around me, and I was shivering and saying: "I want to go home now. Where is she?"

Ralph smiled and informed me from the rug: "You're only a third of the way through."

"No!" I said. "I won't go back."

It wouldn't be necessary. The phase was passed. Now we were on a plateau, the philosophical plateau, from which one can take off again or come back down. We talked about games and the love-preventing monster of ego — which was the *view of yourself* as opposed to identity, yourself in action. We talked about the highest good being play, and the word "play." For instance, you don't work the piano. The monotheistic religions had converted play to puritanical "work," the duty of ego. I said: "What do you want to do with your life, Ralph?" and he replied: "I'm in the Buddha-making business." We discussed Norman O. Brown's concept built out of Freud that Time and History were forms of neurosis. We mentioned people making time and making history. I knew somebody, an advertising man, who came to New York to sell space and ended up buying time.

Arthur, who had been asleep, came in and we talked. I said something, I forget what, and he got up hurriedly and left. I thought I had offended him. "I've betrayed him in some way," I said. "I've always been a Judas."

"A thread of paranoia running through the universe," Ralph mused. "Live out that fantasy if you feel it."

"I've never known how to live."

"You just get up in the morning and do the best you can."

A man came jauntily into the room. He looked at me in a manner that was both kindly and amused.

"How do you feel, Alan?"

"Fine now, but it was terrible."

He said: "Now you know what it's like to suffer ego loss."

I answered: "My ego loss was so catastrophic that it doesn't matter."

Timothy Leary threw back his head and laughed. He sat down on the couch. He clapped me on the back offering a swallow of ginger beer and a bite from an apple. Ralph sat on the rug with his hands clasped over his knees. The phone rang. It was a long-distance call for Leary.

I had a perception that Judas was a writer who had sold the rights to Jesus' life story, and whether he wrote him up or delivered him to the orthodox authorities was the same. I had the impression that we were all recurring characters and that Timothy Leary through the centuries had always been offering some-



"You're blinded by love, son! Can't you see what kind of girl she is?!"

thing like LSD to people: there had always been the girl who loved holy men: Arthur had always been helping him, and Ralph had forever taken witnesses on the voyage.

On the phone Timothy Leary said: "That wasn't very cool of you, was it?"

When he put down the receiver we talked some more. He told a story. In an experiment with psilocybin, not his own, the subject had been a young electronics engineer. He went into a panic, and his traveling companion was unable to calm him down. The psychologist in charge happened to be in the bathroom. He called to his wife, who was drying dishes in the kitchen: "Straighten him out, will you?" She dried her hands and went into the living room. The distressed engineer cried out: "I want my wife!" and she put her arms around him murmuring: "Your wife is a river, a river, a river!" "Ah!" he said more quietly. "I want my mother!" "Your mother is a river, a river, a river!" "Ah, yes," sighed the engineer, and giving up his fight, drifted off happily, and the psychologist's wife went back to her dishes.

"You can do anything," Leary said. "Better than you ever did. You feel that something big physically has happened to you. You feel violence in your system. The drug doesn't cause that. It's in you all the time. Your cells are exploding with energy. There's more electrical energy in a cluster of cells in your body than Con Edison can produce. LSD isn't causing your eyeballs to see new things. It's just helping you to pick up on them."

He spoke of the Tibetan *Book of the Dead* and the first, second and third bardos: Pure Being, hallucinatory stage, and the "return to the robot." Referring to the astronauts he compared the turbulent area separating the earth's atmosphere from outer space to the Tibetan "Area of Wrathful Deities." The objective should be to stay in Pure Being. But this was enormously difficult. Most of us could not reach this state. He said: "Watch out lest you be born again, poor guy, but if you are, at least pick out a good womb."

Ralph reminded him that religious men from the East didn't always care for LSD. A Zen master shouted in the middle of his session: "It's an insult!" and a Buddhist priest came apart worse than any life-insurance salesman from Peoria, wailing: "You've poisoned me!"

Timothy Leary yawned and said that he was ready for bed.

Ralph and I went back to my house, and my wife held out her arms to me, and she looked as good as a piece of apple pie. Still nervously crackling with energy I fell into bed. Luba cooked us steak and potatoes, and we drank some beer, joking together. The walls were as holey as cheese, and still billowing around me; the colored notes floated by,

but not so many of them. Small, throbbing currents still moved through my body, but I was coming down. I could read the paper. I happened to look at Leonard Lyons' column in the *New York Post*. Though my LSD reaction was waning, Mr. Lyons' items seemed to me as insanely and pitifully funny as any in the universe. There was one:

"A. E. Hotchner, the adapter of Ernest Hemingway's stories, has a home in Westport. In Connecticut car owners are permitted to have four letters on their license plates . . . Hotchner owns two cars. One has plates marked 'HOTC,' and the other 'HNER.' When the cars are parked side by side, the plates spell out his name."

I fell out of bed laughing, and contemplated this item for several minutes. I sat and pondered other paragraphs between the dotted lines:

"Frank Sinatra's Youth Center near Nazareth soon will be ready for occupancy . . ." and "Cleopatra will give screen credits to Plutarch and Suetonius. 'They were clever fellows, those two,' said Darryl Zanuck of the ancient historians, 'but they didn't know a thing about residuals.'"

The musical notes jumped, the walls bellied, and the small shudders of electricity were fading. I studied the melancholy countenance atop this column of ego. I saw the chronicler as a gallant little man running through time, carrying a handful of threads and presenting them to people and running on.

I thanked Ralph for being my companion, and for his help on the voyage, and we said goodbye to him.

I am looking at an article that might well be called a manifesto, reprinted from the *Harvard Review* (Vol. 1, No. 4, Summer 1963): "The Politics of Consciousness Expansion" by Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert. It contains the taut, condensed passages:

"One is led naively to exclaim: Will man never learn the lesson of cyclical process? Must we continue to jail, execute, exile our ecstatic visionaries, and then enshrine them as tomorrow's heroes?"

"Naive question, which fails to appreciate the necessary tension of the expansion-contraction play. Membrane contracts. Life force bursts membrane. Establishment controls vision. Vision bursts establishment."

I have one other recollection of Timothy Leary. Describing an LSD experience of his own, he shut his eyes and smiled, murmuring: "I die so hard!"



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Girls Of Canada (continued from page 134)

knowledge to be extraordinary. Quebec, of course, has about it a pervasive Gallic aura. For example, at the Port St. Jacques, probably the most interesting of the city's dinner clubs, the leading entertainer is apt to be a *chansonnier* (a balladeer who sings topical verses composed by himself, dealing with French events in French); and an evening can go by without a word of English passing the lips of anyone in the house, including the customers. This pleasant flavor *à la française* extends to Quebec's comelier citizens, and has a tendency to lead them more readily than most girls into situations where familiarity hardly ever breeds contempt.

From Quebec, the St. Lawrence flows a thousand miles to the Atlantic through a land almost empty, save for some small but bustling iron-mining towns to the north, and the largely agricultural-and-fishing provinces of the Maritimes—Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island—to the south and east. Both the landscape and the people here are very much like their counterparts in northern New England: proud, frugal folk nursing proud, frugal traditions amid sternly beautiful countryside. The girls here have the virtues of country girls everywhere, a kind of clean

simplicity and appealing freshness that happily tends to survive in the cities when the girls strike out for a larger share of the 20th Century than the Maritimes have to offer. Maritimers like to say, in a proud but wry tone of voice, that their leading export is the brains and beauty the rest of Canada needs not only to keep going, but going in style.

If there is some truth in the saying—a disproportionately large number of distinguished men and stunning women seem to have come from the area—it is also true that Canada has a second and at least equally rich source of beauty and brains. Like the U.S. before it, Canada was populated first by colonists, then by immigrants. The difference is that immigration has continued in Canada long after it was largely closed off in the U.S.—more than a million Europeans have landed in Canada since the end of World War II. In addition, the Canadian pattern of assimilation has always varied importantly from the American pattern: National groups have tended deliberately to preserve their customs, traditional attitudes and even their ancestral languages, rather than choose to lose them as quickly as possible. One result is that today in Canada there are girls who bear

some or all of the traits of almost every female genre the earth can offer: You'll find Sikhs in saris in Vancouver; Hut-terites in Alberta; Chinese as well as Canadian Indians in Saskatchewan; Icelanders in Winnipeg; Japanese, Hungarians and Jamaicans in Toronto; Germans and Italians as well as Eskimos in Quebec. Canada is the traditional New World melting pot, but one in which many of the girls retain their own native flavor even as they become Canadians. So it can be said that an American who desires to cultivate an enlightened taste in women, and who has reached the point where he can refine his judgment of the domestic variety only by comparison with foreign strains, can go around the world—or he can go to Canada.

If he does decide to visit this vast, ruggedly scenic land, in the course of rewarding events he will surely learn one central lesson: The precise location of the choicest females is largely unpredictable. From the twisting fiords of Vancouver to the salt-scented rock inlets of St. John's, a quest for quail invariably involves the unexpected. The prize, of course, is worth the hunt. No further motive is needed for pursuing a good-neighbor policy with those most fetching of females, the Canadian girls next door.



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(continued from page 88)

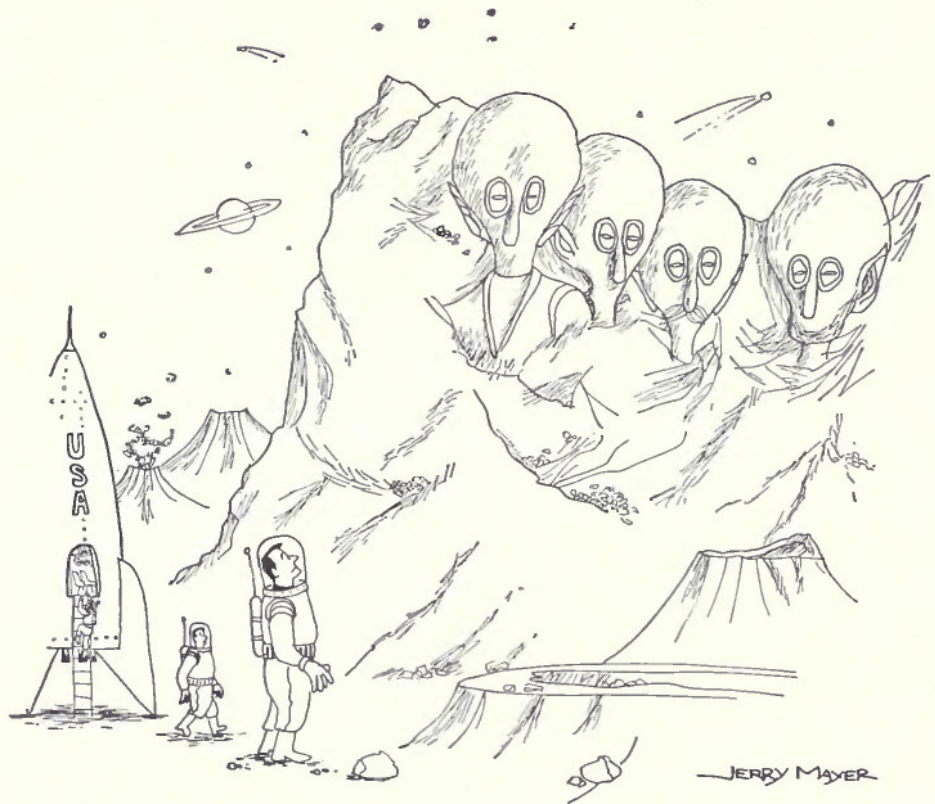
poisons? How can he become discriminatingly acculturated, rejecting what is silly or downright evil in his conditioning, and holding fast to that which makes for humane and intelligent behavior?

A culture cannot be discriminatingly accepted, much less be modified, except by persons who have seen through it — by persons who have cut holes in the confining stockade of verbalized symbols and so are able to look at the world and, by reflection, at themselves in a new and relatively unprejudiced way. Such persons are not merely born; they must also be made. But how?

In the field of formal education, what the would-be hole cutter needs is knowledge. Knowledge of the past and present history of cultures in all their fantastic variety, and knowledge about the nature and limitations, the uses and abuses, of language. A man who knows that there have been many cultures, and that each culture claims to be the best and truest of all, will find it hard to take too seriously the boastings and dogmatizings of his own tradition. Similarly, a man who knows how symbols are related to experience, and who practices the kind of linguistic self-control taught by the exponents of General Semantics, is unlikely to take too seriously the absurd or dangerous nonsense that, within every culture, passes for philosophy, practical wisdom and political argument.

As a preparation for hole cutting, this kind of intellectual education is certainly valuable, but no less certainly insufficient. Training on the verbal level needs to be supplemented by training in wordless experiencing. We must learn how to be mentally silent, must cultivate the art of pure receptivity.

To be silently receptive — how childishly simple that seems! But in fact, as we very soon discover, how difficult! The universe in which men pass their lives is the creation of what Indian philosophy calls *Nama-Rupa*, Name and Form. Reality is a continuum, a fathomlessly mysterious and infinite Something, whose outward aspect is what we call Matter and whose inwardness is what we call Mind. Language is a device for taking the mystery out of Reality and making it amenable to human comprehension and manipulation. Acculturated man breaks up the continuum, attaches labels to a few of the fragments, projects the labels into the outside world and thus creates for himself an all-too-human universe of separate objects, each of which is merely the embodiment of a name, a particular illustration of some traditional abstraction. What we perceive takes on the pattern of the conceptual lattice through which it has been filtered. Pure receptivity is difficult because man's



normal waking consciousness is always culturally conditioned. But normal waking consciousness, as William James pointed out many years ago, "is but one type of consciousness, while all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. We may go through life without suspecting their existence; but apply the requisite stimulus, and at a touch they are there in all their completeness, definite types of mentality which probably somewhere have their field of application and adaptation. No account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these forms of consciousness disregarded."

Like the culture by which it is conditioned, normal waking consciousness is at once our best friend and a most dangerous enemy. It helps us to survive and make progress; but at the same time it prevents us from actualizing some of our most valuable potentialities and, on occasion, gets us into all kinds of trouble. To become fully human, man, proud man, the player of fantastic tricks, must learn to get out of his own way; only then will his infinite faculties and angelic apprehension get a chance of coming to the surface. In Blake's words, we must "cleanse the doors of perception"; for when the doors of perception are cleansed, "everything appears to man as it is — infinite." To normal waking consciousness things are the strictly finite and insulated embodiments of verbal labels. How can we break the habit of automatically imposing our prejudices

and the memory of culture-hallowed words upon immediate experience? Answer: by the practice of pure receptivity and mental silence. These will cleanse the doors of perception and, in the process, make possible the emergence of other than normal forms of consciousness — aesthetic consciousness, visionary consciousness, mystical consciousness. Thanks to culture we are the heirs to vast accumulations of knowledge, to a priceless treasure of logic and scientific method, to thousands upon thousands of useful pieces of technological and organizational know-how. But the human mind-body possesses other sources of information, is gifted with an intrinsic wisdom that is independent of cultural conditioning.

Wordsworth writes that "our meddling intellect [that part of the mind which uses language to take the mystery out of Reality] misshapes the beautiful forms of things; we murder to dissect." Needless to say, we cannot get along without our meddling intellect. Verbalized conceptual thinking is indispensable. But even when they are used well, verbalized concepts misshape "the beautiful forms of things." And when (as happens so often) they are used badly, they misshape our lives by rationalizing ancient stupidities, by instigating mass murder, persecution and the playing of all the other fantastically ugly tricks that make the angels weep. Wise nonverbal passiveness is an antidote to unwise verbal activity and a necessary corrective to wise

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verbal activity. Verbalized concepts about experience need to be supplemented by direct, unmediated acquaintance with events as they present themselves to us.

It is the old story of the letter and the spirit. The letter is necessary, but must never be taken too seriously: for, divorced from the spirit, it cramps and finally kills. As for the spirit, it "bloweth where it listeth" and, if we fail to consult the best cultural charts, we may be blown off our course and suffer shipwreck. At present most of us make the worst of both worlds. Ignoring the freely blowing winds of the spirit and relying on cultural maps which may be centuries out-of-date, we rush full speed ahead under the high-pressure steam of our own overweening self-confidence. The tickets we have sold ourselves assure us that our destination is some port in the Islands of the Blest. In fact it turns out, more often than not, to be Devil's Island.

Self-education on the nonverbal level is as old as civilization. "Be still and know that I am God"—for the visionaries and mystics of every time and every place, this has been the first and greatest of the commandments. Poets listen to their Muse and in the same way the visionary and the mystic wait upon inspiration in a state of wise passiveness, of dynamic vacuity. In the Western tradition this state is called "the prayer of simple regard." At the other end of the world it is described in terms that are psychological rather than theistic. In mental silence we "look into our own Self-Nature," we "hold fast to the Not-Thought which lies in thought," we "become that which essentially we have always been." By wise activity we can acquire useful analytical knowledge about the world, knowledge that can be communicated by means of verbal symbols. In the state of wise passiveness we make possible the emergence of forms of consciousness other than the utilitarian consciousness of normal waking life. Useful analytical knowledge about the world is replaced by some kind of biologically inessential but spiritually enlightening acquaintance with the world. For example, there can be direct aesthetic acquaintance with the world as beauty. Or there can be direct acquaintance with the intrinsic strangeness of existence, its wild implausibility. And finally there can be direct acquaintance with the world's unity. This immediate mystical experience of being at one with the fundamental Oneness that manifests itself in the infinite diversity of things and minds, can never be adequately expressed in words. Like visionary experience, the experience of the mystic can be talked about only from the outside. Verbal symbols can never convey its inwardness.

It is through mental silence and the practice of wise passiveness that artists,

visionaries and mystics have made themselves ready for the immediate experience of the world as beauty, as mystery and as unity. But silence and wise passiveness are not the only roads leading out of the all-too-human universe created by normal, culture-conditioned consciousness. In *Expostulation and Reply*, Wordsworth's bookish friend, Matthew, reproaches the poet because

*You look round on your Mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!*

From the point of view of normal waking consciousness, this is sheer intellectual delinquency. But it is what the artist, the visionary and the mystic must do and, in fact, have always done. "Look at a person, a landscape, any common object, as though you were seeing it for the first time." This is one of the exercises in immediate, un verbalized awareness prescribed in the ancient texts of Tantric Buddhism. Artists, visionaries and mystics refuse to be enslaved to the culture-conditioned habits of feeling, thought and action which their society regards as right and natural. Whenever this seems desirable, they deliberately refrain from projecting upon reality those hallowed word patterns with which all human minds are so copiously stocked. They know as well as anyone else that culture and the language in which any given culture is rooted, are absolutely necessary and that, without them, the individual would not be human. But more vividly than the rest of mankind they also know that, to be fully human, the individual must learn to decondition himself, must be able to cut holes in the fence of verbalized symbols that hems him in.

In the exploration of the vast and mysterious world of human potentialities the great artists, visionaries and mystics have been trail-blazing pioneers. But where they have been, others can follow. Potentially, all of us are "infinite in faculties and like gods in apprehension." Modes of consciousness different from normal waking consciousness are within the reach of anyone who knows how to apply the necessary stimuli. The universe in which a human being lives can be transfigured into a new creation. We have only to cut a hole in the fence and look around us with what the philosopher, Plotinus, describes as "that other kind of seeing, which everyone has but few make use of."

Within our current systems of education, training on the nonverbal level is meager in quantity and poor in quality. Moreover, its purpose, which is simply to help its recipients to be more "like gods in apprehension" is neither clearly stated nor consistently pursued. We could and,

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most emphatically, we should do better in this very important field than we are doing now. The practical wisdom of earlier civilizations and the findings of adventurous spirits within our own tradition and in our own time are freely available. With their aid a curriculum and a methodology of nonverbal training could be worked out without much difficulty. Unhappily most persons in authority have a vested interest in the maintenance of cultural fences. They frown upon hole cutting as subversive and dismiss Plotinus' "other kind of seeing" as a symptom of mental derangement. If an effective system of nonverbal education could be worked out, would the authorities allow it to be widely applied? It is an open question.

From the nonverbal world of culturally uncontaminated consciousness we pass to the subverbal world of physiology and biochemistry. A human being is a temperament and a product of cultural conditioning; he is also, and primarily, an extremely complex and delicate biochemical system, whose inwardness, as the system changes from one state of equilibrium to another, is changing consciousness. It is because each one of us is a biochemical system that (according to Housman)

*Malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.*

Beer achieves its theological triumphs because, in William James' words, "Drunkness is the great exciter of the *Yes* function in man." And he adds that "It is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what, in its totality, is so degrading a poisoning." The tree is known by its fruits, and the fruits of too much reliance upon ethyl alcohol as an exciter of the *Yes* function are bitter indeed. No less bitter are the fruits of reliance upon such habit-forming sedatives, hallucinogens and mood elevators as opium and its derivatives, as cocaine (once so blithely recommended to his friends and patients by Dr. Freud), as the barbiturates and amphetamine. But in recent years the pharmacologists have extracted or synthesized several compounds that powerfully affect the mind without doing any harm to the body, either at the time of ingestion or, through addiction, later on. Through these new psychedelics, the subject's normal waking consciousness may be modified in many different ways. It is as though, for each individual, his deeper self decides which kind of experience will be most advantageous. Having decided, it makes use of the drug's mind-changing powers to give the person what he needs. Thus, if it would be good for

him to have deeply buried memories uncovered, deeply buried memories will duly be uncovered. In cases where this is of no great importance, something else will happen. Normal waking consciousness may be replaced by aesthetic consciousness, and the world will be perceived in all its unimaginable beauty, all the blazing intensity of its "thereness." And aesthetic consciousness may modulate into visionary consciousness. Thanks to yet another kind of seeing, the world will now reveal itself as not only unimaginably beautiful, but also fathomlessly mysterious—as a multitudinous abyss of possibility forever actualizing itself into unprecedented forms. New insights into a new, transfigured world of givenness, new combinations of thought and fantasy—the stream of novelty pours through the world in a torrent, whose every drop is charged with meaning. There are the symbols whose meaning lies outside themselves in the given facts of visionary experience, and there are these given facts which signify only themselves. But "only themselves" is also "no less than the divine ground of all being." "Nothing but this" is at the same time "the Suchness of all." And now the aesthetic and the visionary consciousness deepen into mystical consciousness. The world is now seen as an infinite diversity that is yet a unity, and the beholder experiences himself as being at one with the infinite Oneness that manifests itself, totally present, at every point of space, at every instant in the flux of perpetual perishing and perpetual renewal. Our normal word-conditioned consciousness creates a universe of sharp distinctions, black and white, this and that, me and you and it. In the mystical consciousness of being at one with infinite Oneness, there is a reconciliation of opposites, a perception of the Not-Particular in particulars, a transcending of our ingrained subject-object relationships with things and persons; there is an immediate experience of our solidarity with all beings and a kind of organic conviction that in spite of the inscrutabilities of fate, in spite of our own dark stupidities and deliberate malevolence, yes, in spite of all that is so manifestly wrong with the world, it is yet, in some profound, paradoxical and entirely inexpressible way, All Right. For normal waking consciousness, the phrase, "God is Love," is no more than a piece of wishful positive thinking. For the mystical consciousness, it is a self-evident truth.

Unprecedentedly rapid technological and demographic changes are steadily increasing the dangers by which we are surrounded, and at the same time are steadily diminishing the relevance of the traditional feeling-and-behavior-patterns imposed upon all individuals, rulers and ruled alike, by their culture. Always desirable, widespread training in

the art of cutting holes in cultural fences is now the most urgent of necessities. Can such a training be speeded up and made more effective by a judicious use of the physically harmless psychedelics now available? On the basis of personal experience and the published evidence, I believe that it can. In my utopian fantasy, *Island*, I speculated in fictional terms about the ways in which a substance akin to psilocybin could be used to potentiate the nonverbal education of adolescents and to remind adults that the real world is very different from the misshapen universe they have created for themselves by means of their culture-conditioned prejudices. "Having Fun with Fungi"—that was how one waggish reviewer dismissed the matter. But which is better: to have Fun with Fungi or to have Idiocy with Ideology, to have Wars because of Words, to have Tomorrow's Misdeeds out of Yesterday's Miscreeds?

How should the psychedelics be administered? Under what circumstances, with what kind of preparation and follow-up? These are questions that must be answered empirically, by large-scale experiment. Man's collective mind has a high degree of viscosity and flows from one position to another with the reluctant deliberation of an ebbing tide of sludge. But in a world of explosive population increase, of headlong technological advance and of militant nationalism, the time at our disposal is strictly limited. We must discover, and discover very soon, new energy sources for overcoming our society's psychological inertia, better solvents for liquefying the sludgy stickiness of an anachronistic state of mind. On the verbal level an education in the nature and limitations, the uses and abuses of language; on the wordless level an education in mental silence and pure receptivity; and finally, through the use of harmless psychedelics, a course of chemically triggered conversion experiences or ecstasies—these, I believe, will provide all the sources of mental energy, all the solvents of conceptual sludge, that an individual requires. With their aid, he should be able to adapt himself selectively to his culture, rejecting its evils, stupidities and irrelevances, gratefully accepting all its treasures of accumulated knowledge, of rationality, human-heartedness and practical wisdom. If the number of such individuals is sufficiently great, if their quality is sufficiently high, they may be able to pass from discriminating acceptance of their culture to discriminating change and reform. Is this a hopefully utopian dream? Experiment can give us the answer, for the dream is pragmatic: the utopian hypotheses can be tested empirically. And in these oppressive times a little hope is surely no unwelcome visitant.



SKIING USA (continued from page 101)

Summit.

In the Southwest, those who can afford it fly by private plane to resorts like Sierra Blanca and Ruidoso in the New Mexican Rockies, as well as to Santa Fe, Taos, and a number of areas in Arizona, all of which are within close range of small landing fields.

Thus, with transportation becoming more and more plentiful, the skier has an option on more places, with more uphill facilities and more *après-ski* activities than have ever been available in the past decade. Herewith PLAYBOY's guide to the best in the United States.

EAST: Vermont: Stowe is probably one of the oldest and best places to ski in the United States. The town is what a New England town should be, even to the Wren-steeped church that is as well-known as the skiing mountains, Mansfield and Spruce Peak.

Mt. Mansfield, with its famed Nose Dive and International, both racing trails, is for the hotter shots and generally attracts earnest college men and experienced skiers. Spruce Peak, farther along the mountain road, features a modern, well-designed cafeteria, large ski shop and ski-school meeting place. Spruce offers two wide practice areas with a choice of steepness, serviced by a T-bar, to one side of which is a practice slalom course, a new chair lift that extends halfway up the mountain and a double-chair lift to the summit that is famous in the East for the hushed beauty of its ride.

There is skiing-a-plenty at Stowe: snow conditions are remarkably stable during the season, and social facilities are equally plentiful. You can contact the Mansfield-Stowe Association for accommodations information. You'll want to ask about the following places:

The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch, one of the fine ski hostels of the East, is noted for its cuisine and good wines (French specialties). The Top Notch is an extremely modern lodge with an excellent chef and Austrian hostesses. The Green Mountain Inn, in Stowe, has a good bar that generally attracts the single after-ski crowd. For evening diversion, most people try the Baggy Knees, a converted barn which draws most Stowe visitors.

Approximately three quarters of an hour south on Route 100 is Sugarbush, which first attained fame as the Eastern wintering grounds of the jet set, but is rapidly gaining a justified reputation as a good place to just plain ski, too. Sugarbush has a novice area serviced by a T-bar and intermediate trails serviced by a double-chair lift. Off the peak of Mt. Lincoln (where a gondola lift goes) is a variety of trails appealing to all tastes. The Wun-

derbar, in Sugarbush's base lodge, the Valley House, serves excellent lunches and drinks. The Valley House cafeteria, with its big picture windows, features some of the best hamburgers in the East. Also at Sugarbush: the Sugarbush Inn, the Christmas Tree and the Alpen Inn. Orsini's is the only nightery in the area.

Across the Mad River Valley from Sugarbush is Mad River Glen—where the emphasis is on the well-carved turn rather than on the off-the-slopes goings on associated with Sugarbush. Mad River Glen has its own devotees, usually skiers of the die-hard variety. Those interested in one-upmanship usually ski one day of their weekend at "Mad," then impress friends at Sugarbush with their tales of Mad's trails. Mad River has the Dipsy Doodle, a bring-your-own-bottle place, which is very informal and features dancing and entertaining amateur shows put on by ski bums and weekend regulars.

Mt. Snow, farther south on Route 100, has 9 chair lifts and 40 full-time instructors who expound their own version of the Canadian teaching method. Because of its 9 lifts and myriad runs—all an intermediate's delight (including a 46-acre cow pasture on a slant)—there is rarely a lift wait. Mt. Snow has its own novice area, with an immense base lodge called Sundance. It has an even bigger base lodge at the main area and there the complete sportsman can enjoy a heated swimming pool and an interior ice rink. The Snow Lake Lodge faces Snow Lake, an artificially developed pond. Virtually every room in the place has its own terrace plus picture windows in the bathrooms, enabling one to bathe and gaze at Mt. Snow simultaneously.

Over the mountain from Mt. Snow (a 20-minute drive) is Stratton, a relatively new place with an Austrian-run ski school and a quiet atmosphere much different from that of its neighbor. Trails are somewhat difficult. There is a large complex of private homes nearby of the Alpine-chalet variety, an enormous base lodge, and one hotel near the area: The Stratton Mountain Inn. The Inn, with its friendly bar and urbane dining room, has dancing in the evenings. The chef is reputed to have worked for the Italian Lines; the excellent cooking would seem to verify it. Stratton radiates studied *Gemütlichkeit* of a sophisticated variety; a nice place for a weekend sojourn for two.

New Hampshire: The New York skier gravitates toward Vermont; the Boston skier prefers New Hampshire, which is closer by car. Besides New Hampshire's Eastern Slope ski areas, where one is constantly in the awesome shadow of Mt. Washington, there are also the state-

run areas at Cannon and Sunapee. Austria-in-the-U.S. is at Mittersill (in the Franconia area)—an establishment seemingly lifted from the Tyrol by Baron Hubert Von Pantz. There are at least seven runs, good food and elegant housing at the Mittersill Inn. There are other good ski areas at Black Mountain, Wildcat, and Cranmore—close to North Conway. A pleasant and traditional place to stay is North Conway's Eastern Slope Inn. Rates are moderate to high (\$14 minimum) and service is stylish. More informal is the Cranmore Inn with a high of \$10 to \$12.

New York State: The best skiing in New York is in the Adirondacks. The Lake Placid area (where the sport was virtually born in this country) is still supreme. There are more than 15 ski runs on Whiteface Mountain, with enough chair lifts and combinations of runs to satisfy anyone. (Some people think this is the windiest corner in the state—but such trails as the upper Thruway and Wilderness are used for Class A national and international competition.) High on the mountainside is a midway restaurant for lunching and meeting; there is also a T-bar area for novices and those who enjoy being watched while they wedeln.

The Lake Placid area has the aptly named Paleface, a self-contained resort organized by artist Boylan FitzGerald. About four miles from Whiteface, it offers more than 18 miles of skiing for the novice and intermediate, with chair lift and T-bar, plus the added inducement of schussing through pine glades. The lodge, which houses a ski shop, has a bar and dining room noted for its cuisine.

MIDWEST: By Eastern or Western standards, Midwestern skiing tends to be somewhat tame when one considers the vertical footage in the 1500 to 2000 category offered in the East and the sometimes 3000-plus offered in the Rockies. The Midwest, however, makes up for its "ridges" and "nobs" by putting out some of the posher holiday resorts to be found in the country.

In *Michigan*, entrepreneur Everett Kircher (Boyne Mountain) is raising a ski area called Boyne Highlands. Kircher plans to do away with the intimacy of the double chair, by installing a triple chair which loads two from one side, one from the other. Kircher is developing Boyne Highlands like a Midwestern Aspen—in effect, a self-contained ski community.

To the south of Boyne Highlands, another new area opens this season: the \$2,000,000 Shanty Creek Resort (complete with pool). Elegant rooms start at \$12 per day, European plan, and cuisine is under the supervision of George Char-

brier, formerly General Mark Clark's personal chef. A T-bar and a chair lift serve a number of runs with a vertical drop of some 300 feet.

Boyne Mountain is still the biggest in the area and it has five chair lifts, a T-bar, J-bar and two rope tows. It is one of the few sections in the Midwest that offers a vertical drop of more than 500 feet, and it holds its snow fairly consistently. Boyne's heated swimming pool, skating arena, two ski shops, three bars, three lodge buildings, cafeteria and well-appointed dining room all evince a feeling of good taste. Night life is active, for Boyne is a real resort and it is run as such.

Boyne's huge success has hyped the whole area. Summer resort hamlets like Boyne City, Petoskey, Harbor Springs, and Charlevoix now swing with maximum vigor during the yuletide and thereafter.

For Detroiters who don't relish a five-hour drive, Pine Knob, near Pontiac is highly recommended. Snow is artificially manufactured as is most of the slope. It's a pleasant diversion to drive out for drinks and dinner and spend a couple of hours skiing under the lights.

In Michigan's Upper Peninsula, four areas are of interest: Iroquois Mountain, near Brimley, is beautiful but isolated. It's a nice lodge and well worth the extra trip. Pine Mountain, near the town of Iron Mountain, has a chair lift, lots of camaraderie, and a great deal of artificial-snow-making equipment. It is considered by some, however, a bit primitive. Brule Mountain is like Pine Mountain, except more so. It has a T-bar, and most of the nonskiing activity is at the Iron Inn, situated in nearby Iron River. Local lasses tend to imbibe boilermakers and yearn for the strong, silent type. Indianhead Mountain offers just about the best all-around skiing in the Midwest. The vertical drop here is better than 600 feet and the area features T-bars and a chair lift. The lodge is a converted barn with a lively bar and lots of folk music.

In Wisconsin (but closer to Minneapolis-St. Paul than Chicago) is Telemark, where the snow is always good (because it's man-made). The place to stay is an ersatz Alpine lodge called Garmisch U.S.A. Specialty of the house: frozen martinis and a one-man orchestra by the name of Dave van Gilder. Highly recommended for the intimate weekend.

Popular with Chicago day skiers are Mt. Fuji (150 feet) and Wilmot, just north of the Wisconsin line. Wilmot is otherwise known to sports-car buffs for its track. It has a chair lift and a T-bar. If you feel compassionate, it is the ideal place to offer encouragement to snow



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ROCKY MOUNTAINS (WEST): For true Alpine skiing, only the Rockies will do. Europeans, who are pleased with the 9000 to 10,000-foot elevations of their highest Alps are usually surprised to learn that there are peaks that reach 14,000 feet along the Great Divide. Three-thousand feet of vertical skiing is common at such places as Vail, Aspen, and Sun Valley, where the schussing can be glorious.

Colorado: Aspen is the reincarnated mining town that went Continental, a dream place that was engineered by Walter Paepcke, veterans of the 10th Mountain Division and such diverse types as Swiss-born Fred Iselin and Austrian Friedl Pfeifer. It is closed in by mountain passes and suffers from a lack of incoming transportation (two trains a day, forty miles away, one incoming plane flight), yet, as a resort it has few equals on this continent; millionaires rub shoulders with ski bums, languages are diverse and the night life tends to run into the ski life any day of the week. Aspen figures that its guests spend an average of \$50 per day during the height of the season. Why not? Everyone is there for a ball.

There are three mountains for skiing, from the tops of which one may see, in any direction, impressive ranges as superb in their beauty as those lying along the Swiss-Italian frontier. Aspen Highlands is the command headquarters of Stein Eriksen, who is known for ski acrobatics and the outrigger turn. Then there is Buttermilk and the noted Aspen Mountain (formerly Ajax), which has a vertical drop of 3400 feet negotiable in 10 to 15 minutes by experts (most Aspenites) and in an hour or two by the average good skier interested in beauty as well as *Kanoning*. Buttermilk run is beginner-intermediate territory; it has its own chair lift, sun-deck restaurant on top and T-bar.

Aspen swings from alpenglow time (about 4:30 p.m.), when the lifts shut down, to early morning when patrolmen and workers make the milk run. Here is an insider's rundown:

The Hotel Jerome is Aspen's oldest and most famous establishment; its bar begins filling up shortly before 5 p.m. and most people meet here to make plans for the evening. The Red Onion has two dining rooms, one of which offers "the Skiers Special" (\$1.75, changes every night), while the other offers large steaks and vintage wines. The younger crowd heads for the Red Onion's "Beer Gulch" for refreshment. The Golden Horn is the Onion's competitor—a good restaurant upstairs, with a night club in the cellar. The Crystal Palace is a din-

ner and night spot owned by Mead Metcalf and *Frau*, a talented couple who do songs from and take-offs on Broadway shows, with ski-bum waiters and waitresses singing along. The Limelite offers dinner and entertainment featuring folk singing and comedy. Guido's Swiss Inn specializes in *Glühwein* and pastries after skiing, fondues and the like for lunch and dinner. Newton's Abbey Bar serves dinner upstairs (English pub decor) and roast beef is their specialty. The Steak Pit is a very good restaurant in a renovated basement. The Copper Kettle, a very popular restaurant in Aspen Meadows, is noted for its gourmet cooking. The Old Heidelberg, a favorite with the college crowd, serves 3.2 beer, pizza and hero sandwiches. It is the only place where you can get a brew after 8:00 p.m. Sunday nights. Mother Lode is an artists' habitat that features Italian food at medium prices. The Toklat, run by Stuart Mace (who also arranges dog-sled trips into the back country), is known for Alaskan specialties.

Vail, a new giant of an area whose backers include Texas tycoon John Murchison, is considerably closer to Denver than Aspen. It has 3000 feet of vertical skiing available, the summit attainable by gondola and chair lift. From the peak, you can ski down into any one of three south-facing bowls and come back up again via another chair lift.

The skiing at Vail can last from November through May. Because the summit is 11,250 feet, there can be good snow late in the season on top and green grass in the valley below. Alpine Park, at the peak, affords a magnificent view of such famed climbing mountains as The Mount of the Holy Cross and the 14,000-foot peaks of the Mosquito Range of the Continental Divide. Terrain is diverse enough to suit varied degrees of skill: there's one very tough downhill run. There is an Alpine-type midstation with a sun deck and restaurant and a ski school run by Morrie Shepard, onetime administrative director of the Aspen Ski School.

Vail attracts a sophisticated vacation crowd of the type that frequents Vermont's Sugarbush. (Some of the Sugarbush habitués are backers.) Its food and accommodations, because of the area's youth, are limited to the following:

The Lodge (American plan, with excellent food) has a rathskeller with band and dancing and a Bavarian troupe that does *Schuhplattler*-type music. The Inn features a bar (the Hub Room) with dancing and entertainment. The Red Lion is a restaurant with a basement bar called the Lion's Head. No dancing or entertainment. Finally, a French restaurant, projected for this winter, will be called Le Cave.

New Mexico: The closest rival to Aspen and Vail in the amount of skiing available is another new resort — Sierra Blanca, near the town of Ruidoso, overlooking White Sands, New Mexico. From Sierra Blanca's summit (close to 12,000 feet) you can sometimes see a rocket soaring from White Sands or on a clear day, El Paso, Texas, 80 miles away, appears miragelike in the distance.

The other popular area in New Mexico is Taos, whose Ski Valley is, in effect, a monument to an individual — its designer and builder, Ernie Blake. In the Southern Rockies, Blake has carved out a little bit of Austria. Taos, however, isn't a nonskier's ski area — it caters to skilled practitioners, a fact that Blake is proud of. Taos Ski Valley is situated in and around Twining, an old mining town, 10 miles from a charming Spanish village, Arroyo Seco. Visitors are offered the comforts of the Hondo Lodge, or the vintage wines served at the Hotel St. Bernard by hosts Jean and Bernard Mayer, or the Tournedos Napoleon set *à table* at the St. Bernard by Parisian chef Yvon Silve.

The skiing at Taos is unsurpassed. Blake believes that the sport should be a challenge and he's designed several of his trails with this in mind. Besides the Hondo Lodge and the St. Bernard, there is the new Thunderbird Inn which offers Western hospitality with a Finnish touch to about 90 guests. Smorgasbord and shish kebab are specialties.

Idaho: Two other ski areas worth mentioning are not properly in the Rockies, but in the intermountain area of Utah and Idaho. Sun Valley, the granddaddy of American resorts, and the creation 27 years ago of the Union Pacific and Averell Harriman, is one of them. The Union Pacific still owns it, and runs it, no longer as a promotion for the railroad, but as a profitable proposition.

Sun Valley is located in a remote corner of the Sawtooth Range of Idaho, hard by the old silver-mining town of Ketchum, and is more easily reached from Denver, or Salt Lake City or Seattle, than from the Midwest or East. The Lodge is an elegant hostelry with a Continental dining room and a night club known as the Eddy Duchin Room. Less expensive and more informal is the Challenger Inn with a good restaurant and a popular hangout called The Ram. Its cafeteria serves inexpensive breakfasts and this is where the enormous staff eats (Sun Valley's ski school and working staff is one of the largest of any resort in the country; most come back year after year, or just stay there). There is a ski shop at the Valley (Pete Lane's), a *boutique*, movie house, — just about everything.

Dollar Mountain is the place for novices, a huge outcropping, bare of trees, where you can ski almost anywhere, and where Sigi Engl's ski instructors teach the rudiments. The big mountain is Baldy, about two miles from the Lodge, which is served by frequent bus service provided by the Valley. There is a three-stage lift system (Sun Valley had the first chair lift in the U. S.) that rises to 9000 feet. There are a number of ways down, depending on ability. Experts like Exhibition, a wide, steep hang that accumulates moguls as deep as one's hips. Intermediates have fun skiing to the Roundhouse, the midstation meeting place and hangout, by way of College or Ridge Runs. There are also several bowls in which to ski, depending upon snow conditions; skiing Christmas Bowl in the spring sun is the height of pleasure. A favorite late-afternoon run is down Warm Springs, a wide, twisting trail that runs through the trees and comes out several miles away from the base. Buses wait there to take the skier back to the Valley.

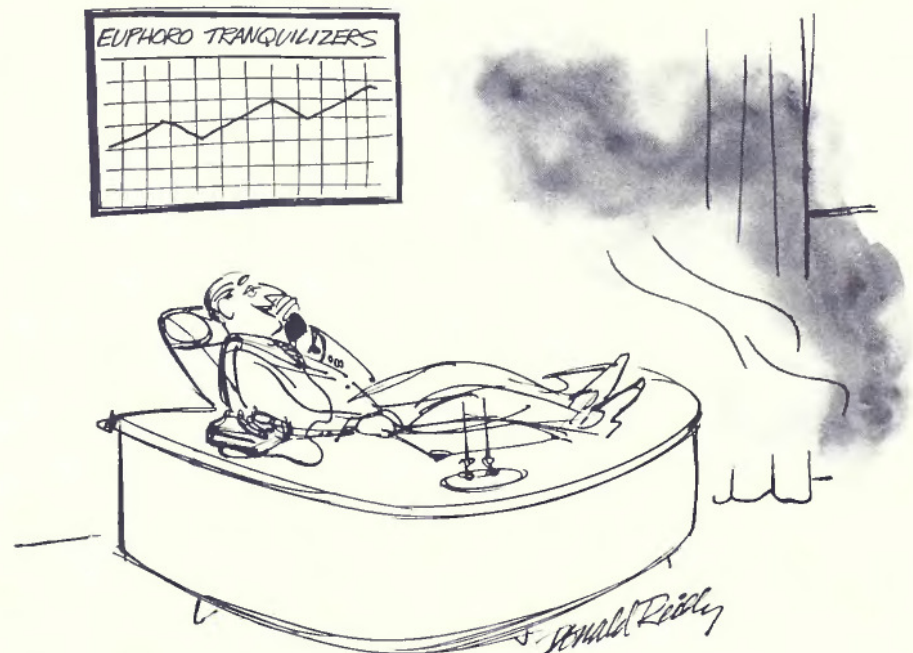
Utah: For that delight of all good skiers, deep powder, Alta is the place. About an hour's drive from Salt Lake City, Alta is still remote enough not to accumulate crowds. At Alta there are four places to stay. The Alta Lodge draws an older group; it is settled and staid. The Rustler is the favorite of those who want to have fun and live comfortably. The Peruvian gathers the college crowd, and a new hostel, the Goldminer's Daughter, opens this season with 15 well-appointed rooms.

California: Elsewhere in the West:

San Franciscans are drawn to a horseshoe of areas that ring Lake Tahoe in the High Sierras. Squaw Valley, site of the 1960 Olympics, is a gathering place for well-dressed, sophisticated skiing types who like the easy availability of the trails and the modern elegance of the lodging and base facilities. Alpine Meadows is a new area with broad reaches of alpine park at high altitudes. Heavenly Valley, on the south shore of the lake, provides the comfort of a European-style *teleferique* to take the skier up to one level, where chair lifts take over for higher-altitude skiing.

One area not too well-known elsewhere in the country is the Sugar Bowl, another favorite of fashionable San Franciscans who like to spend their money well, but wisely. The Sugar Bowl is near Norden, on Route 40, and is renowned for its cuisine as well as its skiing. One gets to the Lodge from a parking lot at Norden via aerial gondola cars which run 24 hours a day. Skiing at the Sugar Bowl, off Mt. Lincoln, an 8400-foot peak served by a 6000-foot lift, can run well into April. Downhill trails are as long as 2½ miles and afford a view of some of the West's most beautiful lakes: Donner, St. Mary's and Van Norden. Also available is the lower, but just as snow-lush, Mt. Disney. A lift to its summit rises from the Lodge.

What we've surveyed is the pick of the crop. Lucky is the man who can put the time and the wherewithal together to ski all of them. Let him go with Ullr, the patron saint of skiers.



"Fire Department? Say, when you have time, you might send a few of the boys over..."

November. It's an aversion that happens to be one of the best possible guidelines for any holiday menu.

To get his tête-à-tête under way, he'll go out and buy a freshly smoked eel, or use his blender to make oysters casino or an easy bisque of lobster soup. By thus starting his alleluia with such eminent seafoods, he follows the Pilgrim tradition more closely than the usual thanksgivers who open their festivities with ponderous cream soups or watery consommés. The first Pilgrims neglected to bring fishhooks to the New World (an error for which they never forgave themselves), and missed much of the wonderful deep-sea life all around them. But they did trap lobsters and dig clams and oysters, and these, together with a few shallow-water fish, were all roasted merrily over a great outdoor fire during the three days of the first harvest festival.

The turkey eaten in 1621 was more of an impromptu course than a planned feature of the menu. Naturally, the small band of settlers was doubtful about having enough provisions to satisfy its own hunger as well as the more formidable capacities of Massasoit and his 90 warriors, each equipped with a warrior's appetite. Just to be on the safe side, Governor Bradford sent four of his men on a fowling expedition into the nearby woods. They returned with four wild turkeys, a species of bird that in the intervening centuries has tried to become more congenial by domesticating itself, and has managed generally to overstay its welcome. Had the hunters returned with pigeons or doves, generations following might logically have been faced with the happier prospect of roast squab. But turkeys didn't rule the roast completely. There were other fowl including geese, that we'll come back to later.

Even the table appointments at the first Thanksgiving board have helped steer bachelors along the correct line. Practically no dishwashing was necessary at Plymouth, because the tableware was limited to a few carving knives, wooden spoons and trenchers. Forks were unknown. A verse of 1675 told how,

*. . . The dainty Indian maize,
Was eat with clamshells out of
wooden trays.*

While male hosts today will not generally rely on clamshells for spoons, they'll wisely limit their Thanksgiving offerings to a few select dishes.

There was no sugar in Plymouth in 1621, and desserts were limited to dried gooseberries, cranberries, strawberries, plums and cherries—a deprivation not too intensely felt by the company of 140

which had to put up with the sweet desires of the only five women present. "Pompions" didn't become pumpkin pie until many years later. As a matter of fact, the first pumpkin pie was merely the pumpkin itself baked whole with its top sliced off, its seeds removed and its interior filled with milk and molasses. The bachelor today wisely goes to the pros for his pies and merely pops them into the oven for a few minutes in order to give his thanks more warmly.

In the potables department, Governor Bradford himself recounted how effective the "comfortable warm waters" were in sustaining the elders. There was only a limited number of libations remaining from the stores toted from England. But the nearby woods were filled with red and white grapes, and the Pilgrims needed only the wild yeast of the air to serve Bacchus well. Since they landed in 1620 and celebrated their Thanksgiving in 1621, their choice of vintages was limited, but quantities were ample to wet the lips of the revelers.

One of the surest ways to your dove's heart at Thanksgiving is with a pair of squabs. Pigeons, squabs (young pigeons raised commercially), doves and turtle-doves are all names used loosely and interchangeably for the same family of birds, all famed for their strutting, cooing and billing. They're not only the easiest things in the world to roast, but are completely unhackneyed. Their slightly gamy, husky flavor and incredible tenderness (you can almost eat the bones) have made them the fancy favorite of holiday gourmets all over the world. If you wish to bestow some amiable nonculinary information on the beloved object breaking the wishbone with you at your table, you might tell her that the pigeon is, first of all, a monogamous bird and mates for life. If this seems a little too obviously Victorian, you can describe the Hindu god of love, Kamadeva, who was so gentle he used a dove for his steed. Or you can quote verse about doves from Shakespeare (believed to be a pigeon breeder) as well as Lyly, Drayton, Pope, Dryden, Elizabeth Browning, Tennyson and countless other metered and unmetered specialists in symbols of Eros. But primarily, of course, you're pitching delicious poultry when you offer squab. Don't, incidentally, confuse the squab, a dark-meat bird, with the squab chicken, a conventional chicken weighing about a pound or a little over and sometimes called *poussin*. Squabs, like many other fancy holiday birds, usually arrive frozen and oven-ready, and should be allowed to thaw before they're placed on the fire.

In Europe, the goose-vs.-turkey debate

is usually resolved in favor of the goose. Most of them are frozen and oven-ready. You'll find a large wad of white goose fat at the tail end, and this is useful when it's rendered down (melted with a little water in a pan) and combined with certain vegetables and sauces. Because of the considerable layer of fat under the skin, the goose needs no larding, foil cover or other means to keep it from excessive drying. For roasting, geese are simply placed in a low-heat oven, without covering or basting. Or, they may be skewered on your electric rotisserie. Just set the timer: the fat spares you all need for basting. And no need to worry about there being too much bird; there's nothing more mouth-watering than coming across left-over goose in a late-hour raid on the refrigerator.

Even in the bleak years that followed Bradford's party, jubilation wasn't completely suppressed. Thomas Morton, friend of Ben Jonson in England, who assumed leadership of the colony at Merrymount, once mounted a feast to which he and his friends invited the "Indean women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together" and indulged in what a puritanical reporter described as "ye beastly practices of ye madd Bacchanalians." Here now are two menus for a duo of bacchanalians who would like to share their food and drink poshly and privately in an urban pad.

Menu I

*Baked Oysters Casino
Roast Squab, Burgundy Sauce
Brut Champagne
Black-Currant Jelly
Creamed Spinach
Glazed Tiny Carrots
Chicory and Beet Salad, Russian
Dressing
Babas au Rhum
French Roast Coffee*

BAKED OYSTERS CASINO

8 large or 12 medium oysters on half shell
2 ozs. melted butter
2 tablespoons green pepper, diced
1 can pimientos, drained, diced
2 tablespoons onion, diced
1 dash Tabasco sauce
Juice of ¼ lemon
¼ cup bread crumbs
2 or 3 slices bacon

Have seafood dealer remove oysters from shells and put oysters in a container with their liquor. Keep oyster shells and oysters in liquor until needed. (If oysters are kept on half shells exposed to air, they become shriveled and lose flavor.) Pour butter into blender. Add green pepper, pimientos, onion, Tabasco and lemon juice. Blend about

15 seconds or until vegetables are finely minced. Remove contents of blender and combine with bread crumbs. Cut strips of bacon crosswise to provide one square for each oyster. Place a drained oyster on each half shell. Place a tablespoon of butter mixture on each oyster, and top this with a piece of bacon. Bake in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 450°, about 15 minutes or until bacon browns.

ROAST SQUAB, BURGUNDY SAUCE

- 2 oven-ready squabs, 12-14 ozs. each
- 3 tablespoons butter
- Salt, pepper
- 2 shallots (or scallions, white part only), minced fine
- 1/4 cup dry red wine
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 1/2 teaspoon meat extract
- 2-oz. can mushrooms, pieces and stems
- 1 teaspoon bottled sauce Diable

Preheat oven at 375°. In a small saucepan melt 2 tablespoons butter. Pour 1 tablespoon of the melted butter over squabs in a shallow uncovered roasting pan. Sprinkle squabs with salt and pepper. Roast until tender, about 50-60 minutes. While squabs are roasting, cut squab livers into smallest possible dice. Into saucepan with 1 tablespoon melted butter, add shallots and liver. Sauté only until livers lose raw color. Add wine, chicken broth, meat extract and mushrooms together with their liquid. Simmer until liquid in saucepan has been reduced to about half its original volume. Remove from fire. Stir in sauce Diable. Remove squabs from roasting pan. Combine sauce with pan drippings and simmer a few minutes longer. Remove from fire and stir in remaining tablespoon butter.

Black-currant jelly should be icy cold. Drain 15-oz. jar imported tiny carrots. Heat in saucepan with 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon sugar. Season with salt and pepper. Cook 10-oz. package frozen spinach, following directions on package. Drain very well, pressing excess liquid from spinach in strainer or colander. Return spinach to saucepan with 1/4 cup heavy cream and 1 tablespoon butter. Heat 5 minutes longer over low flame. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Combine chicory, well washed and well dried, with small can sliced drained beets, chilled. Top with Russian dressing. Buy the prepared babas from a bakery specializing in this dessert, or use babas from jar or can. At the table, split babas in half lengthwise and sprinkle generously with golden rum. With coffee in demitasse cups offer kirsch or anisette, either of which may be poured into cups or sipped neat.

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Menu II

Bisque of Lobster Soup
Roast Young Goose
Chambertin
Apple Horseradish Sauce
Green Noodles
Red Cabbage with Chestnuts
Broccoli Maitaise
Brandied Mince Pie, Cheese
Coffee

BISQUE OF LOBSTER SOUP

1 small boiled chicken lobster
 ½ cup cold water
 7½-oz. bottle clam juice
 2 tablespoons onion, diced
 1 tablespoon flour
 ¾ cup milk
 1 packet light bouillon powder
 ¼ cup light cream
 2 tablespoons dry sherry
 2 tablespoons sweet butter
 Salt, white pepper, MSG
 Cayenne pepper

Buy lobster boiled by seafood dealer. Remove meat from shell and cut into small dice. Pour water into blender. Add lobster, clam juice, onion, flour, milk and bouillon powder. Blend at high speed for 1 minute. Pour into top section of double boiler and cook over simmering water, stirring occasionally, for a half hour. Scrape pan bottom from time to time. Add cream, sherry and butter. Stir until butter dissolves. Add salt, pepper and MSG to taste, and a

dash of cayenne pepper.

ROAST GOOSE

10-lb. young goose
 Salt, pepper
 Honey
 Cinnamon
 12-oz. can clear chicken broth
 ¼ cup tomato juice
 2 tablespoons cornstarch
 1 teaspoon soy sauce
 3 tablespoons dry sherry
 Brown-gravy coloring

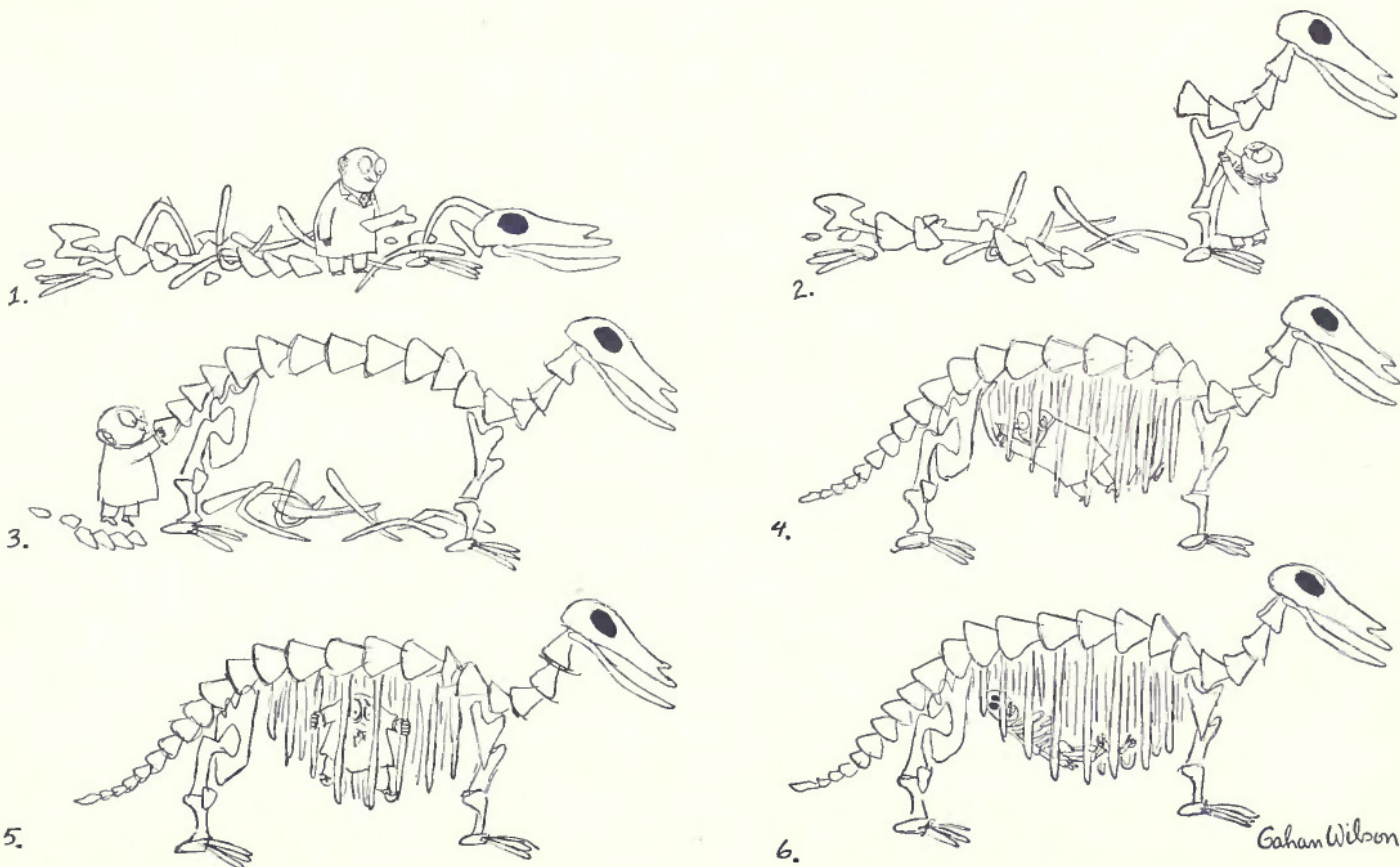
Remove loose fat, neck, liver and gizzard from goose. (Save the liver for scrambled eggs or an omelet.) Preheat oven at 325°. Wash goose, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and place on a wire rack in a shallow, uncovered roasting pan. Roast about 3½ hours or until leg can be moved easily from second joint. Do not turn, and do not baste during roasting. From time to time, accumulated fat in pan may be poured off. About 30 minutes before goose is removed from oven, brush top with melted goose fat. Spread breast lightly with honey, sprinkle with cinnamon, and return to oven to finish roasting. Into a blender pour 2 tablespoons melted goose fat, chicken broth, tomato juice, cornstarch, soy sauce and sherry. Blend about 10 seconds. Pour into saucepan and simmer slowly, stirring occasionally, about 20 minutes. Add brown-gravy coloring. To carve goose, cut legs and

second joints away from body. Leave legs intact. Cut second joints into chunks. Carve breast meat in ½-in.-thick slices, cutting parallel to keel bone. Run carving knife underneath meat, close to carcass, to separate slices from bone. Entire bird may be carved before dinner, placed in a shallow pan or flameproof casserole, and reheated under broiler flame just before serving. Serve sauce separately at table.

Cook fresh or frozen broccoli; the fresh is preferred for its firm texture. To make maitaise sauce, heat a 6-oz. jar of prepared hollandaise sauce, following directions on jar. Heat only until warm — not hot. Strong heat will curdle it. Remove from fire, and fold into sauce 1 teaspoon concentrated frozen orange juice and the grated rind of 1 small orange. The blood orange is the conventional one for making maitaise sauce, but arrivals of blood oranges are irregular, and the concentrated juice adds the unmistakable essence of the fruit.

Heat mince pie in a 350° oven about 15 minutes. Serve it with aged cheddar cheese or the magnificent Welsh caerphilly cheese.

After the Thanksgiving debris has been whisked away, you and your as-suaged aide-de-camp can spend the rest of the evening happily seeing to it that your silent wishbone petitions come true.



BERNIE THE FAUST

(continued from page 92)

number of the bill I was holding. He nodded.

We had to wait for the druggist to get through with a couple of customers. When I signed the receipt, he read it to himself, shrugged and went ahead and stamped it with his seal.

I paid him the two bits; I was the one making the profit.

Eksar slid a crisp new twenty to me along the counter. He watched while I held it up to the light, first one side, then the other.

"Good bill?" he asked.

"Yes. You understand: I don't know you, I don't know your money."

"Sure. I'd do it myself with a stranger."

He put the receipt and my five-dollar bill in his pocket and started to walk away.

"Hey," I said. "You in a hurry?"

"No." He stopped, looking puzzled. "No hurry. But you've got the twenty for a five. We made the deal. It's all over."

"All right, so we made the deal. How about a cup of coffee?"

He hesitated.

"It's on me," I told him. "I'll be a big shot for a dime. Come on, let's have a cup of coffee."

Now he looked worried. "You don't want to back out? I've got the receipt. It's all notarized. I gave you a twenty, you gave me a five. We made a deal."

"It's a deal, it's a deal," I said, shoving him into an empty booth. "It's a deal, it's all signed, sealed and delivered. Nobody's backing out. I just want to buy you a cup of coffee."

His face cleared up, all the way through that dirt. "No coffee. Soup. I'll have some mushroom soup."

"Fine, fine. Soup, coffee, I don't care. I'll have coffee."

I sat there and studied him. He hunched over the soup and dragged it into his mouth, spoonful after spoonful, the living picture of a bum who hadn't eaten all day. But pure essence of bum, triple-distilled, the label of a fine old firm.

A guy like this should be lying in a doorway trying to say no to a cop's night stick, he should be coughing his alcoholic guts out. He shouldn't be living in a real honest-to-God hotel, or giving me a twenty for a five, or eating anything as respectable as mushroom soup.

But it made sense. A TV giveaway show, they want to do this, they hire a damn good actor, the best money can buy, to toss their dough away. A guy who'll be so good a bum that people'll just laugh in his face when he tries to give them a deal with a profit.

"You don't want to buy anything else?" I asked him.

He held the spoon halfway to his mouth and stared at me suspiciously. "Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Like maybe you want to buy a ten for a fifty. Or a twenty for a hundred dollars?"

He thought about it, Eksar did. Then he went back to his soup, shoveling away. "That's no deal," he said contemptuously. "What kind of deal is that?"

"Excuse me for living. I just thought I'd ask. I wasn't trying to take advantage of you." I lit a cigarette and waited.

My friend with the dirty face finished the soup and reached for a paper napkin. He wiped his lips. I watched him: he didn't smudge a spot of the grime around his mouth. He just blotted up the drops of soup. He was dainty in his own special way.

"Nothing else you want to buy? I'm here, I've got time right now. Anything else on your mind, we might as well look into it."

He balled up the paper napkin and dropped it into the soup plate. It got wet. He'd eaten all the mushrooms and left the soup.

"The Golden Gate Bridge," he said all of a sudden.

I dropped the cigarette. "What?"

"The Golden Gate Bridge. The one in San Francisco. I'll buy that. I'll buy it for . . ." he lifted his eyes to the fluorescent fixtures in the ceiling and thought for a couple of seconds ". . . say a hundred and a quarter. A hundred and twenty-five dollars. Cash on the barrel."

"Why the Golden Gate Bridge?" I asked him like an idiot.

"That's the one I want. You asked me what else I wanted to buy — well, that's what else. The Golden Gate Bridge."

"What's the matter with the George Washington Bridge? It's right here in New York, it's across the Hudson River. Why buy something all the way out on the Coast?"

He grinned at me as if he admired my cleverness. "Oh, no," he said, twitching his left shoulder hard. Up, down, up, down. "I know what I want. The Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. A hundred and a quarter. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it. If that's what you want, you're the doctor. But look — all I can sell you is my share of the Golden Gate Bridge, whatever equity in it I may happen to own."

He nodded. "I want a receipt. Put that down on the receipt."

I put it down on the receipt. And back we went. The druggist notarized the receipt, shoved the stamping outfit into the drawer under the counter and turned his back on us. Eksar counted out six twenties and one five from a big



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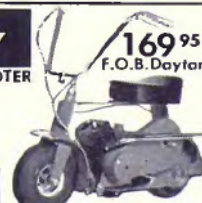
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roll of bills, all of them starchy new. He put the roll back into his pants pocket and started away again.

"More coffee?" I asked, catching up. "A refill on the soup?"

He turned a very puzzled look at me and kind of twitched all over. "Why? What do you want to sell now?"

I shrugged. "What do you want to buy? You name it. Let's see what other deals we can work out."

This was all taking one hell of a lot of time, but I had no complaints. I'd made a hundred and forty dollars in fifteen minutes. Say a hundred and thirty-eight fifty, if you deducted expenses such as notary fees, coffee, soup — all legitimate expenses, all low. I had no complaints.

But I was waiting for the big one. There had to be a big one.

Of course, it could maybe wait until the TV program itself. They'd be asking me what was on my mind when I was selling Eksar all that crap, and I'd be explaining, and they'd start handing out refrigerators and gift certificates for Tiffany's and . . .

Eksar had said something while I was away in cloudland. Something damn unfamiliar. I asked him to say it again.

"The Sea of Azov," he told me. "In Russia. I'll give you three hundred and eighty dollars for it."

I'd never heard of the place. I pursed my lips and thought for a second. A funny amount — three hundred and eighty. And for a whole damn sea. I tried an angle.

"Make it four hundred and you've got a deal."

He began coughing his head off, and he looked mad. "What's the matter," he asked between coughs, "three hundred and eighty is a bad price? It's a small sea, one of the smallest. It's only fourteen-thousand square miles. And do you know what the maximum depth is?"

I looked wise. "It's deep enough."

"Forty-nine feet," Eksar shouted. "That's all, forty-nine feet! Where are you going to do better than three hundred and eighty for a sea like that?"

"Take it easy," I said, patting his dirty shoulder. "Let's split the difference. You say three eighty, I want four hundred. How about leaving it at three ninety?" I didn't really care: ten bucks more, ten bucks less. But I wanted to see what would happen.

He calmed down. "Three hundred and ninety dollars for the Sea of Azov," he muttered to himself, a little sore at being a sucker, at being taken. "All I want is the sea itself; it's not as if I'm asking you to throw in the Kerch Strait, or maybe a port like Taganrog or Osipenko . . ."

"Tell you what." I held up my hands. "I don't want to be hard. Give me my three ninety and I'll throw in the Kerch

Strait as a bonus. Now how about that?"

He studied the idea. He sniffled. He wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "All right," he said, finally. "It's a deal. Azov and the Kerch Strait for three hundred ninety."

Bang! went the druggist's stamp. The bangs were getting louder.

Eksar paid me with six fifties, four twenties and a ten, all new-looking bills from that thick roll in his pants pocket.

I thought about the fifties still on the roll, and I felt the spit start to ball up in my mouth.

"OK," I said. "Now what?"

"You still selling?"

"For the right price, sure. You name it."

"There's lots of stuff I could use," he sighed. "But do I need it right now? That's what I have to ask myself."

"Right now is when you've got a chance to buy it. Later—who knows? I may not be around, there may be other guys bidding against you, all kinds of things can happen." I waited awhile, but he just kept scowling and coughing.

"How about Australia?" I suggested. "Could you use Australia for, say, five hundred bucks? Or Antarctica? I could give you a real nice deal on Antarctica."

He looked interested. "Antarctica? What would you want for it? No—I'm not getting anywhere. A little piece here, a little piece there. It all costs so much."

"You're getting damn favorable prices, buddy, and you know it. You couldn't do better buying at wholesale."

"Then how about wholesale? How much for the whole thing?"

I shook my head. "I don't know what you're talking about. What whole thing?"

He looked impatient. "The whole thing. The world. Earth."

"Hey," I said. "That's a lot."

"Well, I'm tired of buying a piece at a time. Will you give me a wholesale price if I buy it all?"

I shook my head, kind of in and out, not yes, not no. Money was coming up, the big money. This was where I was supposed to laugh in his face and walk away. I didn't even crack a smile. "For the whole planet—sure, you're entitled to a wholesale price. But what is it, I mean, exactly *what* do you want to buy?"

"Earth," he said, moving close to me so that I could smell his stinking breath. "I want to buy Earth. Lock, stock and barrel."

"It's got to be a good price. I'll be selling out completely."

"I'll make it a good price. But this is the deal. I pay two thousand dollars, cash. I get Earth, the whole planet, and you have to throw in some stuff on the Moon. Fishing rights, mineral rights and rights to buried treasure. How about it?"

"It's a hell of a lot."

"I know it's a lot," he agreed. "But

I'm paying a lot."

"Not for what you're asking. Let me think about it."

This was the big deal, the big giveaway. I didn't know how much money the TV people had given him to fool around with, but I was pretty sure two thousand was just a starting point. Only what was a sensible, businesslike price for the whole world?

I mustn't be made to look like a penny-ante chiseler on TV. There was a top figure Eksar had been given by the program director.

"You really want the whole thing," I said, turning back to him, "the Earth and the Moon?"

He held up a dirty hand. "Not all the Moon. Just those rights on it. The rest of the Moon you can keep."

"It's still a lot. You've got to go a hell of a lot higher than two thousand dollars for any hunk of real estate that big."

Eksar began wrinkling and twitching. "How—how much higher?"

"Well, let's not kid each other. This is the big time now! We're not talking about bridges or rivers or seas. This is a whole world and part of another that you're buying. It takes dough. You've got to be prepared to spend dough."

"How much?" He looked as if he were jumping up and down inside his dirty Palm Beach suit. People going in and out of the store kept staring at us. "How *much*?" he whispered.

"Fifty thousand. It's a damn low price. And you know it."

Eksar went limp all over. Even his weird eyes seemed to sag. "You're crazy," he said in a low, hopeless voice. "You're out of your head."

He turned and started for the revolving door, walking in a kind of used-up way that told me I'd really gone over the line. He didn't look back once. He just wanted to get far, far away.

I grabbed the bottom of his filthy jacket and held on tight.

"Look, Eksar," I said, fast, as he pulled. "I went over your budget, way over, I can see that. But you know you can do better than two thousand. I want as much as I can get. What the hell, I'm taking time out to bother with you. How many other guys would?"

That got him. He cocked his head, then began nodding. I let go of his jacket as he came around. We were connecting again!

"Good. You level with me, and I'll level with you. Go up a little higher. What's your best price? What's the best you can do?"

He stared down the street, thinking, and his tongue came out and licked at the side of his dirty mouth. His tongue was dirty, too. I mean that! Some kind of black stuff, grease or grime, was all over his tongue.

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"How about," he said, after a while. "how about twenty-five hundred? That's as high as I can go. I don't have another cent."

He was like me: he was a natural bargainer.

"You can go to three thousand," I urged. "How much is three thousand? Only another five hundred. Look what you get for it. Earth, the whole planet, and fishing and mineral rights and buried treasure, all that stuff on the Moon. How's about it?"

"I can't. I just can't. I wish I could." He shook his head as if to shake loose all those tics and twitches. "Maybe this way. I'll go as high as twenty-six hundred. For that, will you give me Earth and just fishing rights and buried-treasure rights on the Moon? You keep the mineral rights. I'll do without them."

"Make it twenty-eight hundred and you can have the mineral rights, too. You want them, I can tell you do. Treat yourself. Just two hundred bucks more, and you can have them."

"I can't have everything. Some things cost too much. How about twenty-six fifty, without the mineral rights and without the buried-treasure rights?"

We were both really swinging now. I could feel it.

"This is my absolutely last offer," I told him. "I can't spend all day on this. I'll go down to twenty-seven hundred and fifty, and not a penny less. For that, I'll give you Earth and just fishing rights on the Moon. Or just buried-treasure rights. You pick whichever one you want."

"All right," he said. "You're a hard man: we'll do it your way."

"Twenty-seven fifty for the Earth and either fishing or buried-treasure rights on the Moon?"

"No, twenty-seven even, and no rights on the Moon. I'll forget about that. Twenty-seven even, and all I get is the Earth."

"Deal!" I sang out, and we struck hands. We shook on it.

Then, with my arm around his shoulders—what did I care about the dirt on his clothes when the guy was worth twenty-seven hundred dollars to me?—we marched back to the drugstore.

"I want a receipt," he reminded me.

"Right," I said. "But I put the same stuff on it: that I'm selling you whatever equity I own or have a right to sell. You're getting a lot for your money."

"You're getting a lot of money for what you're selling," he came right back. I liked him. Twitches and dirt or not, he was my kind of guy.

We got back to the druggist for notarization, and, honest, I've never seen a man look more disgusted in my life. "Business is good, huh?" he said. "You two are sure hotting it up."

"Listen, you," I told him. "You just

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notarize." I showed the receipt to Eksar. "This the way you want it?"

He studied it, coughing. "Whatever equity you own or have a right to sell. All right. And put in, you know, in your capacity as sales agent, your professional capacity."

I changed the receipt and signed it. The druggist notarized.

Eksar brought that lump of money out of his pants pocket. He counted out 54 crisp new 50s and laid them on the glass counter. Then he picked up the receipt, folded it and put it away. He started for the door.

I grabbed up the money and went with him. "Anything else?"

"Nothing else," he said. "It's all over. We made our deal."

"I know, but we might find something else, another item."

"There's nothing else to find. We made our deal." And his voice told me he really meant it. It didn't have a trace of the tell-me-more whine that you've got to hear before there's business.

I came to a stop and watched him push out through the revolving door. He went right out into the street and turned left and kept moving, all fast, as if he was in a hell of a hurry.

There was no more business. OK. I had thirty-two hundred and thirty dollars in my wallet that I'd made in one morning.

But how good had I really been? I mean, what was the top figure in the show's budget? How close had I come to it?

I had a contact who maybe could find out — Morris Burlap.

Morris Burlap is in business like me, only he's a theatrical agent, sharp, real sharp. Instead of selling a load of used copper wire, say, or an option on a corner lot in Brooklyn, he sells talent. He sells a bunch of dancers to a hotel in the mountains, a piano player to a bar, a disc jockey or a comic to late-night radio. The reason he's called Morris Burlap is because of these heavy Harris-tweed suits he wears winter and summer, every day in the year. They reinforce the image, he says.

I called him from a telephone booth near the entrance and filled him in on the giveaway show. "Now, what I want to find out—"

"Nothing to find out," he cut in. "There's no such show, Bernie."

"There sure as hell is, Morris. One you haven't heard of."

"There's no such show. Not in the works, not being rehearsed, not anywhere. Look: before a show gets to where it's handing out this kind of dough, it's got to have a slot, it's got to have air time all bought. And before it even buys air time, a packager has prepared a pilot. By then I'd have gotten a casting call — I'd have heard about it a dozen different ways. Don't try to tell me my business, Bernie; when I say there's no such show, there's



no such show."

So damn positive he was. I had a crazy idea all of a sudden and turned it off. No. Not that. No.

"Then it's a newspaper or college research thing, like Ricardo said?"

He thought it over. I was willing to sit in that stuffy telephone booth and wait; Morris Burlap has a good head. "Those damn documents, those receipts, newspapers and colleges doing research don't operate that way. And nuts don't either. I think you're being taken, Bernie. How you're being taken, I don't know, but you're being taken."

That was enough for me. Morris Burlap can smell a hustle through 16 feet of rock-wool insulation. He's never wrong. Never.

I hung up, sat, thought. The crazy idea came back and exploded.

A bunch of characters from outer space, say they want Earth. They want it for a colony, for a vacation resort, who the hell knows what they want it for? They got their reasons. They're strong enough and advanced enough to come right down and take over. But they don't want to do it cold. They need a legal leg.

All right. These characters from outer space, maybe all they had to have was a piece of paper from just one genuine, accredited human being, signing the Earth over to them. No, that couldn't be right. Any piece of paper? Signed by any Joe Jerk?

I jammed a dime into the telephone and called Ricardo's college. He wasn't in. I told the switchboard girl it was very important: she said, all right, she'd ring around and try to spot him.

All that stuff, I kept thinking, the Golden Gate Bridge, the Sea of Azov — they were as much a part of the hook as the twenty-for-a-five routine. There's one sure test of what an operator is really

after: when he stops talking, closes up shop and goes away.

With Eksar, it had been the Earth. All that baloney about extra rights on the Moon! They were put in to cover up the real thing he was after, for extra bargaining power.

That's how Eksar had worked on me. It was like he'd made a special study of how I operate. From me alone, he had to buy.

But why me?

All that stuff on the receipt, about my equity, about my professional capacity, what the hell did it mean? I don't own Earth; I'm not in the planet-selling business. You have to own a planet before you can sell it. That's law.

So what could I have sold Eksar? I don't own any real estate. Are they going to take over my office, claim the piece of sidewalk I walk on, attach the stool in the diner where I have my coffee?

That brought me back to my first question. Who was this "they"? Who the holy hell were "they"?

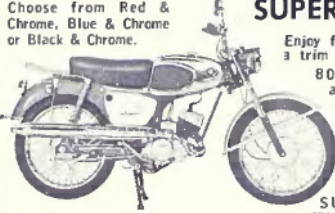
The switchboard girl finally dug up Ricardo. He was irritated. "I'm in the middle of a faculty meeting, Bernie. Call you back?"

"Just listen a second," I begged. "I'm in something, I don't know whether I'm coming or going. I've got to have some advice."

Talking fast — I could hear a lot of big-shot voices in the background — I ran through the story from the time I'd called him in the morning. What Eksar looked like and smelled like, the funny portable color-TV he had, the way he'd dropped all those Moon rights and gone charging off once he'd been sure of the Earth. What Morris Burlap had said, the suspicions I'd been building up, everything. "Only thing is," I laughed a little to show that maybe I wasn't really serious about it,

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"who am I to make such a deal, huh?"

He seemed to be thinking hard for a while. "I don't know, Bernie, it's possible. It does fit together. There's the UN aspect."

"UN aspect? Which UN aspect?"

"The UN aspect of the situation. The — uh — study of the UN on which we collaborated two years ago." He was using double talk because of the college people around him. But I got it. I got it.

Eksar must have known all along about the deal that Ricardo had thrown my way, getting rid of old, used-up office equipment for the United Nations here in New York. They'd given me what they called an authorizing document. In a file somewhere there was a piece of paper, United Nations stationery, saying that I was their authorized sales agent for surplus, second-hand equipment and installations.

Talk about a legal leg!

"You think it'll stand up?" I asked Ricardo. "I can see how the Earth is second-hand equipment and installations. But surplus?"

"International law is a tangled field, Bernie. And this might be even more complex. You'd be wise to do something about it."

"But what? What should I do, Ricardo?"

"Bernie," he said, sounding sore as hell, "I told you I'm in a faculty meeting, damn it! A faculty meeting!" And he hung up.

I ran out of the drugstore like a wild man and grabbed a cab back to Eksar's hotel.

What was I most afraid of? I didn't know: I was so hysterical. This thing was too big-time for a little guy like me, too damn dangerously big-time. It would put my name up in lights as the biggest sellout sucker in history. Who could ever trust me again to make a deal? I had the feeling like somebody had asked me to sell him a snapshot, and I'd said sure, and it turned out to be a picture of the Nike Zeus, you know, one of those top-secret atomic missiles. Like I'd sold out my country by mistake. Only this was worse: I'd sold out my whole goddamn world. I had to buy it back — I had to!

When I got to Eksar's room, I knew he was about ready to check out. He was shoving his funny portable TV in one of those cheap leather grips they sell in chain stores. I left the door open, for the light.

"We made our deal," he said. "It's over. No more deals."

I stood there, blocking his way. "Eksar," I told him, "listen to what I figured out. First, you're not human. Like me, I mean."

"I'm a hell of a lot more human than you, buddy boy."

"Maybe. But you're not from Earth — that's my point. Why you need Earth—"

"I don't need it. I'm an agent. I represent someone."

And there it was, straight out, you are

right, Morris Burlap! I stared into his fish eyes, now practically pushing into my face. I wouldn't get out of the way. "You're an agent for someone," I repeated slowly. "Who? What do they want Earth for?"

"That's their business. I'm an agent. I just buy for them."

"You work on a commission?"

"I'm not in business for my health."

You sure as hell aren't in it for your health, I thought. That cough, those tics and twitches—Then I realized what they meant. This wasn't the kind of air he was used to. Like if I go up to Canada, right away I'm down with diarrhea. It's the water or something.

The dirt on his face was a kind of sun-tan oil! A protection against our sunlight. Blinds pulled down, face smeared over — and dirt all over his clothes so they'd fit in with his face.

Eksar was no bum. He was anything but. I was the bum. Think fast, Bernie, I said to myself. This guy took you, and big!

"How much you work on — ten percent?" No answer: he leaned against me, and he breathed and he twitched. "I'll top any deal you have, Eksar. You know what I'll give you? Fifteen percent! I hate to see a guy running back and forth for a lousy ten percent."

"What about ethics?" he said hoarsely.

"I got a client."

"Look who's bringing up ethics! A guy goes out to buy the whole damn Earth for twenty-seven hundred! You call that ethics?"

Now he got sore. He set down the grip and punched his fist into his hand. "No. I call that business. A deal. I offer, you take. You go away happy, you feel you made out. All of a sudden, here you are back, crying you didn't mean it, you sold too much for the price. Too bad! I got ethics: I don't screw my client for a crybaby."

"I'm not a crybaby. I'm just a poor schnook trying to scratch out a living. Here, I'm up against a big-time operator from another world with all kinds of angles and gimmicks going for him."

"You had these angles, these gimmicks, you wouldn't use them?"

"Certain things I wouldn't do. Don't laugh, Eksar, I mean it. I wouldn't hustle a guy in an iron lung. I wouldn't hustle a poor schnook with a hole-in-the-wall office to sell out his entire planet."

"You really sold," he said. "That receipt will stand up anywhere. And we got the machinery to make it stand up. Once my client takes possession, the human race is finished, it's kaput, forget about it. And you're Mr. Patsy."

It was hot in that hotel-room doorway, and I was sweating like crazy. But I was feeling better. All of a sudden, I'd got the message that Eksar wanted to do business with me. I grinned at him.

He changed color a little under all that dirt. "What's your offer, anyway?" he

asked, coughing. "Name a figure."

"You name one. You got the property, I got the dough."

"Aah!" he grunted impatiently, and pushed me out of the way. He was *strong!* I ran after him to the elevator.

"How much you want, Eksar?" I asked him as we were going down.

A shrug. "I got a planet, and I got a buyer for it. You, you're in a jam. The one in a pickle is the one who's got to tickle."

The louse! For every one of my moves, he knew the countermove.

He checked out and I followed him into the street. Down Broadway we went, me offering him the thirty-two hundred and thirty he'd paid me, him saying he couldn't make a living out of shoving the same amount of money back and forth all day. "Thirty-four?" I offered. "I mean, you know, thirty-four fifty?" He just kept walking.

If I didn't get him to name a figure, any figure, I'd be dead.

I ran in front of him. "Eksar, let's stop hustling each other. If you didn't want to sell, you wouldn't be talking to me in the first place. You name a figure. Whatever it is, I'll pay it."

That got a reaction. "You mean it? You won't try to chisel?"

"How can I chisel? I'm over a barrel."

"OK, then. I'll give you a break and save myself a long trip back to my client. What's fair for you and fair for me and fair all around? Let's say eight thousand even?"

Eight thousand — it was almost exactly what I had in the bank. He knew my bank account cold, up to the last statement.

He knew my thoughts cold, too. "You're going to do business with a guy," he said, between coughs, "you check into him a little. You got eight thousand and change. It's not much for saving a guy's neck."

I was boiling. "Not much? Then let me set you straight, you Florence goddamn Nightingale! You're not getting it! A little skin I know maybe I have to give up. But not every cent I own, not for you, not for Earth, not for anybody!"

A cop came up close to see why I was yelling, and I had to calm down until he went away again. "Help! Police! Aliens invading us!" I almost screamed out. What would the street we were standing on look like in 10 years if I didn't talk Eksar out of that receipt?

"Eksar, your client takes over Earth waving my receipt — I'll be hung high. But I've got only one life, and my life is buying and selling. I can't buy and sell without capital. Take my capital away, and it makes no difference to me who owns Earth and who doesn't."

"Who the hell do you think you're kidding?" he said.

"I'm not kidding anybody. Honest, it's the truth. Take my capital away, and it makes no difference if I'm alive or if

I'm dead."

That last bit of hustle seemed to have reached him. Listen, there were practically tears in my eyes the way I was singing it. How much capital did I need, he wanted to know — five hundred? I told him I couldn't operate one single day with less than seven times that. He asked me if I was really seriously trying to buy my lousy little planet back — or was today my birthday and I was expecting a present from him? "Don't give your presents to me," I told him. "Give them to fat people. They're better than going on a diet."

And so we went. Both of us talking ourselves blue in the face, swearing by everything, arguing and bargaining, wheeling and dealing. It was touch and go who was going to give up first.

But neither of us did. We both held out until we reached what I'd figured pretty early we were going to wind up with, maybe a little bit more.

Six thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars.

That was the price over and above what Eksar had given me. The final deal. Listen, it could have been worse.

Even so, we almost broke up when we began talking payment.

"Your bank's not far. We could get there before closing."

"Why walk myself into a heart attack? My check's good as gold."

"Who wants a piece of paper? I want cash. Cash is definite."

Finally, I managed to talk him into a check. I wrote it out; he took it and gave me the receipts, all of them. Every last receipt I'd signed. Then he picked up his little satchel and marched away.

Straight down Broadway, without even a goodbye. All business, Eksar was, nothing but business. He didn't look back once.

All business. I found out next morning he'd gone right to the bank and had my check certified before closing time. What do you think of that? I couldn't do a damn thing: I was out six thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. Just for talking to someone.

Ricardo said I was a Faust. I walked out of the bank, beating my head with my fist, and I called up him and Morris Burlap and asked them to have lunch with me. I went over the whole story with them in an expensive place that Ricardo picked out. "You're a Faust," he said.

"What Faust?" I asked him. "Who Faust? How Faust?"

So naturally he had to tell us all about Faust. Only I was a new kind of Faust, a 20th Century-American one. The other Fausts, they wanted to know everything. I wanted to own everything.

"But I didn't wind up owning," I pointed out. "I got taken. Six thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars' worth I got taken."



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Ricardo chuckled and leaned back in his chair. "O my sweet gold," he said under his breath. "O my sweet gold."

"What?"

"A quotation, Bernie. From Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*. I forget the context, but it seems apt. 'O my sweet gold.'"

I looked from him to Morris Burlap, but nobody can ever tell when Morris Burlap is puzzled. As a matter of fact, he looks more like a professor than Ricardo, him with those thick Harris tweeds and that heavy, thinking look. Ricardo is, you know, a bit too natty.

The two of them added up to all the brains and sharpness a guy could ask for. That's why I was paying out an arm and a leg for this lunch, on top of all my losses with Eksar.

"Morris, tell the truth. You understand him?"

"What's there to understand, Bernie? A quote about the sweet gold? It might be the answer, right there."

Now I looked at Ricardo. He was eating away at a creamy Italian pudding. Two bucks even, those puddings cost in that place.

"Let's say he was an alien," Morris Burlap said. "Let's say he came from somewhere in outer space. OK. Now what would an alien want with U. S. dollars? What's the rate of exchange out there?"

"You mean he needed it to buy some merchandise here on Earth?"

"That's exactly what I mean. But what kind of merchandise, that's the question. What could Earth have that he'd want?"

Ricardo finished the pudding and wiped his lips with a napkin. "I think you're on the right track, Morris," he said, and I swung my attention back to him. "We can postulate a civilization far in advance of our own. One that would feel we're not quite ready to know about them. One that has placed primitive little Earth strictly off limits—a restriction only desperate criminals dare ignore."

"From where come criminals, Ricardo, if they're so advanced?"

"Laws produce lawbreakers, Bernie, like hens produce eggs. Civilization has nothing to do with it. I'm beginning to see Eksar now. An unprincipled adventurer, a star-man version of those cutthroats who sailed the South Pacific a hundred years or more ago. Once in a while, a ship would smash upon the coral reefs, and a bloody opportunist out of Boston would be stranded for life among primitive, backward tribesmen. I'm sure you can fill in the rest."

"No, I can't. And if you don't mind, Ricardo—"

Morris Burlap said he'd like another brandy. I ordered it. He came as close to smiling as Morris Burlap ever does and leaned toward me confidentially. "Ricardo's got it, Bernie. Put yourself in this guy Eksar's position. He wraps up

his spaceship on a dirty little planet which it's against the law to be near in the first place. He can make some half-assed repairs with merchandise that's available here—but he has to buy the stuff. Any noise, any uproar, and he'll be grabbed for a Federal rap in outer space. Say you're Eksar, what do you do?"

I could see it now. "I'd peddle and I'd parlay. Copper bracelets, strings of beads, dollars—whatever I had to lay my hands on to buy the native merchandise, I'd peddle and I'd parlay in deal after deal. Maybe I'd start with a piece of equipment from the ship, then I'd find some novelty item that the natives would go for. But all this is *Earth* business know-how, *human* business know-how."

"Bernie," Ricardo told me, "Indians once traded pretty little shells for beaver pelts at the exact spot where the stock exchange now stands. Some kind of business goes on in Eksar's world. I assure you, but its simplest form would make one of our corporate mergers look like a game of patsy on the sidewalk."

Well I'd wanted to figure it out. "So I was marked as his fish all the way. I was screwed and blued and tattooed," I mumbled, "by a hustler superhero."

Ricardo nodded. "By a businessman's Mephistopheles fleeing the thunderbolts of heaven. He needed to double his money one more time and he'd have enough to repair his ship. He had at his disposal a fantastic sophistication in all the ways of commerce."

"What Ricardo's saying," came an almost soft voice from Morris Burlap, "is the guy who beat you up was a whole lot bigger than you."

My shoulders felt loose, like they were sliding down off my arms. "What the hell," I said. "You get stepped on by a horse or you get stepped on by an elephant. You're still stepped on."

I paid the check, got myself together and went away.

Then I began to wonder if maybe this was really the story after all. They both enjoyed seeing me up there as an interplanetary jerk. Ricardo's a brilliant guy, Morris Burlap's sharp as hell, but so what? Ideas, yes. Facts, no.

So here's a fact.

My bank statement came at the end of the month with that canceled check I'd given Eksar. It had been endorsed by a big store in the Cortlandt Street area. I know that store. I've dealt with them. I went down and asked them about it.

They handle mostly marked-down, surplus electronic equipment. That's what they said Eksar had bought. A walloping big order of transistors and transformers, resistors and printed circuits, electronic tubes, wiring, tools, gimmicks like that. All mixed up, they said, a lot of components that just didn't go together. He'd given the clerk the impression that he had an emergency job to do—and he'd take

as close as he could get to the things he actually needed. He'd paid a lot of money for freight charges: delivery was to some backwoods town in northern Canada.

That's a fact, now, I have to admit it. But here's another one.

I've dealt with that store, like I said. Their prices are the lowest in the neighborhood. And why is it, do you think, they can sell so cheap? There's only one answer: because they buy so cheap. They buy at the lowest prices; they don't give a damn about quality: all they want to know is, how much markup? I've personally sold them job lots of electronic junk that I couldn't unload anywhere else, condemned stuff, badly wired stuff, stuff that was almost dangerous—it's a place to sell to when you've given up on making a profit because you yourself have been stuck with inferior merchandise in the first place.

You get the picture? It makes me feel rosy all over.

There is Eksar out in space, the way I see it. He's fixed up his ship, good enough to travel, and he's on his way to his next big deal. The motors are humming, the ship is running, and he's sitting there with a big smile on his dirty face: he's thinking how he took me, how easy it was.

He's laughing his head off.

All of a sudden, there's a screech and a smell of burning. That circuit that's running the front motor, a wire just got touched through the thin insulation, the circuit's tearing the hell out of itself. He gets scared. He turns on the auxiliaries. The auxiliaries don't go on—you know why? The vacuum tubes he's using have come to the end of their rope, they didn't have much juice to start with. *Blooiie!* That's the rear motor developing a short circuit. *Ka-pow!* That's a defective transformer melting away in the middle of the ship.

And there he is, millions of miles from nowhere, empty space all around him, no more spare parts, tools that practically break in his hands—and not a single, living soul he can hustle.

And here am I, in my office, thinking about it, and *I'm* laughing my head off. Because it's just possible, it just could happen, that what goes wrong with his ship is one of the half-dozen or so job lots of really bad electronic equipment that I personally, me, Bernie the Faust, that I sold to that surplus store at one time or another.

That's all I'd ask. Just to have it happen that way.

Faust. He'd have Faust from me then. Right in the face, Faust. On the head, splitting it open, Faust. Faust I'd give him!

The only trouble is I'll never know. All I know for sure is that I'm the only guy in history who sold the whole goddamn planet.

And bought it back.





"You're home early, dear."

STRANGE GIG *(continued from page 119)*

his arm, his shoes were shined, and he sported a sparkler on his little finger. Well, Hardy had known that Bucky was still big. His black skin glowed with health and good food and he had gone a little to fat. Bucky looked real good.

"A hundred dollars and travel money," John Thompson said.

"Travel money," Hardy said. "I won't collect much of that. But what's the bit?"

John Thompson shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me, man," he said. "They laid it on me, that's all I know."

Hardy saw a face that he had thought long since dead. He moved to greet Thursday, holding out his hand even though it was tender today. Thursday was as tall and lean as in the old days, but his shoulders were stooped now, his face sagged, his hands hung dead at his sides. He used to jig all the time, Hardy thought with a certain sadness. He never could stand still or sit still.

"Why, Thursday," he said. "Where you been?"

Thursday jerked around toward him, his face screwing up with tension. He relaxed when he recognized Hardy.

"Why, Hardy Moon," he said. "Where you been?"

"Around," Hardy said. "Here and there." He made a gesture with his hand. "You know. But, Thursday, I'd have sworn you were a dead man by now."

Thursday's face ticked at him. "I been dead," he said. "I just got out of Lex. Last week. It was a long dead this time, Hardy."

"What's the gig here, anyway?" Hardy said. "They don't look for us to play, do they?"

"I hope not," Thursday said hoarsely. "The old lip's gone, Hardy. Long gone." He stood back, looking at Hardy. "You still look healthy, Hardy boy."

"Sure," Hardy said. "I got my health."

He was a chunky man, with a beefy face, eroded now with deep wrinkles that cut the slopes of his cheeks. He did look healthy, if not prosperous in the mixed suit of clothes he was wearing. But he kept his hands in his pockets. They had always been big hands, with muscular fingers. Now they were knobby, painful hands, strangers to him; especially in the chill mornings they were strange animals attached to his body by nerves and muscles that served only to transmit the agony, that should have been their agony alone, to his sharing brain.

He stood beside Thursday, looking over the group again. He should have been happy to see the old faces that had warped through his life in the crisscross of travel and music that his life had been. But he wished he had not come. The faces were too old, too worn, too hurt by time to give him any happiness

in the sight of them. It had been his immediate instinct to say no. But he had said yes instead.

A man came through the door and stopped still, lifting his hand. "All right, men," he said. "All right."

The talk stopped. They moved closer together against his intrusion and then waited for him.

"The Library of Congress is honored by your presence," the man said. "It is indeed a rare experience to bring together so many of the great old musicians. I know that our audience will be thrilled to know that so many of you have come."

They stirred among themselves, looking at one another. Bucky Waters stood tallest in their midst, his expensive cashmere overcoat folded carefully over his arm. Hardy wondered why he had come; he didn't need the hundred. Maybe he needs something else, he thought.

"We did not bring you together beforehand because no rehearsal was needed for this concert," the man said. "We realized that you would want only the best of your music to be played. So we are simply asking you to be introduced, and to sit on the stage while the best of your old records are played. An eminent jazz historian will delineate the development of the music and the part each of you played in it as the concert progresses. Let me express again how very happy we are to have you with us today."

He stopped, turned to a man standing behind him, nodded his head.

"We are ready now," he said. "If you will come?"

They began moving toward the door. Hardy saw that some of them had brought their instruments, stooping to pick up the battered cases, and he felt a sudden stab of shame. For every one of them, himself included.

But he went with the others as they were ushered onto the small stage and into the twin rows of folding chairs placed to one side of the lectern. The eminent jazz historian regarded them blandly from where he waited at the lectern as they shuffled to their seats.

We're a mixed bunch, Hardy thought, sitting still, staring out across the small audience. I wonder what they think of us.

He turned his head to look up and down the line. They were nearly evenly divided between white and black. Hardy knew almost all of them. Sitting among his contemporaries and peers, listening to the eminent jazz historian begin the introductions, he found it hard to believe that this group of men, with the few additions of those who had already vanished from knowledge or had died, had taken the music that had come out

of New Orleans and had shaped it into a thing that could be talked about by the kind of man who was talking about it now. Now we're all here, he thought, playing this strange gig. He wished again he had not come.

He stood up to bow when his turn came and listened without emotion as the man talked about Hardy Moon. He no longer had his hands in his pockets. He let the audience and the old friends see them as they were, naked and knotty with arthritis, the fingers lumped ungainly by the accumulation of pain. He looked at the battered instrument cases at the feet of some of the others and he was glad all over again that he had been a piano man. Because he might have brought his instrument, too, if he had been able to tote it.

He sat down again. Because the music was all we had, he told himself. It was a big thing and it was enough. We beat ourselves with the music like it was a pair of fists in a dark alley. But it was a big thing. And now it's gone; gone out of all of us except Bucky Waters, maybe, and maybe it's gone out of him, too, and he's just learned to vamp it.

The music started then. He sat still in his chair and in spite of himself he had to listen. Because it started with the music that had taken him as a boy, played by the men who had been his heroes, and then after a while it was into the records he had sat in on, and it was like going back into time.

That first record; he remembered the barnlike studio where it had been cut, the scariness of the big control console on the other side of the glass wall, how nervous they had all been. They had passed around a bottle before they had started and then they had run through the tune. They passed the bottle again and then they ran through it again. The bottle passed and this time it was a master except somebody fluffed the last bar and they had to do it over again. They did it over a dozen times and by the last time they were all as high as a kite and swinging. They didn't even care that they were in a studio anymore. It had been a great record.

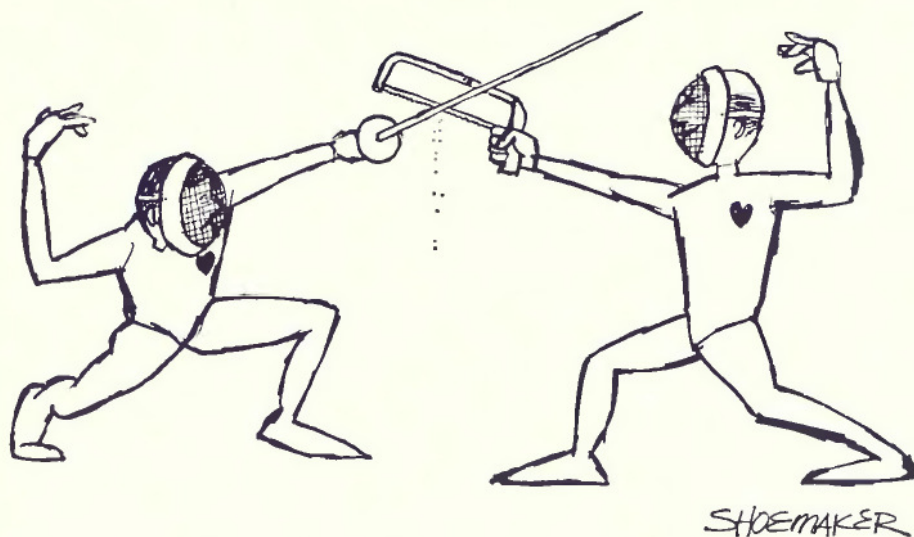
Listening to the eminent jazz historian discussing the wedding of techniques and styles, the careful purpose, the germinal qualities, Hardy Moon knew it didn't have anything at all to do with that cold studio, and the whiskey, and that inscrutable giggling shout that John Thompson had made at the very end.

There were more records. Between records, the eminent jazz historian talked and at the end of each record the small audience dutifully applauded. He looked out into them while the music was playing. They listened as though they were listening to Elizabethan madrigals. To them, Hardy thought, they might as well be. Because it don't connect, it died with



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the times. Like we ought to have had sense enough to do.

They had been around a long time. Some had hit the very top; but all of them had made their music. Then a new breed of cat came along and they not only had a new kind of music, they even had a language that the old cats couldn't understand. Didn't want to understand. And so, individually and together, they had slipped backward toward the starting places, the ratty little dives and the smoky joints, the scanty gigs and the no-pays. But now they were old, where before they had been young. That made all the difference; especially when the hands were beginning to be tender in the chill mornings and even while he was playing there would come an occasional inexplicable throb of pain.

He shifted in his seat with the sound of a familiar name, an absent name, in the mouth of the eminent jazz historian. Big Lu. Lord, he hadn't thought of her in years. He had closed off Big Lu into a compartment of his mind separate even from the compartment where he kept the memory of the music and the good pair of hands he had had then.

The record started and the voice assailed him, big and rough like always, but as always with that high overtone of promised sweetness that was just like Big Lu herself. Hardy Moon had backed her on piano when she had made that record. But he didn't listen for the sound of himself; he wallowed in the sound of her voice. Big Lu.

She had been a St. Louis society gal. Big. Blonde. Handsome. Oh my, how handsome. She had started coming over to East St. Louis to the old Blue Moon where the musicians went after their regular gigs. For a long time, for more than a year, she'd just sat and listened. Then one night she had stood up away from the table of her friends and started belting with that big voice of hers. She had

it; she really had it.

After that she was welcomed onto the stand. Later, she left with one of the combos and by that time she was no longer St. Louis society, she was jazz. Listening to her voice now, he wondered what kind of guts it had taken to make that kind of switch, what kind of feelings she must have left behind her.

They had all loved Big Lu. She had a big body and a big heart and a big voice. Hardy Moon had loved her, not like the other musicians but with a personal aching kind of love. She had sung with Hardy's Boys while he was fronting that group, and every night for three years he had made up his mind all over again to ask her to marry him.

But he never had. By that time Big Lu was busy integrating her love life. She started out society and she became jazz. And she believed she couldn't be jazz without dropping all that St. Louis prejudice. God knows how many of those black boys had changed their luck for the first time on Big Lu. She went from one to the other like she had to keep on proving it over and over again and all the time Hardy Moon was aching to talk love to her like he talked piano behind her voice. But he never had. The time had never come when she had known that he was in the world as anything but a piano player, and so she had drifted on out of his life and he had sealed it all off and kept it as fresh as the day it was born.

Still fresh, he realized as the record came to an end and the dry voice of history took up the beat. He had been in San Francisco when Big Lu had died in Bellevue from too much heroin someone had smuggled to her in a comic book. She was old and finished by then, the magnificent voice become the croak of a crow, the great flesh gone to fat and then the fat lost so that the skin wrinkled and sagged and the face seemed a thousand years old.

Hardy looked down the line at Thursday. Thursday was jittering. Hardy could see his knee popping up and down, his hands moving unconsciously one over the other. He's gonna take that hundred bucks and travel money and pop himself right back into Lexington, Hardy thought.

We all beat ourselves to death with the music, Hardy thought sadly, listening to the next record. Horse and Mary-Jane, whiskey and gin, the no-sleep and all the traveling. We made the music everything there was, love and home and even friendship. And so the music used us up.

He remembered the drummer who thought he couldn't beat the skins fast enough. He remembered the trumpet player who couldn't hit the high note. He remembered the white boy who couldn't ever get the nigger-note on his horn.

There had always been the idea around, Hardy remembered, that the good jazz called for the horse and the gin and Mary-Jane. You had to loosen yourself up inside, turn loose that part that just wouldn't turn loose. Hardy hadn't ever believed it. He had said always, to himself and to the others, that the music came out of the good part of a man, the healthy part. He'd never taken to the vices, even though everybody kept telling him that the vices were a part of the gig, just like the travel.

It was expected, not only by the musicians, by the music, but by the audience. They wanted to see the tired unsleeping, the tics of dope hunger. They got part of the thrill that way. Hardy Moon had never done it, yet he had stayed with the best of them. He had told even the great ones that they could be better if they'd just lay off the stuff and the booze and get some sleep once in a while. They had all laughed at him.

Another record was on. He listened to the sound of the piano, looking down at his hands, nursing the tender ache. Many were the times he had walked off that after-hours bandstand to go to bed. Many were the times he rose up in the morning the only man clear-eyed enough to get the group on to the next town and the next night. God, the guys he'd wrung out in his time.

And here we are, he thought, looking at the group of shabby men with shabby faces. We don't even play our own gigs anymore. We sit and listen to the ghosts of ourselves and we're glad, even though some of us brought our instruments, that they didn't ask us to play a set. Because the lip is gone, the technique is gone; the spirit is gone. We died when the music died.

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audience stood, applauding, and they all stood. The eminent jazz historian bowed and smiled, bowed and smiled. They started shuffling off the stage. The historian did not come to speak to them, but departed briskly on his lucrative way, his brief case swinging like a businessman's.

They clustered in the room behind the stage and waited until the man came. They shuffled into line before the table with the cashbox to receive their money. Hardy looked to see if the cashmere overcoat was waiting for its pay. Bucky Waters was gone.

Hardy came up to the table in his turn. "Transportation?" the man said.

Hardy hesitated. "The way I came," he said, "it didn't cost me anything."

"An even hundred, then," the man said.

Hardy took the money and put it into his pocket. He left the room and walked outside the building. Some of the musicians were clustered there. Thursday came toward him, and John Thompson.

He did not want to talk to them. He did not want to talk to anybody ever again. His arthritic hands were aching with a fierce pain.

"See you around," he said.

"We'll get together," John Thompson said. "Where you living, Hardy?"

"Here and there," Hardy said. "You know."

He walked away until he was in the clear. He went down the street without looking back at the massive old building. He crossed at the light and went into the park. He had closed it all off, shut the door again as it had been shut for so long now.

He sat down on the familiar park bench. The sun was shining on him and the warmth felt good. It used us, he thought. Maybe I was right in my idea or maybe the others were right. But right or wrong, it used us up and that was the all of it. Because didn't a one of us ever learn to vamp it. Unless maybe it was Bucky Waters. And maybe he didn't either, maybe he just found a way to last that the rest of us couldn't find.

"Where have you been today?" the old man who always sat on the bench with him said. He had the checkerboard under his arm.

"I been to the Library of Congress," Hardy Moon said.

"What you wanting to go to the Library of Congress for?" the old man said.

Hardy leaned back on the bench. He felt the warmth of the sun begin to penetrate to the pain of his knotted hands. He put one of the hands into his pocket to feel the smooth texture of the money.

"Well," he said. "You got to play your gigs where you find them."

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the Indians of Mexico, with the result that the practice went underground and was altered mainly by the addition of Roman Catholic symbolism to the ceremony. The U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs and assorted Christian missionaries met with similar results when they tried to stamp out the Peyote religion of the Indians of the Southwest. The principle effect of nearly half a century of trying to suppress this native religious cult was that Jesus Christ replaced the thunderbird as the main object of worship in the ritual. But at least one man who heard about the vision-making powers of the Indians' peyote was more interested in learning about the drug than in suppressing it. Neurologist Weir Mitchell, a friend of Walt Whitman, chewed the "mescal buttons" of the peyote cactus in the late 19th Century and reported: "Stars, delicate floating films of color, then an abrupt rush of countless points of white light swept across the field of view, as if the unseen millions of the Milky Way were to flow in a sparkling river before my eyes . . . zigzag lines of very bright colors . . . the wonderful loveliness of swelling clouds of more vivid colors gone before I could name them."

Mitchell's enthusiastic descriptions of the provinces of peyote aroused the interest of William James, and were even tantalizing enough to cause Havelock Ellis to take time out from his studies of sex to investigate hallucinatory mysteries. A few scattered scientists took up the threads of this early research, but the recent explosion of interest in hallucinogens didn't occur until a chemist in

Switzerland took one by mistake—a mistake that has, in the words of one medical expert, "precipitated the whole field of biochemistry into a new look at the brain."

One April afternoon in 1943, Dr. Albert Hofmann was in his laboratory in Basel working on a new compound of lysergic acid, derived from a common fungus called ergot. Unknowingly, he swallowed some of this powerful chemical. He began to feel dizzy, decided that he must be ill, and went home. It was soon clear that his illness was not an ordinary one, for when he went to bed he found himself "in a not unpleasant state of drunkenness which was characterized by an extremely stimulating fantasy. When I closed my eyes (the daylight was most unpleasant to me) I experienced fantastic images of an extraordinary plasticity. They were associated with an intense kaleidoscopic play of colors. After about two hours this condition disappeared."

Suspecting that this experience might have been caused by the drug he was working with, Dr. Hofmann took some intentionally several days later. This time the effects struck him "like a bolt of lightning," and when he got on his bicycle to go home, time and space seemed out of joint. The short distance he had to peddle was like a journey of thousands of miles. The drug he synthesized, LSD 25, was the first hallucinogen produced in a laboratory since Sir Humphry Davy concocted laughing gas (nitrous oxide) in 1799.

The scientific and medical interest aroused by LSD 25 set chemists to work

producing other new hallucinogens given such Brave New World names as JB 239 and IT 290. As well as the work on these substances made from combinations of chemicals, research was revived on mescaline, synthesized from the mescal buttons of the peyote cactus, and more investigations were inspired when Wasson's sacred mushrooms were synthesized into psilocybin. It was soon found that these drugs were not only capable of producing hallucinations but also were believed to produce in healthy persons many of the actual symptoms experienced by schizophrenics—the feeling of being divided into two separate beings, distortions of time, space and sound, and a tremendous intensity of colors and light (one former patient described the state of schizophrenia as "the country of lit-upness.")

Studying the effects of these model psychoses produced by mescaline sulfate, two Canadian doctors advanced the theory that schizophrenia was caused by a substance similar to mescaline produced in the body during times of stress. This revolutionary idea opened up whole new avenues of attack on schizophrenia, the mental disease that has been described as "the greatest of all public health problems," and also set off resounding theoretical warfare about the causes of mental illness.

Freud-scoffers used the new theory to argue that all mental problems were the result of physical disorders, and that a middle-aged man's melancholia, for instance, was produced by a bad chemical in his system rather than bad treatment from his mother at the age of three. Yet Freud himself had said that "Psychoanalysis never claimed that there were no organic factors in the psychoses . . . It is the biochemist's task to find out what these are . . . So long as organic factors remain inaccessible, analysis leaves much to be desired."

Recent reports have increasingly disputed the model-psychoses theory of the hallucinogens and more interest has been shown in their use as an aid in psychotherapy to facilitate insight into the patient's problems. But most doctors still consider hallucinatory drugs too dangerous and unpredictable for widespread use in treatment. Until quite recently, reports of such treatment were limited to medical journals, but in 1962 one of the small number of patients to undergo therapy with LSD wrote a confessionlike book about her experience which may yet start a general clamor for drug therapy from thousands of American women. The author, a housewife and mother, describes in vivid detail how she was cured of sexual frigidity.

Constance A. Newland, the pseudonym of the author of *Myself and I* was "a widow of respectable age and weight and height, in excellent health,



"Time to turn the other cheek, Miss Dawson."

who loved and cared for her children by pursuing a career as a writer" when she volunteered for a psychotherapeutic experiment with LSD. She had been through an orthodox psychoanalysis, but still had not overcome her frigidity. Under LSD Miss Newland plunged back into childhood traumas and fantasies, pursuing their meaning with the help of the therapist and recording the details of her sessions in extensive notes. She later used these to write her book, in which there are chapters titled, "The Closed Up Clam," "The Purplish Poison Peapod," and "The Slim Black Nozzle." After struggling through nearly every fearful Freudian fantasy imaginable, Miss Newland finally found fulfillment with a fantasized man who looked like Michelangelo's statue of David:

"Somehow . . . somehow . . . in the act of love . . . I became both David the Man and Myself the Woman. Together we reached ecstasy, twin ecstasy. And together we dissolved, in ecstasy, into the Energy which exists before Matter. And there, in pure Energy, was All-Knowledge, miraculous realm where I wanted to linger and linger —"

Miss Newland, however, returned to her household and a graduate course in psychology — although with "new savor . . . new meaning" in her life. The transformed author conscientiously explains that the mere taking of the drug was not what caused a cure: "It cannot be emphasized too strongly that LSD is merely an adjunct to therapy, a powerful adjunct which should be administered only by skilled psychotherapists." Her caution about the drug is underscored in an introduction by Dr. R. A. Sandison, who emphasizes that "It must be remembered that we are still far from perfecting this treatment, and that if its many dangers are to be avoided it must be carried out in a hospital or clinic environment by skilled therapists."

Reports from such experimental clinics indicate a variety of results, but hopeful signs have come from some of them: A Canadian hospital treating hard-core alcoholics with LSD therapy showed results of 100 cases with 52 "much improved," 29 "improved" and 19 "no change." A group of English doctors found that LSD treatment helped 61 of 100 mental patients to "recover or improve," but their report in the *London Journal of Mental Science* stressed the enormous dangers as well as the benefits of this new type of treatment.

The English doctors pointed out that the drugs make the symptoms of real psychotics even worse, but can sometimes produce dramatic results in helping psychoneurotics (like the formerly frigid Miss Newland). LSD especially has the effect of bringing back painful child-

hood memories, "sometimes even to the moment of birth," according to the *Journal of Mental Science*. But the sudden raising of these long-buried thoughts, which are only extracted in psychoanalysis after years of digging, can be dangerously disturbing. The English physicians reported that "one patient attempted to strangle herself at the height of the LSD reaction," while "three others have expressed urgent desires to go and throw themselves in the nearby river, and had to be restrained from doing so."

The main difference among the three leading hallucinogens is in their potency: the synthetic LSD, strongest of all, is rated 100 times as powerful as psilocybin (derived from the Mexican mushroom) and 7000 times as powerful as mescaline (a peyote derivative). A minute speck of LSD that weighs no more than 1/200,000 of an ounce is capable of producing the hallucinogenic effects, while proportionately larger doses of the other drugs are needed to produce similar kinds of chemical experience. The time of onset of the drug's action, when taken on an empty stomach, is 20 to 30 minutes for LSD and psilocybin, and one to two hours for mescaline. The duration of the drug experience is usually eight to ten hours with LSD and mescaline, and five to six hours with psilocybin. Aside from these distinctions, the action of the drugs is similar.

Their effects are not limited to the period of intoxication, but may arise days, weeks, or even months after a person has taken them. Doctors at the University of Cambridge studying delayed reactions to mescaline reported the case of one man who had severe attacks of panic after the intoxication wore off, and another who for several months after taking the drug saw "statues in churches and museums . . . move in a lifelike way." A volunteer experimenter who had no previous history of psychosis or neurosis, and only experienced a mild effect under mescaline, began to suffer from fatigue and lack of sleep several weeks after he had taken the drug.

The dangers of using hallucinogens have been reported by a number of medical researchers, but the laymen's literature on the subject has mainly been devoted to flowery reportage of spectacular visions, usually unsullied by the more unpleasant potentials of the drugs.

One exception is the French poet and painter Henri Michaux, who took mescaline and described it as a "miserable miracle." In a room of his Paris flat, Michaux took mescaline four times before recording the experience in book form, and reported that "for a complex man who has within him contradictory tendencies and urges, each experiment can be a severe test." Though none of his experiences with the drug were pleasant,

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the fourth time he took it he mistakenly gave himself a dose six times the amount that had transported him on the past occasions, and experienced a horribly magnified nightmare. After seeing enormous vibrating lines, Michaux records that "... I WENT UNDER. The submergence was instantaneous. I closed my eyes to recover my visions, but, as I realized, it was no use, it was over. I had cut off that circuit. Lost at an amazing depth, I was no longer moving... several seconds elapsed. And, suddenly, the innumerable waves of the mescalinian ocean came pouring over me and knocked me down. Kept knocking me down, knocking me down, knocking me down, knocking me down."

The great diversity of results with the drugs has led in recent years to a number of new terms to describe them. The label psychotomimetic was coined by those who found the drugs' basic result to be a mimicking of the psychoses, and this description obviously seemed inappropriate to other researchers who found the effects to be rewarding and beneficial to the user. Researchers who have found positive results from these substances have called them mysticomimetic (mimicking the mystic experience), transcendental, consciousness-expanding, psylectic (mind-releasing) and psyleptic (mind-manifesting or mind-opening) and the latter label has stuck most permanently among the proponents of the drugs.

In the vanguard of the psychedelic school of researchers are Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, two former Harvard psychologists whose experiments with psilocybin as a consciousness-expanding agent have stirred tremendous controversy. Timothy Leary, a Ph.D. in psychology who served as research director of the Kaiser Foundation before joining the Harvard faculty as a lecturer on social psychology, and Richard Alpert, formerly assistant director of Harvard's laboratory of Human Development, began their psilocybin research in 1960 with an experiment testing the effects of the drug on maximum-security prisoners at Concord prison. In addition to this formal project, which was carried out under the auspices of Harvard's Center for Research in Personality, Leary and Alpert conducted wide-ranging investigations of their own outside the university, and by the fall of 1962 had dispensed more than 3500 doses of the drug to some 400 volunteers including doctors, artists, poets, ministers, writers, graduate students, and assorted intellectuals—as well as themselves. They reported that 73 percent of their subjects had a "very pleasant" experience under the drug and that 95 percent said it had "changed their lives for the better."

Leary and Alpert believe that one of

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the key factors to a beneficial consciousness-expanding experience with psilocybin is the setting of the experiment, which for good results they say should be as relaxed, informal, and comfortable as possible, with trusted friends and beautiful surroundings — as far removed as possible from the “institutional” atmosphere. They arranged these settings for sessions in private apartments in Boston and New York, and did their best to provide similar surroundings for their prison subjects by hauling out candles, Oriental rugs, soft mattresses and LP records to Concord prison for the psilocybin sessions. Leary and Alpert turned out enthusiastic reports on these projects as they progressed, noting in an interim account of the prison study that “while it is premature to draw conclusions, the results so far look hopeful.” The report said 36 prisoners had taken the drug, 20 of them had been on parole “an average of eight months,” and only 25 percent had been sent back to prison instead of the usual recidivism rate of 50 percent. Psilocybin experiments were also conducted with graduate theology students, and Walter Houston Clark of the Andover Newton Theological School wrote that “many religious people who have participated in the Harvard psilocybin research have reported their spiritual sensitivities have been expanded.” Leary found that while only 10 of his original psilocybin volunteers were orthodox religious believers, more than half used such terms as “God,” “divine,” and “deep religious experience” to describe their feelings under the drug.

But all aspects of the experiments were not so transcendent, and as Leary and Alpert's investigations expanded, criticism of their activities began to mount. The controversy broke out publicly at a meeting of the Center for Research in Personality in March of 1962, when the *Harvard Crimson* reported that “opponents of the psilocybin studies claimed that the program was run nonchalantly and irresponsibly and that alleged permanent injury to participants had been ignored or underestimated.” Dr. Herbert G. Kelman, a lecturer on social psychology, said in the meeting that “I question whether this project is carried out primarily as an intellectual endeavor or whether it is being pursued as a new kind of experience to offer an answer to man's ills.”

By the fall of 1962 the university decided that the still new and powerful drug was too dangerous for the kind of admittedly nonmedical experimentation that Leary and Alpert were conducting; given their choice of continuing with either Harvard or hallucinogens, the two psychologists promptly chose the latter, and with private donations formed the

International Federation for Internal Freedom to carry on their research. They offered membership in the organization for \$10, and explained in a recruiting letter that “The relationship of our project to Harvard has always been uneasy. We were enthusiastically introducing a powerful, nonverbal, meta-intellectual agent into a community which is fervently dedicated to words and intellectuality. We appreciated and sympathized with the academy's dilemma, and congenially separated when IFIF was formed in November 1962.” Whatever congeniality existed was shattered, however, for although Leary and Alpert had planned to finish out the academic year, President Nathan M. Pusey publicly fired Dr. Alpert on May 27 when it was found that he had given psilocybin to a Harvard student in violation of an agreement with the university not to involve any undergraduates in the drug research. (Leary had been dropped from the faculty in the spring for failure to show up at an honors-program committee meeting, and says he will appeal his dismissal to the American Association of University Professors.)

Leary and Alpert got in a further expression of their own view of the academic troubles in a jointly authored article for the summer 1963 issue of the *Harvard Review* titled “The Politics of Consciousness Expansion” in which they wrote: “Social processes: The free expansive vision is molded into the institutional. Hardly has the institutional mortar set before there is a new cortical upheaval, and explosive, often ecstatic or prophetic revelation. The prophet is promptly jailed. A hundred years later his followers are jailing the next visionary . . . The university is the Establishment's apparatus for training consciousness-contractors. The intellectual ministry of defense.”

Exiled from academia, Leary and Alpert have devoted their efforts to their new Internal Freedom Federation, which now has 3000 members and offices in Boston, New York, and Los Angeles. The official IFIF position, unlike that of most other investigators of hallucinogens, is that the drugs are “basically educational (rather than medical) instruments.” The Federation states that its basic purpose is “to work to increase the individual's knowledge and control of his own nervous system” and believes that everyone who wants to have an experience with the psychedelic drugs should be able to do so. Dr. Walter M. Presnell, a psychiatrist who had participated in some of the psilocybin studies with Leary and Alpert, has resigned from IFIF, citing among his reasons for leaving the organization his belief that subjects should be screened for mental and physical ailments before being allowed to take the drug.

IFIF executive secretary Frank Fer-

guson, who gave up his graduate work in anthropology to devote full time to the Federation, elaborated on IFIF's goals by explaining that Eastern mystics had been able to gain control over their nervous systems after 20 or 30 years of study and discipline, but that “Now, with hallucinogens, there is no reason why we all can't be taught these Eastern skills in a matter of weeks.” The long and arduous meditation of the mystics is not required for what Leary has described as “drug-induced *satori*” (the state of inner perception achieved in Zen Buddhism). This promise is of course tremendously appealing, and as Brandeis psychologist David F. Ricks commented in the *Harvard Review*, “People who have taken the drugs have hoped to find a quick and easy way to reach the kinds of inner experience that have in the past been available only to those who were willing to undergo the pain and work of falling in love, fasting and meditating, or learning to recall dreams and free-associate to them.”

The partisans of IFIF believe that, as Ferguson put it, “In asking Tim and Dick to stop their research on psilocybin, Harvard was in effect asking them to stop experimenting with something as historically important as the wheel,” and the Federation followers have done their best to keep such experimentation alive — even by carrying the research into their daily lives. In the fall of 1962, some of the organization's leaders began an utopian-living experiment that might best be described as a “transcendental boarding house” in Newton, Massachusetts.

IFIF also had sponsored a larger experiment in chemical utopianism at the Hotel Catalina in Zihuatanejo, Mexico, in the summer of 1962 when 35 adults and nine children carried on a program of “study, retreat, recreation, and experimentation in the expansion of consciousness.” But the Federation's plans to carry on a year-round program there as an “experiment in transpersonal community living” were stymied last summer when lurid reports in the Mexican press led to the expulsion of the “LSD colonists” on the technical grounds of their having engaged in unauthorized activities while visiting the country on tourist visas. Several of the IFIF leaders went afterward on a reconnaissance mission in the Caribbean to find a permanent home for their activities, and after failing to make satisfactory arrangements for the program on the British West Indian islands of Antigua and Dominica, they finally negotiated for eventual settlement on what Leary said was an “uninhabited island in the Caribbean where we will set up facilities for 60 people beginning in January of 1964.”

Before their expulsion last summer

from Zihuatanejo. Leary and pharmacologist Ralph Metzner and his wife had led psychedelic experiments with a group that included a stockbroker, banker, teacher, secretary, rabbi, pharmacist, editor, psychologist, actress and psychiatrist. The psychiatrist participating in the program, Dr. J. J. Downing, who has treated alcoholics at the San Mateo, California, General Hospital with LSD therapy, later evaluated the IFIF program in Zihuatanejo by saying that, "The atmosphere was highly unusual. People accepted one another without suspicion or anxiety. They seemed very open, very relaxed . . . Six weeks is too short a period to measure any results. It must be regarded as a ruined experiment. My own view is that Leary and Alpert have developed techniques of potential value. But I do not agree with them that LSD should be available to all who want it. It is a potent, potentially dangerous drug, and should be used on an experimental basis only, by qualified researchers."

The question of who are "qualified researchers" has become increasingly controversial, and charges have been leveled at Leary and Alpert that their own use of the drugs has destroyed their objectivity as scientists. Dr. David C. McClelland, chairman of the Center for Research in Personality and the man who brought Leary and Alpert to Harvard, has said that the more they took the drug "the less they were interested in science." *The Archives of General Psychiatry* editorial warning against the dangers of the drugs noted that some researchers "who became enamored with their mystical hallucinatory state, eventually in their 'mystique' became disqualified as competent investigators." On the other hand, mushroom expert Gordon Wasson has pointed out that such charges against investigators who have taken the drug lead to the dilemma that "we are all divided into two classes: those who have taken the mushroom and are disqualified by our subjective experience and those who have not taken the mushroom and are disqualified by their total ignorance of the subject."

Timothy Leary feels that the investigator's taking of the drug is in fact essential to a true understanding of the experience: "We are engaged in what is called a transactional research design," he said. "The researcher sees himself as part of the transaction, and is an active learner in the experiment. Most American psychology today is only a *description* of what the researcher sees — it is only the report of the researcher's experience in observing the subject, rather than what the subject is really experiencing. The subject-object method of research is inadequate for studies of human consciousness."

Leary feels that "People who take psychedelic drugs should take them with a trained 'guide,'" but that the guide does not necessarily have to be an M.D. "People who conduct psychedelic sessions have to be trained, just as an airplane pilot has to be trained — but you don't have to be an M.D. to fly an airplane, or to conduct a psychedelic session." One of the aims of IFIF is to train such "guides" for dispensing the drugs, and Leary has already prepared one of a series of "training manuals" for the experience. The manual explains that the "guide" is: "The ground control in LaGuardia Tower. Always there to receive messages and queries from high-flying aircraft. Always ready to help them navigate their course, to help them reach their destination . . . The pilots have their own flight plan, their own goals, and ground control is there, ever waiting to be of service."

Leary admits that not all psychedelic flights end happily, though he feels that even a bad experience can be beneficial. He explains that, "Sometimes people having a bad experience get frantic and want to go to a hospital. We have had some people in New York go to Bellevue.

What happens then depends on how the doctors treat the patient. If he feels himself to be psychotic and is treated as a psychotic he may continue that way. But now most of the hospitals in major cities — at least in New York, Boston and San Francisco — have had enough experience with people coming in under psychedelics to know how to treat them — give them some tranquilizers and dismiss them the next day."

Leary feels that the "training manuals" IFIF is preparing will help the psychedelic "guides" to prevent such hellish experiences, or draw the subject out of them. While working to perfect these manuals for hallucinatory "flights" and "voyages," however, IFIF is at least temporarily prevented from sending people off on them. Leary explained that the organization plans to apply for permission from the Food and Drug Administration to obtain drugs for use in their research, but the extensive application will probably not be ready for filing before the end of this year. "At the present time," Leary said this past summer, "we are purely an educational organization." In the meantime, IFIF is gathering recruits; Leary believes the



"Oh, not much. What's new with you?"

psychedelic drugs offer "the best road to happiness" and he is anxious to put more people on the road.

Whether or not techniques will be perfected to guide people into the desired state of consciousness under the drugs, at the present imperfect stage of experimentation the experience may lead to neither heaven nor hell but only a purgatorial state of little or no reaction at all. Dr. Robert DeRopp has observed that the people who are unaffected by mescaline are not — as might be assumed from some reports — "degraded types whose 'doors of perception' are so hopelessly muddled that even the cleansing action of mescaline makes no impression on the encrusting grime." Yet just as much of Western society is likely to regard experimenters with any kind of drug as dope fiends, the hip vanguard is equally likely to look down on all those who don't attain the artificial paradise as lacking in spiritual and intellectual endowments. Timothy Leary observed in one of his reports on the prisoners who took the drug that "a cultlike closeness and trust often developed." The cult of hallucinogenic experience has grown steadily over the past decade, especially among beats, hipsters, and assorted intellectual circles. Just as the teenage-gang kid may be tempted to move on to heroin for a bigger kick than marijuana, the intellectual pot smoker is apt to try to journey further out with mescaline, mushrooms, or LSD. For some of these people the hallucinogens have become a standard part of the paraphernalia of *The Good Life*. *Village Voice* columnist John Wilcock set forth the current components of that avant-garde version of the American Dream recently when he wrote that, "The year since I left *The*

New York Times has been one of travel, freedom, writing, parties, girls, and discovery or rediscovery of jazz. Henry Miller, and such interesting things as mescaline, peyote and psilocybin. A life, in short, of enjoyment and involvement; almost pure hedonism."

But however negatively the hedonistic appeal of hallucinogens may be viewed, their nonmedical use in America today does not justify the fears of Weir Mitchell, when he predicted in 1898 "a perilous reign of the mescal habit when this agent becomes attainable." The current popular interest in hallucinatory drugs has more the proportions of a fad than a perilous reign, and anthropologist J. S. Slotkin was probably right when he said "I do not think that most middle-class Americans would be interested in the effects of peyote."

A great many good middle classers would probably share the view of one Marie Snyder of Wichita, Kansas, who wrote in complaint to *Life* magazine after it carried Gordon Wasson's description of the rites of hallucinatory mushrooms that, "Your description of the rites of hallucinatory mushrooms is an outrage to faithful Christians." But a significant minority report came in from Jane Ross of New York City, who informed the editors of *Life* that far-out visions were not restricted to the far-off mountains of Mexico:

Sirs: I've been having hallucinatory visions accompanied by space suspension and time destruction in my New York apartment for the past three years.

The essential difference between Mr. Wasson's visions and my own are that mine are produced by eat-

ing American-grown peyote cactus plants. . . .

I got my peyote from a company in Texas which makes C.O.D. shipments all over the country for \$8 per 100 "buttons." It usually takes about four "buttons" for one person to have visions.

There is no way to know how many people in addition to Miss Ross have suspended space and destroyed time in the comfort of their own apartments by sending mail orders to Texas, but the business in peyote buttons has at least been large enough for one Texas "floral" company to open a cacti department and go to the trouble of giving its customers peyote "recipes" along with their shipments. This may be a unique service, for even Betty Crocker doesn't provide such culinary instruction as the following from the cacti department:

Boil eight buttons about 1 hour, pouring off the water and replacing with fresh water. Keep the poured off water in the jug. After boiling, throw away the buttons, put the peyote water back into the pot, and boil until there is as little as 1/2 tsp. left. It is easier to use a Waring blender and a pressure cooker if you have them . . .

Visionary chefs still order peyote buttons through the mail from various "floral" companies in the Southwest, though peyote has been outlawed in some states, including Massachusetts and California. Peyote is classed as "habit-forming" in the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act — despite most medical evidence to the contrary — and shipments that do not carry this warning can be confiscated by the Government.

The hallucinogens are not addicting, and none of them are included in the Federal Narcotics Act. Though they fall under the jurisdiction of the Federal Food and Drug Administration, their legal status is cloudy at best and the procurement of them is full of contradictions and confusion. They are classed as "new drugs," available only to "qualified" investigators — though exactly who is qualified is not defined. Several years ago a group of Harvard undergraduates who wrote to drug companies asking for mescaline, honestly filled out a Food and Drug Administration form sent by one of the firms, and received the drug. In some places, ordinary citizens have been able to buy hallucinogenic drugs simply by going to the corner drugstore and ordering them. General ignorance about the new drugs apparently facilitates their purchase until their use becomes widespread enough in a particular place to attract unfavorable attention.

When reports of experiments with vision-producing LSD at the Psychiatric



"Stick around awhile. Later on a few of us will go somewhere and have some fun."

Institute of Beverly Hills got around Hollywood several years ago there was a run on the drug by local people and a crackdown ensued. Several movie notables were among the volunteer subjects of medical experiments in Beverly Hills with LSD, though the doctors in charge of the project refused to reveal their names. But Cary Grant, after taking LSD in therapy with his psychiatrist, reported his experience and said, in what the press described as a "confessional lecture" at UCLA, that "I was a self-centered boor. I was masochistic and only thought I was happy. When I woke up and said 'There must be something wrong with me, I grew up.' Grant later elaborated to a reporter that the LSD experience had helped him grow up "because I never understood myself. How could I have hoped to understand anyone else? That's why I say that now I can truly give a woman love for the first time in my life, because I can understand her." Some years later Grant's third wife, Betsy Drake, added an unhappy ending to these revelations when she filed for divorce.

Some visionaries have been able to buy mescaline with a doctor's prescription (one bill written several years ago on the stationery of a New York pharmacy showed 10 capsules of mescaline sulfate sold for \$15) and some were able to get mescaline and other hallucinogenic drugs through academic and medical experimenters. The most popular method of supply until recently was simply sending off to chemical companies in Europe, some of which sent back the drugs accompanied by a mimeographed warning about their potency. Since last winter, however, unhappy amateurs report getting nothing but "rejection slips" from the European drug houses that once shipped them hallucinogens almost as casually as aspirin.

The increase in the nonmedical use of the drugs led to a tightening of restrictions in October 1962 by the Federal Food and Drug Administration, and has apparently resulted in greater caution on the part of medical manufacturers. Sandoz Laboratories, which manufactures psilocybin, is now only supplying it to researchers whose work is carried on under Federal Government grants. But the general confusion promises to grow as more interest is aroused in these substances. An unforeseen complication was recently added by the discovery that the seeds of several types of morning-glories — appropriately named "Heavenly Blue" and "Pearly Gates" — produced hallucinogenic effects and an unseasonal demand for them was reported by perplexed seed stores in Boston, New York, and San Francisco. According to reports, 200 to 500 seeds ingested resulted in effects simi-

lar to those of a high dose of LSD, lasting five to eight hours. It was reported that the FDA might go to Congress to ask for amendments to the narcotics law barring morning-glories; as *The New York Times* explained, "Morning-glories may join marijuana as a back-yard flora *non grata*."

The knotty aspects of the morning-glory problem were illustrated by a brief, unofficial exchange on the subject between an FDA representative and a hallucinogenic enthusiast attempting to ascertain the possibilities of the situation.

"If I have a lot of morning-glory seeds," the citizen asked, "how do you know I don't simply intend to plant them and grow morning-glories?"

"Well," the FDA man said, "if you did that, it would be all right because the morning-glories wouldn't be a drug."

"But what if I ate them and had a hallucinogenic experience?"

"Then they would be a drug."

"So the same seeds are either a drug or not depending on what I do with them."

"Up until the time you would take them, they would not be a drug; after you take them, they're a drug."

While these seemingly metaphysical problems are being worked out, a black market in hallucinogens is growing. The most popular product is a lump of sugar containing LSD, psilocybin or mescaline that sells for a dollar, and reportedly these have been purchased in New York, San Diego, and Cambridge. The summer 1963 issue of the *Harvard Review* stated that the sugar-lump business that sprang up a year before had grown to include other products: "This year mescaline and psilocybin may both be had, though at prices well above their value in legal trade. A large black market in the drugs has sprung up, particularly in university communities." Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, director of Harvard University Health Services, and Dean John U. Momo of Harvard College, have alerted students to the dangers of mind-distorting drugs and warned that ingestion of such substances as LSD, mescaline and psilocybin "may result in serious hazard to the mental health and stability even of apparently normal persons. The drugs have been known to intensify seriously a tendency toward depression and to produce other dangerous psychotic effects."

Many people who have found an artificial paradise in the hallucinogens are anxious to continue their chemical pilgrimages, even if it means buying them through the new hallucinatory black market. The IFIF people say they will fight to make the drugs available on the open market to all who want them, arguing that the internal freedom some people find through the drug is a per-



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sonal and not a governmental matter.

A number of writers and artists have experimented with their work while under the influence of hallucinogens, and medical studies have been made in an attempt to determine whether the drugs really have the power sometimes claimed for them of stimulating the creative process. Perhaps one of the most interesting pieces of narrative produced under the influence of hallucinatory drugs is the following stream-of-consciousness passage:

Doctor, where have you been? I'm Alabama bound! I'm carbamino bound. I suggested that to Bruce to use it in the show. Bruce-Brust. That's breast in German. Yeah. Bard Hall. Bard Hall. Leon M. Bard. Loeb. Loeb. Kuhn-Loeb. I was at the Jewish museum yesterday and all those people had medallions. Jones of microbiology used to say "No levity in the autopsy room." I love to play tennis. Tennis. Tennis. Six love, love six. I love you.

Though this passage might well have been found in any number of post-Joycean novels, it was actually transcribed from the monolog of a medical student participating in an experiment with psilocybin. The possibilities thus opened to avant-garde novelists by the use of a tape recorder and a bottle of psilocybin pills seems enormous, but all this may not be a true gauge of the worth of drugs for conscious creative activity. The possibilities of becoming a Matisse by means of mescaline, for instance, seem rather slight, on the evidence of two medical studies reporting the effects of hallucinogens on painters. One medical study of a single painter's work under LSD concluded that the pictures he produced with the aid of the drug "do not contain any new elements in the creative sense, but reflect *psychopathological manifestations* of the type observed in schizophrenia." (Italics in text.) Another study of the work of four artists while intoxicated with mescaline, and, at another time with LSD, found that though the works were judged by other artists to have "greater aesthetic value" than work produced by the same men without the drugs, "the benefits derived . . . were offset by the difficulties these subjects had in mobilizing their perceptions and energies in the pursuit of creative art." While under the drug, three of the artists "reported that they did not want to concentrate on their work, but only wanted to 'look and feel . . .'"

Creative work is not the only activity of the ordinary world that people are likely to lose interest in while under the influence of hallucinating drugs. Some people transported by hallucinogens find that even such a highly fascinating human activity as sex seems to be too much trouble to bother with. Medical studies

in fact have reported that hallucinogens possess anaphrodisiac qualities — but this may be due to the antisexual atmosphere of the hospital setting where such studies were conducted rather than to an actual property of the drug. A number of free-lance experimenters have reported on sexual pleasures while using the drug, and one connoisseur explained that, "While these drugs are not actually aphrodisiacs — that is they don't specifically stimulate the user to sexual activity — a good experience with the drugs heightens and intensifies *all* experience, and just as one can enjoy music and art during the experience with a new and deeper appreciation, so one can do the same with sex — it can be a beautiful experience under the drug." Such an experience, the connoisseur explained, of course takes place when the parties involved are attuned and desirous of the experience, and quite disturbing scenes have arisen from attempts at secret seduction by such drug doses on an unsuspecting female: "She doesn't know what's happening, and is likely to go screaming out into the street." David Ricks, a psychologist at Brandeis University, noted in the *Harvard Review* that, "I know from direct reports that the drugs have at times been used as consciousness-suspending aids to seductions and other manipulations of an extremely messy sort."

According to unpublished material from the now-defunct Harvard Psilocybin Project, "Objective data about sexual reactivity" to the drugs "is classically difficult to obtain." While acknowledging that, "The early studies from psychological laboratories and psychiatric clinics reported that psychedelic drugs were not aphrodisiac," the study maintains, "More recently, evidence obtained from more than 25 married couples taking psilocybin or LSD in their own homes seems to indicate that psychedelic substances can provide extraordinary intensification and broadening of all types of sensory experience, including the sexual.

"There are many factors involved among which some of the most important are release from neurotic blocks which enable the person to achieve healthy, mature sexual responses, and profound feelings of interpersonal communion and unity which endow every action with beauty and significance. The increased sensitivity and awareness not only enhances the pleasurable aspects of sexual experience but also makes only too evident any manipulatory or crude seductive action on the part of any individual in the session.

"The expansion of the subjective time sense is another factor contributing to the intensity of the experience." The study establishes that subjects regularly report that one moment of clock time in an LSD session can be an eternity of ecstasy, and

that: "There is a complex relation between dosage and the type of experience. With low dosages (less than 100 gamma LSD), subjects report interpersonal intimacy and heightened genital responsiveness. With higher dosages, new forms of sexual experience are reported. These involve awareness of more basic forms of biological processes. Subjects tend to use such extravagant-sounding phrases as 'cellular orgasm,' 'pulsating energy patterns,' 'internal fire flow,' 'melting and flowing of the entire body,' etc., in their descriptions of these experiences. These reports, interestingly enough, are quite similar to the accounts given by adepts of Kundalini Yoga and certain forms of Tantrism."

Again, as with most other aspects of the drugs, both hellish and heavenly experiences can result in sex as well as other activities. Depending on the setting and the intent of the users, communal consumption of the drug might result in love-making, or in what Havelock Ellis described as an "orgy of vision" rather than sex. A hallucinogen party will not, by definition, look like a scene from *La Dolce Vita* but may, to an unhallucinated observer, bear more resemblance to an especially slow-moving Beckett play. At one of these informal rites held recently in a New York apartment, an intellectual medicine man passed out the sacred mushrooms, in the form of psilocybin pills, to five volunteer consumers, including two writers and one former alcoholic. The experimenter dispensing the pills was a firm believer in the all-round curative powers of the mushroom drug, and enthusiastically explained to the uninitiated visitor that the alcoholic had been taking the pills all weekend (it was Sunday night) and hadn't had any desire to drink, while one of the writers who had been under the influence of the mushrooms for the same period had not once shown his usual hostility. In addition to these excellent psychological effects, the dispenser said the pills were also good for creativity, and, perhaps to illustrate this aspect of the drug, he fed one of the writers additional pills and handed him a pencil and paper. The writer leaned forward groggily, pulled up a chair, and placed the piece of paper on it. Dispenser and visitor looked on expectantly, and after several minutes of intense concentration, the writer bore down with the pencil and drew a series of straight lines across the paper; then, after studying his work, he turned the paper around and drew another series of lines across the lines he had already made. He handed this creation to the dispenser, who looked at it, laughed rather nervously, and went in to give more pills to the others. After a while two of the mushroomers lay down on mattresses on the floor (separate mat-

tresses) and three others sat leaning on the kitchen table, listening to a jazz record. One of the men at the table turned to the fellow next to him and said, "Man, you know what this is like?" The second man asked "What?" and the first one said, "It's like being on a rocket ship." The second man drowsily pondered this thought and said "Yeah, that's what it's like." The two men did not appear to the visitor as if they were on a rocket ship, and he smiled. A girl at the table saw the smile and said: "You've just had a break-through!"

A number of people claim to have indeed gained profound and soul-soothing "break-throughs" with the aid of the hallucinatory drugs, and feel that the artificial paradise is the best one — perhaps the only one — available to mortals.

Of course the products of the chemical revolution might be used for fiendish as well as divine purposes — already the powers of the hallucinogens are being investigated for their potential as a weapon of war. The Army Chemical Corps has studied LSD along with other drugs that upset the normal functioning of the brain and they are therefore put in the military category of "incapacitating drugs." It has been reported that a pound of LSD dropped into a city's water supply could produce a psychosis of the population that would last long enough for enemy troops to take over — though there might be bizarre and unforeseen problems involved in the invasion of a city of schizophrenics. On an individual cloak-and-dagger level, there is always the possibility of putting one of those LSD sugar lumps into the ambassador's espresso and watching him writhe with psychotic visions (perhaps re-enacting some childhood trauma) at some crucial historic moment.

But the dangers of a chemical heaven still seem a greater problem — perhaps even a greater threat — to the future than the dangers of a chemical hell. There are those, after all, who agree with Dostoevsky that a life of complete satisfaction would be an intolerable bore. But perhaps when the chemical millennium arrives there will be a way to purchase certain black-market pills that will produce just a little bit of tension. Such drugs will have to be bought under the counter, authorities will crack down on the illicit traffic, poets will pen hymns to the invigorating effects of pill-produced tension, civil libertarians will protest the Government's right to ban the drug, and those who really want it will somehow or other be able to get it — perhaps by sending off to a mail-order house in Texas or even by swallowing the seeds of some seemingly innocuous vine growing in their own back yards.



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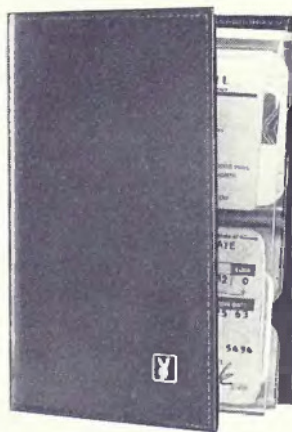
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AMBUSH

(continued from page 106)

curate for comfort, meant that Rubio himself had been watching and enjoying the raids from somewhere rather close at hand.

The politicians had forbidden any more raids on the house. The army must not be made to look ridiculous! This was all right as far as it went. But neither could Montoya put guards over the house in the village where Rubio's girl lived, nor patrol the roads and trails Rubio used in going between the stone house and the village. The village people used these same roads and trails, and they were voters, they must not be offended. Catch Rubio, said the confidential order, in other words — but take none of the firm, positive measures by which alone he could be caught!

"With permission," Sergeant Rojas said.

The colonel lowered the binoculars. "Speak."

"I will detail men with rifles to protect me and go myself to put a grenade through that window, sir. If he is not in the house, I will go myself through the window and put a few in the mine shaft, and finish Rubio."

The colonel looked at the lieutenant. Montoya said, "On the basis of my confidence in this man, I request permission to reinterpret my orders, sir."

The colonel shook his head. "No, lieutenant."

"Sir," Montoya said earnestly, "we must not look absurd, I know that. But nothing is more absurd to reasonable people than to call this a 'training exercise' when this man's own training confirms that Rubio is there."

They stood there a moment — the tall colonel who loved only the army, the teacher turned officer and the young, hard, wise, old-looking sergeant with the hand-carved face. The colonel said, "The difficulty is that we're not dealing with reasonable people. We must account to politicians, who must account to people who would not take Rubio seriously if they had reason. No, lieutenant. No more raids!"

Rojas' face showed no disappointment. The army — and Lieutenant Montoya — had done a good job on him. He got drunk, but he had learned to report back on time. He fought, but he did not start fights. He stole and did not get caught, seduced girls and was proud of it, and took orders reasonable and orders unreasonable with the same stoic docility. What, Montoya thought, have I got here? A good sergeant. But Rojas could be more, if only —

"Let us go," the colonel said.

Rojas followed the officers at a dis-

creet distance. At the car, Montoya and Arriega shook hands, and then the colonel started the long, hot drive back to departmental HQ. Montoya thought, poor Joaquin, another failure! I let him down . . .

"With permission," said Sergeant Rojas.

"Yes?" said Lieutenant Montoya.

"If the lieutenant will return to where we were with the colonel, I have an idea I would like to explain, sir."

The climb was almost more than Montoya could face, but he could afford to neglect nothing. "Very well, but it had better be a good one, sergeant," he groaned.

He was dizzy with fatigue and heat by the time they reached the top again. He was almost tempted to exercise the privilege of rank and sit down, but he did not. He mopped the sweat out of his eyes and smiled at his sergeant. "All right, what is this idea of yours?" he said.

"It is known that Rubio has a dog, a nameless dog."

"Yes, that is part of the legend, that dog."

"A white dog."

"If that is so important, it's white."

"A white dog is easier to see at night. Last night my men caught it. It goes and comes, goes and comes. We have observed it and finally caught it. We hoped to find a note on its collar, but there was none."

"No? I'm afraid I don't understand you, sergeant."

"The dog was going to Rubio. When it returns, it will carry a note to the girl, that Trinidad, arranging a meeting. Then there'll be another trip to Arizona, or a robbery, or perhaps a proclamation. In the village, my men hear that there may be a proclamation soon."

Montoya swore. It was not like the days of the Revolution, when anyone could call himself a general, issue a proclamation and get thousands of poor, confused, hungry people killed. But a proclamation could still be very bad indeed.

"You mean let it go, catch it on the way out and read the note?" he said.

"Surely they use a code, sir," the sergeant said, in his gentle voice. "We have tried following the girl, and she does not go anywhere when we do. And while we watched her, Rubio came and went at his pleasure. Once he even went into the store in the village and bought cigarettes for himself and pearls for Trinidad and a candy bar for the white dog."

"I did not know about that."

"I did not wish to worry the lieutenant, sir."

"This is no way to do it! What's your idea?"

"Sir, if we turn the dog loose and it goes to the house, it means Rubio is there. One grenade, sir? Just one?"

"No! You heard the colonel. No raids!"

Rojas showed no disappointment. "There is another way. I will send for the dog, with permission."

He gave an order. Montoya heard it repeated softly by one of the men. In a moment, a soldier came carrying the dog in his arms, taking care not to show himself to anyone who might be watching from the house.

It was just a dog, neither long- nor short-haired, not large and not small. It looked uncomfortable, and Montoya thought it might bite if teased. But it was anything but heroic-looking, this faithful dog of the Rubio legend.

"Hmm! You're sure this is the right dog?"

"There is no doubt, sir."

"And you think it's trained to carry messages?"

"It requires no training, sir. Rubio keeps it tied until it's hungry and thirsty, and then lets it go at night. The closest food and water are in the village, and it knows that the girl, Trinidad, will feed it. After it has eaten, it wants Rubio again. What training does that take?"

"You may be right."

"We caught it with a piece of meat, sir. It had eaten, but she gives it only *tortillas*. I have personally learned that, sir — only *tortillas*."

"Sergeant, I'm sure you're right! What's your other idea?" said Montoya.

Rojas held out his arms to the other soldier. "Give me the dog and return to your post," he said. He waited until the young man was out of hearing. He turned to Montoya.

"Sir, the dog is now well-fed. If we free it, it will go straight to Rubio. I have here a stick of dynamite, one percussion cap, one piece of wire, and eight inches of fuse that burns one foot a minute. That's forty seconds. Twice we have timed the dog with my watch. It goes from here to the house in thirty seconds. In another ten, it will be in the house in Rubio's arms. Even if he sees the dynamite, he won't have time to dispose of it, nor can he run, because the dog loves him and will follow him."

Montoya stared, horrified, at the stick of dynamite, already capped and fused, and ready to be wired to the dog's collar. "If the lieutenant wishes to time it," Rojas went on softly, "my watch has a large second hand. Forty seconds, sir, and then — boom! This is not forbidden, is it? This is not a raid!"

Montoya recovered his breath. "Sergeant," he said coldly, "have you dis-

cussed this plan with your men?"

"No, sir. It is no business of theirs."

"It is no business of anyone's! Don't mention this to a soul. We will forget it, understand?"

"No, sir. If we are to catch this Rubio —"

"We're soldiers, not murderers, and don't give me that blank look, you know what I'm talking about! We have been over this before. I've talked to you until I'm hoarse, well, this sort of thing is exactly what I meant. Now you listen to me, sergeant — I'm going to make a soldier out of you whether you like it or not! If you can't get over these savage ideas, we'll make a private of you and give you time to think it over."

Montoya was almost shouting before he finished. The sergeant stood there, holding the dynamite in one hand, the dog under the other arm. "With per-

mission," he said. "If there is a proclamation, there may be riots. If there are riots, many people may be killed. This Rubio is a criminal. Why must he be given a chance to have people killed who are not criminals?"

It was dangerous to argue with a man on his own terms, but Montoya had never feared a proposition in logic. "Rojas," he said, "governments must have higher standards than any individual. If we stoop to this, there will be still more proclamations, don't you see? If a government exploits a dog's love of his master to kill them both in such a cowardly way, it does not deserve people's loyalty. Now turn the dog loose. I want to observe its behavior myself."

Rojas put the dog down. It went trotting down to the stone house, around the corner and out of sight. "Thirty



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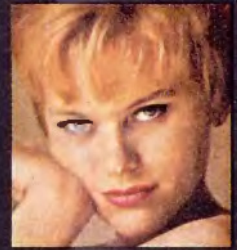
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seconds," said Rojas.

"It's his dog, all right. You had a good idea within limitations, and I thank you for it within limitations," Montoya said. "Now let's forget it."

Unfortunately, he could not in the next few weeks. The main result of the colonel's visit was that his other platoon was sent down to join him. It had a new lieutenant, Montoya's subordinate, a city type with connections, and lazy. It had only one sergeant, a man almost as brutal as Rojas, a worse woman chaser, and far from as good a disciplinarian.

The platoon had gotten into bad shape. Montoya kept it busy drilling and withheld all promotions. That at least kept his junior lieutenant and sergeant occupied. He used his Yaquis to keep an eye on Rubio.

The proclamation, when it came, was a protest against the presence of troops in the village. Every misfeasance the men had ever committed was remembered, even some he had settled and forgotten weeks ago. Montoya sent a copy to Colonel Arriega, but he got no reply, indicating that the colonel was not forwarding it to his own commanding officer. It was a kindness to Montoya, but dangerous to Arriega, who should have been making life miserable for the man on the scene.

Once the dog was tied for five days at the girl's house. If Rojas was right, this meant that Rubio was away. Sure enough, there was a police raid in a town in Arizona and some shooting. No one was hit and no narcotics were seized. But soon the girl Trinidad had a new dress and blue shoes, and the white dog was no longer tied at her back door.

One evening, while Rojas changed the guard, the lieutenant was up on the ridge sitting and thinking what a bad officer he had turned out to be. To a man of reason, words have explicit meanings, and in this context, "bad" meant "failure." This being true, Joaquín was also a bad officer, thanks to Montoya. And, to a man of Montoya's disposition, this was unbearable to contemplate.

It had been an unusually hot day. There had been a fight between some men of the second platoon and some village men. The lieutenant had received a letter from his dead wife's parents, enclosing a picture of his children.

Of course it was always hot, and there were always fights, so these were irrelevant. But the picture of his children—the boy especially, because he looked so much like his mother—made Lieutenant Montoya think despairingly, a man is not made of metal, he's not a digital computer. Rojas is probably the better soldier. I should have let him dynamite Rubio and be done with it...

He looked up then.

He did not know why Rojas chose this moment instead of some other—could a Yaqui read minds, too? Certainly he had never understood how the sergeant's worked—only that few words were necessary between them. There never was a noncom to anticipate an officer's wishes like this Rojas.

Rojas was nearby, sitting on a rock with the dog in his lap. There was nothing wrong with this. Montoya had told the men to make friends with the dog and had bought meat for it out of his own pocket. No telling when the dog would come in handy.

But he saw a flash of flame, and he remembered that lately Rojas had been sporting a new cigarette lighter. Odd how such things turned up in the village, but they did.

Rojas put the dog down. It trotted down the familiar path toward the stone house, but it ran oddly, as though disturbed by something unfamiliar. It kept shaking its head, although it kept running, too. It was almost too dark for Montoya to see what was wrong, but he really did not need to see. He knew.

He shot to his feet, shouting, "Sergeant, what did you do?"

Rojas was watching the hand of his watch. "It was not the lieutenant's fault, being disobedience of orders, sir," he said softly. "It would be well, I think, to close the eyes against the flash. I will give the lieutenant the time."

The seconds ticked away. The lieutenant could only stand there guiltily and let them pass. The dog's white coat stood out clearly in the brief desert twilight.

Five feet from the corner of the house the dog stopped to scratch, trying to get rid of the dynamite and its sputtering fuse. Rojas swore softly and unslung his carbine. He clacked open the bolt and held the gun ready.

More seconds passed.

"Now!" Rojas said.

Montoya did not close his eyes, but he saw the Yaqui close his. He was aware of a bright flare over his shoulder, and then a heavy concussion wave came rolling up to shake him violently, and debris showered down around him.

Rojas open his eyes and brought the carbine to his shoulder. Montoya turned as he fired, in time to see a tall, handsome man with a young face and gray hair lean out of the window to see what caused the explosion.

Montoya actually saw the bullet hole appear in Rubio's forehead. He fell half-out of the open window, with fumes curling up around him from the smoking pit where the dog had stopped to scratch. Rojas ejected the empty cartridge from his carbine and turned to

his lieutenant.

To a logician with army training, his duty was clear. Governments, having higher standards than individuals, sometimes assigned duties to individuals that were not humanly possible to perform. Very well then, if they were done inhumanly, there was a still higher logic by which failure became victory and disobedience heroism. I cannot take this man back to my command, Montoya thought, nor can I shame Joaquín with this savagery...

He pulled his pistol out and fired. The bullet hit the young sergeant in the middle of his chest, perforating his heart. His young-old face filled with the first real expression Lieutenant Montoya had ever seen on it. Why, the sergeant seemed to be thinking, as he died—why, this officer is tough, tougher than I thought...!

It was cooler at departmental HQ, although not on the paved grounds where the company had been paraded for the award of the medal. Joaquín Arriega, a general now, presented it to Rojas' elderly parents. Brothers and sisters, all younger than the dead soldier, were there, too. None of them gave way to grief. They were a stoical family.

Killed, the citation read, while defending the public peace, by an enemy of his country... The old folks' pension may have helped to assuage their grief. Certainly they had brightened up when Montoya, now a captain, gave them the binoculars, wrist watch and cigarette lighter.

The company looked smart. The men were lean, hard and well-drilled. The two new lieutenants were career officers, and fine men. Nobody with connections would use them to serve with Captain Montoya and the toughest outfit in the army.

In General Arriega's office, the two old friends could speak freely for the first time. "You look very well, César," said the general. "I suppose one of these days, now that you have your health back, you'll be returning to the university."

Captain Montoya shook his head. "No, Joaquín, I can never go back there now, I'm afraid. It's the army for me!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that!" Joaquín cried. "We need men like you. Remember what I told you that time? I said you'd make your rank if you got Rubio, and I told you then that you'd be glad you had a sergeant like Rojas. Too bad you lost him before you could complete your experiment with him. I should like to have seen how it would turn out."

"That?" said Captain Montoya. "Oh, yes, that. It was a failure."

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

ANNIE ENTERS THE "MISS UNITED STATES" BEAUTY CONTEST -- AND "BEAUTY," THEY SAY, "IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER." WHAT THEN IS ANNIE? -- TO THE DELIVERY BOY, SHE IS THE QUEEN OF THE WORLD. TO THE VISITING AUNT, SHE'S A NICE, HEALTHY GIRL. TO MR. SQUINCH, THE WINDOW-WATCHER ACROSS THE COURT, SHE'S JOYOUS EYESTRAIN, BUT SHE'S A BRAZEN HUSSY TO THE HUFFY MATRON DOWN THE HALL. BUT THAT'S MRS. SQUINCH--

ANNIE, IF THEY DON'T ALLOW MEN ON THE PREMISES, WHO IS HE? -- AND WHY IS HE TALKING TO THE LAMPOST?

OH, THEY ALLOW MR. BACKUS THE HANDYMAN BECAUSE OF HIS EYESIGHT -- AND HE THINKS HE'S TALKING TO MRS. SUFFRAGE!



LOOK AT THEM -- MISS U-NITED STAAAATES --

LADIES -- YOU MAY THINK WE ARE BEING OVERLY STRICT, BANNING MEN OTHER THAN JUDGES AND MR. HERB SPARKS FROM OUR PRELIMINARY JUDGINGS! -- WHEN WE ONCE DID LET THEM IN, THEY INVARIABLY GOT WILD AND BOISTEROUS AT THE "MEASURING," GOODNESS KNOWS WHY! I NEVER DO! -- SO WE'VE HAD TO EXCLUDE THEM FROM THE PREMISES EVER SINCE.

OH, DEAR -- I DO BELIEVE MR. BACKUS IS GOING TO WALK INTO THE POOL UNLESS WANDA HOMEFREE STOPS HIM --

OH THAT CRAZY WANDA HOMEFREE -- SHE'S LETTING HIM GO RIGHT BY!





FANNY! WE MUST INFORM THE OFFICIALS THAT MR. BACKUS IS DROWNING IN THE POOL.

GLORYOSKY, WANDA! WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM?



- THE RULES, FANNY!
- NO DRINKING!
- NO TRAVELING UNCHAPERONED!
- AND NO TALKING TO MEN!

THAT CRAZY WANDA! SUCH A DEDICATED WILD-EYED IDEALIST!

- CRAZY - BUT HONEST. IF SHE DOESN'T WIN, I'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY!

WANDA IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! - YOU GIRLS MUST REMEMBER YOU REPRESENT THE WIVES OF TOMORROW -



THE QUALITIES WE EXPECT IN YOU ARE SPARTAN DISCIPLINE! - STRENGTH OF CHARACTER AND BODY! - THE ABILITY TO EXCEL IN THE ARTS, SCIENCES AND SPORTS! - AND COMPLETE SELF-DEPENDENCE!

I HAVE A FRIEND NAMED SANDY, WHO HAS EVERY ONE OF THOSE QUALITIES.

OUR GROUP HAD 26% FEWER CAVITIES!

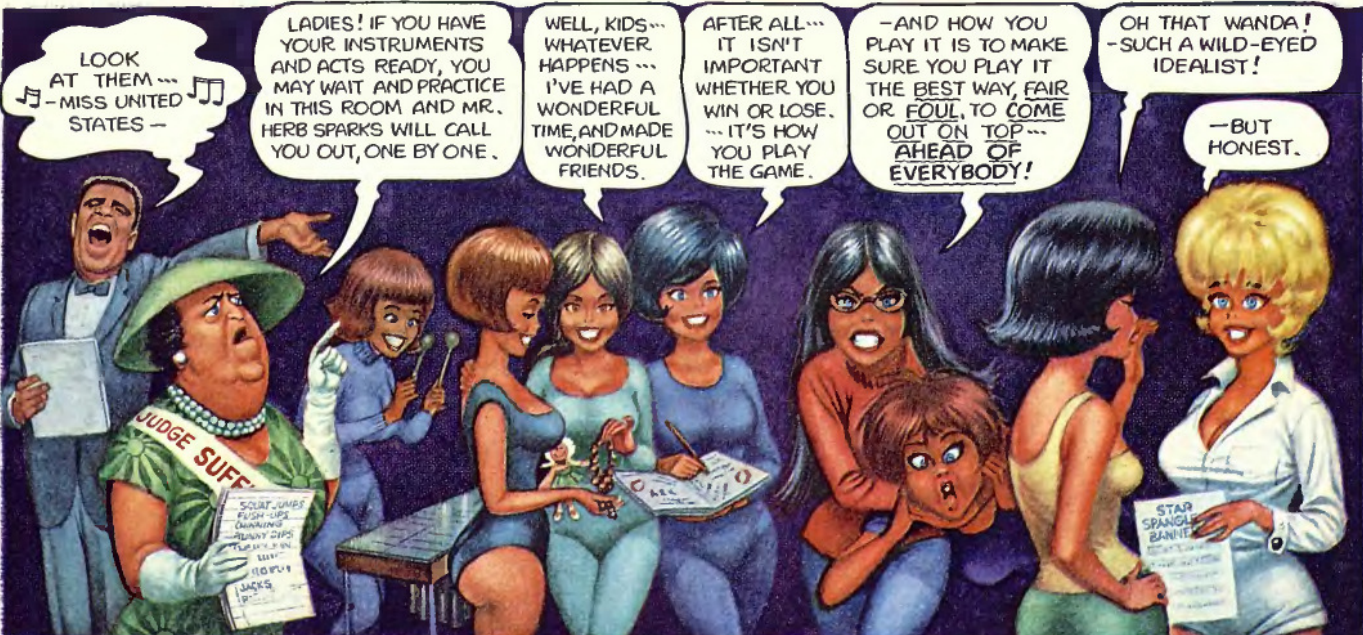


IS SANDY IN THE CONTEST?

NO, SILLY! SANDY IS A BOY!

WANDA SHOWED DISCIPLINE IN REFERRING THE BACKUS BUSINESS TO THE COMMITTEE... WHICH WILL NOW REMOVE MR. BACKUS FROM THE POOL.

LET US ADJOURN TO THE HOTEL FOR THE TALENT AUDITIONS.



LOOK AT THEM... MISS UNITED STATES -

LADIES! IF YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUMENTS AND ACTS READY, YOU MAY WAIT AND PRACTICE IN THIS ROOM AND MR. HERB SPARKS WILL CALL YOU OUT, ONE BY ONE.

WELL, KIDS... WHATEVER HAPPENS... I'VE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME, AND MADE WONDERFUL FRIENDS.

AFTER ALL... IT ISN'T IMPORTANT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE... IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME.

- AND HOW YOU PLAY IT IS TO MAKE SURE YOU PLAY IT THE BEST WAY, FAIR OR FOUL, TO COME OUT ON TOP... AHEAD OF EVERYBODY!

OH THAT WANDA! - SUCH A WILD-EYED IDEALIST!

- BUT HONEST.



OH, BECKY! YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL! I JUST KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO WIN! WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN THE SUITCASE!?

PLEASE OPEN IT AND SHOW US WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO!



LEAPIN' LIZARDS! A JUGGLER! - SO TALENTED... AND BEAUTIFUL TOO!

SURELY BECKY WILL WIN THE CONTEST, SINCE HOW MUCH MORE COULD ANY MAN HOPE TO HAVE IN A WIFE, - SHE'LL BE ABLE TO JUGGLE THE DISHES, THE LAUNDRY, AND A VACUUM CLEANER, ALL AT ONCE.



WHAT ABOUT YOU, NADINE? WHAT CAN YOU BE CARRYING IN THAT TINY-TINY CASE?

IT'S MY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. I'M RATED AS ONE OF THE TOP SOLOISTS IN THE FIELD.

OOH, NADINE! - SO GORGEOUS AND A TOP SOLOIST!

OOH, NADINE! PLAY SOMETHING FOR US! PLEASE! OOH! OOH!



OOH, NADINE! HOW CLEVER! NADINE PLAYS A SPOON!

LISTEN HOW THE CLOPPING MAKES MUSIC COME OUT OF HER MOUTH!

HOW CAN ANY OF US HOPE TO WIN!

WHAT A WIFE SHE'LL MAKE FOR SOME LUCKY GUY!

WHILE HE EATS HIS OATMEAL, SHE'LL CLOP HERSELF WITH THE SPOON.



HOW ABOUT YOU, WANDA? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT MYSTERIOUS BLACK BOX? IS IT AN INSTRUMENT?

-MISS WANDA HOMEFREE, NEXT! -- READY, MY DEAR?



IT'S MY SECRET WEAPON WITH WHICH I WILL SWEEP THE CONTEST. SOON YOU WILL ALL REALIZE I HAVE THE MOST VITAL "MISS U.S." TALENT HERE.

LOOK AT THEM... MISS UNITED STATES -



THAT CRAZY, WILD-EYED IDEALIST, WANDA HOMEFREE —

- BUT HONEST.

CAN YOU SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE?



IS SHE PLAYING AN INSTRUMENT?

I DON'T HEAR A THING!

MAYBE SHE'S DOING A DANCE.



LISTEN TO THAT HORRIBLE YELLING!

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE?

IT SOUNDS LIKE MR. SPARKS IS BEING MURDERED!



HELP! HELP!

COVER THAT YOUNG LADY AND GET HER OUT OF HERE!

LOOK WHAT SHE DID TO POOR MR. SPARKS!

-CALLING THAT TALENT? -SCANDALOUS!

THE IDEA... REPRESENTING THAT AS A TALENT FOR THE WIFE OF TOMORROW!

SO THAT'S WHAT HER MYSTERIOUS INSTRUMENT IS! -- A BED!

OH THAT CRAZY WANDA HOMEFREE IS SUCH A WILD-EYED IDEALIST!

- BUT HONEST.

END

Will Elder Russ Heath

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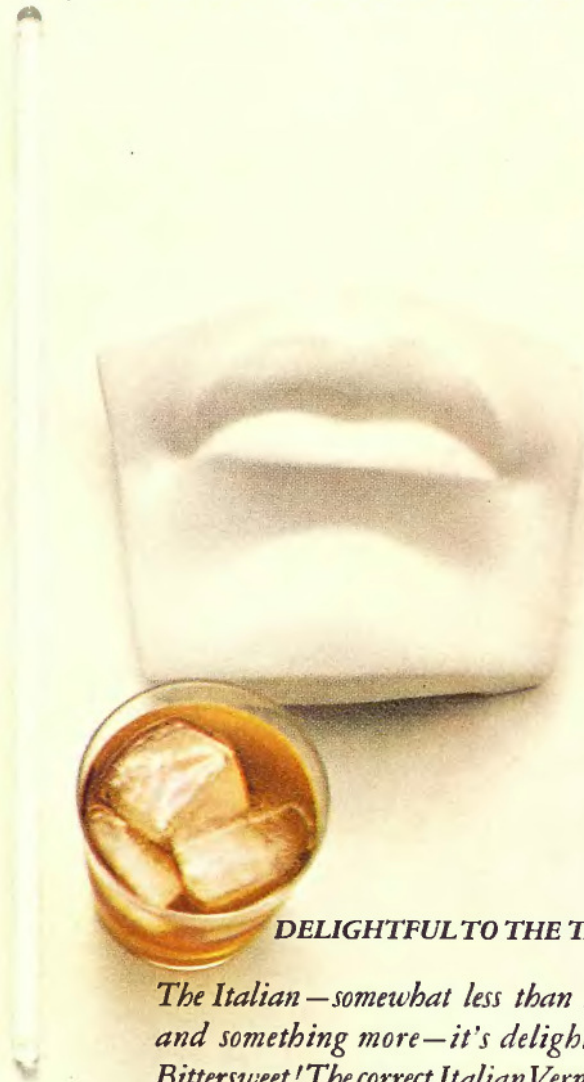


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