

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

U.K. & N.Z. 8/6d

SW Kr6; 50 Inkloms

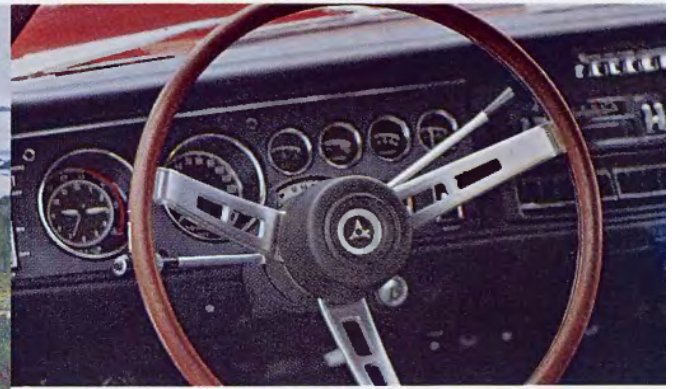
OCTOBER 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

M★
C★
N★
★



FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST
TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL ON THE HIPPIES
YOUR PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL BALLOT
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH JIM GARRISON
PLUS NORMAN MAILER AND HERBERT GOLD



With a dash of rare excitement...

Suddenly a really new car comes your way.

'68 DODGE CHARGER.

What a great shape to be in.

You've just about had it with cars in the shape they're in. Then you see it. Charger for '68. Fresh, vibrant, exciting. With everything you've been hopefully looking for in an automobile, from disappearing headlights to

door pockets that hold your maps when you hit the open road. And all this beauty, convenience, and willingness to get up and go comes at a surprisingly modest price. A price that includes, by the way, a V8 engine

teamed with a slick 3-speed manual transmission. What else? Bucket seats up front. All-vinyl trim. A suspension system built to take on and handle almost any driving situation. And more than twenty safety items ranging from





and a pocketful
of thoughtfulness.



If you won't be happy until
it's yours, you've got

DODGE fever

dual master cylinder brakes to an energy-absorbing steering column and wheel, to seat belts, front and rear. And yet, for all its eagerness and spirit, Charger for '68 can be a surprisingly docile car as well. Your wife

need not fear it. Charger will take her down to the corner mailbox as pleasantly as it will take you to a noon business appointment 150 miles away. But enough of this. One look at the all-new Charger at your Dodge Dealer's

says more than any number of words. So why not go take that look? Today. We warn you: You won't be happy till it's yours. A brand-new 1968 Dodge Charger of your own. That's the only cure for Dodge Fever we can think of.



Dodge



Drive safely. It's also contagious.




**Great taste
whenever
you light up...**

the good taste never quits



Some cigarettes run out of taste after you smoke a few. But not Viceroy. Viceroy starts with great tobaccos, then adds natural flavor fresheners... to make sure the good taste never quits.

© 1967, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION  *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*



GOLD



HAVEMANN



GUNTHER



MAILER



ANTHONY



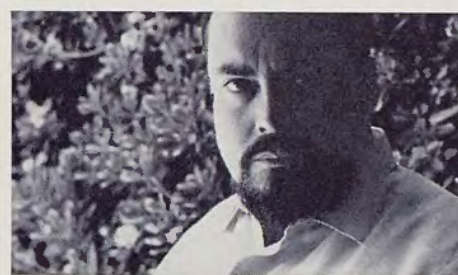
NOLAN



NORDEN



GREEN



RUSSELL

PLAYBILL SINCE FEBRUARY of 1958, when we published a tripartite takeout on the beat world, the striving of youth to transcend ethical, social and artistic convention has become a far-flung and highly diversified phenomenon, often referred to as a "revolution." Some of the avant-gardesmen of 1958, however, are still on to what's happening. Herbert Gold, who authored one of the pieces in our survey of the Beats, provides us with the insightful text for *The New Wave Makers*, this month's portrait (with ten pages of photos by Eugene Anthony) of the self-styled Love Generation—the hippies who fight the establishment by dropping out of its constrictive mores. Gold—whose fictional evocation of the Bay City hippie scene, *Peacock Dreams*, appeared in last June's *PLAYBOY*—claims to have witnessed not only "the first great be-in" (with his onetime fellow college student, now grand guru Allen Ginsberg) but also "the first rock-dance-light-show celebration where acid was put in the Jell-o." During recent travels in North Africa, Europe and the U. S. S. R., Gold explored the global aspects of this upheaval, on which he touches in his impressionistic prose portrait.

The Crazy One, an eloquent account of the brief, mercurial career of a magnetic, maladroitness Mexican bullfighter, bears the by-line of Norman Mailer, the adult terrible of American letters. Mailer's latest novel, *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, a scathing survey of our national neuroses, was released last month by Putnam; he is currently laboring on another major fictional work.

New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison, whose investigation of an alleged plot to assassinate John F. Kennedy has made him a messiah to some and a madman to others, is the subject of our exclusive, explosive *Playboy Interview*. Garrison was quizzed by free-lance writer Eric Norden, who helped us interview Mark Lane last February.

Diverse opinions about man's mechanical servants in the age of automation are examined in Ernest Havemann's *Computers—Their Scope Today* and Max Gunther's *Computers—Their Built-in Limitations*. Havemann began work on his article the day after sending two manuscripts to his editor—a volume on birth control and a college psychology text. He found his subject "a refreshing change not only from contraceptives and conditioned reflexes but also from horse racing, the subject of my last *PLAYBOY* piece" (June 1967). Gunther—author of *The Sonics Boom* in last May's issue—augmented

his research by taking a cram course in computer programming: "I seem to have passed, and the course taught me to be happy in my career as a writer. I'd rather be almost anything than a computer programmer."

Our lead fiction, *The Pop-Op Caper*—a private-eye stunner that spoofs its own genre—comes from the busy pen of William F. Nolan, whose novel *Logan's Run* (his 15th book since 1958) was recently published by Dial. Nolan has finished a screenplay based on the book and is writing a novel about the exploits of Bart Challis, *The Pop-Op Caper's* hard-nosed hero. Also at work on a screenplay is Ray Russell, whose *Ripples*—a sci-fi tale with a surprise ending, crafted in less than a thousand words—provides us with another memorable fancy. Ray's been helping MGM adapt Washington Irving's classic *Rip Van Winkle* for the screen.

The lighter side of this month's *PLAYBOY* includes *Would You Do It for a Penny?*, in which Harlan Ellison and Haskell Barkin describe the wives of a young man who picks up, in addition to his victuals, a companion at his neighborhood supermarket; and *Cleaner than Dirt*, wherein D. G. Lloyd shows how Supreme Court rulings on prurience can work for or against lit'ry classics, real and imaginary. Barkin has been fashioning a novel while writing public-relations material for a land-investment firm; co-author Ellison—author of 15 books, more than 500 stories and articles and an upper-echelon TV and movie scriptwriter—was recently selected by *Cosmopolitan*, for whatever it may be worth, as one of Hollywood's four most eligible bachelors. Lloyd is a comedy writer for the Johnny Carson show and has just finished a play that he modestly claims is "being scrutinized with feverish apathy by any number (one) of producers."

Enough? Hardly. Herein are the ballot for our annual Jazz Poll, revised, renamed—it's now the Jazz and Pop Poll—and expanded this year to include the stars of superpop: Robert L. Green's *Fall & Winter Fashion Forecast*; the latest in leather accessories; and a guide to the gustatory glories of the English breakfast. In addition to *The New Wave Makers*, our pictorials include an uncensored preview of *The Fox*, the Mark Rydell-directed film version—starring Anne Heywood, Keir Dullea and Sandy Dennis—of D. H. Lawrence's probing tale of awakening libidos and erotic liberation; plus an unhurried rendezvous with our statuesque October Playmate, Reagan Wilson. Altogether, a tidal wave of delights from our own estimable gang of wave makers.

PLAYBOY®



Hippie Scene P. 128



Music Poll P. 121



Fox Filmed P. 81



Fashion Forecast P. 113

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	25
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	49
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 53
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	55
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIM GARRISON—candid conversation.....	59
THE POP-OP CAPER—fiction.....	WILLIAM F. NOLAN 76
THE FOX—pictorial.....	81
RIPPLES—fiction.....	RAY RUSSELL 87
THE ENGLISH HUNT BREAKFAST—food.....	THOMAS MARIO 88
THE CRAZY ONE—memoir.....	NORMAN MAILER 91
COMPUTERS—THEIR BUILT-IN LIMITATIONS—article.....	MAX GUNTHER 94
COMPUTERS—THEIR SCOPE TODAY—article.....	ERNEST HAVEMANN 95
CLEANER THAN DIRT—satire.....	D. G. LLOYD 98
REAGAN FOR PLAYMATE!—playboy's playmate of the month.....	102
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	110
PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 113
THE 1968 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL—jazz/pop.....	121
DO IT FOR A PENNY?—fiction.....	HARLAN ELLISON and HASKELL BARKIN 127
THE NEW WAVE MAKERS—article.....	HERBERT GOLD 128
LUST OF THE HOLY MAN—ribald classic.....	139
THE LUXURY OF LEATHER—accouterments.....	142

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

SHELDON WAX *assistant managing editor*; MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN *senior editors*; ROBIE MACAULEY *fiction editor*; JAMES GOODE *articles editor*; ARTHUR KREICHMER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, DAVID STEVENS, ROBERT ANTON WILSON *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; KEN W. PURDY *contributing editor*; RICHARD KOFF *administrative editor*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief*; DAVID BUTLER, HENRY FENWICK, JOHN GABREE, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, ALAN RAVAGE, CARL SNYDER, ROGER WIDENER *assistant editors*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; MARILYN GRABOWSKI *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CASILLI, J. BARRY O'ROURKE, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA, JERRY YULSMAN *staff photographers*; STAN MALINOWSKI *contributing photographer*; RONALD BLUME *associate art director*; NORM SCHAEFER, BOB POST, ED WEISS, GEORGE KENTON, KERIG POPE, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRADENYCH, LEN WILLIS *art assistants*; MICHELLE ALTMAN *assistant cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; PAT PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*; JULES KASE *associate advertising manager*; SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager*; JOSEPH GUENTHER *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1967 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: FEMLIN SCULPTURE BY AUSTIN FOX, JR., PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: MAGGIE ANTHONY, P. 3; DON BRONSTEIN, P. 3; CHARLES FRITCH, P. 3; LARRY GORDON, P. 3; KEELER PHOTOGRAPHY, P. 3; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 121, 122; POMPEO POSAR, P. 3 (3); ROBERT SIMMONS, P. 59; JERRY YULSMAN, P. 3. P. 98-101 ILLUSTRATIONS BY: RON RAE (2), DOUG JOHNSON (2), MOZELLE THOMPSON (2), WALLY NEIBART (2), GEORGE SUVEOKA (3), BOB MILNAZIK, MICHAEL SALISBURY, BOB BRUNTON (3). PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGE 118 TAKEN AT GILMAN GALLERIES, CHICAGO.

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1967. VOL. 14, NO. 10. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.



Whatever you add to your vodka drinks...
start with the patent on smoothness.




Only
Gordon's Vodka
has it.





*Budweiser is the best reason
in the world to drink beer*

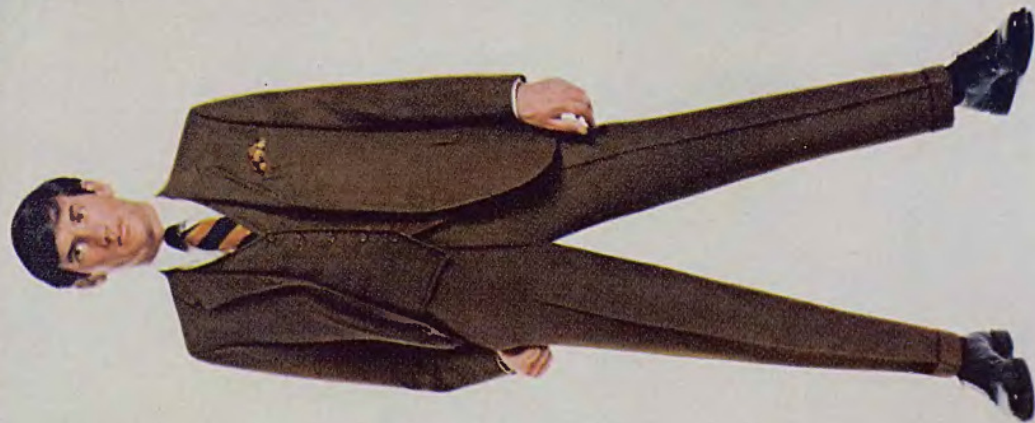


Of the 332 brands of beer
brewed in America,
only Budweiser
is Beechwood Aged.*

* That's why, when
the chips are down,
no other beer stacks
up with Budweiser
for taste and
drinkability.



"Instant Wardrobe"



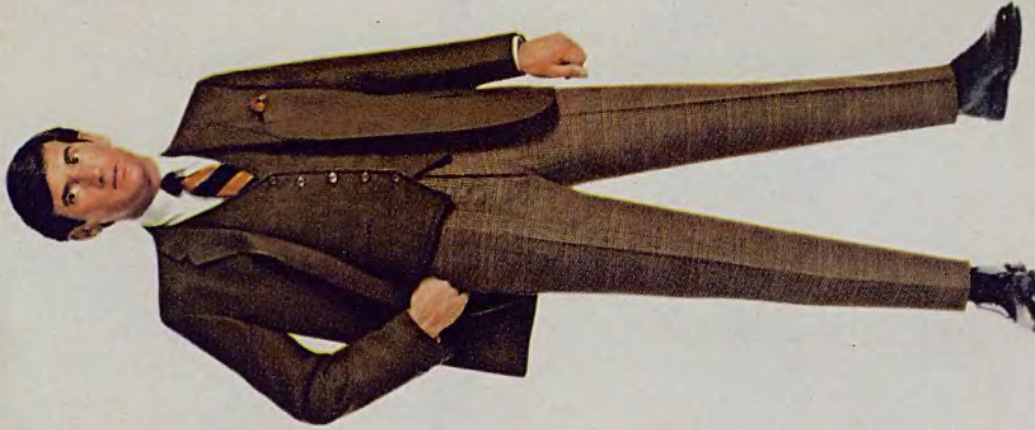
1. Wear the natural shoulder jacket, matching vest and slacks. Quick as a flash you're suited for any event.



2. Flip the reversible vest and you're slightly flippant, but still correct.



3. Presto, chango, you've done it again. With contrasting slacks you're ready for the sporting life.



4. Switch the vest to match the jacket. In seconds, you have another outfit.

The cost for all this wardrobe wizardry? \$49.95 to \$59.95 depending upon fabric. Slightly higher in the West. For nearby retailers, write h.i.s., 16 East 34th Street, N.Y. 10016. Also available in Canada.

The 4-Piece Suit by **h.i.s.**

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

POLICE LINE-UP

Kenneth Rexroth is to be complimented for his July article on *The Fuzz*. I hope every cop in the country reads it. Since most police departments are understaffed, vice-squad members assigned to public rest rooms could more profitably spend their time on the streets, instead of enticing weak-minded individuals to commit "crimes" that otherwise would not have occurred. Police departments can be effective only when they learn that their function is to protect citizens, not to make criminals of them.

G. D. Byrd
Playa Del Rey, California

Hats off to Kenneth Rexroth and to PLAYBOY for providing a most enlightening article, *The Fuzz*. Being a student in New York City, I find Rexroth's views on police forces to be quite valid. His article showed insight into the psychology and sociology of being an officer. Its analysis of the man, his job and the people with whom he comes in contact was thorough and well defined. Altogether, a fine article.

Theodore H. Knupp
Hunter College
New York, New York

As a graduate of San Jose State College with a major in law enforcement and administration, I wish to commend Kenneth Rexroth for his first-rate thinking.

Richard Baker
Chincoteague, Virginia

The Fuzz was one of the most knowledgeable and timely pieces I have ever read in PLAYBOY. Congratulations.

Roy F. Mather, III
Newport Beach, California

The Fuzz, apparently written by a member of the hippie fringe group, contains nothing constructive. I find only negative, nihilistic attitudes, highly critical of everything and everybody. While agreeing with the right of dissent, we must also note Justice Holmes' rule of time, place and method. In any equity action, the plaintiff must come into court with clean hands. This the hippies cannot do. Until they mend their ways and become responsible, constructive citi-

zens, I would deny them the right to criticize our police. If they do not like the way things are done here, I suggest they go elsewhere. Since no other country, not even Cuba, would have them at any price, they should remove their unkempt, unshorn, unshaven and malodorous persons to some of the islands at the western end of the Aleutian chain. There, they could be as irregular as they desire, and the rest of us could go about our business without their interference.

G. R. Preston
Romeo, Michigan

One might balance your allusion to Justice Holmes with a more recent quotation from Justice Felix Frankfurter: "It is a fair summary of history to say that the safeguards of liberty have been forged in controversies involving not very nice people."

Rexroth's article is as full of holes as a police target. He claims that the police officer is not a soldier. We at the American Federation of Police hold the opposite view. He is uniformed, armed and comes under military command. His duty is to preserve the rights of the citizens, protect their property and their lives—if need be, with his own. At the very moment that you read this, war is being fought in our streets, towns and cities. It may already have affected you.

Rexroth introduces the old cliché—police brutality. He must think police are supermen with badges. But they bleed like anyone else when hit with rocks; bullets fired at them don't bounce off. These men have to defend themselves, and when they do, it's called brutality.

Without hesitation, Rexroth states that there are "millions of Emma Goldmans"—whom he describes as a "free lover and anarchist"—in the United States today. I hope he is wrong. But when so-called civil rights leaders disobey the law, when they *train* to resist the police, when they kill in cold blood these very officers whom Rexroth degrades with the word "fuzz," then it's time to take stock of a bad situation.

I, myself, have known the pain of line-of-duty injury. I have seen the suffering of officers wounded and the grief of the families of those comrades who died to defend Rexroth's right to walk the streets

MY SIN

... a most
provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

bottled and packaged in France

PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1967, VOL. 14, NO. 10, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HNH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, \$20 FOR THREE YEARS, \$15 FOR TWO YEARS, \$8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$4.60 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, MU 8-3030; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, MI 2-1000. DETROIT, JOSEPH GUENTHER, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-8780; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET, YU 2-7994; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, FIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N.E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.



**Get a boot with
the fresh new look of comfort**

Some men buy Hush Puppies® boots for the way they feel—agreeably soft, cushiony, plain comfortable. Others for their not-so-plain good looks—ranging from trim-cut side zips to sleek high riders. Relax into a pair in smooth leather you can shine or famous Breathin' Brushed Pigskin®. From about \$15, for wherever your boot life takes you.



Hush Puppies®
BRAND CASUALS

A product of
WOLVERINE ©1987, WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE, INC., ROCKFORD, MICHIGAN 49341—makers of
Hush Puppies® casuals and Wolverine® brand shoes and boots, ski products and gloves.

safely. His opinion does discredit to the memory of these fine men and to the valor of the officers who serve his city, now and in the future.

Gerald S. Arenberg
Executive Director
American Federation of Police
Venice, Florida

MESDEMOISELLES DE PARIS

Your July pictorial essay on *The Girls of Paris* was a masterpiece. Your girls were beautiful, your descriptions up to date and your facts true in every detail. Thanks for making me feel great to be a Frenchman living in Paris. Your article—with photos—should be reprinted for every bachelor tourist planning to visit the City of Light. The only thing we lack here is a Playboy Club.

Daniel Y. Cros
Paris, France

Our London Club is just an hour away.

The Girls of Paris article was truly perfect—most informative and well written. I'm sure that travel-minded males all over the world—including Parisians—will profit from your generous advice on the haunts and habits of the Parisian female. In my opinion, she reigns supreme among all the women of the world. As for your pictures, what can I say? They knocked me out.

John R. Forchette
U. S. S. Providence
South China Sea

Never in all the years I've been reading PLAYBOY have I seen such an array of beauty and charm, photographed with such class, taste and distinction. Your photographer, Pompeo Posar, deserves the highest praise. *Les jeunes filles de Paris sont fabuleuses*—plain wild, in any language.

Anthony M. Mendolia
Kansas City, Missouri

YELLOW PERIL

Congressman Frank Thompson's speech, published in your July *Playboy After Hours* column and warning of the dangers of banana-peel smoking, was delightful. We're fortunate that at least one member of Congress has a sense of humor.

Robert A. Selwa
Dearborn, Michigan

PLAYBOY is to be commended for airing the Great Banana Debate. What Congressman Thompson did not say is that an insidious publicity campaign is now being cooked up by the mind benders at the United Fruit Company (no relation to the homosexual-power movement). A seductive Honduran maid will slink onto our TV screens, chirping between inhalations of bananajuana:

Vodka comes in loud and clear with Sprite.

Sprite. The soft drink with
a message: tingling tartness.
Switched on. Exuberant. Noisy.
Not sweet.
Not anything you've heard before.
Or tasted.
Get a carton of Sprite and hear
how it turns vodka on.
Then taste!



Pub for men uncorks the lust y life.



A rousing new fragrance
that stays with you.

After Shave, Cologne
and other essentials
for the lusty life.

Created for men by Revlon.

I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to say:

Bananas are exciting in a brand-new way.

So don't waste 'em in a pie—ai!

Use bananas to get high—ai!

Oh, how great it really feels,

When you blast banana peels!

So smoke one with your baby and

I'll guarantee

That either now or later,

You both will end up swinging naked,

In the refrigerator—ai, ai, ai, ai!

I, myself, have experimented with this jungle joy, using a mixture of banana peels and Sucaryl. I still saw visions, but they were much thinner.

Sol Weinstein

Levittown, Pennsylvania

Writer Weinstein, whose best-selling "Loxfinger" first appeared in PLAYBOY, has been accused of mind-bending the world of high cuisine with the banana blintz: guaranteed to get you stoned and give you heartburn at the same time.

HUNTER'S HORSE

After reading the first installment of *Horse's Head* by Evan Hunter (PLAYBOY, July), I'm convinced his hero, Mullaney, is the logical successor to Bond, Flint, Alfie, et al. While Mullaney hasn't much in common with Eliot Ness, I'd sure like to play him when he makes the transition to motion pictures. In fact, you could call it a labor of love.

Robert Stack

Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY GOTHIC

I put this together one night—from a PLAYBOY gatefold and a Grant Wood



print—and thought you might be interested.

Kelly Riordan

Champaign, Illinois

A nice combination of the traditional

and the contemporary, Kelly. We hope Dolly Read, our May 1966 Playmate, doesn't object to being de-faced.

BANK NOTE

In *Ukridge Starts a Bank Account* (PLAYBOY, July), P. G. Wodehouse proves that age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety. The twists and turns of his story, with always another turn just when the reader thinks he has reached the final straightaway, indicate that Wodehouse is still the old master, and more master than old. Edward Gorey's illustration has precisely the right flavor—very British and all that. Congratulations to all involved.

Richard Armour

Claremont, California

THE DIVINE DEMISE

Mazel tov for Rabbi Richard Rubenstein's July article, *Judaism and the Death of God*. As a Jew who is now an agnostic-humanist, I welcome his views. They are a much more cogent explanation of my religious attitude than I could ever hope to give.

Harold Gold

Saint Louis, Missouri

Rabbi Rubenstein's article was a welcome addition to "God-is-dead" thought. As Rubenstein perceives, we are today in a grim position: No matter where we look, God is absent. The breakthrough will come, however, and I believe Rubenstein's note that mysticism will rise again is tremendously insightful. We shall, following Paul Tillich, one day know the "God above God."

I feel more kinship with Rubenstein than with Hamilton or Altizer, doubtless because many of Rubenstein's concerns are my own and because we share the belief that Tillich's thought represents the only direction in which the future of theology can go. I believe Rubenstein is basically as "conservative" in his tradition as I am in mine, if we mean by that word the conservation of dynamic faith and freedom that now lies trapped within a language no longer communicating what it once expressed. I wish him Godspeed in his search for relevance within his tradition, and I thank PLAYBOY for bringing theological inquiry within its panorama of concerns—*theology belongs in PLAYBOY as well as anywhere else.*

The Rev. Jay C. Rochelle

Ascension Lutheran Church
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I have just read Rabbi Rubenstein's thought-provoking article, and one statement particularly struck me: "Death-of-God theology arouses the fear that there are no rules . . . that all that remains is for each individual to get away with what he can."

According to statistics quoted by



ORDER OF THE SWORD.

LEGION OF HONOR.

ORDER POUR LE MERITE.

ORDER OF THE BATH.

ORDER OF WILLIAM.



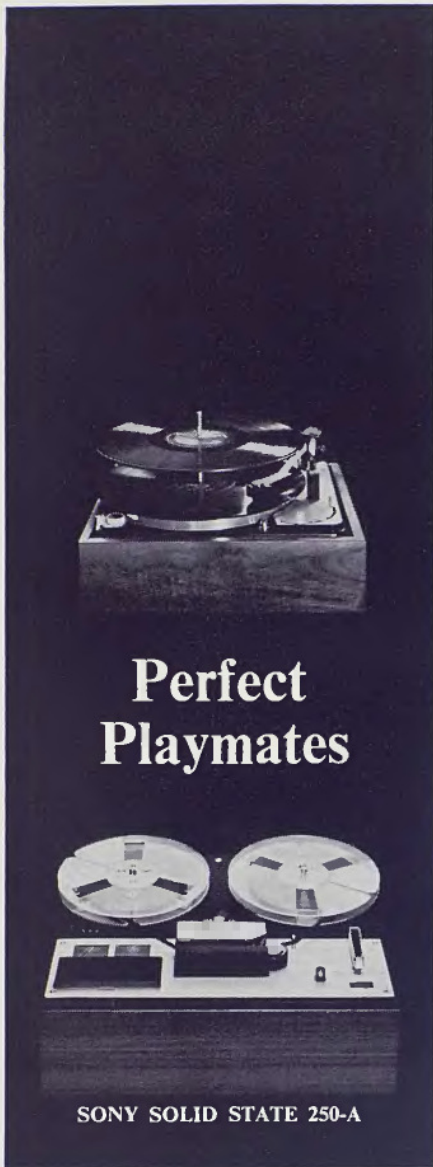
Detail of Damon Decoration

The highest honors ever bestowed upon a man inspired Damon's "Grande Décoration" ties and pocket squares.

For the man with a sense of history and a deep feeling for tradition, Damon has designed tie and pocket square sets inspired by the world's greatest accolades. This unusual collection is woven of the richest imported Italian silks in a wide range of deep tone to brilliant colorings. View Damon "Grande Décoration" tie and pocket square sets at America's fine stores, or write Damon, 16 East 34th Street, New York, New York.



From "The Renaissance Collection" by DAMON INTERNATIONAL



Perfect Playmates

SONY SOLID STATE 250-A

Sony adds an exciting new dimension to home entertainment for less than \$149.50

Now, from World-famous Sony, the perfect playmate for your record player—the new Sony model 250 solid state stereo tape recorder. With a simple, instant connection to your record player you add the amazing versatility of four track stereo recording and playback to complete your home entertainment center. Create your own tapes from AM, FM or FM Stereo receivers, or live from microphones—up to 6¼ hours of listening pleasure on one tape! This beautiful instrument is handsomely mounted in a low-profile walnut cabinet, complete with built-in stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps, dual V.U. meters, automatic sentinel switch and all the other superb features you can always expect with a Sony. All the best from Sony for less than \$149.50.

For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., 8152 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif.

SONY **SUPERSCOPE**

Walter Kaufmann in *The Faith of a Heretic*, incidence of religious affiliation is at least 50 percent higher within prisons than it is in general society. "The avowed infidels and atheists [are] microscopic"—a curious fact, in light of current fears that the collapse of organized religion will lead to universal immorality.

John Cline
FPO San Francisco, California

As I began to read Rubenstein's *Judaism and the Death of God*, I thought: "Here is this dreary old stuff from the 19th Century again, though very well expressed. The personal father-God is no more than an obsolete myth, and human life is nothing except a trip from the maternity ward to the crematorium. The best one can make of it is to wallow in the 'tragic situation' of being an intelligent person trapped in a mindless mechanism."

I wondered why theologians were so slow in catching on to 20th Century biology, ecology and physics, which show so clearly that man is not an alien in this universe—that every organism is an expression and function of its total environment and that, therefore, as apples show that their tree is an apple tree (a tree that "apples"), so people show that we live in a universe that "peoples"—a veritable people tree. An intelligent organism cannot be a symptom of an unintelligent environment.

But I was surprised and delighted at Rubenstein's conclusion: that the political and monarchical model of God is not the only option and that getting rid of it opens our minds to that inward and unknown "Ground of being" (Tillich's phrase) that is the God of the mystics.

However, readers unfamiliar with mystical literature might be misled by Rubenstein's description of this God as "nothingness." The word "nothing" should be hyphenated—"no-thing"—for the Ground of being is not a thing. The God of the mystics is empty and void in the same way that our eyes and ears do not see or hear themselves as sights or sounds. Thus, the apparent absence of your "self," when you try to pin it down, is the same sort of thing as the absence of God when you try to find Him/It as an identifiable force in the universe.

Alan Watts, President
The Society for Comparative
Philosophy
Sausalito, California

After reading *Judaism and the Death of God*, it is clearer to me that what man-has-ascribed-to-God is dead. No matter; the pity is that the God-is-dead seed didn't germinate 2000 years ago. Then there would have been no Crucifixion, no Crusades, no Inquisition, no ghettos, no Auschwitz.

The first effort of every religion is to sell fear. Then the existence of a religious institution is justified by providing rituals, traditions and prophets to overcome that fear. Rabbi Rubenstein is still caught up in the first transaction.

My hopes for man's salvation lie in those occasional giants—Bertrand Russell, Madalyn Murray, Eugene Debs, Lenny Bruce and Eric Hoffer. The Reverend Martin Luther King accurately observed that the churches have been shining taillights instead of headlights. If the keepers of religion would give us the freedom to be better humans, rather than condemn us for being less than divine, we might double-stroke the progress of civilization with fewer handicaps.

Mrs. Darwin D. Olsen
San Diego, California

All this twaddle about God's being dead is just a joke. The ideas men have held about God for centuries may be dead, but He is alive. All one has to do to see this is to look into the face of any human being. If you look with love in your heart, you'll see God—alive.

K. S. Pickett
Hemet, California

SURF'S UP

I was quite pleased to open the July *PLAYBOY* and see the great work of LeRoy Neiman, in his *Man at His Leisure* takeout on our favorite sport, surfing. Support and recognition from your fine magazine is a step forward in our efforts to present surfing as what it is—a clean, organized sport. Thank you for publishing Neiman's in-depth surfing scenes.

Richard W. Graham
Editor and Publisher
International Surfing
Panorama City, California

BEAUTIFUL BRAINWASHING

Henry Slesar's *The Prisoner* (*PLAYBOY*, July) is one of the most interesting short stories you've ever published—and one of the most frightening. After the Korean War, U.S. fighting men were given training to counteract the brainwashing techniques used in Communist POW camps. Unfortunately, those of us trained to resist "normal" brainwashing techniques might still be prey to the beautiful imprisonment pictured in Slesar's story. Let's hope it never happens.

Roy H. Blackmon, Jr.
APO New York, New York

SLANGUAGE

The best way I can think of thanking William Iversen for his amusing article on linguistic development (*A Little Chin Music, Professor*, *PLAYBOY*, July) is to offer you a quote from my imaginary English, from an election campaign in the year 2075, fully described in the final chapter of my just-published book, *The Many Hues of English*:



Thirst come.



Thirst served.

Beer after beer—the choicest product of the brewers' art.[®] Everywhere.

a most pleasant experience

English Leather®

after shave...
after shower...
after hours...

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, packaged in redwood. \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50, \$10.00.

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe" includes ENGLISH LEATHER®...it's the one you'll reach for again and again.



A complete line of men's toiletries including...
...the SHAVING CREAM, \$1.50
...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50


GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes, \$3.00 to \$10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.

*DEALER DETERMINES PRICE IN YOUR AREA. © ROBERT BOSCH ELEKTRONIK AND PHOTOKINO GMBH.



Next time the guide tells you your wasted shot scared off the whole herd of eland, whip out your **BAUER** and put him down. On film.

Bauer C-2. World's most wanted super 8 camera, with electric eye, spectacular 8-40mm Schneider f1.8 zoom lens, oversize aerial type viewfinder, luxury features galore. Under \$260*. Other cameras, projectors from under \$50*. Write for brochure. 
Allied Impex Corp., 300 Park Ave. South, New York, N. Y. 10010.



248-20-766 is a sophocrat who thinks there ought to be heavy free rolls in every city lane! What happens to your mercs if he's lec? Opt for 711-21-304! A real prac, a real ec, and a real unil

Professor Mario Pei
Columbia University
New York, New York

Pei provides this rough paraphrase of his advanced English: "248-20-766 (no one has names in 2075, only numbers) is an ultraliberal who thinks there should be lots of free moving sidewalks on city cross streets. What will happen to your money if he's elected? Vote for 711-21-304—he's a practical man, an expert economist and a real leader."

It is a pity that William Iversen's brilliant article could not fully discuss the colorful language of pidgin; for the linguistic aftermath of the American in Paris is no more dramatic than that of the Australian in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. In Papuan pidgin—one of the two languages used in debates in the legislative assembly at Port Moresby—anything that is no good, useless or otherwise disapproved of is *shitaus*. To spoil something—or make it *shitaus* when it had not previously been so—is to *bugerim up*. Port Moresby must have one of the few legislatures where politicians come close to saying what they really mean. As an example of how the language approaches technological progress, the Papuan for "helicopter" is *miksmaster-bilong-jisus-kraist*.

John Howard
Canberra, Australia

MICHAEL CAINE

May I congratulate you for your outstanding interview with Michael Caine (*PLAYBOY*, July)? I certainly enjoyed the opportunity to get better acquainted with him—not only as a fine actor but as a human being.

Douglas M. Carrington
Great Lakes Naval
Training Center, Illinois

I immensely enjoyed your interview with supersexy Michael Caine, but he seemed to labor to establish the point that he isn't conceited. Come on, Mike, baby; with all you've got going for you, you have the right to be conceited.

Marilyn Connor
Jacksonville, Florida

Your interview with Michael Caine was outstanding. However, I must disagree with Caine's caustic observation that many young people who experiment with drugs are weak and that a man loses the right to the title of a man as soon as he takes drugs. Certainly, a majority of young people who experiment with

**Most guys leave the office at 5:15.
You know the cleaning lady by her first name.
You've got style.**



Your favorite author is J. Paul Getty. Your favorite pastime is burning the midnight oil. And your favorite suit is the one you're wearing: a rich, natural shoulder, double-breasted chalk-stripe executive number by Cricketeer with side vents. All wool worsted, about \$75.00. For free copy of

"Clothesmanship," back-to-campus wardrobe guide, write Cricketeer, a division of The Joseph & Feiss Co., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York.

CRICKETEER®



WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU



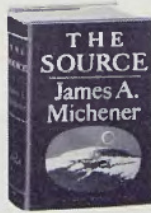
374. THE PLOT by IRVING WALLACE (Ret. price \$6.95)



327. THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA by ROBERT CRICHTON (Ret. price \$5.95)



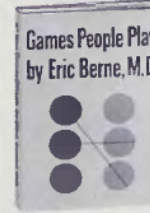
346. MADAME SARAH by CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. Photos (Ret. price \$6.95)



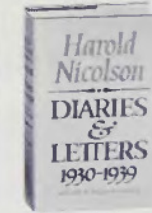
235. THE SOURCE by JAMES A. MICHENER. Illus. (Ret. price \$7.95)



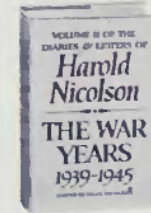
340. EVERYTHING BUT MONEY by SAM LEVENSON (Ret. price \$4.95)



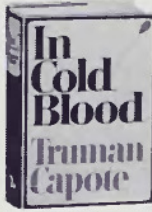
343. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY by ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price \$5)



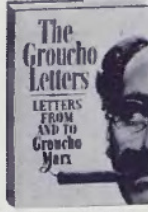
368. HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS 1930-39 Vol. I. Edited by NIGEL NICOLSON Photographs (Ret. price \$7.50)



369. HAROLD NICOLSON: THE WAR YEARS 1939-45 Vol. II. Edited by NIGEL NICOLSON Photographs (Ret. price \$8.50)



291. IN COLD BLOOD by TRUMAN CAPOTE (Ret. price \$5.95)



357. THE GROUCHO LETTERS: Letters from and to Groucho Marx (Ret. price \$4.95)



364. CHICKEN INSPECTOR NO. 23 by S. J. PERELMAN (Ret. price \$4.95)



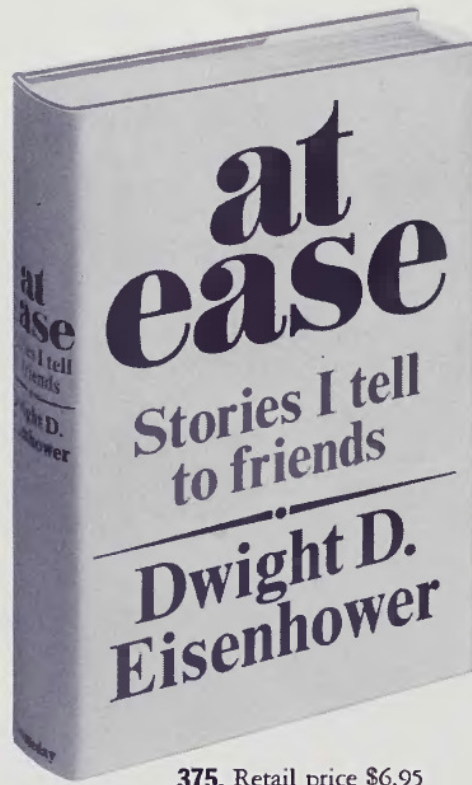
358. PAPER LION by GEORGE PLIMPTON. Photos (Ret. price \$5.95)



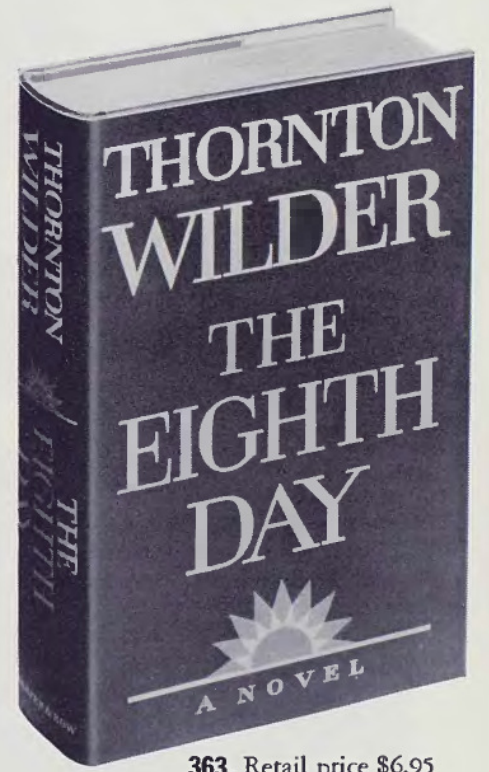
326. THE MASK OF APOLLO by MARY RENAUULT (Ret. price \$5.95)



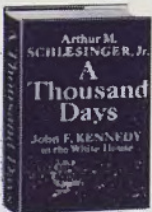
325. THE BIRDS FALL DOWN by REBECCA WEST (Ret. price \$5.95)



375. Retail price \$6.95



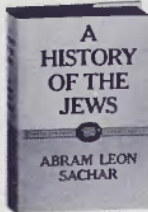
363. Retail price \$6.95



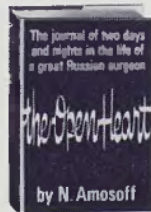
278. A THOUSAND DAYS by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. (Retail price \$9)



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



258. A HISTORY OF THE JEWS by ABRAM LEON SACHAR (Ret. price \$7.95)



113. THE OPEN HEART by N. AMOSOFF (Ret. price \$4.95)



102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO by BORIS PASTERNAK (Ret. price \$5.95)



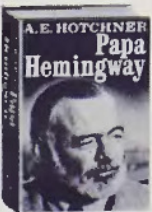
110. THE LAST BATTLE by CORNELIUS RYAN Photos and maps (Ret. price \$7.50)



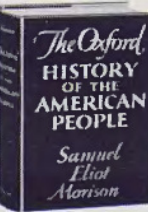
203. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE by BEL KAUFMAN (Ret. price \$4.95)



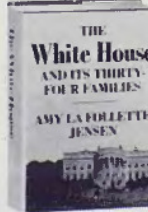
487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Retail price \$6)



126. PAPA HEMINGWAY A Personal Memoir by A. E. HOTCHNER Photographs (Ret. price \$5.95)



234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated (Ret. price \$12.50)



286. THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS THIRTY-FOUR FAMILIES by AMY LA FOLLETTE JENSEN. Illustrated (Ret. price \$12.50)



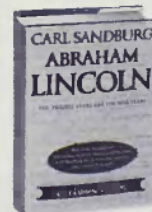
356. THREE WAYS OF ASIAN WISDOM by NANCY WILSON ROSS. Illustrated (Ret. price \$7.50)



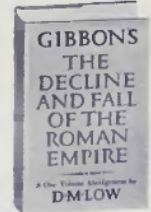
345. HANDS ON THE PAST: Pioneer Archaeologists Tell Their Own Story. Ed. by C. W. CERAM. Illus. (Ret. price \$8.95)



185. STONEHENGE DECODED by GERALD S. HAWKINS in collaboration with JOHN B. WHITE Illustrated (Ret. price \$5.95)



448. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND The War Years by CARL SANDBURG. 1-vol. edition. Illustrated (Ret. price \$7.50)

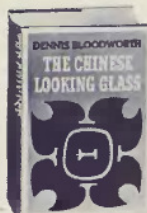


443. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE by EDWARD GIBBON 1-vol. abridgment by D. M. LOW (Retail price \$8)

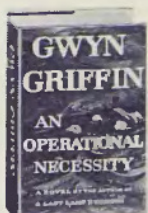
PROMISED YOURSELF TO READ?



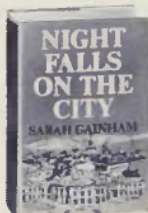
116. DISRAELI by ROBERT BLAKE Illustrated (Ret. price \$12.50)



371. THE CHINESE LOOKING GLASS by DENNIS BLOODWORTH (Ret. price \$6.95)



370. AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY by GWYN GRIFFIN (Ret. price \$6.95)



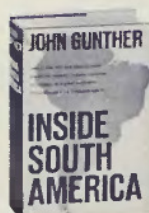
373. NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY by SARAH GAINHAM (Ret. price \$6.95)



366. THE THOUSAND HOUR DAY by W. S. KUNICZAK (Ret. price \$7.95)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH by WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Ret. price \$12.50)



348. INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA by JOHN GUNTHER. Maps (Ret. price \$7.95)



347. THE CAPTAIN by JAN DE HARTOG (Ret. price \$5.95)

Invitation: IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE

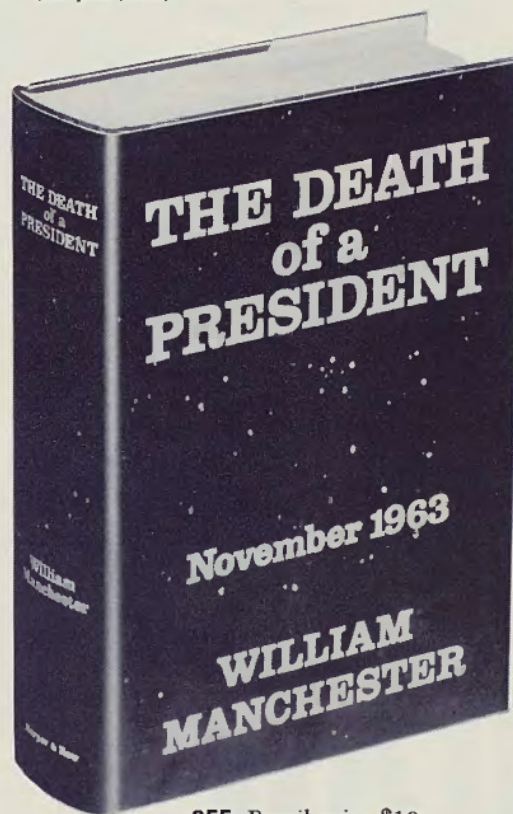
Book-of-the-Month Club

CHOOSE ANY THREE

of the books on these two pages

FOR ONLY \$1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: Simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year



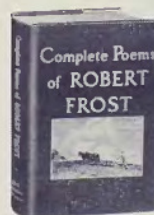
355. Retail price \$10

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, by your own actual experience, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another important advantage: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing system members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only \$1.00 or \$1.50—some-what more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes whose retail prices now average \$7. This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building a well-rounded personal library. Since its inauguration, \$401,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014



231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST (Retail price \$8)



189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (Ret. price \$7.50)



377. MODERN AMERICAN USAGE A Guide by WILSON FOLLETT (Retail price \$7.50)



152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS 13th edition (Retail price \$10)



311. ESQUIRE PARTY BOOK by the EDITORS OF ESQUIRE Illustrated (Ret. price \$6.95)



534. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK by AARON SUSSMAN Illustrated (Ret. price \$5.95)



HAIG IS HAPPENING IN AMERICA

When people get hold of the most mixable, hoistable, enjoyable taste in scotch whisky, they stay with it.

- It happened in modern England (where Haig has been the largest-selling scotch for the last 25 years). And now it's happening here.
- Why Haig of all scotches? Maybe because the House of Haig, world's oldest distiller of scotch whisky, has been at it since 1627. They've had the time to get the right taste and the talent to keep it up to date.
- It is this taste that can now happen to you.

Once it does, we think you'll stay with it. **Don't be vague... ask for Haig.**



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

hallucinogenic drugs are only after kicks; but Caine is far afield when he damns the whole psychedelic subculture. He forgets that there are many mature, stable individuals who use such drugs not to escape from reality but to expand their appreciation of reality.

Richard Peterson
Batavia, New York

LAUGH LINES

Laughs, Etc., by James Leo Herlihy (PLAYBOY, July), was designated fiction—but it seems more fact than fabrication. It perfectly brought out the viciousness, cruelty and phoniness that are all too present in today's society. People like "Gloria of the barren marriage" can be found on every city block. Gloria's story has probably been told a thousand times in real life, but Herlihy told it best. Congratulations to him for writing it and to you for publishing it.

John Wahl
APO New York, New York

SURE THINGS

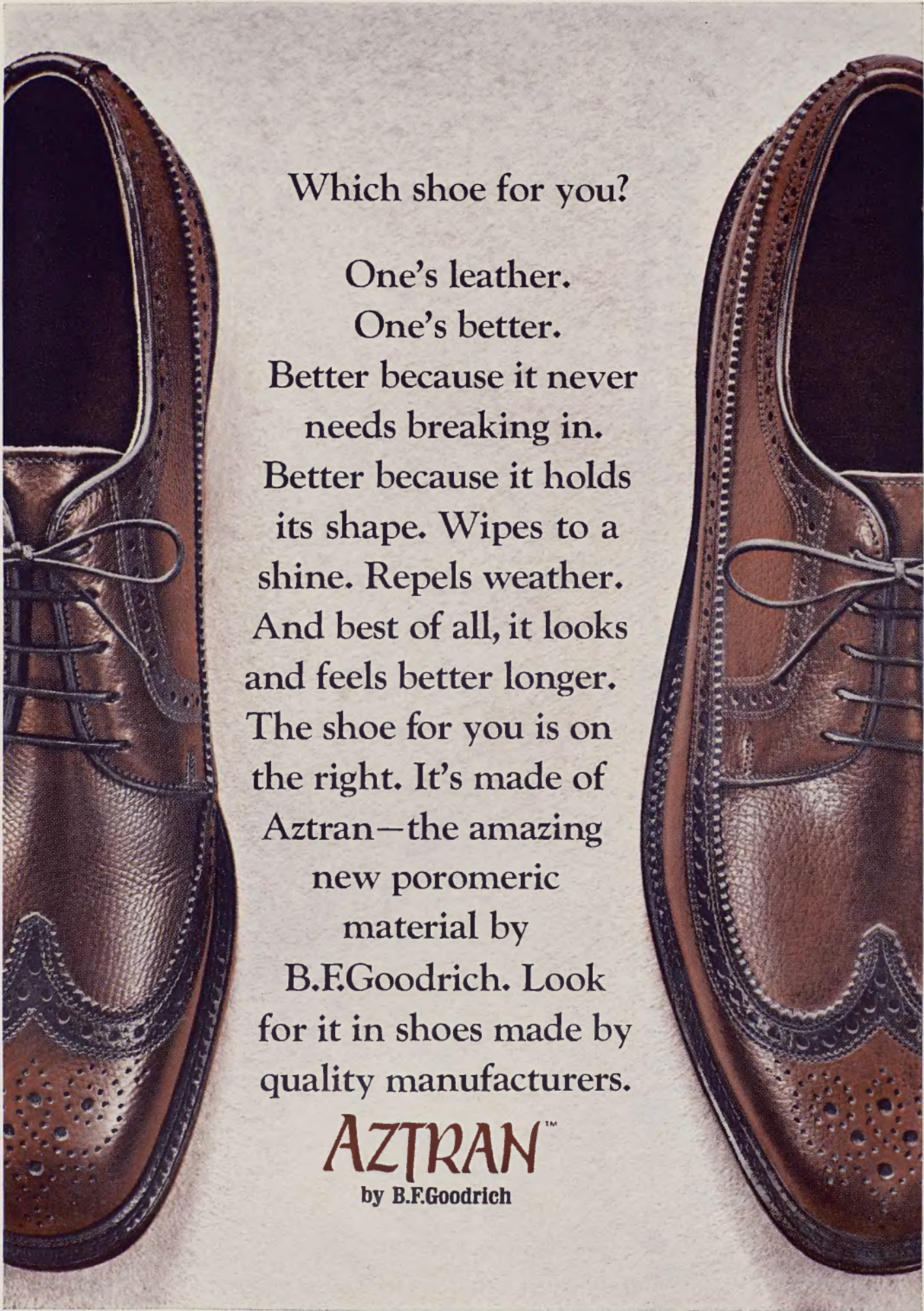
I enjoyed reading Howard Margolis' July article, *Sure Things*. It was very entertaining. But much to my dismay, everyone I spoke to who was willing to wager on Margolis' puzzles had already seen his article. You can't win them all, I guess.

Here's one Margolis missed. I'd be willing to give odds against a quick solution: You have \$100 in your pocket and you've decided to take 100 friends to the movies. The price of admission for males is five dollars; females, two dollars; and children, 50 cents. You must take 100 people—no more and no fewer—with at least one man, one woman and one child. How many of each should you take?

Jeffrey Bobier
Columbus, Ohio

We'd take just one of the girls and split for a weekend. However: If, by "taking" 100 people, it's assumed you must accompany them and buy a ticket for yourself (making a total of 101 moviegoers), then there are at least ten solutions, ranging from 1 guy, 30 girls and 70 kids to 10 guys, 3 girls and 88 kids. If you don't buy a ticket for yourself (making a total of 100 moviegoers), the problem can't be solved.

Here's another betting game for men who like to win. Deal 25 cards out on the table—or let your pigeon deal them. Bet him that you can make five pat five-card poker hands (flush, full house or straight) out of the 25 cards. You should be able to get odds. Then go to it. It's quite simple. In fact, it will work almost every time. The best approach is to arrange the cards in suits, then set aside all the flushes—there will be at least two and perhaps as many as five. With the



Which shoe for you?

One's leather.

One's better.

Better because it never
needs breaking in.

Better because it holds
its shape. Wipes to a
shine. Repels weather.
And best of all, it looks
and feels better longer.

The shoe for you is on
the right. It's made of
Aztran—the amazing
new poromeric

material by

B.F.Goodrich. Look
for it in shoes made by
quality manufacturers.


AZTRAN[™]
by B.F.Goodrich



nothing about kaywoodie IS ordinary

Precious, aged briar, hand-picked from hundreds of burls, is hand-worked, hand-rubbed to the soft rich finish that makes it exclusively Kaywoodie.

A special rubber bit is hand-turned, hand-fitted to feel just right in your mouth. Then the *Drinkless Fitment* that condenses moisture, traps tars and irritants is added.

Small wonder it looks, smokes like no ordinary pipe. Always mild, dry, full flavored. There's just no other pipe quite like Kaywoodie. 

KAYWOODIE

Send 25¢ for 48-page catalog. Tells how to smoke a pipe; shows pipes from \$6.95 to \$3,500; Kaywoodie Tobacco, smoking items, Kaywoodie, N.Y. 22, Dept. D-14

cards left over, make straights and full houses. If the five pat hands don't show up, try again by rearranging the same cards. The odds are strongly in your favor.

Steve Dimond
Brooklandville, Maryland

I've subscribed to PLAYBOY for several years—with enjoyment and with appreciation for your good taste and your forthright opinions on controversial subjects. As a mathematician, I especially enjoyed Margolis' *Sure Things*. However, I would like to point out an implied error in one of the problems. The sixth puzzler concerned drilling a hole through the center of a sphere and determining the volume of the sphere remaining, where the length of the hole (L) is known to be six inches. You correctly give the answer as 36π . But then you say: "The solution to the problem is always the same: the square of the length of the hole times π cubic inches."

This is not true. The correct formula is not πL^2 , but $\frac{\pi}{6} L^3$, which reduces to πL^2 only if $L = 6$. A person attempting to modify the problem according to your formula would arrive at a wrong answer and lose his bet.

Ralph W. Ball, Chairman
Department of Mathematics
New Mexico Institute of
Mining and Technology
Socorro, New Mexico

Our explanation would have been clearer had we phrased it: "The solution to the problem is always the same for a six-inch hole, no matter what the size of the sphere." Reader Ball is correct in his general formula.

PLAYBOY IN POLAND

I think your readers will be interested in this description of what PLAYBOY can mean to someone on the other side of the Iron Curtain, as reported by David Halberstam, Pulitzer Prize-winning foreign correspondent, in an article entitled "Love, Life, and Selling Out in Poland," in the July 1967 issue of *Harper's* magazine:

Elzbieta and I had gone through a particularly difficult time, long and painful, before we were finally granted permission to marry. Afterward I sought out a brilliant intellectual who had remained a friend during the worst part of it, and said there was something I would like to do for him. What would it be: whiskey, books?

PLAYBOY, he said.

PLAYBOY? I asked.

A subscription to PLAYBOY, could you do that? It's the most important magazine there is.

I said I wasn't sure; a magazine subscription certainly, but he was an intellectual. There were *Commen-*

tary, Encounter, Esquire, Harper's. But PLAYBOY, if you were in America. . . .

But you don't understand how important PLAYBOY is, he said. It is for us the greatest American export in the world. For us it is the good life. The boy, the girl, the pad, with fancy lighting and sports car. The wine bottle, half-empty, then the lights out. The pinup girls. But are they pinup girls? No, not at all, they are secretaries, girls next door, and, miracle, they are taking off their clothes, all of them. Your secretary is taking off all her clothes.

But America, I said, is not really like that. The girls who lived next door to me. . . .

Ah, you don't understand because you are an American. Here it doesn't matter if all American men are not Hemingway heroes; what matters is that we think they are. It doesn't matter that all American young men don't live like PLAYBOY heroes; what matters is that we think they do. For us PLAYBOY is the symbol of your good life.

Elwood Hartford
New York, New York

OFF COURSE

Besides having the layout of the Monopoly board fouled up (the house on Mediterranean Avenue seems out of place, Park Place is where Luxury Tax ought to be, etc.), cartoonist Rowland Wilson (*PLAYBOY*, July) should know that



you can't have a hotel on Boardwalk unless you have four houses on Park Place. Please be more careful about things that really count.

Roy Smith
San Francisco, California

We've sent our cartoonist directly to Jail—without passing Go and without collecting \$200.



**No Scotch
improves
the flavour
of water
like
Teacher's**



\$7²⁵
About a fifth

Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.
Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof • © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

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

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

New ZP¹¹ Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. A hairdressing created by the laboratories of Revlon, that doctors report has brought actual, visible results in 3 out of every 4 cases tested.

Will ZP¹¹ positively work for you? The odds are all in your favor. Eminent dermatologists have tested ZP¹¹ on hundreds of dandruff cases, both simple and severe. ZP¹¹ was the answer in 3 out of every 4 cases tested. After regular use of ZP¹¹, even severe cases of flaking, scaling, itching, burning and crusting were under control.

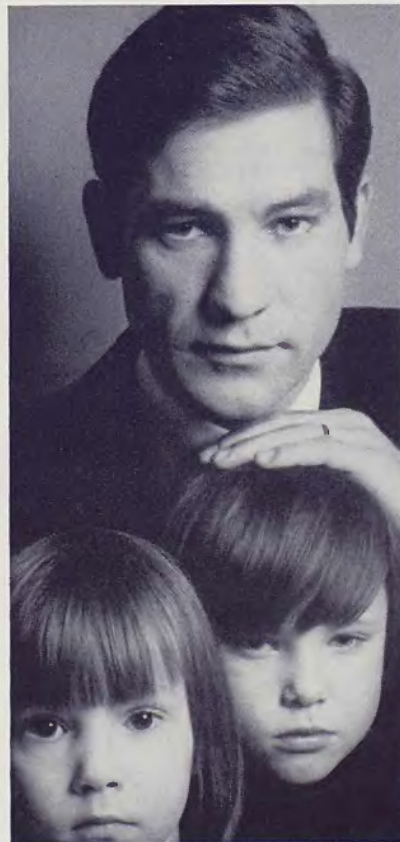
Why is ZP¹¹ so successful? Because it is the first continuous action anti-dandruff formula.

The remarkable anti-dandruff agent that it contains has been combined with a fine, non-greasy hairdressing. A hairdressing any man would enjoy using daily. And regular use is the key. ZP¹¹ succeeds because medication stays on your scalp day after day. None is lost, as in wash-away shampoos.

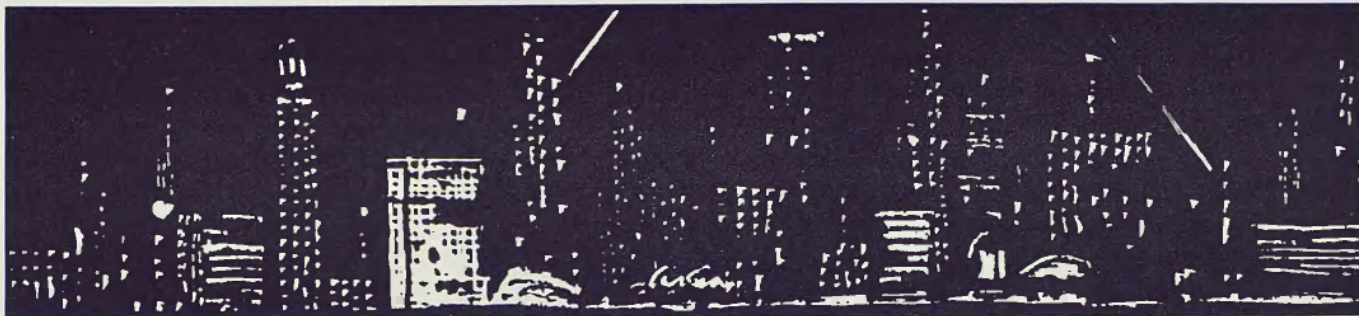
How soon could ZP¹¹ work for you? Doctors noted that in most cases, maximum benefits were obtained in from one to three weeks. And once your dandruff is under control, ZP¹¹ can actually keep it under control indefinitely.

Even if it couldn't do a thing about dandruff, you'd like what ZP¹¹ does for your looks. It's a pleasantly unobtrusive, non-greasy cream hairdressing with a fresh, clean masculine scent. And while it holds your hair, new ZP¹¹ works on dandruff the way no weekly shampoo ever can.

Find out about ZP¹¹, the first Anti-Dandruff Hairdressing. It's guaranteed by the Men's Division of the world renowned Revlon Research Laboratories.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



After successive waves of Negro jokes, Polish jokes, Italian jokes and—since the recent skirmish in the Middle East—Jewish and Arab jokes, it was almost inevitable that these harassed minorities would retaliate. The word is that a clever and anonymous cartel of Negroes, Poles, Italians, Jews and Arabs has pooled its creative talents to produce the last word in ethnic humor: WASP jokes. Like its irreverent forebears, the WASP joke (the acronym, for those who just got off the Greyhound, signifies “White Anglo-Saxon Protestant”) pokes fun at the peculiarities—real and imagined—that characterize the WASP. These would include his innate predilection toward big business: Q—What do you call six WASPs sitting around a conference table? A—Price fixing; Q—What is the WASP version of the Holy Trinity? A—General Motors, Ford and Chrysler; Q—What do you get when you cross a WASP with a chimpanzee? A—A three-foot-high blond company president. Or his reading habits: Q—How do you keep a WASP uninformed? A—Hide his copy of *Reader's Digest*; Q—How do you keep him misinformed? A—Find it for him; Q—How do you tell a WASP at a nude party? A—He's the one reading *The Wall Street Journal*. Or even his politics: Q—What does a WASP consider the chief injustice in the world? A—Earl Warren; Q—Name a WASP war hero. A—General Franco; Q—What is the WASP's favorite tree? A—Birch; Q—Why do WASPs fear sunburn? A—Better dead than red.

His putative ethnic narrow-mindedness is a rich vein: Q—What do you call 144 WASPs? A—Gross bigotry; Q—What do you call a WASP who lets his daughter marry a Jew? A—Broke; Q—What do you call a WASP in Alabama with a Jewish name? A—Lonely; Q—Why do WASPs prefer to belong to private country clubs? A—It's their final solution to the Jewish Problem. And his lack of love for his Negro brethren is a veritable mother lode: Q—What do you call a WASP with a Negro roommate? A—A jailbird; Q—What's the WASP version of black power? A—50 Negroes pulling a barge up the Mississippi; Q—Name the

two Negroes whom WASPs most admire. A—Aunt Jemima and Uncle Ben; Q—What is an Alabama WASP's version of *The Late Show*? A—A jury taking more than five minutes to find a Negro guilty; Q—Give two reasons WASPs drop out of college. A—James Meredith and Autherine Lucy; Q—What do you call a WASP in Watts? A—A cop; Q—What do you call a WASP who has a Negro for dinner? A—A cannibal; Q—What's a WASP dove in Alabama? A—Someone who calls for a halt to the bombing of Negro churches; Q—What do you call a Mississippi WASP who participates in a lynching? A—A social climber.

The WASP's physical frailty is also fair game: Q—How many WASPs does it take to convict a Southern Negro of simple assault? A—24: 12 to beat him up and another 12 to find him guilty; Q—What do you call a WASP prize fighter? A—Lousy. So is his religion: Q—How can you tell a WASP prostitute? A—There's a Bible next to her bed; Q—How can you make a WASP give up his religion? A—Integrate his church. And his lackluster sex life: Q—What do you call it when a prostitute services a WASP client? A—The naked and the dead; Q—What happens when a WASP couple get to know each other well? A—Divorce. His irredeemable squareness rounds out our sampling with suitable WASPishness: Q—How do you break a WASP's heart? A—Catch Pat Boone and Kate Smith at a pot party. And how does a WASP turn on, tune in and drop out? He falls asleep in front of his TV.

Sign of the times spotted behind the counter at a café in Charleroi, Belgium: COFFEE—FIVE FRANCS. REAL COFFEE—SEVEN FRANCS.

Aptly veiled secretary of the California Committee on Therapeutic Abortion: Mrs. Walter Studhalter.

Our Blithe Spirit of the Month Award goes to the late James McMillan Gibson of York, Maine, who ordered that a “big party” be held after his funeral to pre-

vent prolonged mourning, and further requested that he be buried under two 27-inch-high champagne bottles of granite (Bollinger Extra Quality Brut) in place of the usual tombstone. Our Party Pooper of the Month Award goes to the citizens of York who forced the custodian of the graveyard to betray Gibson's will and remove the two bottles. Gibson—a former aide to then-Secretary of State Edward Stettinius—should have protected his bacchanalian burial mound, we suggest, with some sort of spooky and threatening incantations. An adaptation of Shakespeare might have done the trick: “Good friend for Jesu's sake forbear/ To dig the dust enclosed here/ Blest be the man that heeds my cues/ And curst be he that moves my booze.”

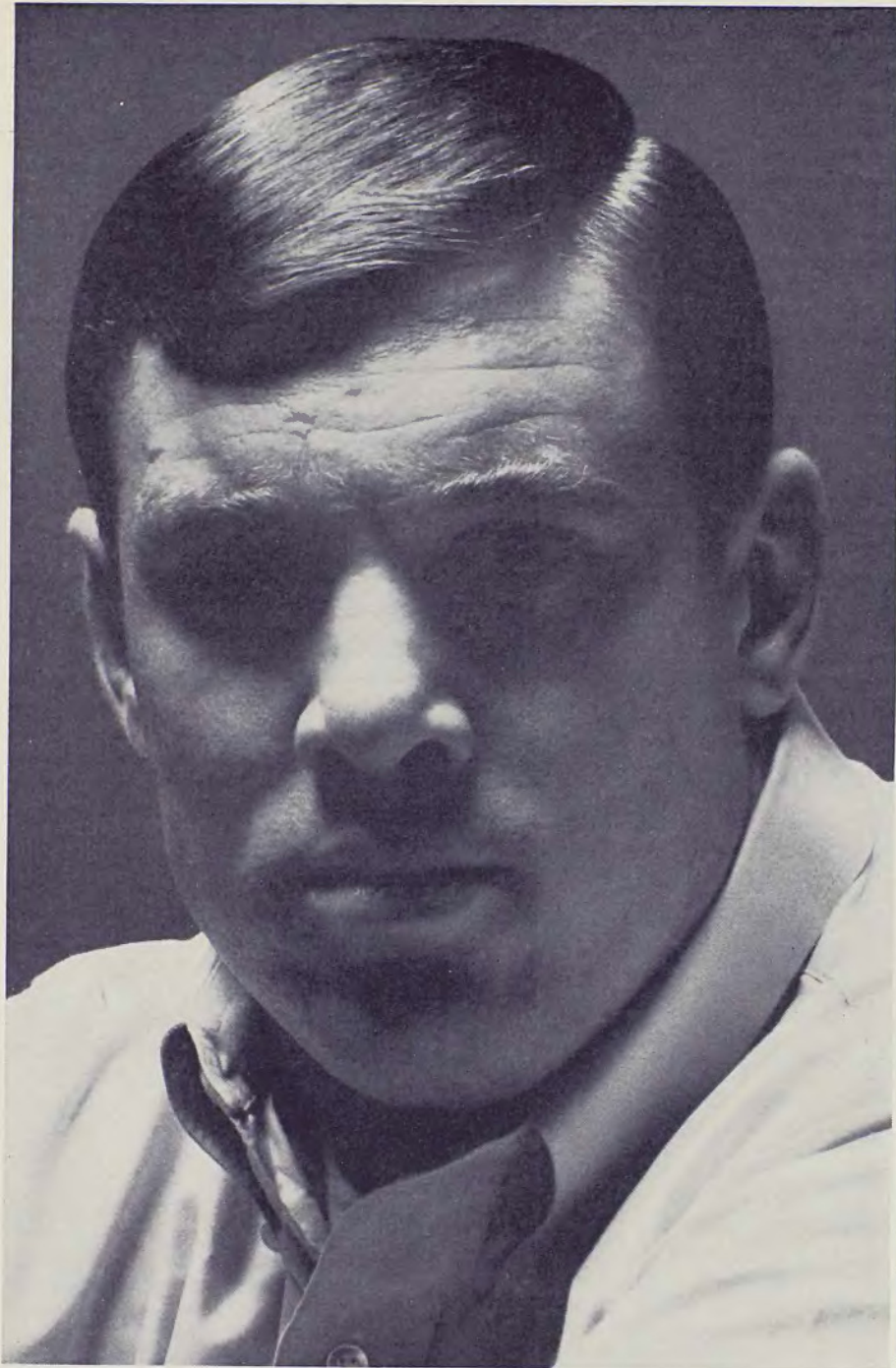
Calling it “a somber sexual tragedy,” the London *Times* reported the refusal of specially imported Portuguese stud oysters to breed with Blighty-born bivalves. Result: Oysters were going for \$5.25 a dozen in London restaurants.

There's an “un-charm” studio for men in San Francisco, which, a correspondent swears, “guarantees to make a bum out of you in 30 days or refund your money.”

Cuckoldry Department, Geriatric Division: “Trouble with your spouse coming home late, or not at all?” asked a personal ad in the Columbia, South Carolina, *State*. “Confidential investigators for confidential investigations. Special discount if spouse over 75 years of age.”

“HERE TODAY, HERE TOMORROW” is the apropos headline of a column in the prison paper at the Rawlins, Wyoming, state penitentiary.

Medical science may have inadvertently fallen upon verification of the old adage about leading a horse to water, etc. Scaring oneself the other day by reading an article about tobacco and cancer, in *Medical World News*, we came upon the following straight-faced comment. “During experiments on horses at Roswell



Tom Keating, Defensive Tackle for the Oakland Raiders, goes for non-greasy Dep for Men

Tom Keating just had his hair styled. Wanna make something out of it?

At 250 lbs., Tom's no sissy. But he gets his hair styled. Because if Tom's hair is shaped to fit his face, he looks slimmer. Here's how it works. First, Tom's stylist shampoos his hair. Then he shapes it wet, leaving the sides a little long, and adding some height. Finally, he styles it with Dep for Men, a clear, non-greasy gel, and adds a shot of Dep for Men Hair Spray to hold the line. All Tom has to do to keep this neat look is use Dep for Men each morning. How about you? Why not try a styling job? And don't forget the Dep.

Dep for Men Gel is available in both Regular and new Dry Hair formulas.



Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, it was found that while they could be given cigarettes, they could not be made to smoke. This was a severe disappointment." We've read a lot about how this age of specialization has narrowed the breadth of human knowledge, but we never would have suspected that the Roswell researchers could have been so ignorant of the old saw as to feel surprised regret when they discovered that their specimens from Marlboro country failed to light up. Apparently, at Roswell Park, they haven't even heard of horse sense.

Mysterious East Department: A sign on a Kyoto street reads, YOU TOURISTS IN KYOTO. THE ALLURE OF CARING YOUR COMPANY IN THE EVENING AWAITS YOU AT STREET CORNER. TURN DOWN THE PROPOSAL TO KEEP AWAY FROM AWFUL EXPERIENCE. KYOTO PREFECTURAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

To Whom It May Concern, from an announcement in the *Los Angeles Times*: "Lovely private home for dignified respectable unwed mothers. All matters confidential. References required."

A restaurant in the Bahamas, according to the Kettering-Oakwood, Ohio, *Times*, offers worried executives a drink called "business on the rocks."

Attention, A.S.P.C.A., Aviary Branch: A recent issue of *Field and Stream* ran an advertisement from the Marsh Quail Company of Garden Grove, California, extolling the joys of "laying quail—for profit and pleasure."

Our man in England reports that among the unclaimed lost property offered at a police-station auction in Cardiff, Wales, were six baby carriages, an artificial leg, the lower half of a tailor's dummy and 60 brassieres.

Chicago's Paul Bunyan restaurant is strategically located directly across the street from the Dr. Scholl's foot-comfort factory.

Equestrians, take note: A classified ad in the Hillsborough (California) *Bou-tique* offered the services of a horse-woman trained in European equitation who will "exercise your horse for the pleasure of a mount."

Reader response to our May list of terms for describing in a manner pertinent to that position a man's loss of job has inspired us to offer a few more of the same. Why shouldn't aging cowboys, for example, be deranged? And why can't fishermen who cast lines out of season be summarily debaited? For the same reason, we suppose, that railway porters

You may have already WON in The Longines Symphonette's

GOLDEN COUGAR Sweepstakes

1st Prize—100 chances to win A Sensational Mercury COUGAR Sportscar. Fully Equipped and complete with all deluxe accessories.

2nd Prize—100 Elegant, Full-Length MINK COATS. Custom designed and personalized by the famous Hy Fishman Furs of New York.

Plus 10,000 powerful AM-FM Transistor radios to follow-up winners!
Over 10,000 Chances To Win in The Longines Symphonette's New GOLDEN COUGAR SWEEPSTAKES.

200
TOP
PRIZES



NOW—HAVE A

DISCOUNT RECORD STORE IN YOUR OWN HOME

Save up to 55% on every record you ever want to buy! No obligation to buy any records

The Longines Symphonette's new service, THE CITADEL RECORD CLUB gives you any record, any artist, any label at savings up to 55% off manufacturer's suggested price. No obligation to buy any records • Jet Speed Service • See details below • Special Money-Back Membership—Just Like a Free Trial!

You've seen the "tricky" ads in this and other publications: Get 10 records FREE they say. Then in smaller print, if you agree to buy 10 or 11 more in just one year. They give you your choice of from 30 to 90 records... and that is not free choice, for the Schwann Catalog lists more than 30,000 long-play records now available to you. The extra records you have to buy no matter what choice is offered you are part of the "trick". More records you really don't want. And did you ever try to turn down a record club selection of the month? It's tough—and you have to move fast. This kind of club forces you to buy records you don't want.

THERE IS A BETTER WAY: The Longines Symphonette New Citadel Club gives you a huge "Discount Record Store" in your own home...acts like a "record buyers cooperative".

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

- 1 ANY RECORD, ANY ARTIST, ANY LABEL, ANY KIND OF MUSIC!** What do you prefer? Popular? Classical? Broadway Show? Rock and roll? Movie or TV themes? Order Herb Alpert, Barbra Streisand, Robert Goulet, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Herman's Hermits, any original Broadway Cast... you name it, if it's in print, you have it at a guaranteed 35% off manufacturers' list price... often as high as 55%. Even includes imported labels and hard-to-find specialties.
- 2 YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO BUY ANY RECORDS AT ALL!** Buy as many or as few records as you need—records of your choice!
- 3 IRON CLAD GUARANTEE: FACTORY-FRESH RECORDS, MOST SEALED IN PLASTIC.** Any record that passes our inspection team and is imperfect, is replaced without additional cost to you.

TYPICAL CITADEL RECORD CLUB SUPER-BARGAINS

Performer	Normal List Price	Citadel Special Price	Performer	Normal List Price	Citadel Special Price
FRANK SINATRA	4.79	2.29	HERB ALPERT AND		
MANTOVANI	4.79	2.29	THE TIJUANA BRASS	4.79	2.19
CONNIE FRANCIS	4.79	2.29	BARBRA STREISAND	4.79	2.39
LAWRENCE WELK	4.79	2.29	THE MONKEES	4.79	2.29
AL HIRT	4.79	2.29	HARRY BELAFONTE	4.79	2.29
ERICH LEINSDORF	5.79	2.89	LEONARD BERNSTEIN	5.79	2.99
RAMSEY LEWIS	4.79	2.29	NAT KING COLE	4.79	2.29
BOBBY DARIN	4.79	2.29	EDDY ARNOLD	4.79	2.29
TONY BENNETT	4.79	2.39	HENRY MANCINI	4.79	2.29
COUNT BASIE	4.79	2.29	GUY LOMBARDO	4.79	2.29
STAN GETZ	4.79	2.29	ROLLING STONES	4.79	2.29

How sweepstakes works... The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine

or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. Entries must be received by January 4, 1968. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. If you send a self addressed stamped envelope a representative list of prize winners will be sent to you.



- 4 24 HOUR SERVICE IN MOST CASES!** Your orders filled promptly...mostly within 24 hours. The fastest service in the industry.
- 5 FREE MEMBERSHIP KIT INCLUDES 300-PAGE SCHWANN CATALOG PLUS TWO OTHER BIG BOOKS!** As a member you get the famous SCHWANN catalog which lists more than 30,000 long-play records now available. Same book used by the biggest stores...tells you the manufacturers' suggested prices and other information. And you get two BONUS BIG BOOK CATALOGS listing special bargains and current top sellers. All FREE with your membership.
- 6 "MONEY-BACK" MEMBERSHIP—JUST LIKE A FREE TRIAL!** In order to introduce you to the tremendous advantages of membership in The Citadel Record Club, we invite you to accept a three-month trial for just \$1. And—we will even give you a Record Bonus Certificate worth \$1 toward your first purchase...just like a FREE trial. AND—we'll even bill you later for the small \$1 fee. Remember—every Citadel Club membership is for the entire family. Your children can order and save. Any member of your family can order records...and save. But—try us out. Mail the card or coupon for the special three-month trial for only \$1.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL CARD OR COUPON TODAY!

CITADEL RECORD CLUB

Symphonette Square, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

Enroll me in the club for all the privileges described in the advertisement. I get FREE kit including SCHWANN catalog plus two bonus big books. I AM NOT OBLIGATED TO BUY ANY RECORDS... but save up to 55% on those I really want, any artist, any label. Bill me for the \$1 trial membership and send the \$1 Record Bonus Certificate which I can use toward my first purchase.

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ Zip _____

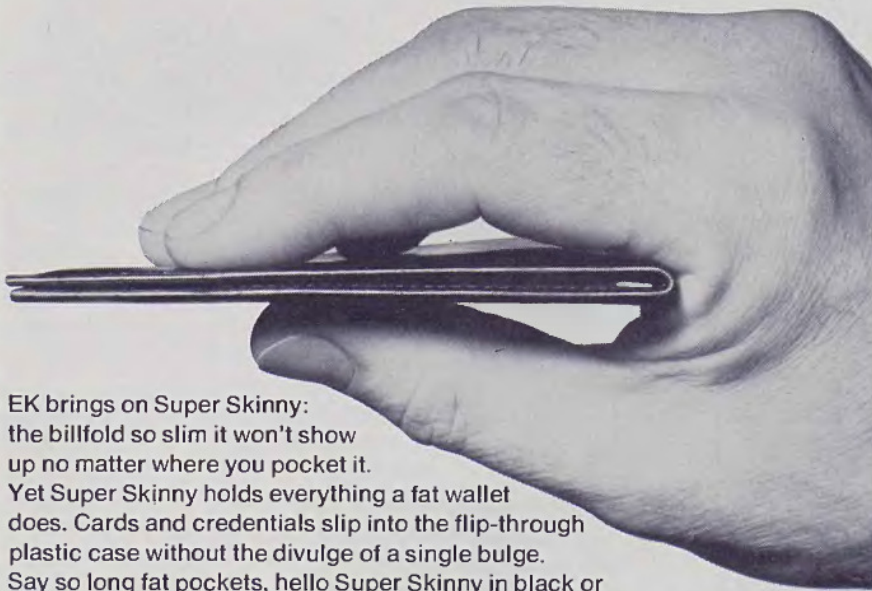
NO—Do not enroll me but tell me if I have won. I have copied number from card bound in this magazine.

Number _____
© C. S., Inc. (Please print carefully) 826-001

HELP STAMP OUT FAT POCKETS



SUPER SKINNY IS HERE



EK brings on Super Skinny: the billfold so slim it won't show up no matter where you pocket it. Yet Super Skinny holds everything a fat wallet does. Cards and credentials slip into the flip-through plastic case without the divulge of a single bulge. Say so long fat pockets, hello Super Skinny in black or brown leather. \$5 to \$35. You might know it would be from Enger Kress of West Bend, Wisconsin, fine leather crafters since 1885.



Get everything organized with EK everything: billfolds, French purses, clutches and wallets, cases and kits and more at all fine stores.



aren't decided for misplacing baggage, or conductors derailed for short-changing passengers. Nevertheless, we feel that deceitful insurance brokers should be disclaimed and sticky-fingered blackjack dealers discarded. Dishonest traffic-court judges, furthermore, should be defined, and any CIA man caught financing the publication of *Ramparts* would have to be decoded. A careless dressmaker ought to be depleted and an overweight model should certainly be deposed. But we'd feel rather sorry for a pregnant prostitute: She'd have to be delayed.

Untold Human Interest Story of the Month: On New York's West Third Street, scrawled beneath a recruiting poster declaring that THE MARINE CORP'S BUILDS MEN, we spied the plaintive graffito, "Then build one for me. Mary Jo Wzybicki."

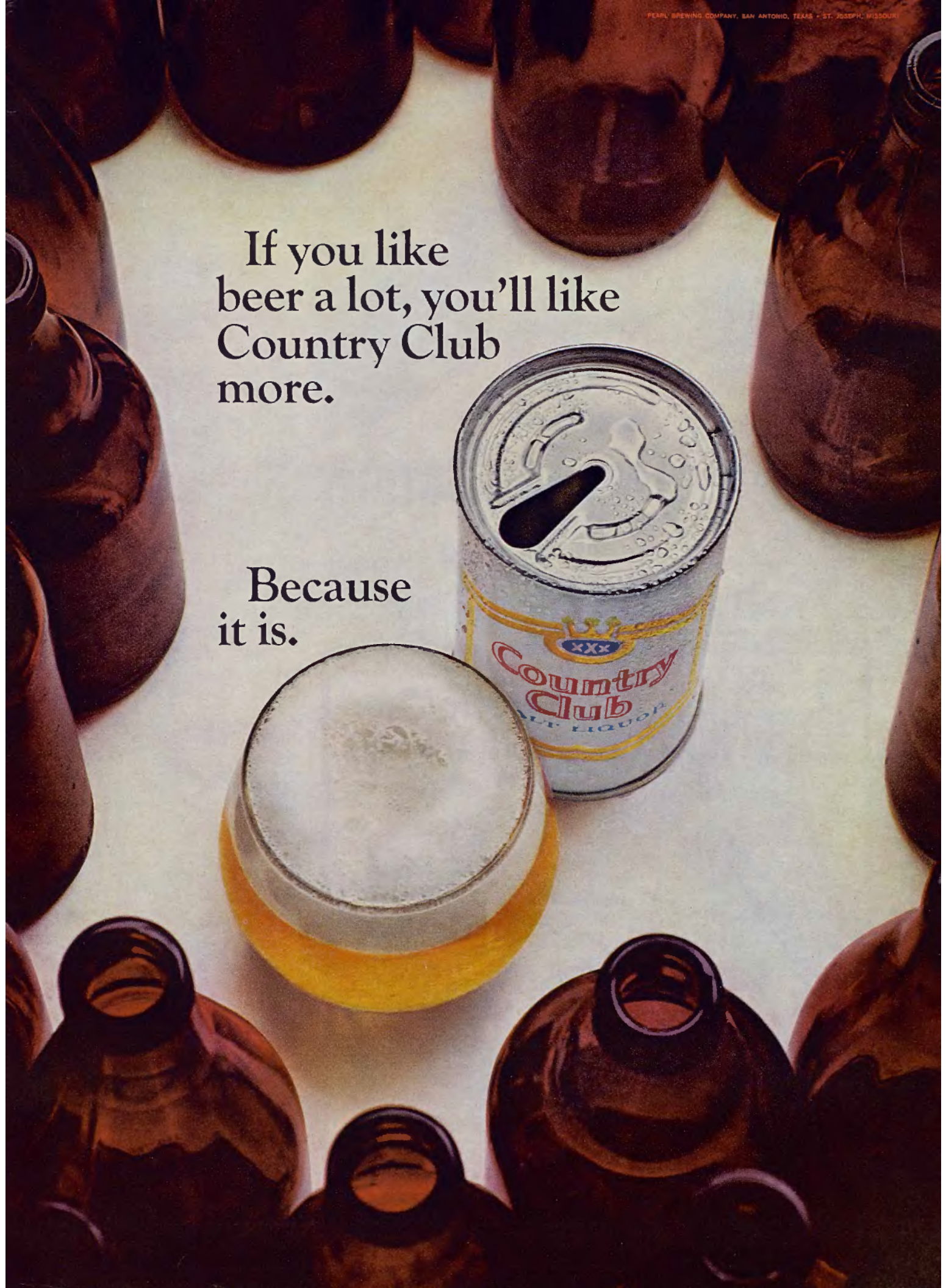
Double Standard Department, Postal Division: On behalf of a client charged with sending an obscene publication through the mails, a Norfolk, Virginia, lawyer called the Justice Department and asked to view a copy of the salacious document. According to the *Norfolk Ledger-Star*, the offending material arrived a few days later—by mail.

THEATER

Peter Ustinov is the dilettante's Da Vinci, a dazzling dabbler in most of the popular arts. In *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*, he attempts a tragicomic epic about war and peace. How much more ambitious can you be? How much father can you fall if you fail? The odd thing is that even in failure—and his new play is a failure—there are moments, particularly when the author stops acting pompous and begins attacking pomposity. His funniest invention is a prototypal Nazi-ish character named Inventor, who markets war wares through the centuries. As played fiendishly by Second City's Bob Dishy with a word-crunching German vaudeville accent, he is a panic. Most of the other characters are a trial: the unknown soldier (Christopher Walken), who gets chopped up in every battle; the unknown soldier's wife (Melissa C. Murphy), who gets knocked up before every battle; the archbishop (Howard Da Silva), who talks like a fortune cookie ("I will plant seeds in your mind which will blossom into a harvest"). Fortunately, the actors are several cuts above their parts. Brian Bedford, for one, plays generals, kings, dukes, a battalion of misguided war makers, and each is a completely individual impersonation. But too much of the play is bombast. By the second war, one gets the message: War is hell, especially for the fall guy. The ambitious

If you like
beer a lot, you'll like
Country Club
more.

Because
it is.





The Spirit of Grand Marnier

tantalizing...captivating...its delightful bouquet...delicious flavour...help make memorable moments...Grand Marnier from France is held in esteem by the world's leading chefs...Parisians love their quaint crepes Suzette stands...sprinkle Grand Marnier liberally on crepes. Enjoy the taste of Grand Marnier in cocktails, great recipes or in a snifter after dinner...it has spirit! Write for our free recipe booklet.



Try France's exciting after dinner coffee... Grand Marnier Coffee...it's easy to make... 1 oz. Grand Marnier, 1 glass hot black coffee, top with whipped cream. Elegant... smooth.

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE/MADE FROM FINE COGNAC BRANDY/80 PROOF/CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NYC 10019



TOP-NOTCH FORM. Lillian Russell had it. Giacometti did too. A perfect sense of style and form. Like this sculptured chest-jacquard **FORUM®**, a study in aesthetics with its reverse-stitch diamond pattern in vivid contrasting color-tones. The colors, deeper, richer, stronger in tow-dyed Acrilan acrylic. The result, like every **FORUM**, top-notch in substance. Top-notch in **®SPORTSWEAR** form.



In Teal, Orange, Chili, Gold, Olive, Ivory. Guaranteed for one year normal wear by Monsanto. S,M,L,XL. About \$14.00. At better stores Or write **FORUM 303 Fifth Ave., New York.**



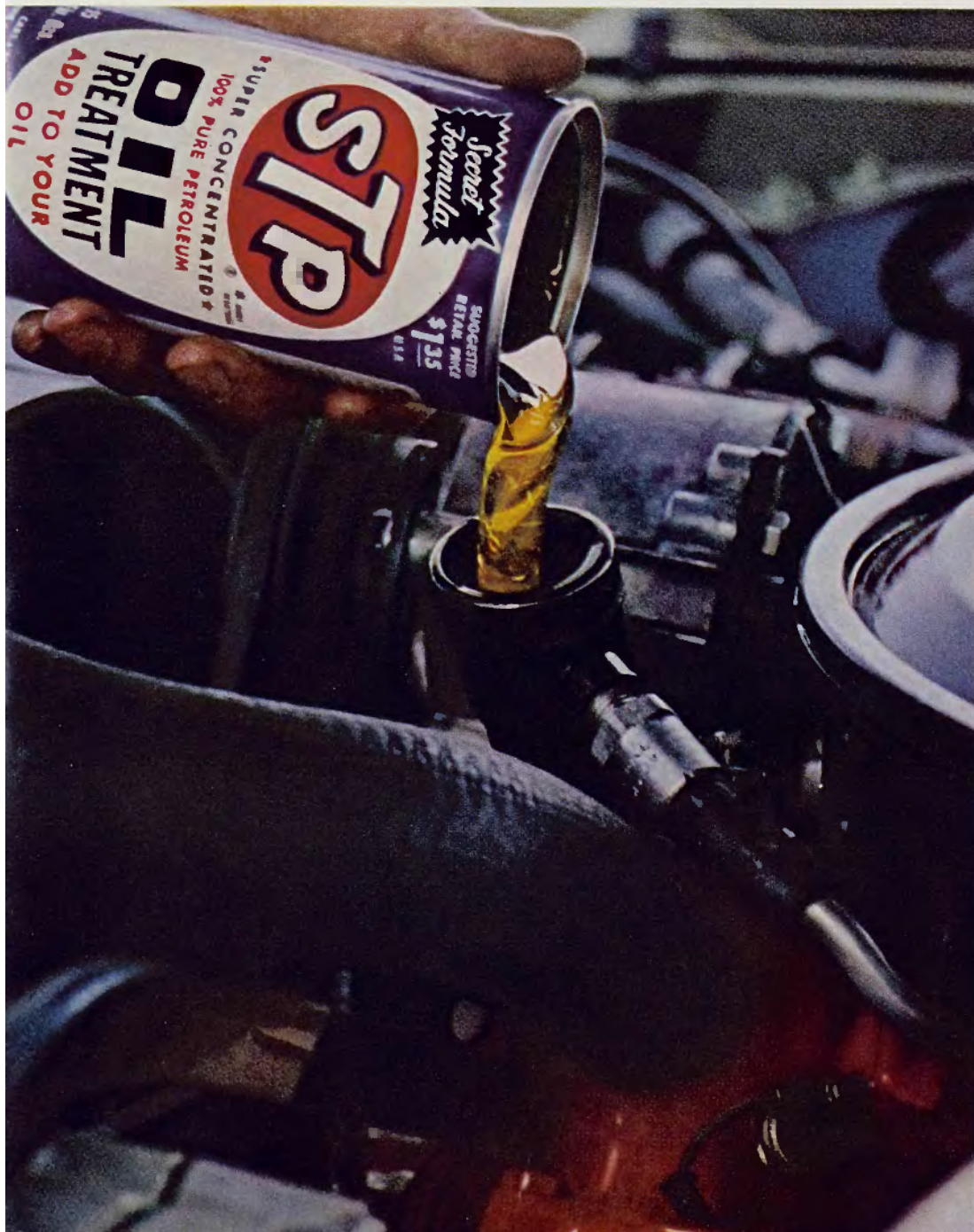
Ustinov has little to add to this edifying piece of information. At the Vivian Beaumont, 150 West 65th Street.

MOVIES

Considerable sympathy is stirred up for two tragic misfits of the Great Depression era in *Bonnie and Clyde*, based on the real-life story of Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, who lived, stole cars, robbed banks and ultimately died together in ambush back in the days of rumble seats and bread lines. Both director Arthur Penn and producer-star Warren Beatty, outdoing any of their previous films (and, incidentally, getting the jump on *In Cold Blood*), put lightning excitement into a David Newman-Robert Benton script that never settles for mere sensationalism. The study of character is sometimes obviously slanted in the culprits' favor; but more often, they seem natural children of the social environment from which they spring, and their violent odyssey of crime rips along like an open roadster taking every corner on two wheels. Beatty plays Clyde as big, beautiful, dim and impotent, a lout who lapses into a life of violence partly for sexual release. As his frustrated paramour, a restless little Texas nobody with a yen to write maudlin poetry between gun fights, Faye Dunaway is fine, too, and here has a role that should fix her grit as well as her girth in the public eye. The best of it may be that the hard-luck feel of the Thirties touches every frame of film. In one prickly vignette, Bonnie and Clyde invite a weary dirt farmer and his hired man to help shoot up a ramshackle old house from which the farmer's family has just been evicted by the bank—and the resentment felt by the dispossessed of any era suddenly yields echoes of the protests heard more recently in Watts, Newark and Detroit.

Let France's wizard of cinematography, Henri Decae, train his lens on settings furbished with romantic turn-of-the-century decor and the movie is certain to delight the eye. *The Thief*, director Louis (*The Lovers*) Malle's comic essay on the honorable profession of burglary, delights the intellect as well. Leading a pack of cheerfully amoral characters is Jean-Paul Belmondo, coolly existentialist as ever, despite his bushy mustache and flowing cape. Belmondo's thievery begins as a gesture of spite toward a rascally uncle who has misappropriated his inheritance and refused him the hand of his adored cousin Charlotte (Genevieve Bujold), a kittenish beauty panting to get next to her kin. Jean-Paul lifts her prospective bridegroom's family jewels, then embarks on a career of crime under the tutelage of a master crook who passes in polite society as a priest. Malle's incisive glimpses at the thief's victims

YOUTH SERUM



**Feed your new baby
the formula that keeps
it running young.**

Ever wonder why auto manufacturers generally advise against running a new car at high speeds?

It's because a new engine is tight, stiff and vulnerable to the kind of friction that causes erosion of metal parts; the kind of friction ordinary motor oils just can't cut.


STP can out that friction, though. Because STP Oil Treatment is a super concentrate so strong it clings to all metal parts without breaking down or draining off.

Have your gasoline service station add STP to your oil from the very start. And keep using it to keep your car running smoother, cooler, quieter, longer.

A. J. Foyt, Parnelli Jones, Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill and most of the other leading car racers prove STP outs friction to a fraction every time they put it through their grueling tests.

Add STP. Youth will be served.

A Scientifically Tested Product

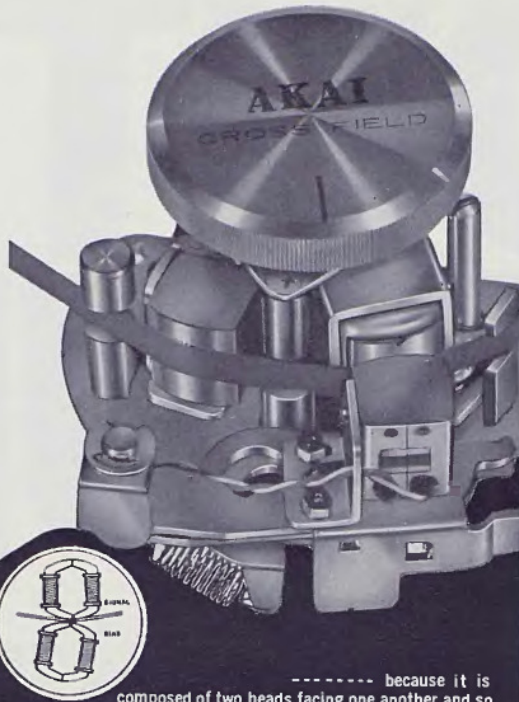
 A Division of Strömbaker Corporation

The racer's edge



People
in the know want

THE CROSS FIELD HEAD



----- because it is composed of two heads facing one another and so mounted where by their centers are slightly off, as shown in the diagram. This combination of bias and signal heads makes possible clearer responses than the ordinary conventional head, even at slow tape speeds.

Model X-355: This professional type machine features 4-track, 3-speed stereo/mono recording and playback—the famous Akai Cross-Field Head—automatic reverse, repeat, stop and shutoff—sound-on-sound—sound-with-sound—sound-over-sound—50 watts solid-state amplifier—30 to 24,000 cps frequency response—3 motors—6½" built-in speakers—operates on 100-240v AC at 50/60 cycles—biased system for FM multiplex recording—remote control and 10½" reel adaptors optional—vertical or horizontal positioning—push button controls.

Model M-8: Cross-Field Head tape recording and playback superiority from Akai. The 4-track, 4-speed stereo/mono M-8 offers sound-on-sound recording—vertical center speakers—special bias for FM multiplex recording—automatic shutoff—instant stop—horizontal or vertical positioning—2 speed synchronous motor—30 to 25,000 cps frequency response—12 watts power output—operates on 100-240v AC at 50/60 cycles.

Model X-300: The Akai Model X-300 features the famous Cross-Field Headsystem—stereo/mono recording and playback—4-track, 2-speed (15 ips optional)—10½" reel capacity—self-contained 50 watts amplifier—sound-over-sound—90 kc bias for FM multiplex recording—4 digit tape counter—3 motors—vertical/horizontal positioning—piano key controls—6" x 4" speakers—operates on 100-240v AC at 50/60 cycles.



the Cross-Field Head included in these models

AKAI TAPE RECORDERS are available at the US Army and Air Force PACEX Exchanges, the Navy Exchange and the Marine Corps Exchange. The PACEX MAIL ORDER SERVICE in Japan has just resumed filling your orders again.

AKAI®

TAPE RECORDER

For further information, Please send me your catalogue(s) P-10

A AKAI TRADING CO., LTD.
AKAI ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
HIGASHIKOJIYACHO OHTA-KU TOKYO JAPAN

NAME: _____ AGE: _____
ADDRESS: _____
COUNTRY: _____

leave little doubt that clergymen, politicians, businessmen and svelte matrons of the *haut monde* all are picking pockets one way or another. Juggling a dozen complex relationships in and out of the underworld milieu, Malle orchestrates them with sly precision. His smoothest scene is one in which the thief and Charlotte casually set about forging the scoundrel uncle's will, while the old debauchee lies paralyzed on his deathbed, watching. Under the film's glossy surface, Malle has wrought a lightly outrageous ode to the disenchanted of every epoch.

Redondo Beach, California, Sunset Beach and the Banzai Pipeline of Oahu are names murmured with reverence by surfdom's faithful golden hordes, who consider these perilous shores roughly equivalent to Rome, Jerusalem and Mecca. Now *Surfari* comes pounding in hard behind last year's splashy sleeper, *The Endless Summer*; and this account of several crusades to the centers of big surfing offers more thrills per spill than did its predecessor. The color photography in *Surfari* is less imaginative, but executive producer Don Brown (related to *Summer's* Bruce Brown only by the salt spray in his blood) sensibly devotes most of his footage to the classic conflict of man vs. wave. The waves are mostly 15- to 30-footers. The men are Ricky Grigg, world surfing champion of 1967, and Greg Noll, one of the West Coast's leading daredevils. Grigg, part sun god, part intellectual, is due for a Ph.D. in oceanography, though his bravura style at sea level marks him a Brando of the breakers. A surfers' derby at Malibu begins the fun; and whenever the stars wade ashore to pull themselves together for another set, Brown kills time with conventional change-of-pace distractions that narrators of surf epics appear unable to resist—a bikini contest, a ritual frug, a jape about surfers at a ski resort and some terrible, terrible jokes. Hang in there, anyway, and wait for the new wave.

Paul Newman, as the legendary hero of *Cool Hand Luke*, has a sticky moment just before he expires. Three times he has escaped from a Southern chain gang, and his fiercely independent spirit rises above every sadistic form of punishment his captors can devise. Now he stands alone in a deserted church and attempts a little heart-to-heart talk with The Man Upstairs. Although the whine of approaching sirens tells us Luke isn't going to win this time, the myth he has created will assuredly live on, sustaining his fellow prisoners. That particular bag of gosh-a-mighty folk poetry is poorly suited to Newman, whose own mythical movie presence dominates any fiction a hard-working scenarist can deliver in the first place. And in the second place, a drama about men in irons sweating on county

What a catch!
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth
for cocktails that purr.
Sweet for captivating Manhattans.
Extra Dry for prize Martinis.
Try it in your own cage.



Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED **MARTINI** VERMOUTH

Life begins with


FORTIS
The watch with the
personal touch

Ref. 6176/6179

Automatic with Calendar


FORTIS
The Makers of the first
selfwinding wrist
watches

WORLD SERVICE

FORTIS WATCH LTD.
GRENCHEN SWITZERLAND

roads doesn't convey quite the sense of social urgency it did in the Thirties, when director Stuart Rosenberg was probably just a boy. Until *Luke* begins to swell with self-importance toward the end, it is entertaining sadism brightened with touches of robust male humor in the *Mister Roberts* tradition. The camp rules are set forth with unequivocal frankness ("No playing grab-ass or smoking in a prone position"), and one sequence, where the prisoners steam in a ditch while a thinly clad blonde crawls all over a car she is washing at an adjacent farmhouse, is choice. Conrad Hall's misty color photography emphasizes the raw blue beauty of dawn, when the men in their state-issue uniforms straggle forth to face horrors yet untried. You may enjoy them, if you like your escapism with lots of lumps.

In its own way, American International Pictures has been mirroring the fantasies of our teenagers for more than a decade now. AI's earliest efforts were dedicated to adolescent ghouls, after which the corporation graduated to Edgar Allan Poe chillers, teeny-bikini beach epics, California-style motorcycle-gang mania last season, and this year, LSD. In *The Trip* (you saw a preview in last month's PLAYBOY), Peter Fonda freaks out for the first time when the stress of his imminent divorce from screenmate Susan Strasberg, added to the tension of his job as a Hollywood director of TV commercials, finally leads him to turn on at a friend's lavish Los Angeles pad. Peter is hardly the actor his father is—or his sister Jane is becoming—but he turns in his most perceptive performance to date. At first, he takes the hallucinogenic highroad, but soon his LSD joy ride ceases to be a daytripper's delight and mostly turns into a long day's fright. Although Susan Strasberg is the feminine lead, she's clearly outstarred by blonde newcomer Salli Sachse, who looks just great with or without clothes. At the end of *The Trip*, Fonda finds Salli, the two repair to her bed and all is groovy. Director Roger Corman, who's been nicknamed "king of the quickies" because of his prolific output of appallingly asinine flicks, evidently took his time while making *The Trip*, and the result isn't half bad: A number of stunning visual effects make absorbing use of color, and there is just enough high-flying Fonda to make *The Trip* worth while.

In an England of the near future, rock-'n'-roll star Steve Shorter, "the greatest entertainer the world has seen in 500 years," is tendered a ticker-tape parade to the theater, where he goes into his act before a mob of screaming, weeping teenagers: Placed in handcuffs by "police," he is led into a jail cell on stage and belted around by a theatrically sadis-

tic supporting cast while singing about how he needs his freedom. Thus begins *Privilege*, a cruelly compelling, often brilliant film. Superb when he sings, sophomoric when he speaks, real-life British rock idol Paul Jones, former lead singer of the Manfred Mann group, portrays Shorter, whose privileged life is as fettered as his violently evocative performances. The acting of Shorter's manipulators is little short of magnificent: William Job, as the corporate head of Shorter Enterprises, displays a wealth of Downing Street decorum and Kensington casuistry; Mark London, as Steve's chatty, natty press agent, has the makings of a top character actor. (On the other hand, model Jean Shrimpton, as an artist commissioned to immortalize Shorter in oils, having too long played the mannequin, woodenly comes across as a stick figure.) But the real star of *Privilege* is director Peter Watkins, only 31, who must get the credit for this acidly anti-establishment film that overreaches itself only in a torch-lit stadium scene where Shorter—now plumping for the state church, a crumbling rock of ages—mounts the podium and attempts to heal the sick while urging the cream of England's youth to chant "We will conform." At this point, the stringently satiric plot dissolves into a screen sermon that heavy-handedly casts far too many stones. Many of Watkins' missiles nevertheless hit their targets: a passive public that allows itself to be motivationally manipulated by the image makers; the paudering cynics who hard-sell their mass-media products—human and inanimate—with a twisted mixture of sex and violence; our own eager embrace of a corporate age and its steady erosion of privacy and individuality. Watkins, whose fictional documentary, *The War Game*, was commissioned by the BBC and then deemed unfit for British consumption, was exonerated when it won a cluster of international awards. In *Privilege*—despite its upper-case Message—the quasi-documentary touches he mastered on BBC money are sharply and effectively in evidence. And in his first full-length film, he shows he can use color with startling success. No doubt about it: Watkins is on his way.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The reports of *Mort Sahl's* professional denise have been greatly exaggerated. Somewhat muted in recent years (Sahl claims an establishment conspiracy has kept him from the public ear), the rapid-fire, sweater-swathed comic has come roaring back, bigger and brasher than ever, if we can take his recent stint at Chicago's Mister Kelly's as any gauge. For instance, on doctors: "The A. M. A. has branded faith healer Oral Roberts a quack. It's opposed to any cure that's

From Holland with love

Nature sheds its love
on sun-ripened apricots,
Bols creates its
greatest liqueur
with loving care.

You will love
the exquisite flavour,
the caressing smoothness.
You will agree: nothing less
than Apricot Bols will do.
Especially for
those special occasions...

Try it, you'll love it!
It will be love for life.

APRICOT BOLS

ask for it by name!



Pay at home and surprise your friends abroad with an exceptional gift. GloBOLService delivers Apricot Bols and Bols V.O. Genever, quick and troublefree, in almost any country in the world. No packaging and shipping charges and no duty formalities as BOLS delivers abroad from local stocks. Write to GloBOLService, Rozengracht 103, Amsterdam for further particulars.





Awild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

—*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

—*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

—*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

A PROPOSITION

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali—35 Celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen) in praise of Cassius Clay.

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America—A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman—The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"—An exposé of an operative who is paid \$1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed—and Pithiest—Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art—Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of *Avant-Garde*.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs Toward the Elimination of War—A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie—A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs—New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall—The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley—A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt—The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War—Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious—and Perfectly Legal—New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"—A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism—As exemplified by the L. A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other, and Berkeley Barb.

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works—A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970—Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, *Avant-Garde* will be a feast of gourmet food-for-

thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of *Avant-Garde* is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant—and cruelly suppressed—quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of *Avant-Garde* includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, *Avant-Garde* will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost \$10 per year. This is not inexpensive, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*—before *Avant-Garde's* first issue is sold out—we will send you a whole year for *only \$5*. This is *half price!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

—Buy gift subscriptions for only \$5.

—Renew your own subscription for \$5 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

—Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as *Avant-Garde's* first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with \$5 to *Avant-Garde*, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose \$5 for a one-year subscription to the magnificent new magazine *Avant-Garde*. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying only half price!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

© AVANT-GARDE 1967 pl-1

Villa D'Este has a masculine, for-
esty kind of smell. That lasts. We
blend it from rare wood oils, ferns
and mosses. Most people we ask like
it. Maybe you will, too. After Shave
\$4 and \$7. Cologne \$5 and \$9.

**VILLA
D'ESTE**
AFTER SHAVE
COLOGNE

**it smells
good**

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY



Pretty good bet

You can't find a better excuse for a party than handcrafted crystal barware by West Virginia Glass. From novelty jiggers to the authentic English Yard of Ale, our complete selection costs about half what you'd expect. So what are you waiting for?



WEST VIRGINIA GLASS CO.
WESTON, WEST VIRGINIA



rapid." On the middle-class thinking of psychiatrists: "Doctor, my life's a living hell." "OK, have curtains made." On CIA head Helms: "Helms' job is to keep secrets—even from the Warren Commission." On Jews: "Until the Israeli war, American Jews had tried to assimilate; they'd stopped being everybody's conscience and started to like pro football." A line from the menu at Las Vegas' Caesar's Palace: "I, Caesar, invite you to have a *nosh*." On the intellectual status of the news media: "Jim Garrison at a press conference quoted Virgil as saying, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall,' whereupon the *Newsweek* reporter queried, 'Virgil who?'" On the Zen philosophy of the Haight-Ashbury set: "When a cop asks a kid, 'How old are you, son?' the kid answers: 'I am time itself.'" On *Fact* magazine: "*Fact* has made a business out of attacking Sucaryl." On *Human Sexual Response*: "That can really turn you off. The charts look like the air-conditioning scheme for the Pentagon." On his own political sympathies: "I lean to the left—to correct for the nation's drift." On his sexual proclivities: "Sex is terrific . . . if memory serves." Obviously, Sahl is very much alive and kicking.

BOOKS

After Watts exploded in August 1965, Budd Schulberg went to that ghetto, trying to find out whether there was "anything one person—not an organization, but just a single person—can do." He started the Watts Writers Workshop, which has since expanded into the Frederick Douglass Writers House, about which you read in the September issue of *PLAYBOY*. Eighteen of the 30 members of the Workshop are represented in *From the Ashes: Voices of Watts* (New American Library), edited and with an introduction by Schulberg. The collection can best be described by a statement of one of its contributors, Harry Dolan, during Senator Ribicoff's hearings on urban decay in the summer of 1966: "I tell this to you now, *you* being all of white America, so that you will not be able to say, as the Germans tried to say when they were told about the concentration camps and the gas chambers, 'We did not know!'" *From the Ashes* is a powerful distillation of black rage and pride. ("We the American Negro," proclaims Sonora McKeller in her essay, "are slowly but surely becoming an individual nation.") But the book is more than raw material for sociologists and urbanists. Among these 18 voices of Watts are authentic writers, men and women creating a literature transcending this time and their embattled place in it. Excerpts from novels in progress should lead astute publishers to find out more about James Thomas Jackson, Harley Mims and Birdell Chew. There is also a



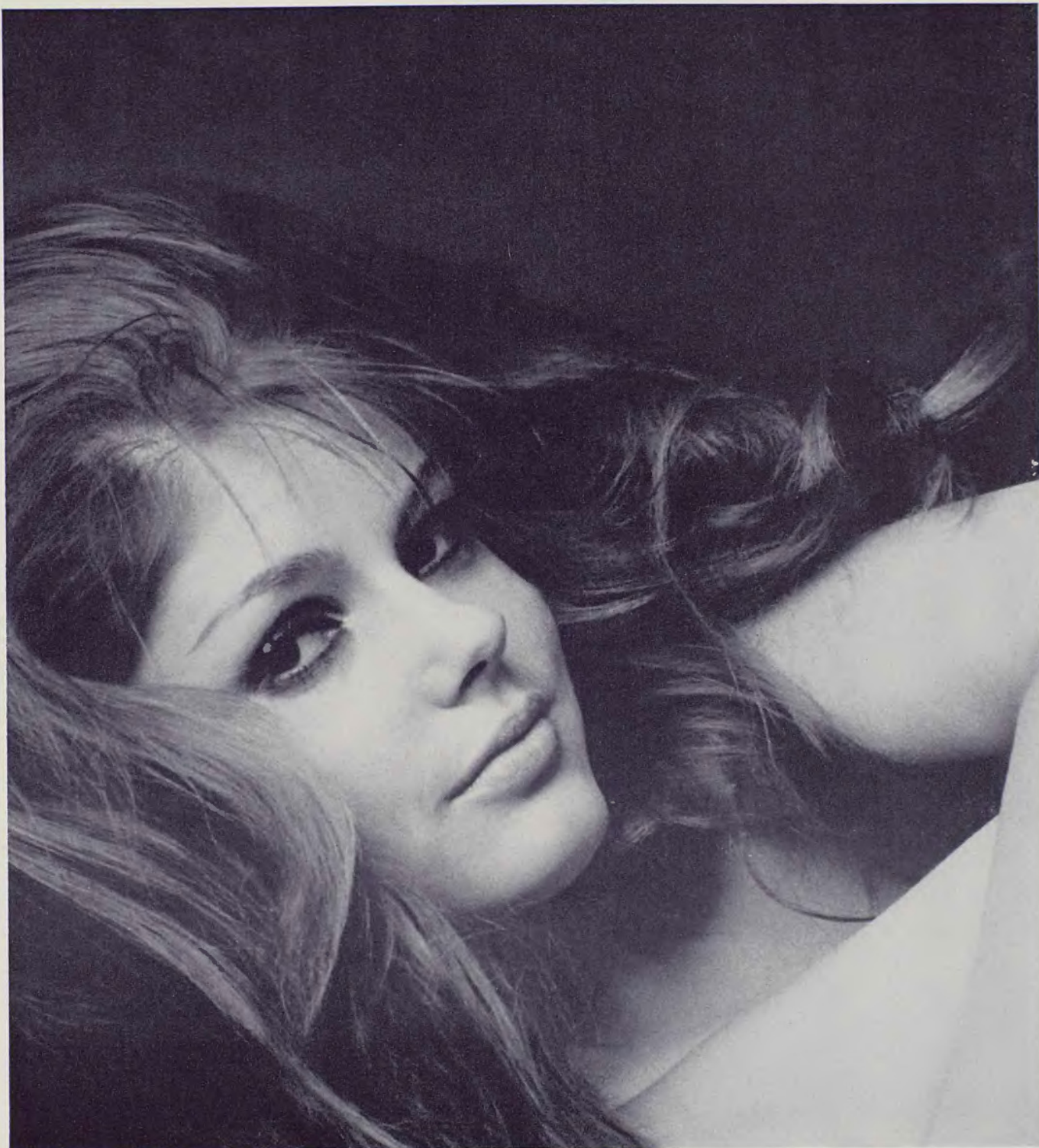
I, bold, brawny Bob Bevens, am a flavor grabber.

I never took a thing in my life. Before Petey Hansen joined my engineering crew, that is. You've seen him. Red hair. Freckles. Always smoking those L&M's.

So, last week, while he's out surveying, I grab one of his L&M's. Not bad! Not sharp. Not flat. But a good round flavor you don't get in any other filter cigarette.

Later, when Petey's busy, I grab another L&M. Then later another. All of a sudden I'm a flavor grabber. Me, the chief engineer. So I run to the corner and buy my own L&M's. I dig, when you grab hold of an L&M, you grab hold of flavor.

Now, will the guy on the crane who grabbed my L&M's please toss 'em back down!



When she sighs
and calls you "Baby Face,"
be sure you've
shaved with Rise.

No rough stuff, please. Scratchy beard and all that.
Play it smooth. Millions of saturated moisture bubbles
in Rise Lather soak whiskers soft. Rise lets you
shave right to the skinline—without irritation.
How about it, Baby Face?

Rise®Regular, Heavy or Menthol





This glass of Ballantine's contains more varieties of Scotch whisky than you'll find in all the bars on the Queen Elizabeth.

The Queen Elizabeth is a well-stocked ship. It has 27 individual Scotch whiskies in its bars.

But Ballantine's does better. It has 42 individual Scotch whiskies in every bottle.

Why 42? Because that's what our recipe calls for. When old George Ballantine perfected the recipe for this superb Scotch over a hundred years ago, he specified 42 particular Scotch whiskies. It worked then, and it works now. We wouldn't want to change the smooth, light, mellow flavour that's become the

standard for Scotch drinkers throughout the world.

We wouldn't want to tamper with success.

If you haven't yet tasted this subtle blending of whiskies gathered from the highlands and lowlands of Scotland, taste Ballantine's soon.

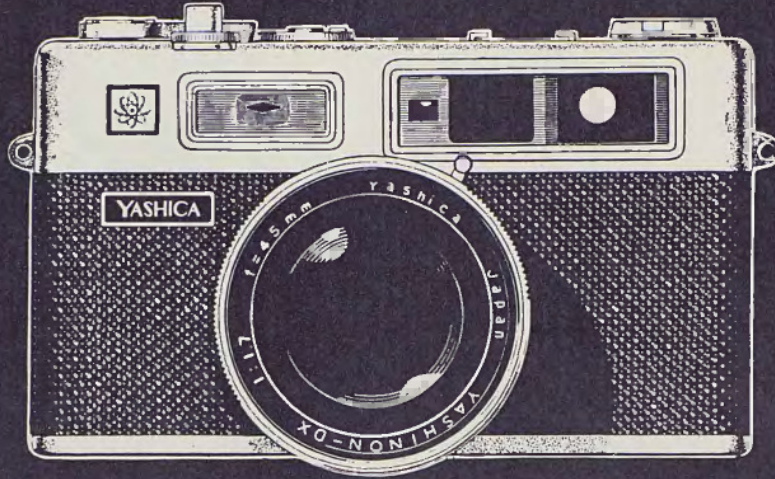
We can think of at least 42 good reasons why you should.

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's.

Ballantine's



ELECTRO 35



nightwise guys computerize

Professionals know computers have unlimited answers. Unfortunately most professional cameras have a limited number of shutter speeds. That's why so many professionals turn to the Yashica Electro 35: a professional computerized camera with unlimited shutter speeds.

All they do is focus and push a button.

Professional - computerized - camera - with - unlimited - shutter - speeds means you take perfect color (or black and white) shots anywhere, any light (even night). With no more exposure worries. No more exposure meters. No more flashbulbs. No more clumsy flash equipment. The electronic brain built solid inside computes correct exposures instantly, forgets flashbulbs forever.

All you do is focus and push a button.

YASHICA CO., LTD. 27-8, 6-chome, Jingumae, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo, Japan Tel: 400-1411

YASHICA EUROPE G.m.b.H. 2 Hamburg 28, Billstrasse 28, West Germany Tel: 78 15 21-25

YASHICA INC. 50-17 Queens B'ld., Woodside, N.Y. 11377, U.S.A. Tel: HI 6-5566

YASHICA ELECTRO 35



DIAMONDS ARE A
MAN'S BEST
FRIEND



IRMA

Tailored design in 14 Kt.
Weight of Center Diamond:
1/3 Carat \$180
3/8 Carat \$245
1/2 Carat \$333
2/3 Carat \$460
Price is for both rings.



RICKIE

6 Diamonds
set in brushed gold
Weight of Center Diamond:
1/4 Carat \$164
1/3 Carat \$210
3/8 Carat \$275
Price is for both rings.



URSA



BERYL

Seven Diamond Cluster
Total Weight of Diamonds:
1/4 Carat \$110
2/3 Carat \$250
One Carat \$385

Classical Solitaire in 14 Kt.
1/4 Carat \$113
3/8 Carat \$198
1/2 Carat \$318
2/3 Carat \$444

 HAMILTON WATCHES

Hamilton 22 Jewel High Precision Movement, 2 Carats Total
Weight, 44 Diamonds in 14K White Gold Case. \$1125



the House of Adler

When buying diamonds, your *best* friend is the House of Adler, third generation diamond merchants, serving the military for over a quarter of a century at PX's and Ship's Stores all over the world.

All our diamonds are notarized and subject to appraisal. Quality grading conforms to standards established by the Army & Air Force Exchange Service in accordance with specifications of the Gemological Institute of America.

We sell exclusively to the military and offer to you a life-time trade-in policy which has world-wide recognition: "Any diamond purchased may be traded in at any time at its full purchase price toward the purchase of another diamond of greater value." Use the coupon below to make your choice from this beautiful selection of jewelry "from Your Prime Source" or write for our catalog.

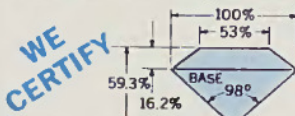
FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW: The unit weight of diamonds is the carat. There are 100 "points" to a carat.

CARAT WEIGHT



Diameter in Millimeters

Cut: optimum proportion, with 58 facets
• **Perfection:** freedom from flaws, carbon spots or any blemish. First quality according to Gemological Institute of America specifications • **Color:** the finest • **Brilliance:** maximum assured by optimum proportion cut and precision polishing.



WE CERTIFY

Members: Antwerp Diamond Club — Antwerp Diamond Bourse

THE HOUSE OF ADLER

Colorado Building • Denver, Colorado 80202

Style Number _____ Description _____
Color: _____ Yellow Gold _____ White Gold _____
Finger Size _____
Send Rings and Watches to: _____
Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Enclosed is \$ _____ for my selections above.
Ordered By Name _____
Rank _____ Serial Number _____
Address _____

Please send list of PXs carrying your merchandise in my area.

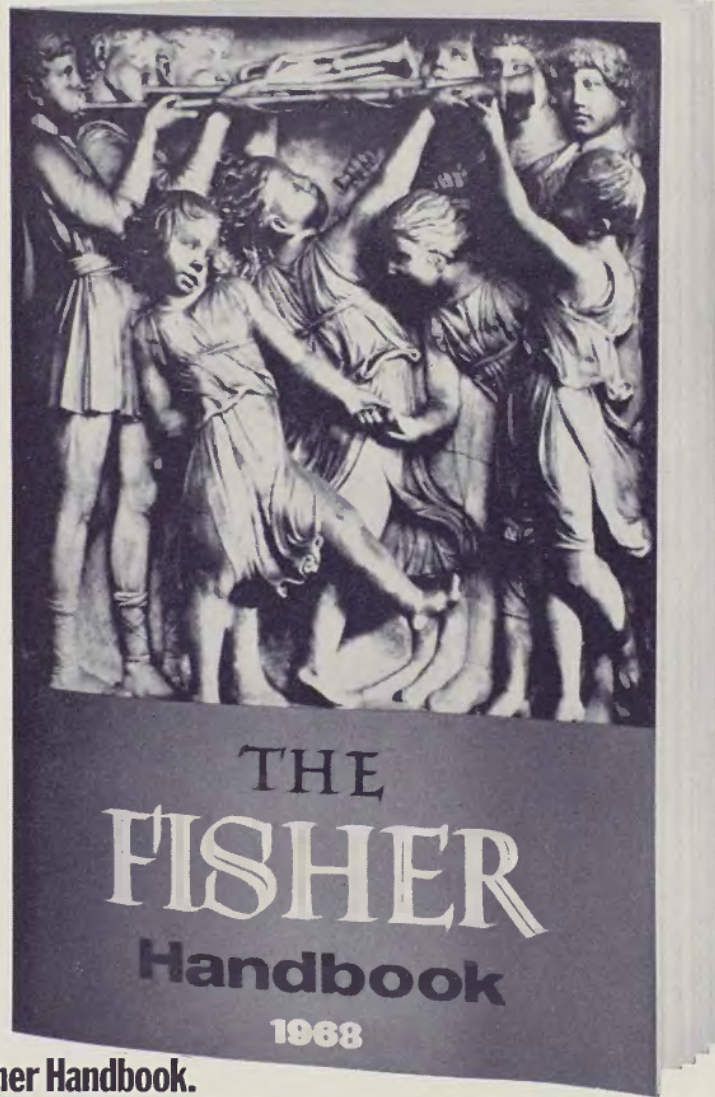
Ice tube!

High Sierra, the after shave concentrate that ices your hot, just-shaved face. Cools. Refreshes without a greasy, sticky feeling. It's concentrated, so a little does a lot.

And it's perfect for servicemen on the move because the tube can't break. Mennen's High Sierra—as cool as it sounds. The Mennen Company, Morristown, New Jersey



This FREE hi-fi book tells how to make the most out of your ears in the service.



**Free Fisher Handbook.
80 pages. 88 illustrations. A \$2.00 value.**

Now that you're overseas, you have a special opportunity to get the stereo bug out of your system once and for all.

Fisher, the leading name in stereo components, is available to you now . . . *at tremendous discounts and with an exclusive tour-of-duty warranty (up to 3 years plus 90 days)*. This lets you build your maximum stereo with a minimum of problems.

For more information, fill out and mail the coupon below. You'll also receive FREE the 1968 Fisher Handbook. A \$2.00 value, the Handbook covers every important aspect of stereo and hi-fi, including detailed information on all the latest components from Fisher.

Fisher Radio International, Inc.
11-41 45th Road
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Please send me *The Fisher Handbook 1968* without charge. Also include information about your overseas discount program, and the Fisher *tour-of-duty warranty*.

Name _____

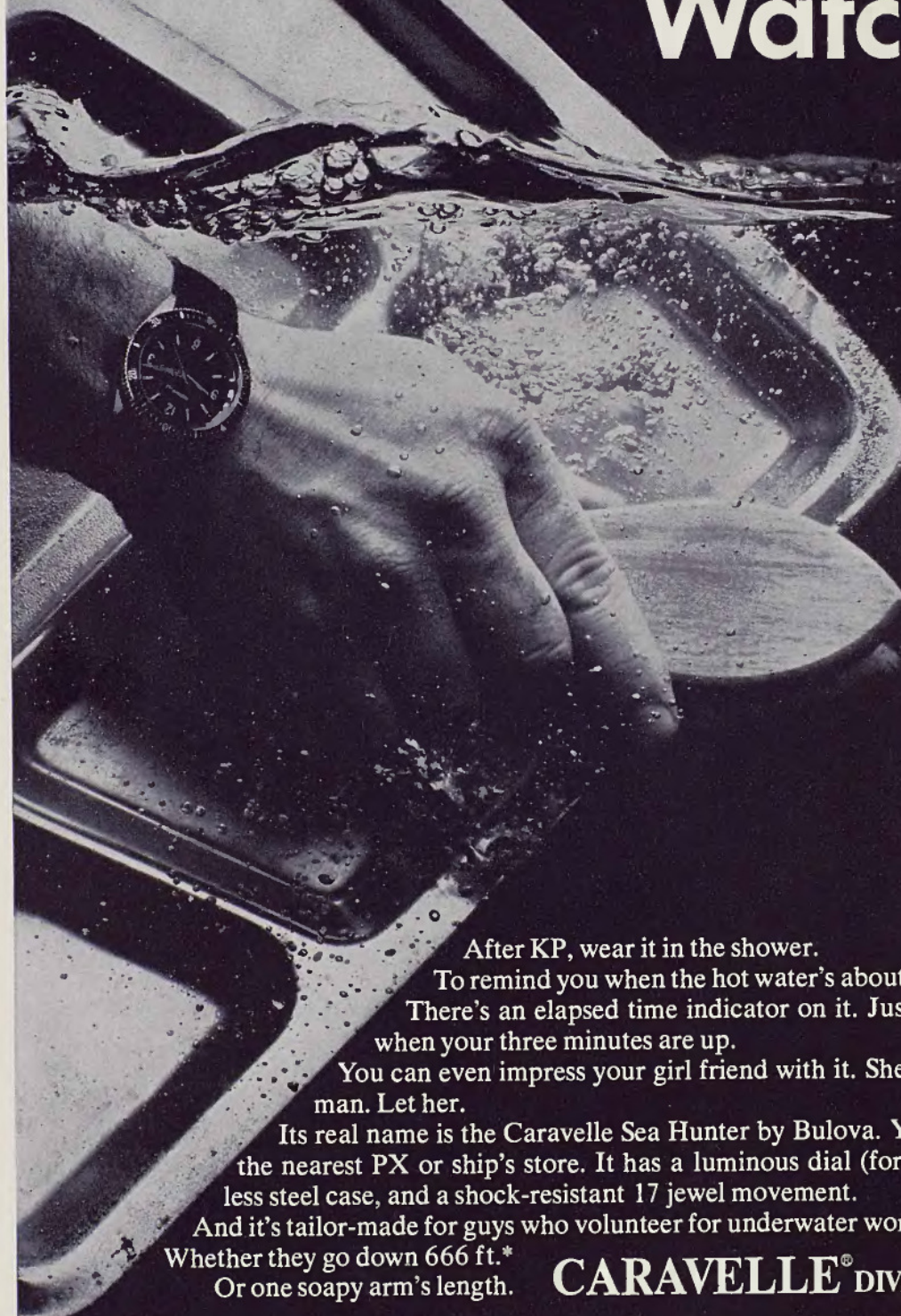
Address _____

A.P.O./F.P.O. _____

If air mail reply desired, please enclose \$1.00.

8710

The Wash'n Wear Watch



After KP, wear it in the shower.

To remind you when the hot water's about to turn cold.

There's an elapsed time indicator on it. Just set it and it tells you when your three minutes are up.

You can even impress your girl friend with it. She'll think you're a frogman. Let her.

Its real name is the Caravelle Sea Hunter by Bulova. You can pick one up at the nearest PX or ship's store. It has a luminous dial (for night diving), a stainless steel case, and a shock-resistant 17 jewel movement.

And it's tailor-made for guys who volunteer for underwater work.

Whether they go down 666 ft.*

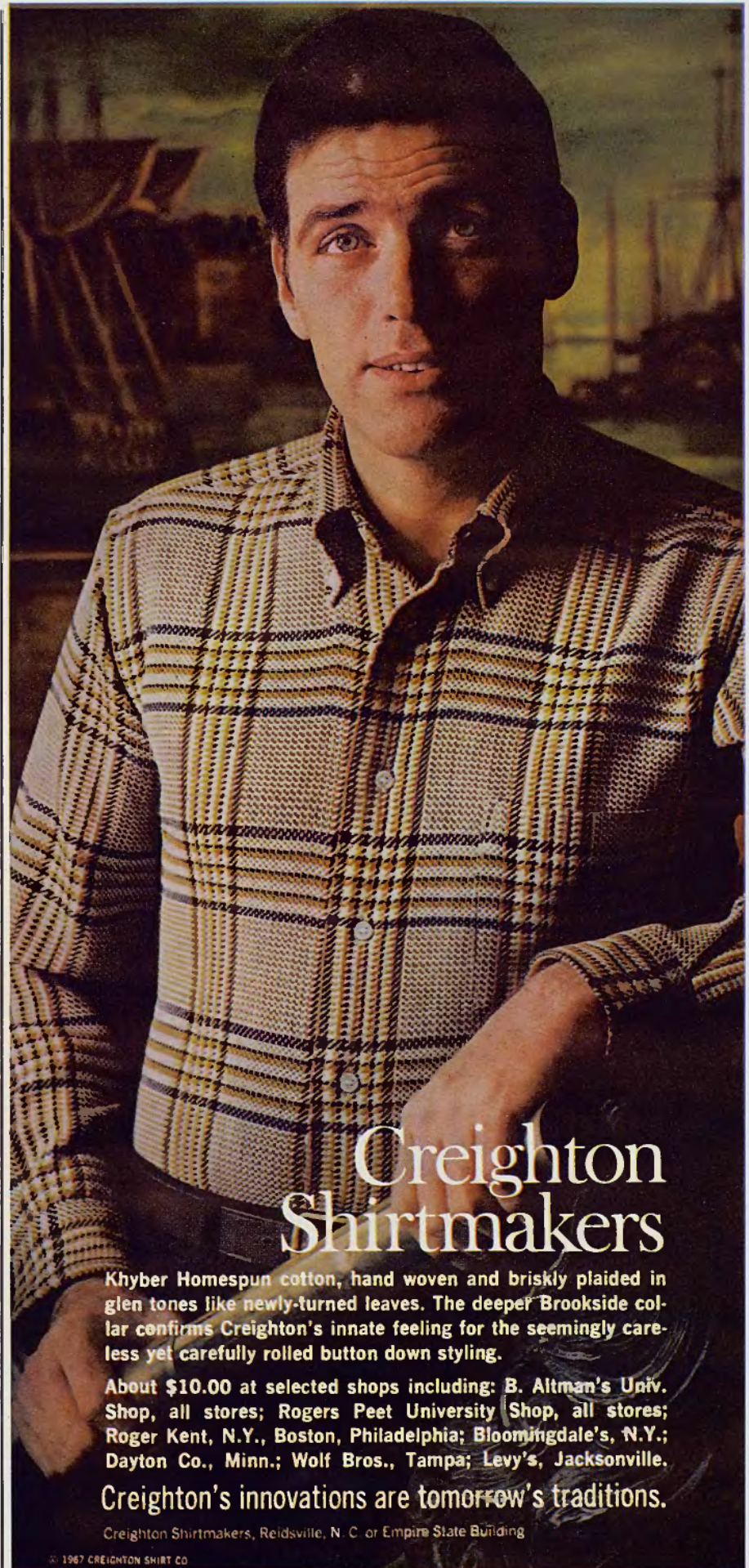
Or one soapy arm's length.

CARAVELLE® DIVISION OF BULOVA

formidable essayist, Johnie Scott, whose *The Coming of the Hoodlum*, a relentlessly self-probing account of his journey from Watts to Harvard, should certainly be expanded to book length. The poetry of these writers is less substantial, but there are bursts of jagged light, as in Johnie Scott's *The Suicide Note*. Although much of the prose and poetry is rooted in the jungle of cities, there are also evocations of Southern childhoods, most notably Birdell Chew's *The Promise of Strangers*, an almost unbearably clear, simple tale of innocence and horror. Budd Schulberg has shown in *From the Ashes* what he, as one man, not an organization, could do—he made it possible for at least some of the voices of Watts to be heard.

Can you imagine a story about a waif, born Jewish, raised Catholic, and the resulting custodial fight? Then you have imagined all of *Michel, Michel* (Simon & Schuster), and perhaps done it better than its heavy-handed author, Robert Lewis, did in 735 platitudinous pages. For this widely touted book (a major book club is reported to have paid \$100,000 for it) is a lemon that not even a steaming glass of hot tea will help wash down. Michel Benedek is seven when we meet him in a provincial French town, and that is the only lucky thing about him. For his Austrian refugee parents were victims of the final solution. He is in the charge of a Madame Rose, who runs the village orphanage and is inordinately fond of him; in fact, she soon takes it upon herself to have him baptized. But an Israeli aunt, exercising her rights of guardianship, tries to reclaim him to the Jewish faith. What ensues is combination domestic-court legal docket and international soap opera. For the dozing reader, summaries of the legal and sentimental escalation appear as regularly as hourly newscasts. *Michel, Michel*—even the title is long-winded—does raise certain legal and theological problems, but never comes close to offering viable literary solutions.

Alan F. Westin, a professor of government at Columbia University, has spent the better part of the Sixties examining the many inventive ways Americans invade one another's privacy. In *Privacy and Freedom* (Atheneum), he catalogs them—from the old trick of steaming open envelopes to the new (not-quite-perfected) trick of controlling a man's thoughts by planting a microelectronic device inside his brain. At present, says Westin, an alarming number of persons and groups is engaged in eavesdropping—Government agencies, employers, schools, police—and they have at their fingertips a remarkable array of scientific aids. These include personnel tests that ask you how you feel about God, Mother and pederasty; polygraph tests in which you are



Creighton Shirtmakers

Khyber Homespun cotton, hand woven and briskly plaided in glen tones like newly-turned leaves. The deeper Brookside collar confirms Creighton's innate feeling for the seemingly careless yet carefully rolled button down styling.

About \$10.00 at selected shops including: B. Altman's Univ. Shop, all stores; Rogers Peet University Shop, all stores; Roger Kent, N.Y., Boston, Philadelphia; Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Dayton Co., Minn.; Wolf Bros., Tampa; Levy's, Jacksonville.

Creighton's innovations are tomorrow's traditions.

Creighton Shirtmakers, Reidsville, N. C. or Empire State Building

© 1967 CREIGHTON SHIRT CO

VOTE HERE

for the 1968 Playboy Jazz All-Stars



Count Basie, leader

Basie's Beat
V/V6-8687*
Basie's Beagle Bag
V/V6-8659*

Jackie & Roy, vocal group

Lovesick
V/V6-8688
Changes
V/V6-8668

Roland Kirk, misc. instruments

Now Please Don't You Cry, Beautiful Edith
V/V6-8609

Bill Evans, piano

Bill Evans at Town Hall, Volume One
V/V6-8663
A Simple Matter of Conviction (with Shelly Manne, Eddie Gomez)
V/V6-8675

Buddy Rich, drums

Big Band Shout
V/V6-8712

Ella Fitzgerald, female vocalist

Ella Fitzgerald Sings The Johnny Mercer Song Book
V/V6-4067*

Ella & Duke at the Côte D'Azur

V/V6-4072-2*

Wes Montgomery, guitar

The Dynamic Duo (with Jimmy Smith)
V/V6-8678*
California Dreaming
V/V6-8672*

Johnny Hodges, alto sax

Blue Notes
V/V6-8680
Stride Right
V/V6-8647*
(with Earl 'Fatha' Hines)

Stan Getz, tenor sax

Voices
V/V6-8707*
Sweet Rain
V/V6-8693*

Arthur Prysock, male vocalist

Love Me
V/V6-5029*
Mister Prysock
V/V6-5014*

Oscar Peterson Trio, instrumental combo

Thoroughly Modern 'Twenties
V/V6-8700*
Something Warm
V/V6-8681*

Kai Winding, trombone

Penny Lane & Time
V/V6-8691
More Brass
V/V6-8657

VOTE



where the record speaks for itself.

*Also Available On Ampex Tape

strapped to a chair and told not to get nervous; tiny microphones concealed in lamps, pens and martini olives; and cameras planted in the air conditioner of your favorite brothel. (*Bon voyeur!*) "What can be done," asks Westin, "to protect privacy in an age when so many forces of science, technology, environment and society press against it from all sides?" He has no definitive answer, but he does suggest that during the past few years, the American public—even Congress—has shown growing annoyance with the privacy invaders. None of this annoyance, unfortunately, has been translated into laws prohibiting snooping, as Congress' foot dragging over wire tapping plainly demonstrates. Ultimately, Westin implies, the defense of privacy will have to be made by a peculiar coalition of right-wingers and left-wingers, both of whom seem more upset by erosions of personal freedom than does the complacent center. The message of this welcome book has been summed up pithily by legislator James C. Oliver. On learning that a Federal data-processing system could reduce each of our lives to the size of an IBM card, Oliver said, "It's my impression that these machines may know too damn much." Another new book on the bugging syndrome is Edward Engberg's *The Spy in the Corporate Structure and the Right to Privacy* (World), which contains some fascinating facts on business espionage.

Brock Brower, whose magazine portraits of the newsworthy have earned him a reputation as a stylish writer, has turned to fiction. The result is *Debris* (Atheneum), an astringent first novel that demonstrates the author's skill while pointing up the difference between fiction and journalism. *Debris* is a tight, muscular story that seizes its material and hangs on with bulldog tenacity from first word to last. It is about three men whose lives converge one day in a duck-blind off the Carolina coast. One is an advertising executive; the second is a hunting guide; the third is a GI, recently escaped from a stockade, with a back full of buckshot and a heart full of murder. The tough, accurate prose of the author is evident in the opening lines: "He had the queasy sense that the whole body of water before him had been flayed by the sunrise. It lay open to the rawest nerve." Moving from character to character, Brower draws with the sharpness of a military campaign map the plot lines that must come together at the predestined locus. But like the military, the tone is unchanging, and this works against his book. To make their differences felt, characters must at some point in a novel impose their style on the author, instead of the other way around. The advertising man, particularly, loses human dimension in his attempt to deal with mortal danger in a Madison

Avenue way. But if the working out of the destinies of these three men misfires, Brower does achieve prose effects that stay in the mind's eye like a flight of wild ducks winging against a winter sky.

Wallace Stegner's new book, *All the Little Live Things* (Viking), is a novelization of California life with a world of difference. For here are important contemporary questions impeccably treated: civilization *vs.* its malcontents, kicks *vs.* obligations, freedom *vs.* restraint and, finally, life *vs.* death. The hero, Joe Austin, a retired Easterner, almost a Marquand character in his rigid gentility, goes to live in California after the surfing death of his wayward one-and-only son. He wants nothing so much as to turn his back on life, to putter aimlessly and gloomily in his garden ("My life stains the air around me. I am a tea bag left too long in the cup."). Soon, however, the undertow of life seizes him: A free-loving hippie, reminiscent of his son, camps in a tree on his land and a universe-loving woman moves into a nearby cottage. But Marian Catlin, though radiant with the hope of life, is doomed to a cancerous death; she desperately tries to produce a child out of her diseased flesh before she dies. And Joe, observing the grim race within her, is completely captured by her gallantry. Still a hardheaded realist who refuses to accept her—and the hippie's—evaluation of life as something naturally good, he does learn anew that love is implicit in life and that because of its committing force, "we are all each other's consequences." "Love," he reflects in the end, "not sin, cost us Eden. Love is a carrier of death—the only thing, in fact, that makes death significant."

John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard economist, A.D.A. president, former ambassador to India and once an advisor to President Kennedy, is gifted with the uncanny ability to articulate what most of us only sense instinctively. Anyone who has ever purchased an automobile, for instance, knows that the vaunted free market is at best capriciously responsive to consumer desires; and anyone who has ever worked in a large corporation can sense that power does not trickle down from the top in those neat pyramids so beloved by management textbooks. These are just two of the scores of anomalies Galbraith's *The New Industrial State* (Houghton Mifflin) detects in our economic catechism. Like his *The Affluent Society*, *The New Industrial State* treats economics as it affects all of us. Galbraith's thesis is that our largest corporations, and the technicians and middle managers who run them, control our economic lives and dictate many of our social goals. Most persons would view such a suggestion with distress, but not Galbraith. With a few important exceptions, he sees this



Hand stained Brown or Black Calf. \$28 to \$30. Slightly Higher West.

WINTHROP

DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

Admiral portable stereo. Sounds like a big console, fits on a bookshelf.

This Admiral portable stereo gets that big console sound from its solid state chassis. It also has an FM-AM radio with FM stereo, 4 speakers that are phased and balanced for brilliant stereo reproduction. And the attractive walnut cabinet fits on a bookshelf. See one at an Admiral dealer soon. Only \$149.95.*



Admiral

Mark of Quality

*Mfrs. suggested retail price, slightly higher in some areas.



First name for the martini
BEEFEATER[®]

IMPORTED GIN FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. • 94 PROOF • TRIPLE-DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

corporate dictatorship as largely benevolent. *The New Industrial State* is not an easy book to read. It is organizationally diffuse, occasionally technical, sometimes obscure—but seldom unenjoyable. Fortunately, it will pose more problems for economists than for lay readers, because in the course of 427 pages, jabbing alternately from left and right, Galbraith affably jettisons many of the most cherished notions of traditional economics—including the importance of economics itself. He points out, for instance, that far from defending the primacy of the free market, our largest firms devote most of their energies to circumventing it—through meticulous planning, *de facto* price fixing, controlling sources of labor and supply and regulating consumption. The free market place that entrepreneurs talk so reverently about, Galbraith concludes, is anathema to big business. He also levels several impartial broadsides at the New Economics. As Galbraith writes in an afterword: "It is not, in general, my instinct to avoid controversy or criticism." This important work should produce a good deal of both.

RECORDINGS

The team of Cain and Kral was never better than on *Lovesick* (Verve). Jackie and Roy, the parties in question, would lend class to *The Lambeth Walk* or *Barney Google*, let alone the top-drawer twelvesome purveyed here. There are a brace of beautiful Alec Wilder melodies, a like number of bossa novas, Rodgers and Hart's joyful *Mountain Greenery*, the lyrics of which are still unsurpassed, and sundry other goodies. Let's hear it for Jackie and Roy.

Joe Pass, a jazz disciple of the Bauhaus dictum "Less is more," gives a brilliant demonstration of what it's all about on the aptly titled *Simplicity* (World Pacific). Pass, fronting a small group, threads his sensitive way through such lustrous material as *'Tis Autumn*, *The Gentle Rain* and *Who Can I Turn To* with scintillating succinctness.

The blues keep coming up roses. Blues minstrel Lightnin' Hopkins turns out *Something Blue* (Verve/Folkways). Backed by bass, drums and trombone, Hopkins wraps himself around a collection of standards including *I'll Be Gone* and the mellow *Shining Moon*. Onetime folksy *Odette* (Verve/Folkways) uses a jazz rhythm section (including some romping piano by John Foster) to stamp her unique personality on *Little Girl Blue*, the Beatles' *Strawberry Fields Forever* and others. *Little Richard's Greatest Hits* (Okeh) have been rearranged to bring them up to date and the result is one of his most pulsating sets ever. The Fifties blues king knocks out all his

Traditional clothes for contemporary men

Soft construction, lean lines, easy fit—all the things that make natural shoulder clothes so great are here. We've simply carried them a bit farther in Canterfield, the now look for campus and career.

Canterfield

For name of nearest dealer write: Canterfield, Div. of Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63101

NEW EXCLUSIVE FROM *Male* SKI JEANS

Male makes it . . . makes exciting SKI JEANS for the lean breed that cuts a path others follow. Features include zip-watch pocket . . . Ski-ticket tab and ring . . . regular pockets, front back . . . plus zip-thigh pocket . . . snap-tight leg tabs . . . 2-inch belt loops . . . all in brawny Male fabrics, and treated with the CRAVENETTE process to repel water and protect fabric finish. Great garb for skiing . . . hunting . . . cycling . . . or just prowling around . . . at better stores throughout the Free World. Go try 'em on. You'll want an armload.



you're more of a man in

Male[®]

SLACKS JEANS

H-K H-K CORPORATION, Atlanta, Ga. creators of *Male* • THE FASHION SPOKESMAN FOR AMERICAN MEN

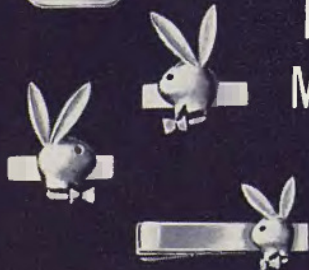


Six months at the South Pole!

The 18 I.G.Y. Scientists who wintered at the South Pole chose Eddie Bauer goose Down Kara Koram Parkas and Pants to withstand the coldest temperatures ever recorded by man... averaging 70° below Zero and reaching extremes of 102° below Zero.

Eddie Bauer products are always insulated with prime new mature northern goose Down (never with the ordinary waterfowl downs). FREE 116-page catalog! This colorful, beautifully illustrated catalog has over 600 items of interest to sportsmen, outdoorsmen, fishermen, hunters, professional guides. Send for your copy today!

Eddie Bauer Expedition Outfitter
Dept. B2 Seattle, Washington 98122



GOLD PLAYBOY JEWELRY FOR MEN

Jaunty jewelry in handsome
Midas-touched gold finish.

Gold Playboy Cuff Links,
Code No. 144, \$10 ppd.

Gold Playboy Tie Bar,
Code No. 184, \$5 ppd.

Gold Playboy Money Clip,
Code No. 164, \$7.50 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club credit keyholders
may charge to their keys.

favorite love songs; to wit: *Tutti Frutti*, *Long Tall Sally*, *Jenny, Jenny* and *Good Golly Miss Molly*. Totally *au courant* are the stylings of West Coast bluesmen Larry Williams, Johnny Watson and Brenton Wood. On *Oogum Boogum* (Double Shot), his first album, Wood demonstrates why he has attracted so much attention, as he tackles *I Think You've Got Your Fools Mixed Up*, *Gimme Little Sign* and a *Psychotic Reaction* that'll blow your mind. Williams and Watson are oldtime rockers brought together for the first time on an LP in *Two for the Price of One* (Okeh). They prove themselves *ober-rockmeisters* as they lay on eight originals, including the title ditty, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy* and *Too Late*. The blues provide the jumping-off point for the hard-rock sound of *Moby Grape* (Columbia), the latest group from San Francisco Bay to make it nationally. Strong both vocally and instrumentally, the quintet demonstrates complete command of a collection of 13 hits, including *Hey Grandma*, *Mr. Blues* and 8:05.

The melding of jazz with rock is nowhere more felicitously accomplished than on *The Dealer* (Impulse!), an LP headed up by Chico Hamilton and featuring an amazing young rock-cum-jazz guitarist, Larry Coryell. Drummer Hamilton, Coryell and two or three jazz associates (including avant-gardist Archie Shepp playing a raggy piano on *For Mods Only*) coax a splendid assortment of sounds out of their instruments.

Columbia's great natural resource, Igor Stravinsky, is responsible for a number of the company's current classical releases, among the most striking of which is *Stravinsky Conducts Four Great Ballets*. The Columbia Symphony Orchestra is under the composer's baton, and the works—*Orpheus*, *Apollo*, *Pulcinella* and *The Fairy's Kiss*—offer ample affirmation of Stravinsky's genius in composing for the dance. His stylistic range is nowhere more apparent than here. Complementing this three-LP album is Stravinsky, again conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, in an opulent performance of his *Symphony in E Flat, Opus 1*. Written over 60 years ago, it reveals a finely developed, if still derivative, talent, while offering a fascinating basis for comparison with Stravinsky's later creations.

Oliver Nelson has rapidly established himself as a jazz composer and conductor of some pre-eminence. With *Sound Pieces* (Impulse!), Nelson solidifies his position. There are five of his own compositions on hand—three of them charted for big band. The two others and the standard *The Shadow of Your Smile* are performed by a quartet—and a splendid one at that—made up of Nelson on soprano sax, Steve Kuhn on piano, Ron Carter on bass and Grady Tate on

drums. From any angle, Nelson's a winner. Oliver's orchestral talents are put to good use in supplying the background for the nonpareil blues-shouting fat man Jimmy Rushing on *Every Day I Have the Blues* (Blues Way). Rushing has not lost an ounce of his ebullience over the years, as witness the lead-off number, *Berkeley Campus Blues* (Jimmy obviously knows where the current action is), which is a worthy successor to his classic *Harvard Blues*. Helping out with the festivities are organist Shirley Scott, sterling trumpeter Clark Terry and veteran bone man Dickie Wells. Long live Jimmy.

How sweet it is. *Stan Getz / Sweet Rain* (Verve) is a lush LP whose five numbers, running almost 40 minutes, allow the incandescent tenor man to stretch out, develop ideas and build upon them. In the Getz quartet are the aforementioned Ron Carter on bass and Grady Tate on drums, and Chick Corea, whose piano figures are a revelation. For us, the high point is Getz and Co.'s variations on the Dizzy Gillespie theme, *Con Alma*—a thing of rare beauty.

The J's with Jamie, now reorganized as Jamie and the J. Silvia Singers, offer on *Encore* (ABC) a dozen delightful examples of ensemble vocalizing. The backing by Don Costa helps considerably, and Jamie's solo warbling is superlative, but it's the group sound that's the real gas. *The Inch Worm*, *Goin' Out of My Head*, *Dear Heart* and the rest are eminently listenable.

Bill Evans at Town Hall: Volume One (Verve) and *André Previn All Alone* (Victor) are, in different contexts, beautiful examples of their genre. Evans, working in a trio (Chuck Israels, bass, and Arnold Wise, drums) through four oldies and as a solo pianist on a long piece dedicated to his father, is introspective, always gentle, remarkably inventive. The anticipation with which one awaits what Evans will do with an upcoming familiar phrase of some standard is inevitably rewarded. Previn's album is all solo and is filled with technical virtuosity and unerring good taste. Here, too, the standards are destandardized—*Yesterdays*, *When Sunny Gets Blue* and *Angel Eyes* are among the items auspiciously revived.

There's something unusual happening on *Roy Charles Invites You to Listen* (ABC), and it's something that takes a bit of adjusting to. The ten tunes are all ballads, ranging from the melancholy Lennon-McCartney *Yesterday* to the nitty-gritty *Gee Baby Ain't I Good to You*, and Charles sings almost all of them falsetto-fashion. The effect is rather startling at first listen; but by the second go-round it starts to grab you, and after a while it won't let go.





BACARDI® rum is so “mixable”..



It's a one-brand bar.

The Bacardi rum is ready, and you're invited! Big, bold highballs. Light and sassy Daiquiris. Cool tonics and colas. Magnificently dry martinis. Beautiful Bacardi Cocktails. Even Bacardi

Parties where every guest can have his own favorite drink and no two alike! *That's* light, mellow, “mixable” Bacardi rum. *That's* the Bacardi style. Enjoy it!



Wrap Up Christmas Early...

FOR THE SHEER EASE OF GIVING, nothing beats PLAYBOY, the merriest gift under any man's tree. And you can place your order from where you sit, begin a full year of pleasure for deserving friends with just a pen. No rushing about, no checking on sizes, looking for hard-to-find clerks. And PLAYBOY is easy on your gift fund, too.

SAUCY SNOW BELLE announces your gift. Lovely Lisa Baker, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year, brings the word of your great gift via the unique full-color card you see below - timed to arrive for decorative display. We sign it as you direct or send it along to you for personal presentation. Just tell us.

A DOZEN DELIGHTS, like Playmate Anne Randall at the left, win approval every month. The first unfolds in a 13/6d. January issue which begins your gift and arrives well before the St. Nick of time. The double-size December issue, also a 13/6d. value, adds lustre to the end.

THE ULTIMATE PACKAGE. Year long, PLAYBOY entertains your friends with a treasure trove of great laughs and



good reading. It sparkles with the unforgettable and the imaginative:

- award-winning fact and fiction by men like Saul Bellow, Herbert Gold, Irwin Shaw, Ray Bradbury and Norman Mailer, to name but a few.
- PLAYBOY Interviews with prominent personalities, revealing them as never revealed before.
- success ideas, business tips and trends from J. Paul Getty.
- cartoon humor from Silverstein, Gahan Wilson, Interlandi, Sokol and Dedini; *Little Annie Fanny*.
- pictorial essays uncovering the world's reigning beauties.
- the best in food and drink, male fashions, jazz and pop, to bring the good life to all on your gift list.

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW. Just £4/10/0d. for each 1-year gift of the *Best in Entertainment for Men*. PLAYBOY is perfect for all the discerning men on your holiday list - a reminder the year round of your good will. Fill in the coupon below and mail with your cheque. PLAYBOY makes shopping easy.

Give Him PLAYBOY

GIFT NOW - HE'LL BE HAPPY YOU DID



This handsome card will announce your gift of PLAYBOY magazine.

PLAYBOY 45 Park Lane, London W. 1

Send my gift to:

please print

name _____ please print

address _____

address _____

city _____ country _____

city _____ country _____

N231

gift card from " _____ "

PLEASE COMPLETE:

name _____ please print

Enter or renew my own subscription.

address _____

Total subscriptions ordered _____

city _____ country _____

£ _____ enclosed.

gift card from " _____ "

Enter additional subscriptions on separate paper.



with 'Botany' 500
...you have it all!

JUMP SUITS BY STILETTO

The wheels. The women. The wow! This exciting life calls for the super-powered looks of our Forward Fashion Sport Coats. Because they have it all: Exclusive custom-woven fabrics. A rally of colors. Plenty of hand-tailoring. Fit with finesse. The slimming smartness of Tapered-Trim Design. And it's all done with quality—the Daroff Personal Touch. Have it all: a completely coordinated 'Botany' 500 wardrobe... at traffic stopping values. Above: the new double-buttoned fitted blazer. Below: one of a new collection of 2-button sport coats. Socks in custom colors to mix and match. Forward Fashion Sport Coats from \$50.00, Slacks from \$19.95, Suits from \$85.00, Outercoats from \$79.95.

'BOTANY' 500[®] *tailored by* **DAROFF**

For name of nearest 'Botany' 500 dealer, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries). Prices slightly higher in the West. Linings Sanitized[®] treated for hygienic freshness. Also available in Canada, Peru and Australia.

THE MARK OF
THE WORLD'S BEST



PURE VIRGIN WOOL

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Sex is one of the major topics of discussion of a campus protest group to which I belong, but it's turning into a tough thing to talk about. It seems that after participating in the more involved discussions, we sometimes become terribly stimulated and, in fact, our sessions often deteriorate into orgies. I would like to know how we can discuss important sexual problems without this outcome.—C. I., Nashville, Tennessee.

We're glad that your hot-blooded discussion group hasn't taken on something serious such as capital punishment or the war in Vietnam; the campus would be a shambles. If you really want to keep the talk from developing into action, you'll have to find some other outlet for your excess energies, like writing put-on letters to magazines. Or has that occurred to you already?

While I was on a picnic this past summer, a strange thing happened: The bottled beer I was drinking tasted OK when I first opened it, but after a few minutes it developed an odd, "skunky" flavor and was virtually undrinkable. I've mentioned the experience to friends and the consensus is that I must have been drunk. I wasn't; and even if I were, it still doesn't explain why the beer changed flavor. Any ideas?—T. D., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The phenomenon you describe can occur when beer—either bottled or in a glass—is exposed to strong sunlight. On your next outing, drink faster, sip in the shade or confine your quaffing to a canned brew.

My relationship with a young lady—I'm a 25-year-old junior executive—has progressed satisfactorily through six months of steady dating, except for one thing: Although she satisfies me physically and is a wonderful conversationalist, she refuses to verbalize her feelings toward me. Being affectionate and sentimental by nature, I mention my feelings about her at appropriate times; but not only does she ignore my endearments, she seems annoyed by them, calls them unnecessary and trite and says she sees no point in discussing emotions. I really like her and she clearly likes me. She certainly enjoys my company and communicates her affection physically. But I feel something is missing. Can you explain her actions and give me some hints as to how to handle the situation?—H. P., San Francisco, California.

There could be any number of explanations for your girl's reticence. It could stem from embarrassment at talking about deep emotions, from a family

background in which strong feelings were not expressed, or simply, as she says, because she finds romantic conversation trite. It's also possible that she's just not ready to commit herself to a serious relationship (at her age, that seems neither implausible nor unwise). In any case, forcing the issue is a sure way to put an end to an otherwise satisfying relationship. Depending on the importance to you of this association versus your desire for verbal expressions of affection, you'll either have to learn to be satisfied with her physical demonstrativeness or find someone who is willing to match her actions with words.

Recently, a group of office associates and I were discussing which school has played in the most bowl games since 1900. My friends say Alabama, but I say Mississippi. Who is correct?—R. H., Albany, New York.

Your friends. Alabama holds the all-time attendance championship, with 20 bowl-game appearances. The runners-up include: Georgia Tech (18), Mississippi and Texas (15 each), Southern California and Tennessee (14 each), LSU (13) and TCU (12).

My wife has just had her second baby and again, as tradition dictates, I passed out cigars to friends and co-workers. How did this custom begin?—G. P., China Lake, California.

Although the smoking of rolled tobacco leaves originated with the Indians in this hemisphere before Columbus arrived, cigars refined enough to be given in friendship were not introduced to the Colonies until 1762, when they were imported by General Israel Putnam on his return from service with the British forces occupying Havana. By virtue of the pleasure they gave, and their rarity, they were soon established as a fitting part of any special male gathering—at the reunion of old friends, in their clubs and at the closing of business deals. At the same time—especially in rural or frontier America, where a son meant an eventual extra hand for chores—it was natural for the father and his friends to celebrate the birth of a boy with the masculine pleasure of a good smoke. Today, of course, cigars are not rare, and the custom now marks the birth of either a boy or a girl. But the gesture carries the same general meaning—"Share my happiness."

Not long after my divorce, which was a year ago, I entered into a brief affair with a girl who had been a business

THE 100 PROOF WATCH

CROTON CHRONOMASTER



Proves 100 Ways It's The World's Busiest Watch!

Skindiver's watch. Yachting timer. Tachometer. 12 hr. pilot's recorder. Split-second timer. Time out stopwatch. Doctor's watch. Time-zone watch. A great regular watch! It's a completely new kind of watch entirely! \$100. Write for free fact book to Dept. P-10, Croton Watch Co., Inc., Croton-On-Hudson, N.Y.

**HI-NECK!
PERMANENT PRESS!
CLUB STRIPES!**

by **REIS**®



The newest "IN" look: the mock-turtleneck shirt, crisply accented with smart club stripes. Trimly styled for that lean, athletic look. Rich, beefy, all-cotton knit is PERMANENT PRESS... no ironing required! Ruggedly tailored for long, hard wear. In striking shades of Sapphire Blue, Spruce Green, Redwood and Gold. S-M-L-XL

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE. OR WRITE
ROBERT REIS AND CO.
350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001

bottoms up!

One for ale, one for coffee...cheers to the good life! Playboy-designed mugs set spirits soaring. With our frolicking Femlin in white kicking up her heels on black ceramic. Code MM319: 22-oz. Playboy Beer Mug, \$5 ppd; Code MM320: 10-oz. Playboy Coffee Mug, \$2.50 ppd.



Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: **Playboy Products, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.** Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.

acquaintance. During my marriage, although I was only in my late 30s, I had noticed a loss of sexual interest and capacity. But I performed marvelously with this new girl—at first. However, after only a few months, I found my desire for her fading. Fortunately for my self-esteem, I got involved with another girl about the same time and experienced the rebirth of my sexual powers all over again. The same pattern has repeated itself with four girls since then, and I'm getting a little scared. Am I capable of enjoying sex only with a new girl? Am I condemned to a lifetime of promiscuity? I want eventually to enter into a deep, loving, lasting relationship with one woman, and I don't like the direction in which I seem to be headed.—J. H., New Orleans, Louisiana.

It is common for recently divorced men and women to lose faith in their sexual prowess, and many of them attempt to restore their self-confidence by entering into a series of casual liaisons. It's quite natural for these relationships to lose their intensity quickly, and their casualness does not necessarily indicate that the participants are suffering from serious emotional failings. Morton Hunt comments, in "The World of the Formerly Married": "The act of sex without love is most exhilarating when the partner is unfamiliar and when the first physical intimacy stimulates or substitutes for a more profound intimacy; when, in short, sex without love serves as a temporary substitute for love itself."

This is a phase of self-rediscovery through which you are passing and is not likely to turn into a way of life if, as you indicate, you have a sincere desire to find something deeper and more lasting. Hunt goes on to say, "Some experts counsel against the use of casual sex... but the evidence is impressive that when used with moderation it does, indeed, restore confidence, aid the work of repair and growth and ready the FM [formerly married] for the discovery of his or her own larger needs."

Can you tell me how to make a Navy grog cocktail?—P. S., Austin, Texas.

Over a healthy scoop of cracked ice, mix: ¼ ounce each lime juice, grapefruit juice and simple syrup with 1 ounce each Jamaican rum, Puerto Rican rum, Demerara rum and club soda. Pack more cracked ice around a straw placed in a 14-ounce grog glass, add the mixture, sit back, imbibe and smile.

My affair with a married woman whose husband is with the Army in Vietnam is about to lead to a crisis. From the start, I have felt extremely guilty about being involved with a Serviceman's wife, but the fact is I love her very much and she loves me. She's been married two years, during most of which time her husband

has been away; now he's about to come home. What should I do?—F. R., Boise, Idaho.

"When in doubt what should be done," said England's Lord Melbourne, "do nothing." Cool it, baby—at least until your friend makes up her mind about her marriage. Once she's legally free (if that's what she chooses), you can resume your relationship. But if she decides to give her marriage another go, it would be prudent—as well as ethical—for you to retire to the side lines.

My problem is an intimate one. I have dated a number of boys since enrolling in college, and all insist on petting, while some insist on going all the way. I must admit that I have given in to a number of these boys. Most of the time, it is from being highly stimulated either by my date or by liquor, or by a combination of both. I need some advice on how to control myself during petting. Is there some way I can turn off my desires at the proper moment?—Miss D. L., Providence, Rhode Island.

None that we know of. We suggest that you be more selective in your choice of dates and that you invest your time in building a relationship with one person at a time—someone whom you both like and find sexually attractive. You'll then be able to "give in" with much more pleasure and much less agonizing reappraisal the next morning.

I am getting married soon and my girl and I would like a unique ceremony. The idea we like best is having it performed by the captain aboard the liner S. S. France. Is this possible? And, if so, what arrangements must be made and what procedures must be followed?—T. M., San Francisco, California.

We hate to torpedo your plans, but the nuptial knot is no longer tied aboard the ships of any major lines. Indeed, the captains of the French Line have never had authority from the French government to perform shipboard weddings.

While dining out with my girl and her folks at a Continental restaurant in New York last week, I lit my girl's cigarette with the ornate candle on the table. Here's the problem: Her father said that it was a gauche thing to do. I disagree. Who is right?—N. S., University Park, Pennsylvania.

Her father—but it was gauche of him to mention it.

If a civilian either is drafted or volunteers for military duty, is he legally entitled to his old job after being discharged?—J. B., Chicago, Illinois.

Under most conditions, yes. You'll find the complete low-down in "Field Letter

No. 20," a brochure issued by the Bureau of Veterans' Re-employment Rights, available at your local draft board.

My wife and I have been married for 11 years, and although we were both raised as Jews, I can vouch for the fact that neither of us has been inside a synagogue since the day we were married. Nevertheless, religion has suddenly reared its head around our happy household—with an able assist from my equally unwelcome mother-in-law. The problem centers on our three-year-old son. My wife's mother—a devout convert to Christian Science—maintains that the child should be raised in her faith rather than none. I don't agree. But my wife still believes in the existence of some sort of Supreme Being and sides against me in this matter. Do you feel that I should stand up for my atheist principles, or allow my son to be exposed to the theological "myths" of some organized congregation?—R. M., New York, New York.

You should stand your ground, for several reasons. The crux of the matter, of course, is not what will satisfy your mother-in-law but what will benefit your son. We don't think a child can mature properly unless he is able to identify with his parents, especially with the parent of the same sex. If something as crucial as religion stands between you and your son, he may well be in trouble. Furthermore, the implication of your mother-in-law's argument is that any religion is better than none. We don't agree. Nonbelief in a Supreme Being is just as worthy of respect as belief, particularly when it involves a view of ethics, morality and society that has been evolved after a questioning and rejection of one's inherited religion. Finally, there is the question of ethnic identity—as opposed to religious faith. Santayana said, "There is no God, but Mary is His mother," indicating both his nonbelief and his preference for his Catholic inheritance. We imagine you feel the same about your Jewish background; since it would be wasteful to deny this rich heritage to your son, give him the opportunity to be what you yourself are—a Jew by birth, an atheist by choice. If, as he matures, he develops an interest in religion (of any faith or denomination), he may then decide for himself which spiritual path—if any—he wishes to follow.

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



"refreshingly different"

English Leather®



The new, exciting scent for men—a fresh, completely new fragrance note that lasts and lasts!

- AFTER SHAVE \$2.50, \$4.50
- COLOGNE \$3.00, \$5.00
- AEROSOL DEODORANT \$1.50
- SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD \$2.00
- RUBDOWN BODY LOTION \$3.00
- DEODORANT STICK \$1.25
- SPRAY COLOGNE \$2.50
- GIFT SETS \$3.75 to \$9.50

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N.J.



These are Corbin exclusive Country Harvest Trousers

Country Harvest is a handsome, soft, yet hardy, fabric in a variety of plaids, district checks, herringbones and interesting mixtures. The distinctive colorings capture the feel and warmth and look of the fall harvest season. See them now at your Corbin store.

Corbin trousers — from \$20 to \$35.
Ladies slacks are also available.

Gentlemen's trousers and walking shorts by

CORBIN, LTD.

385 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016



Shearling lined anti-freeze, \$18.95



Bates Floaters®
present
"Boots for All Seasons"
(Don't miss these rrrrrreally great shoes!)



Bates Shearling Lined Boots will be worn by
the 1968 United States Winter Olympic Team.

Unlined year 'rounder, \$16.95

Floater® Knock-a-Boots at all fine stores.
Bates Floaters® Leisure Footwear & Bates Process®.
Patent No. 2815589

 BATES SHOE COMPANY • WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU'RE PLANNING a ski trip to Canada at Christmastime, this is the year to avoid crowds congregating at the dominion's popular eastern resorts. In the western province of Alberta, Canada's two best-known national parks—Jasper and Banff—offer the visitor slopes as challenging as any in North America.

Jasper National Park, our northern neighbor's second-largest (more than 4200 square miles), provides unusually long downhill runs typical of the Canadian Rockies; one Jasper ski course drops 4000 feet along a five-mile range. Jasper's slalom sites are in the Whistler Mountain and Marmot Basin area, but you'll want to try cross-country skiing here as well: Scenic Maligne Lake, ringed by snow-capped peaks, is just far enough off the established trails to make for an exciting afternoon of exploration. Although accommodations in western Canada often tend toward the Spartan, Whistlers Motor Hotel—with two estimable eateries—is stylishly comfortable.

Like Jasper, Banff National Park is a multifarious mecca for the winter sportsman: Skiing, skating, sleighing, curling, tobogganing and mountain climbing combine to fill out a nonstop action vacation. One Banff ski run is reached via the steepest chair-lift ride in North America—rising 1300 feet over a distance of 3240 feet. One of your first stops at Banff should be at the spectacular ski jump at Mount Norquay, where many of Canada's most proficient practitioners of the sport are in attendance. And at nearby Sulphur Mountain, you'll be able to swim in hot sulphur pools, no matter how low the temperature dips. Don't be surprised when you glimpse the poolside parade of finely filled bikinis; great-looking girls travel here from all over Canada and many parts of the U. S. to sample Banff's sporting life. You'll meet more than your share by putting up at the Voyager Inn; after an *après-ski* aperitif, squire your new-found friend to Banff's Rimrock Hotel, where steak reaches gustatorial peaks.

Lake Louise, situated in Banff, is one of Canada's most romantic retreats. Close by the lake, seven ski lifts help keep the slopes uncrowded. (The most luxurious of these—a sedan lift on adjacent Mount Whitehorn—spans two miles.) Sunshine Village, Banff's latest sporting attraction, lies adjacent to three newly developed ski runs.

Ski novices will want to avail themselves of the five-lesson beginner's course at Banff and Jasper; total charge is less than \$15. And if you've neglected to bring your gear, a set of skis, poles and boots rents for under seven dollars a day.


From Lake Louise, you'd be well ad-

vised to continue your ski odyssey by flying southwest to California's Mammoth Mountain. Located in the Golden State's High Sierras, Mammoth is quickly becoming one of the West's most frequented winter playgrounds. The second level of a gondola lift, soon to be completed, will transport 1200 skiers an hour to the mountain's 11,000-foot crest.

At Mammoth's Long Valley airstrip, take a plane to Southern California's fabled resort of Palm Springs; where sun and snow sports can be enjoyed more luxuriously than anywhere else in America. At Christmas, Palm Springs welcomes an influx of collegians from Los Angeles—little more than a two-hour drive away—most of whom quickly head for the slopes at Mount San Jacinto, on the outskirts of town. After making the morning ski scene, ride a mile and a half from the center of Palm Springs to Tahquitz Falls, where swimming and horseback riding compete with the season's action attraction: driving through the desert in dune buggies—automobiles specially outfitted for sand roving. In the evening, you'll want to stroll along Palm Canyon Drive (you can't really miss the Drive: It's the street with 1200 lighted palm trees). And after *boutique* browsing, drop into Palm Springs' dervishlike *discothèques*, I. J.'s and Howard Manor, where such stars as Laurence Harvey, Steve McQueen, David Janssen and Peter Lawford are apt to put in an appearance.

Flying east from Palm Springs, you might head next for New Mexico, where sunshine skiing has established the state as an irresistible stop for schussing sportsmen. Taos Ski Valley offers a wide variety of ski trails; and 19 miles away, the village of Taos supports a thriving art colony and a number of surprisingly superior restaurants. Chief among these is La Doña Luz, which, anomalously enough, serves up superb French cuisine in an adobe *ambiance*.

At least three other sites in New Mexico should be savored before you end your ski safari. At the Red River Ski Area, nine miles of trails vie with the region's seasonal lure for anglers: ice fishing for trout. The Sandia Peak Ski Area, reached by aerial tramway from Albuquerque, is especially attractive at Christmas, when covets of vacationing coeds from the University of New Mexico brighten the local scene. And the Sangre de Cristo ski basin is only a 20-minute drive from the second oldest city in the U. S.—historic Santa Fe.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

Listen!

Which comes first when you buy your hi-fi components?

It probably doesn't matter how you go about it as long as you end up with:

1. Compatible components.
2. A system that sounds good to you.

It makes sense to start with the loudspeakers. In many ways, the speakers you choose will greatly determine the quality of sound that your system is capable of delivering.

The speaker system should be tailored to the listening area. If you do this first, it can guide you in the selection of the other components—tuner, amplifier, record player or tape recorder.

Obviously, you'll want to put the whole system together and hear the sound before you leave your dealer's showroom.

One word of caution. Don't skimp on speaker quality. You can't hide poor quality speakers in a system. Sooner or later you'll hear the difference.

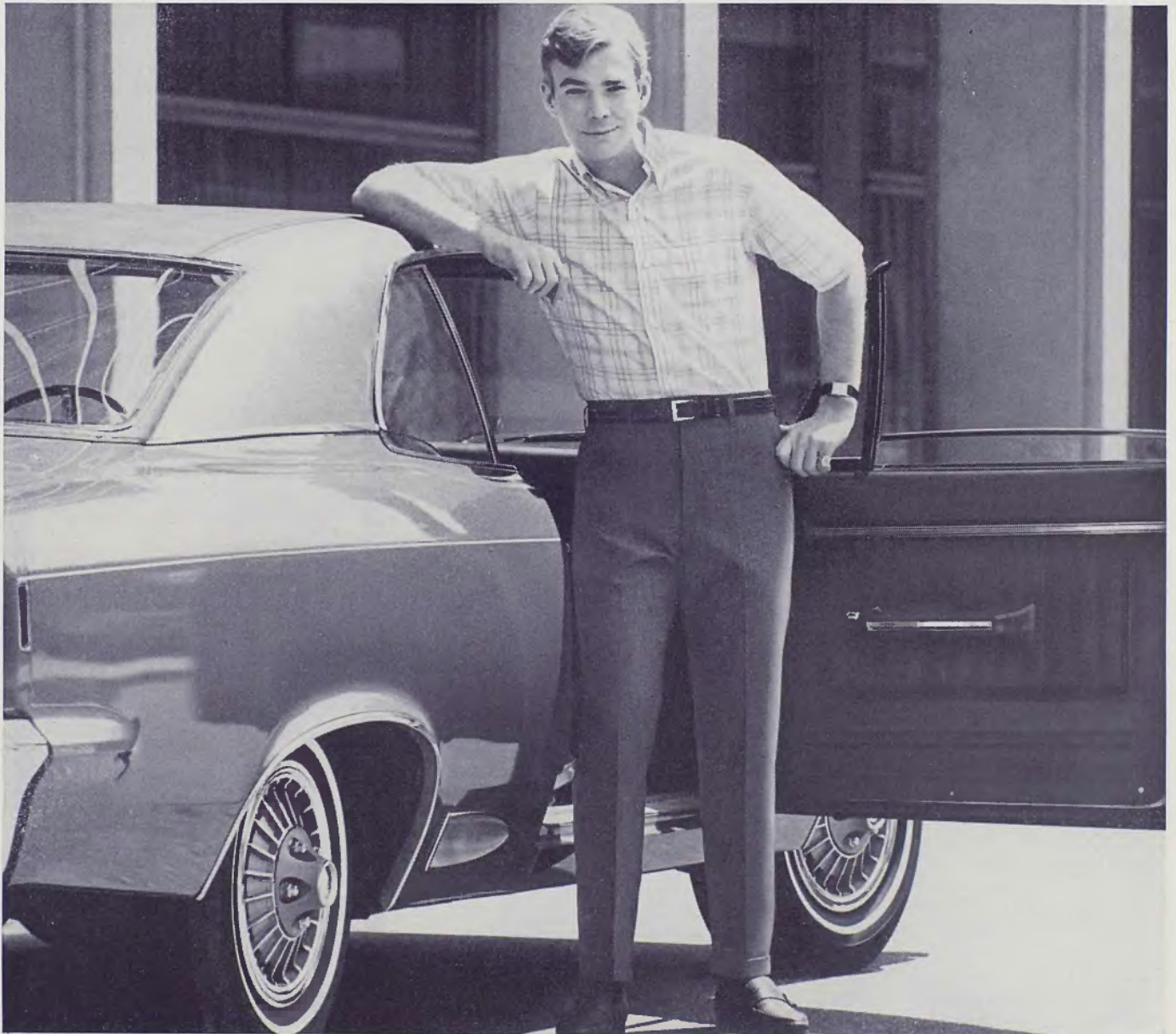
Your Jensen dealer will help you put together a balanced hi-fi system—one that sounds good to you. Stop in today and listen.

Jensen

Jensen Manufacturing Division, The Muter Company
6601 South Laramie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60638



Fortrel in slacks by Campus® makes you glad the old days are gone



Fortrel makes it hard for wrinkles to get started in these Campus slacks. So you don't have to run around town looking baggy and saggy the way people used to. Fortrel polyester and cotton slacks are smooth travelers. Fortrel, the freshening fiber of today, is for you.

Permanently pressed oxford slacks of 50% Fortrel polyester/50% cotton. Ivy styling in swinging colors, sizes 28-42. Under \$8.00. For more information, write: Campus Sweater & Sportswear, 3955 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44115.

54 Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

CELANESE FORTREL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PROVOCATIVE PLAYBOY

You're doing a most exciting and provocative job in *The Playboy Forum*. Keep it up!

Harold M. Hodges, Chairman
Department of Sociology
and Anthropology
San Jose State College
San Jose, California

SEDUCING SOCIALISTS

Maybe PLAYBOY is the answer to the Cold War. A Pentagon correspondent recently told me of visiting Vostok, the Russian scientific station in Antarctica, with a Navy commander. The commander took along three past issues of PLAYBOY, which he traded to the Russians for a fur hat, some leather boots and a case of vodka. "Hell," he said, "if I had had enough copies of PLAYBOY with me, I could have gotten the whole base."

Is this what Chairman Mao means by "Russian revisionism"?

Joseph Willet
Washington, D. C.

ADULTERY AS THERAPY

Perhaps some of your readers would be interested in my experience, which is similar to that of the married woman from Allentown, Pennsylvania (*The Playboy Forum*, July).

I was the inhibited product of a narrow, puritanical upbringing. In spite of my husband's long-suffering attempts to free me from the sexual limitations of my background, we never seemed to get anywhere; I did not really enjoy sex. Finally, as a last resort, he persuaded me to accept an opportunity for an extramarital sexual experience. I cannot explain how or why, but somehow the prospect of going to bed with another man released the powerful but long-buried feelings within me, which I had previously been unable to uncover. This immediately made a revolutionary difference in my relations with my husband. It was as though we had found the key to a door that had been locked shut.

Now, more than two years after my first extramarital experience, I enjoy sex tremendously. I might add that I am a responsible mother, care for my home and family, hold a professional position and am active in community affairs.

(Name withheld by request)
Cambridge, Massachusetts

MARRIAGE AND MORALS

In the July *Playboy Forum*, an anonymous woman from Allentown, Pennsylvania, told of her extramarital adventures, which were approved of by her husband. I have extended these same privileges to my wife since 1955. Interesting discoveries and unexpected good to all concerned have accrued over these happy years.

In the early Thirties, I heard Bertrand Russell assailed from a Methodist pulpit for his support of extramarital sex. I have yet to discover one detractor of Russell's who approaches his intellectual stature.

C. Allen
Dallas, Texas

STEPPING OUT FOR FUN AND PROFIT

I read with great interest the July *Playboy Forum* letter entitled "Love from a Stranger." What your Allentown writer describes is also practiced here in Detroit, where girls engage in extramarital relationships with the expressed consent of their husbands, both for pleasure and to help out family finances.

We moved into a residential section of Detroit about a year and a half ago. We have two fine children and my husband has a good position paying \$10,500 a year, but we (and this goes for three neighboring families that I know of) would still be in a small apartment if I had not enjoyed a little extramarital work. I say "enjoyed" because I truly got pleasure from my excursions to nearby motels. During the course of a year, with one or two trips a month, I managed to earn enough money to help with a large down payment on a new home, and I've since contributed substantially toward the amortization of our mortgage.

I originally started going to bed with other men strictly to get extra money. Now, however, I do this for pleasure as well. As the girl from Allentown said, it releases the tension of being cooped up and gives one a chance to get away from family responsibilities. I would encourage any young married girl to find herself an occasional extramarital partner, because the satisfaction that comes from knowing that other men are attracted to her will improve her morale 100 percent.

Three years ago I would never have considered looking at another man, but after learning that many of the other girls were doing it, I tried it. I was

JADE EAST®

discover it now
in
sculptured bamboo



Deodorant Stick, \$1.75
Spray Cologne, \$3.50
Spray Deodorant, \$2.50
Spray Talc, \$2.50

SWANK, N. Y. — Sole Distributor

prestige for the pack

Playboy's unique cigarette box. A flick of the finger, cigarette flips up. Ingenious addendum for home or office. Finest workmanship in natural finish solid American walnut. Holds a full pack, regular or king. Order by Code MM325, \$12.50 ppd. (sans cigarettes).



Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: Playboy Products, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.

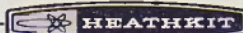
For The Man Who Wants The World's Most Advanced Stereo Receiver, But Refuses To Build It Himself . . .



The Heathkit® AR-15 Is Now Factory Assembled.

Experts agree it's the world's most advanced. All solid-state. Integrated circuits. Crystal filters. AM/FM Stereo. 150 watts music power. Ultra-sensitive FET FM Tuner. Positive circuit protection. "Black Magic" panel lighting. Also available in kit form for extra savings. Get full details in FREE catalog.

Assembled ARW-15, (less cab.), 34 lbs. **\$499.50**
Kit AR-15, (less cab.), 34 lbs. **\$329.95**
AE-16 Wrap-Around Walnut Cabinet, 10 lbs. **\$19.95**



HF-205

HEATH COMPANY, Dept. 38-10
 Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022

Please send FREE Heathkit catalog.
 Enclosed is \$ _____, plus shipping.

Please send model (s) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Prices & Specifications subject to change without notice.

ashamed and cried a lot when I first came home; but when I thought it over, I realized that I had actually enjoyed the experience. I would not advise a girl to try this without her husband's consent; that can only lead to disaster.

(Name withheld by request)
 Detroit, Michigan

This housewife's solution to the problem of tight mortgage money and high interest rates is not one we'd universally recommend.

FORBIDDEN FRIENDSHIPS

The theologians who participated in the June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality* seemed to me to be a little rigid on the subject of extramarital sex. I am the wife of a former minister and feel that it is normal for a woman to continue to have friendships with other men after she is married.

These friendships may have erotic overtones, but they need not go so far as adultery. The members of the *Panel* did not consider the possibility that a man and a woman, each happily married to someone else, can have a relationship that is meaningful and positive. Yet I know of several such relationships that have to be carried on in secrecy because of society's disapproval.

Helen Martin
 Evanston, Illinois

MORALITY AND PERSONALITY

The June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality* was first-rate, a presentation of a vital issue. It is rare that the reader has so many fine minds and so broad a spectrum of viewpoints available to him.

It is becoming increasingly clear that "the new morality" is the flowering of a basic concept of the sacredness of human personality, which realizes itself through the fundamental value of love. Your panelists made this clear, in that each of them refused to prejudge situations in which sex is involved.

The Rev. H. Paul Osborne
 First Unitarian Church
 Wichita, Kansas

SIN OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

I read with interest the June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*. I believe God's clear law for us is that there should be no sexual intercourse outside of marriage, though I may be wrong in my understanding.

This we do know: We are all sinners and we must not judge one another. There are many sins more terrible than adultery or lechery—such as self-righteousness, of which we all are guilty. We are fellow sinners, in need of undeserved grace and forgiveness and of the new birth that only God in Christ can give.

The Rev. Mebane Ramsay
 Roswell, New Mexico

LIBERALS AND LESBIANS

It is heartening to know that the church is beginning to approach sex rationally. However, complete sexual objectivity on the part of the clergy will be a long time coming. Even the liberal theologians who participated in the June *Playboy Panel* displayed deep-seated prejudices. These are representative statements on homosexuality, made by Rabbi Rubenstein, Bishop Pike and Dr. Cox, respectively: "I wouldn't consider homosexuality either fulfilling or an adult kind of sexual relationship"; "We should try to help him free himself"; "I would want to try to convince homosexuals that they're missing something."

I have been an active homosexual (or Lesbian, if you prefer) for seven years. Speaking for myself, I don't *want* to be "free," nor do I feel I am "missing something"; and I resent being told that my form of love is not "adult."

(Name withheld by request)
 Costa Mesa, California

HOMOSEXUALITY AND MANHOOD

I would like to address a few words to the homosexual Serviceman whose letter appeared in the June *Playboy Forum*:

I, too, have known since my teens that I am homosexual and, like you, have spent my life, until very recently, as a secular monk. At the heart of all our problems is the ingrained belief that, being homosexual, we are not men. I have never met a homosexual who was not in some way defensive about himself, though the defense takes many forms. As your defense, you say: "I detest effeminate men. I do not act, look or feel effeminate. I am not a kookie musician or artist. Nor do I have long hair, ridiculous clothing or a lisp." Open effeminacy, as you may not realize, is a form of defiance that takes great courage. And, as long as you feel compelled to reject the image of the "kookie musician" (forgive me for being stung by that—I am a composer, although my hair is of moderate length and I don't lisp) as being alien to you, you are going to be unhappy. In your defensiveness, behind your own personal wall, you have evolved a meaningless and crippling picture of the homosexual.

To me, a man is someone who knows what he is, accepts it and spends his life fighting to make the most of it. By that definition, real men are perhaps the smallest minority group, but there is nothing in your or my homosexuality that necessarily excludes us from it.

Lew Norton
 Los Angeles, California

CHURCH-STATE SEPARATION

I agree with Professor Fink's contention in the July *Playboy Forum* that it is not the task of the public schools to provide students with devotional opportunities. Why do so many parents expect

the schools to do what so clearly is their own privilege and responsibility—to provide their children's religious education? In the U. S., religion is an elective, not a required course in good citizenship.

Our founding fathers purposely excluded established state religion from the society they were structuring. They and their recent ancestors had endured the fearful oppressions of church-state power. Separation of church and state is the only way to secure maximum freedom for both laity and clergy—freedom to speak out with critical and creative force on any topic.

Along these lines, I propose that military chaplains get out of uniform and that they be paid by the denominations they are supposed to represent, rather than by the Government. Only by ridding themselves of military ties and salaries will they be free to function as men of God and to discuss war and governmental affairs with honesty.

In addition, if we are to have a state uninfluenced by religion, we should end the nonsense of ministers' praying over Federal and state legislators and appearing as absurd vestigial figures at the launching of battleships and the dedication of public buildings. When this sort of foolishness ends, the clergy may gain more of the respect they desire.

The Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman
First Unitarian Church
Los Angeles, California

TAXING THE CHURCH

By labeling Bishop Pike "America's most controversial churchman," *PLAYBOY* has given the hostile reader an easy avenue for dismissing Pike's views on taxation of churches (*PLAYBOY*, April). Actually, his views are not so heretical as some might assume.

In early 1965, I surveyed approximately 10,000 Protestant clergymen across the nation, soliciting their views on a wide range of issues. The taxation of religious organizations was one of the issues raised in the study. Clergymen were asked to agree or disagree with this statement: "I have some sympathy with the position that tax exemption for churches should be eliminated."

Sympathizers with Bishop Pike's views constitute a substantial segment of the Protestant clergy. In the six U. S. denominations that I studied (American Baptist, American Lutheran, Episcopal, Methodist, Missouri Synod and Presbyterian), 42 percent of the clergy agreed with the statement. An additional 20 percent reported that they "probably agreed." Thus, 62 percent of the clergy are not rigidly committed to tax exemption for organized religion.

As might be expected, opinions on this matter vary considerably according to denomination and the clergyman's age. Sixty-three percent of the Presbyterians, as compared with 32 percent of the


(continued on page 155)


You can't buy a better vodka for love nor rubles.



Gilbey's Vodka

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.





**Big and bold
wide-track cables**

Alps features a striking array of big bold cables, jumbo fisherman knits and rough textured homespun tweeds—all with the hand knit look.

The Cornell
Big bold crew neck wide track cables, 65% wool-35% polyester, machine washable. About \$22.
At all fine stores.

Jim Moroney

ALPS SPORTSWEAR Mfg. Co., Inc.
Lawrence, Massachusetts 01840

Announcing the most important sale in MG history...

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

MGB/GT SPECIAL



Right now MG dealers across the country are commemorating the anniversary of the first popular-priced authentic GT—the MGB/GT.

In honor of the occasion, they're offering MGB/GT's in a special edition. Each one will

have all the extras MGB/GT's come with plus a special anniversary package.

Only 1,000 First Anniversary MGB/GT Specials will be available in the entire U.S.A. So don't wait.

See your MG dealer before he runs out.



THIS SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY PACKAGE FREE . . .

Official plaque in full color designating the GT as one of only 1,000 Specials.



16-inch wood rimmed steering wheel with matching Australian coach wood shift knob.



Vibrationless non-glare racing type wing mirror.



. . . PLUS ALL THESE EXTRAS AT NO EXTRA COST ON EVERY MGB/GT:

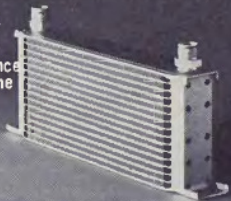
Large electric tachometer and full sports car instrumentation.



4-speed gear box with short throw stick shift.



Oil cooler for better engine performance, less engine wear.



Heavy-duty, competition-proved suspension for remarkable road-holding.



Twin S.U. carburetors for quick acceleration.



Hydraulic disc brakes with big 10 3/4-inch discs. Self-adjusting. Fade-free.



Fully adjustable English leather bucket seats.



60-spoke wire wheels. Center lock type. Retail value over \$100.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JIM GARRISON

a candid conversation with the embattled district attorney of new orleans

On February 17, 1967, the New Orleans States-Item broke a story that would electrify the world—and hurl district attorney Jim Garrison into a bitter fight for his political life. An enterprising reporter, checking vouchers filed with the city by the district attorney's office, discovered that Garrison had spent over \$8000 investigating the assassination of President Kennedy. "Has the district attorney discovered valuable additional evidence," the States-Item asked editorially, "or is he merely saving some interesting new information that will gain for him exposure in a national magazine?" Stung, Garrison counter-attacked, confirming that an inquiry into Kennedy's assassination was under way and charging that the States-Item's "irresponsible" revelation "has now created a problem for us in finding witnesses and getting cooperation from other witnesses and in at least one case has endangered the life of a witness."

On February 18, newsmen from all over the world converged on New Orleans to hear Garrison announce at a press conference: "We have been investigating the role of the city of New Orleans in the assassination of President Kennedy, and we have made some progress—I think substantial progress. . . . What's more, there will be arrests." As reporters flashed news of Garrison's statement across the world, a 49-year-old New Orleans pilot, David Ferrie, told newsmen that the district attorney had

him "pegged as the getaway pilot in an elaborate plot to kill Kennedy." Ferrie, a bizarre figure who wore a flaming-red wig, false eyebrows and make-up to conceal burns he had suffered years before, denied any involvement in a conspiracy to kill the President. Garrison, he said, was out to frame him. Four days later, Ferrie was found dead in his shabby three-room apartment in New Orleans, ostensibly of natural causes—though he left behind two suicide notes.

The press had greeted Garrison's initial claims about a conspiracy with a measure of skepticism, but Ferrie's death was front-page news around the world. Garrison broke his self-imposed silence to charge that Ferrie was "a man who, in my judgment, was one of history's most important individuals." According to Garrison, "Mr. Ferrie was one of those individuals I had in mind when I said there would be arrests shortly. We had reached a decision to arrest him early next week. Apparently we waited too long." But Garrison vowed that Ferrie's death would not halt his investigation, and added, "My staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have the evidence beyond a shadow of a doubt. We know the key individuals, the cities involved and how it was done."

On March 1, Garrison eclipsed even the headlines from his previous press conference by announcing the arrest of Clay

Shaw, a wealthy New Orleans businessman and real-estate developer, on charges of conspiring to assassinate John F. Kennedy. One of New Orleans' most prominent citizens, Shaw was a founder and director of the city's prestigious International Trade Mart from 1947 to 1965, when he retired to devote his time to playwriting and restoring historic homes in the old French Quarter. The day after Shaw's arrest, Garrison declared that "Shaw was none other than Clay Bertrand," the shadowy queen bee of the New Orleans homosexual underworld, who, according to attorney Dean Andrews' testimony before the Warren Commission, called him the day after the assassination and asked him to rush to Dallas to defend Oswald. Shaw heatedly denied his guilt: "I never heard of any plot and I never used any alias in my life." But New Orleans society, which had long counted Shaw one of its own, was stunned.

On March 14, a panel of three judges heard Garrison's case in a preliminary hearing to determine if there was enough evidence against Shaw to bring him to trial. Perry Raymond Russo, a 25-year-old life-insurance salesman from Baton Rouge who had once been Ferrie's "roommate," testified that in mid-September of 1963, he had attended a meeting at Ferrie's apartment where Shaw, Lee Harvey Oswald and Ferrie discussed means of assassinating the President in a



"To read the press accounts of my investigation, I'm a cross between Al Capone and Attila the Hun—bribing, threatening innocent men. Anybody who employs those methods should be disbarred."



"A number of the men who killed the President were former employees of the CIA involved in its anti-Castro underground activities in the New Orleans area. The CIA knows their identity. So do I."



"President Kennedy was killed for one reason: because he was working for a reconciliation with the U.S.S.R. and Castro's Cuba. His assassins were a group of fanatic anti-Communists and Cuban exiles."

"triangulation of cross fire." Garrison's second witness, Vernon Bundy, a 29-year-old former narcotics addict, testified that in the summer of 1963, he saw Shaw pass a sum of money to Lee Harvey Oswald on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain. On March 17, after a four-day hearing, Judges Malcolm V. O'Hara, Bernard J. Bagert and Matthew S. Branniff ruled there was sufficient evidence to hold Clay Shaw for trial. Garrison's hand was further strengthened on March 22, when a 12-member grand jury of prominent New Orleans citizens, empaneled to hear Garrison's case, also ruled there were sufficient grounds to bring Shaw to court. Pending trial—which is scheduled to begin sometime this month—Shaw was allowed to go free on \$10,000 bail.

The American press remained dubious about Garrison's ability to prove his charges in court, and domestic coverage of and commentary on the district attorney's case thereafter was, at best, low-key—at worst, contemptuous. But as Newsweek reported on March 20, "In Europe, where thousands still cling to the conspiracy theory in spite of the Warren Commission's conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone . . . Garrison and his investigation have been the stuff of page-one headlines." "I'm encouraged by the support Europe is bringing me," he told a Paris-Match reporter. "Every day, I receive letters and telegrams from all the capitals. I've even had six telephone calls from Moscow." One was from Literaturnaya Gazeta, a prestigious Moscow literary magazine, which ran an interview with Garrison concluding that there was a conspiracy to kill Kennedy but that Oswald "definitely wasn't the key figure in it."

Garrison also had his supporters in the U. S. Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing, father-confessor to the Kennedy family, said of the New Orleans probe on March 16: "I think they should follow it through. . . . I never believed that the assassination was the work of one man." And Representative Roman Pucinski, an Illinois Democrat, said: "I'm surprised more attention hasn't been paid to the ruling that Clay Shaw go on trial for participating in a plot to assassinate President Kennedy. These aren't nuts but three judges talking. It's a new ball game." Senator Russell Long of Louisiana also backed up Garrison—an old political ally—contending that he was only doing "what a district attorney should do." And perennial Warren Report critic Mark Lane (himself a PLAYBOY interviewee last February), whose best-selling "Rush to Judgment" helped persuade Garrison to launch his investigation, said after a conference with Garrison in New Orleans that the D.A.'s probe would "break the entire case wide open."

If nothing else, Garrison was certainly affecting public opinion. A Louis Harris

poll of May 29 revealed that 66 percent of the American public now believes there was a conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy, and "a major contributor to this swelling doubt is the investigation into the assassination by New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison." Even with public opinion on his side, Garrison was running into difficulties on several fronts by early summer. Three witnesses he wished to question about their complicity in the assassination had fled Louisiana, and he was unable to obtain their extradition to New Orleans—a seldom-encountered roadblock he credits to the CIA, "which knows that some of its former employees were involved in the Kennedy assassination and is doing everything possible to frustrate my investigation in order to preserve the Agency's good name." The CIA refuses to comment on Garrison's charges.

Garrison was also under heavy fire over the improper methods allegedly employed by his staff. The most blistering indictment of his probe was an NBC television special on June 19, charging that Garrison's investigators had tried to bribe three potential witnesses—Alvin Beauboeuf, Miguel Torres and Fred Lee-mans—to testify against Shaw; that Garrison's staff had attempted to induce a burglar, John Cancler, to plant false evidence in Clay Shaw's home; and that Garrison had allowed Perry Russo and Vernon Bundy to testify against Shaw even though they had previously failed lie-detector tests. NBC added that its investigators had also unearthed the real "Clay Bertrand"; and though NBC didn't name him, it said that he was not Clay Shaw. Subsequently, NBC might have had second thoughts about its exposé, for the network granted Garrison an unprecedented 30 minutes of prime Saturday-evening time to rebut its own findings. Garrison charged that the three witnesses who claimed his aids had tried to bribe them were perjurers. He also denied that his office had approached John Cancler to burglarize Shaw's home, and stated flatly that both Russo and Bundy had passed their polygraph tests. On the key point of the "real" Clay Bertrand, Garrison said that he knew the identity of the individual NBC was talking about and that he was definitely not the man who called attorney Dean Andrews to gain legal aid for Lee Harvey Oswald.

Undismayed—and undeterred—by all the charges and countercharges, Garrison still says, "We are going to win this case, and anyone who bets against us is going to lose his money." The embattled district attorney may be overconfident, but he has a history of winning every fight he starts. Born in Dennison, Iowa, on November 20, 1921, Garrison flew an unarmored spotter plane for the artillery in France and Germany during World War Two and then attended Tulane University Law School. He then went to

New Orleans to work as an assistant district attorney until 1961, when he resigned with a scorching attack on Mayor Victor H. Schiro, whom he charged with corruption and failure to rigorously enforce the law.

Garrison entered the race for district attorney as a fiercely uncompromising reform candidate, lambasting the "political machine" of Mayor Schiro and characterizing the incumbent district attorney, Richard Dowling, as "the great emancipator—he let everybody go free." Garrison, six feet, six, and 240 pounds, was quickly dubbed the "Jolly Green Giant." He had no political organization and not much money, but his personal magnetism and refusal to compromise appealed to the New Orleans electorate. He defeated Dowling handily and promptly began convicting men on charges his predecessor had dropped.

Garrison's five years as district attorney have been stormy. He outraged many of his former supporters in the business community by launching a campaign against vice on Bourbon Street, charging that B-girls were mercilessly fleecing naïve tourists. Garrison cleaned up Bourbon Street himself, personally padlocking many honky-tonks and striptease clubs. But his toughest fight—until the current one—came in 1962, when he announced that the refusal of the city's eight criminal-court judges to approve funds for his investigations of organized crime "raised interesting questions about racketeer influences." The judges promptly charged Garrison with defamation of character and criminal libel—and a state court fined him \$1000. Garrison appealed the case all the way to the Supreme Court, and on November 23, 1964, in a landmark decision on the right to criticize public officials, the nation's highest tribunal reversed his conviction, contending that "speech concerning public affairs is more than self-expression; it is the essence of self-government." Never one to turn the other cheek, Garrison subsequently employed his political influence to unseat a number of the judges when they came up for re-election.

The district attorney's independence has at times nettled both left and right in New Orleans. When the police department tried to prosecute a bookdealer for selling James Baldwin's "Another Country," Garrison stepped in with a broadside against censorship and won the man's release—promptly bringing down on his head the wrath of the local White Citizens Council. At the other end of the political spectrum, he has been criticized by the liberal American Civil Liberties Union, which once accused him of trying an alleged rapist "in the press rather than in the courtroom." But Negro leaders in the city say Garrison has been a fair and impartial district attorney; in

In defense of cigar mooching.

How to become a cigar smoker at somebody else's expense

Mooching, we think, has an undeservedly shoddy reputation.

Practiced with finesse, it can be a fine art. Turned towards truly honorable ends, it can be a sublime art.

And we can think of no more honorable end than the sheer gentlemanly pleasure of being a cigar smoker.

Because there are so many different kinds of cigars, you may have to try a few before you find one you like best. (15 million cigar smokers have found their cigar. So can you.)

But who says you should pay for every one you try? The cigar of your dreams may be in the next pocket you pick.

Cigar smokers are a notably generous bunch, anyway. Merely say you're thinking of joining their ranks, and they'll come across with a freebee immediately.

Listed below are a few less obvious forms of creative borrowing.

Get friendly with guys who are about to become fathers.

Don't turn down any invitations to weddings, elegant dinners, poker games, and Bar Mitzvahs.

Encourage the promotion of those who

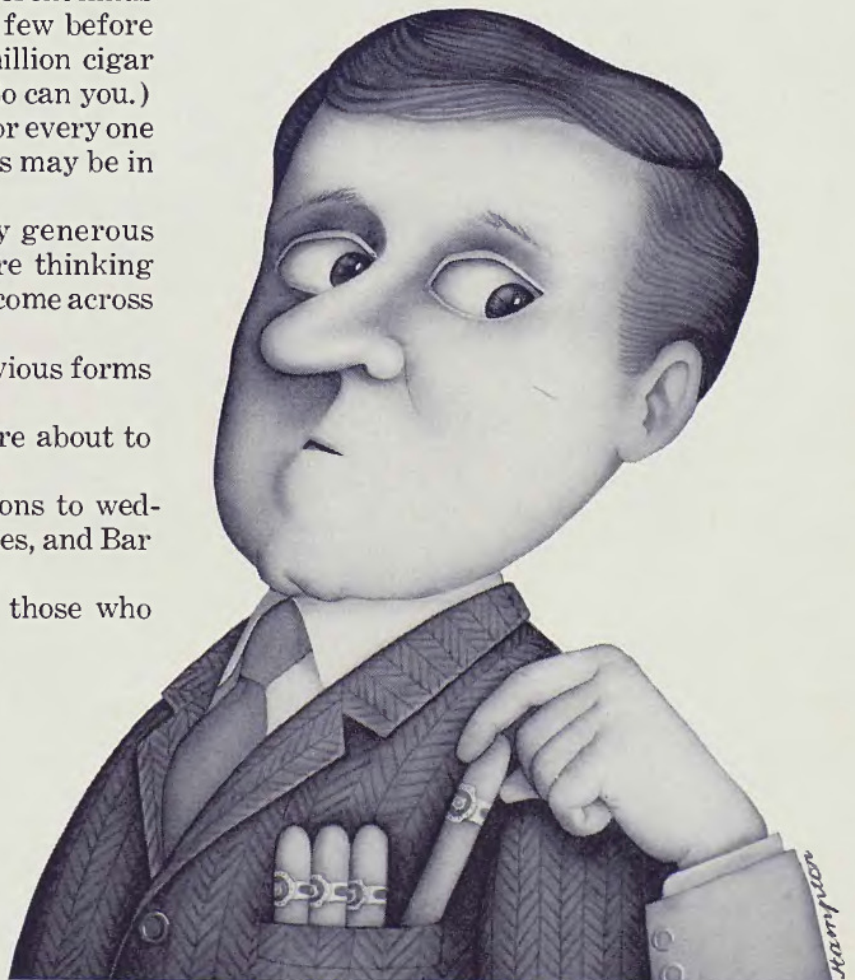
represent no threat to you personally. If the promotion is big enough, cigars are called for.

Allow us, however, to make one thing clear. Mooching is only defensible as a temporary measure, until you have found the cigar worth shelling out for yourself.

At that point it will be your turn to initiate a new cigar smoker.

You will have graduated from the role of a cigar mooch-er to that of a cigar mooch-ee.

Cigar Institute of America



THE CIGAR INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC. 1270 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10020

his last bid for re-election, he polled as well in the Negro precincts as he did in the white.

The years 1965 and 1966 were—by Garrison's standards—relatively quiet. His only major public controversy during this period flared up when he interceded with Louisiana Governor John McKeithen to win a pardon for a local stripper named Linda Birgette, who had been convicted on a charge of lewd dancing. Garrison claimed it was impossible to define obscenity in literature or the arts and argued that jailing Miss Birgette would be a "gross miscarriage of justice." McKeithen acceded to his pleas and, despite cries of protest from local bluenoses, the incident served to increase Garrison's popularity.

The same could hardly be said of his current probe, which has made him both a target for abuse—justified or otherwise—that has tended to obscure rather than clarify the issues involved in the investigation, and a victim of often one-sided press coverage that NBC's half hour of equal time has done little to rectify. In PLAYBOY's opinion, Garrison has not yet had the chance to present his side of the case—in court or out—without expurgation or editorializing. We feel he ought to have that chance. Toward this end, in mid-July, we approached the embattled district attorney with our offer of an impartial, open-ended interview. The 12-hour cross-examination that followed—in the midst of Garrison's round-the-clock investigation—was conducted in the living room of the two-story home he shares with his blonde wife and three young children in a tree-lined residential neighborhood of New Orleans. As the dog-tired district attorney stretched his long legs across a couch, battered briar pipe (a political trademark) in one hand, a vodka martini (his favorite drink) in the other, PLAYBOY interviewer Eric Norden began by asking him to answer the most damaging charges of his critics.

PLAYBOY: You have been accused—by the National Broadcasting Company, *Newsweek*, the New Orleans Metropolitan Crime Commission and your own former investigative aide William Gurvich—of attempts to intimidate witnesses, of engaging in criminal conspiracy and of inciting to such felonies as perjury, criminal defamation and public bribery. How do you respond to these charges?

GARRISON: I've stopped beating my wife. All the charges you enumerate have been made with one purpose in mind—to place our office on the defensive and make us waste valuable time answering allegations that have no basis in fact. Also involved is a psychological by-product valuable to those who don't want the truth about Kennedy's assassination to become known: The very repetition of a charge lends it a certain credibility, since people have a tendency

to believe that where there's smoke, there's fire—although I find it difficult to believe that the public will put much credence in most of the dastardly deeds I've been accused of in the past few months. Just recently, for example, the rumor went around that my staff was peddling marijuana to high school students and that one of our major witnesses had just confessed that his testimony was based on a dream induced by an overdose of LSD. We've also been accused of planning an attack on the local FBI office with guns loaded with red pepper, having stolen money from our own investigative files and having threatened to shoot one witness in the *derrière* with an exotic gun propelling truth-serum darts. I just hope they never find out about my involvement in the Boston Brinks robbery. I must admit, however, that I'm beginning to worry about the cumulative effect of this propaganda blitzkrieg on potential jurors for the trial of Clay Shaw. I don't know how long they can withstand the drumbeat obbligato of charges exonerating the defendant and convicting the prosecutor. For months now, the establishment's artillery units have been pounding away at the two themes NBC focused on—that my office uses "improper methods" with regard to witnesses and that we don't really have a case against Mr. Shaw and he should never be brought to trial. I hope you'll give me the chance to answer each of these charges in detail; but first, let me elaborate a bit on the methods we employ in this or any other investigation. My office has been one of the most scrupulous in the country with regard to the protection of individual rights. I've been on record for years in law journals and books as championing the rights of the individual against the oppressive power of the state. My office moved in and prevented police seizure from bookstores of books arbitrarily labeled "obscene." I intervened and managed to persuade the Louisiana legislature to remove a provision from its new code of criminal procedure that would allow judges to reach out from the bench and cite newsmen for contempt if they penned anything embarrassing to the judges. My office has investigated cases where we had already obtained convictions; and on discovering new evidence indicating that the defendant was not guilty, we've obtained a reversal of the verdict. In over five years of office, I have never had a single case reversed because of the use of improper methods—a record I'll match with any other D. A. in the country. In this particular case, I've taken unusual steps to protect the rights of the defendant and assure him a fair trial. Before we introduced the testimony of our witnesses, we made them undergo independent verifying tests, including polygraph examination, truth serum and hypnosis. We thought this would be hailed as an

unprecedented step in jurisprudence; instead, the press turned around and hinted that we had drugged our witnesses or given them posthypnotic suggestions to testify falsely. After arresting Mr. Shaw, we filed a motion for a preliminary hearing—a proceeding that essentially operates in the defendant's favor. Such a hearing is generally requested by the defense, and it was virtually unheard of that the motion be filed by the state, which under the law has the right to charge a defendant outright, without any evaluation by a judge of the pending charges. But I felt that because of the enormity of this accusation, we should lean over backward and give the defendant every chance. A three-judge panel heard our evidence against Mr. Shaw and his attorneys' rebuttals and ordered him indicted for conspiracy to assassinate the President. And I might add here that it's a matter of record that my relationship with the judiciary of our fair city is not a Damon-Pythias camaraderie. Once the judges had handed down their decision, we could have immediately filed a charge against the defendant just by signing it and depositing it with the city clerk—the customary method of charging a defendant. Nevertheless, out of concern for Mr. Shaw's rights, we voluntarily presented the case to a blue-ribbon grand jury. If this grand jury had failed to indict Mr. Shaw, our case would have been dead as a doornail. But the grand jury, composed of 12 eminent New Orleans citizens, heard our evidence and indicted the defendant for participation in a conspiracy to assassinate John Kennedy. In a further effort to protect the rights of the defendant, and in the face of the endlessly reiterated accusation that we have no case against him—despite the unanimous verdict of the grand jury and the judges at the preliminary hearing—I have studiously refrained from making any public statement critical of the defendant or prejudging his guilt. Of course, this puts me at a considerable disadvantage when the press claims I have no case against him, because the only way I could convince them of the strength of my case is to throw open our files and let them examine the testimony of all our witnesses. Apart from the injustice such an act would do Mr. Shaw, it could get our whole case thrown out of court on the grounds that we had prejudged the defendant's rights by pretrial publicity. So I won't fall into that particular trap, whatever the provocation. I only wish the press would allow our case to stand or fall on its merits in court. It appears that certain elements of the mass media have an active interest in preventing this case from ever coming to trial at all and find it necessary to employ against me every smear device in the book. To read the press accounts of my investigation—my "circus," I should say—I'm a cross



the measure of a man

Innovation: Vertical vermilion, adroitly spaced. New, deeper lateral vents. Active. Alert. Needled of Dacron* and worsted. Much insight. Much aplomb. A lesson in double blazery at last!

*Reg. Du Pont TM for polyester fiber



clubman[®]
sportcoats

1290 avenue of the americas • n.y., n.y. 10019

between Al Capone and Attila the Hun, ruthlessly hounding innocent men, trampling their legal rights, bribing and threatening witnesses and in general violating every canon of legal ethics. My God, anybody who employs the kind of methods that elements of the news media attribute to me should not only not be a district attorney, he should be disbarred. This case has taught me the difference between image and reality, and the power of the mythmakers. But I know I've done everything possible to conduct this investigation with honesty and integrity and with full respect for the civil rights of the defendant. But a blanket denial of charges against me isn't going to convince anyone, so why don't we consider them one by one?

PLAYBOY: All right. The May 15th issue of *Newsweek* charged that two of your investigators offered David Ferrie's former roommate, Alvin Beauboeuf, \$3000 and an airline job if he would help substantiate your charges against Clay Shaw. How do you answer this accusation?

GARRISON: Mr. Beauboeuf was one of the two men who accompanied David Ferrie on a mysterious trip from New Orleans to Texas on the day of the assassination, so naturally we were interested in him from the very start of our investigation. At first he showed every willingness to cooperate with our office; but after Ferrie's death, somebody gave him a free trip to Washington. From that moment on, a change came over Beauboeuf; he refused to cooperate with us any further and he made the charges against my investigators to which you refer. Fortunately, Beauboeuf had signed an affidavit on April 12th—well after the alleged bribe offer was supposed to have been made—affirming that “no representative of the New Orleans Parish district attorney's office has ever asked me to do anything but to tell the truth. Any inference or statement by anyone to the contrary has no basis in fact.” As soon as his attorney began broadcasting his charges, we asked the New Orleans police department to thoroughly investigate the matter. And on June 12th, the police department—which is not, believe me, in the pocket of the district attorney's office—released a report concluding that exhaustive investigation by the police intelligence branch had cleared my staff of any attempt to bribe or threaten Beauboeuf into giving untrue testimony. There was no mention of this report, predictably enough, in *Newsweek*. Let me make one thing clear, though: Like every police department and district attorney's office across the country, we have sums set aside to pay informers for valuable information—but we would never suborn perjury. This isn't because we're saints—short cuts like that could be awfully tempting in a frustrating case—but because we're realistic enough to know that any witness who can be bought by us can

also be bought by the other side. So it's rather naïve, apart from being ethically objectionable, to assume that our investigators travel around the country with bags of money trying to bribe witnesses to lie on the witness stand. We just don't operate that way.

PLAYBOY: On an NBC television special, “The J.F.K. Conspiracy: The Case of Jim Garrison,” a former Turkish-bathhouse operator in New Orleans, Fred Leemans, claimed that one of your aides offered him money to testify that Clay Shaw had frequented his establishment with Lee Harvey Oswald. Do you also deny this charge?

GARRISON: Yes; and it's a perfect illustration of the point I was just making about how easy it is for the other side to buy witnesses and then charge us with its own misconduct. Mr. Leemans came to us in early May, volunteering testimony to the effect that he had often seen a man named Clay Bertrand in his bathhouse, sometimes accompanied by men he described as “Latin.” In a sworn affidavit, Leemans said he had also seen a young man called Lee with Bertrand on four or five occasions—a man who fits the description of Lee Harvey Oswald. Leemans also identified the Clay Bertrand who had frequented his establishment as Clay Shaw. Now, this was important testimony, and initially we were favorably impressed with Mr. Leemans. But then we started receiving calls from him demanding money. Well, I've told you our policy on this, and the answer was a flat no. He was quiet for a while and then he called and asked if we would approve if he sold his story to a magazine, since he badly needed money. We refused to give him such approval. Apparently, the National Broadcasting Company was able to establish a warmer relationship with Mr. Leemans. In any case, he now says that he didn't really lie to us; he just “told us what he thought we wanted to hear.” I'm sure he was equally cooperative with NBC—although he's beginning to spread his favors around. When a reporter asked him for more information after the broadcast, Leemans refused, explaining that he was saving himself for the Associated Press, “since I want to make something out of this.” I would like to make one personal remark about Mr. Leemans. I don't know if he was lying to us initially or not—though I suspect from other evidence in my possession that his statement as he first gave it was accurate—but anybody, no matter what his financial straits, who tries to make a fast buck off the assassination of John Kennedy is several rungs below the anthropoid ape on the evolutionary scale.

PLAYBOY: On this same NBC show, newsman Frank McGee claimed that NBC investigators had discovered that your two key witnesses against Clay Shaw—Perry Russo and Vernon Bundy

—both failed polygraph tests prior to their testimony before the grand jury. In the case of Russo, who claimed to have attended a meeting at David Ferrie's apartment where Shaw, Oswald and Ferrie plotted the assassination, NBC said that “Russo's answers to a series of questions indicate, in the language of the polygraph operator, ‘deception criteria.’ He was asked if he knew Clay Shaw. He was asked if he knew Lee Harvey Oswald. His ‘yes’ answer to both of these questions indicated ‘deception criteria.’” Did Bundy and Russo fail their lie-detector tests?

GARRISON: No, and NBC's allegations in this area are about as credible as its other charges. The men who administered both polygraph tests flatly deny that Russo and Bundy failed the test. I'll offer right now to make Russo's and Bundy's polygraph tests accessible to any reputable investigator or reporter the day Clay Shaw's trial begins; I can't do it before that, because I'm restrained from releasing material pertaining to Shaw's guilt or innocence. Just for your information, though, the veracity of Bundy and Russo has been affirmed not only through polygraph tests but through hypnosis and the administration of sodium amytal—truth serum. I want to make a proposition to the president of NBC: If this charge is true, then I will resign as district attorney of New Orleans. If it's untrue, however, then the president of NBC should resign. Just in case he thinks I'm kidding, I'm ready to meet with him at any time to select a mutually acceptable committee to determine once and for all the truth or falsehood of this charge. In all fairness, however, I must add that the fact Bundy and Russo passed their polygraph tests is *not*, in and of itself, irrefutable proof that they were telling the truth; that's why we administered the other tests. The lie detector isn't a foolproof technique. A man well rehearsed and in complete control of himself can master those reactions that would register on the polygraph as deception criteria and get away with blatant lies, while someone who is extremely nervous and anxiety-ridden could tell the truth and have it register as a lie. Much also depends on who administers the test, since it can easily be rigged. For example, Jack Ruby took a lie-detector test for the Warren Commission and told lie after outright lie—even little lies that could be easily checked—and yet the Warren Commission concluded that he passed the test. So the polygraph is only one weapon in the arsenal we use to verify a witness' testimony, and we have never considered it conclusive; we have abundant documentation to corroborate their stories.

PLAYBOY: Two convicts, Miguel Torres

PUTTING ON THE DOG?



Special instructions for PUTTING ON THE DOG:
Keep the charcoal hot...
and the Michelob cold.
So PUT ON THE DOG. (And invite the neighbors.)

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.

and John Cancler, told NBC that Vernon Bundy admitted having lied in his testimony linking Clay Shaw to Lee Oswald. Do you dismiss this as just another NBC fabrication?

GARRISON: Messrs. Cancler and Torres were both convicted by my office, as were almost half the men in the state penitentiary, and I'm sure the great majority of them have little love for the man who sent them up. I don't know if they fabricated their stories in collusion with NBC or on their own for motives of revenge, but I'm convinced from what I know of Vernon Bundy that his testimony was truthful. NBC manipulated the statements of Cancler and Torres to give the impression to the viewer that he was watching a trial on television—*my trial*—and that these "objective" witnesses were saying exactly what they would say in a court of law. Actually—and NBC scrupulously avoided revealing this to its audience—their "testimony" was not under oath, there was no opportunity for cross-examination or the presentation of rebuttal witnesses, and the statements of Cancler, Torres and all the rest of NBC's road company were edited so that the public would hear only those elements of their story that would damage our case. The rules of evidence and adversary procedure, I might add, have been developed over many years precisely to prevent this kind of phony side show. Of course, these two convicts have been used against my office in a variety of respects. Miguel Torres also claims I offered him a full pardon, a vacation in Florida and an ounce of heroin if he would testify that Clay Shaw had made homosexual overtures to him on the street. What on earth that would have established relevant to this case I still don't know, but that's his story. I think it was actually rather cheap of me to offer Torres only an ounce of heroin; that wouldn't have lasted out his vacation. A kilo would be more like it. After all, I'm not stingy. Torres' friend John Cancler, a burglar, has also charged that one of my investigators tried to induce him to burglarize Clay Shaw's house and plant false evidence there, but he refused because he would not have such a heinous sin on his conscience. I suppose that's why Cancler's prison nickname is "John the Baptist." I can assure you, if we ever wanted to burglarize Shaw's home—which we never did—John the Baptist would be the last man on earth we'd pick for the job. By the way, Mr. Cancler was called before the grand jury and asked if he had told the truth to NBC. He replied: "I refuse to answer on the grounds that my answer might incriminate me"—and was promptly sentenced to six months in prison and a \$500 fine for contempt of court.

PLAYBOY: The NBC special also claimed to have discovered that "Clay, or Clem, Bertrand does exist. Clem Bertrand is not his real name. It is a pseudonym used by a homosexual in New Orleans. For his protection, we will not disclose the real name of the man known as Clem Bertrand. His real name has been given to the Department of Justice. He is not Clay Shaw." Doesn't this undermine your entire case against Shaw?

GARRISON: Your faith in NBC's veracity is touching and indicates that the Age of Innocence is not yet over. NBC does *not* have the real Clay Bertrand; the man whose name NBC so melodramatically turned over to the Justice Department is that of Eugene Davis, a New Orleans bar owner, who has firmly denied under oath that he has ever used the name Clay, or Clem, Bertrand. We know from incontrovertible evidence in our possession who the real Clay Bertrand is—and we will prove it in court. But to make this whole thing a little clearer, let me tell you the genesis of the whole "Clay Bertrand" story. A New Orleans lawyer, Dean Andrews, told the Warren Commission that a few months before the assassination of President Kennedy, Lee Harvey Oswald and a group of "gay *Mexicanos*" came to his office and requested Andrews' aid in having Oswald's Marine Corps undesirable discharge changed to an honorable discharge; Oswald subsequently returned alone with other legal problems. Andrews further testified that the day after President Kennedy was assassinated, he received a call from Clay Bertrand, who asked him to rush to Dallas to represent Oswald. Andrews claims he subsequently saw Bertrand in a New Orleans bar, but Bertrand fled when Andrews approached him. This was intriguing testimony, although the Warren Commission dismissed it out of hand; and in 1964, Mark Lane traveled to New Orleans to speak to Andrews. He found him visibly frightened. "I'll take you to dinner," Andrews told Lane, "but I can't talk about the case. I called Washington and they told me that if I said anything, I might get a bullet in the head." For the same reason, he has refused to cooperate with my office in this investigation. *The New York Times* reported on February 26th that "Mr. Andrews said he had not talked to Mr. Garrison because such talk might be dangerous, but added that he believed he was being 'tailed.'" Andrews told our grand jury that he could not say Clay Shaw was Clay Bertrand and he could not say he wasn't. But the day after NBC's special, Andrews broke his silence and said, yes, Clay Shaw is not Clem Bertrand and identified the real Clay Bertrand as Eugene Davis. The only trouble is, Andrews and Davis have known each other

for years and have been seen frequently in each other's company. Andrews has lied so often and about so many aspects of this case that the New Orleans Parish grand jury has indicted him for perjury. I feel sorry for him, since he's afraid of getting a bullet in his head, but he's going to have to go to trial for perjury. [Andrews has since been convicted.]

PLAYBOY: You expressed your reaction to the NBC show in concrete terms on July seventh, when you formally charged Walter Sheridan, the network's special investigator for the broadcast, with attempting to bribe your witness Perry Russo. Do you really have a case against Sheridan, or is this just a form of harassment?

GARRISON: The reason we haven't lost a major case in over five years in office is that we do not charge a man unless we can make it stick in court. And I'm not in the business of harassing anybody. Sheridan was charged because evidence was brought to us indicating that he attempted to bribe Perry Russo by offering him free transportation to California, free lodgings and a job once there, payment of all legal fees in any extradition proceedings and immunity from my office. Mr. Russo has stated that Sheridan asked his help "to wreck the Garrison investigation" and "offered to set me up in California, protect my job and guarantee that Garrison would never get me extradited." According to Russo, Sheridan added that both NBC and the CIA were out to scuttle my case.

I think it's significant that the chief investigator for this ostensibly objective broadcast starts telling people the day he arrives in town that he is going to "destroy Garrison"—this at the same time he is unctuously assuring me that NBC wanted only the truth and he had an entirely open mind on my case. Let me tell you something about Walter Sheridan's background, and maybe you'll understand his true role in all this. Sheridan was one of the bright, hard young investigators who entered the Justice Department under Bobby Kennedy. He was assigned to nail Jimmy Hoffa. Sheridan employed a wide variety of highly questionable tactics in the Justice Department's relentless drive against Hoffa; he was recently subpoenaed to testify in connection with charges that he wire-tapped the offices of Hoffa's associates and then played back incriminating tapes to them, warning that unless they testified for the Government, they would be destroyed along with Hoffa. A few years ago, Sheridan left the Justice Department—officially, at least—and went to work for NBC. No honest reporter out for a story would have so completely prejudged the situation and been willing to employ such tactics. I think it's likely that in his zeal to destroy my case, he exceeded the authority granted him by NBC's executives in New



"Beep-Beep!"

©1967 Warner Bros. - Seven Arts, Inc.

You know those cartoons?

About a rapid bird with a "Beep-Beep" voice and a penchant for coyote-squelching?

Right. Name's Road Runner.

Well, Plymouth's built a car with the same name. And personality.

Its horn goes "Beep-Beep!"

And the beat goes on. ❤️

Road Runner's engine is a special 383 cu. in. V-8, with high-performance heads, cam, 4-barrel and dual exhausts.

(There is one engine option.

Plymouth's famed 426 Hemi.)

Special body markings warn would-be predators.

And the beat goes on. ❤️

Suspension's heavy-duty everything: torsion bars, springs, shocks and stabilizer bar.

Brakes are just plain big.

The body's a lightweight two-door coupe, but it looks like a hardtop.

And we kept the frills to a minimum.

So we could do same with the price.

And the beat goes on. ❤️



Plymouth



...the Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on. ❤️

York. I get the impression that the majority of NBC executives probably thought Sheridan's team came down here in an uncompromising search for the truth. When Sheridan overstepped himself and it became obvious that the broadcast was, to say the least, not objective, NBC realized it was in a touchy position. Cooler heads prevailed and I was allowed to present our case to the American people. For that, at least, I'm singularly grateful to Walter Sheridan.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the charge of your critics—including NBC—that you launched this probe for political reasons, hoping the attendant publicity would be a springboard to a Senate seat or to the governorship?

GARRISON: I'd have to be a terribly cynical and corrupt man to place another human being on trial for conspiracy to murder the President of the United States just to gratify my political ambition. But I guess there are a lot of people around the country, especially after NBC's attack, who think that's just the kind of man I am. That rather saddens me. I'm no Albert Schweitzer, but I could never do a thing like that. I derive no pleasure from prosecuting a man, even though I know he's guilty; do you think I could sleep at night or look at myself in the mirror in the morning if I hounded an innocent man? You know, I always received much more satisfaction as a defense attorney in obtaining an acquittal for a client than I ever have as a D. A. in obtaining a conviction. All my interests and sympathies tend to be on the side of the individual as opposed to the state. So this is really the worst charge that anyone could make against me—that in order to get my name in the paper, or to advance politically, I would destroy another human being. This kind of charge reveals a good deal about the personality of the people who make it; to impute such motives to another man is to imply you're harboring them yourself. But to look at a different aspect of your question, I'm inclined to challenge the whole premise that launching an investigation like this holds any political advantages for me. A politically ambitious man would hardly be likely to challenge the massed power of the Federal Government and criticize so many honorable figures and distinguished agencies. Actually, this charge is an argument in favor of my investigation: Would such a slimy type, eager to profiteer on the assassination, jeopardize his political ambitions if he didn't have an ironclad case? If I were really the ambitious monster they paint me, why would I climb out on such a limb and then saw it off? Unless he had the facts, it would be the last thing a politically ambitious man would do. I was perfectly aware that I might have signed my political death warrant the moment I launched this case—but I

couldn't care less as long as I can shed some light on John Kennedy's assassination. As a matter of fact, after this last murderous year, I find myself thinking more and more about returning to private life and having time to read again, to get out in the sun and hit a golf ball. But before I do that, I'm going to break this case and let the public know the truth. I won't quit before that day. I wouldn't give the bastards the satisfaction.

PLAYBOY: According to your own former chief investigator, William Gurvich, the truth about the assassination has already been published in the Warren Report. After leaving your staff last June, he announced, "If there is any truth to any of Garrison's charges about there being a conspiracy, I haven't been able to find it." When members of your own staff have no faith in your case, how do you expect the public to be impressed?

GARRISON: First of all, I won't deny for a minute that for at least three months I trusted Bill Gurvich implicitly. He was never my "chief investigator"—that's his own terminology—because there was no such position on my staff while he worked for me. But two days before Christmas 1966, Gurvich, who operates a private detective agency, visited my office and told me he'd heard of my investigation and thought I was doing a wonderful job. He presented me with a beautiful color-TV set and asked if he could be of use in any capacity. Well, right then and there, I should have sat back and asked myself a few searching questions—like how he had heard of my probe in the first place, since only the people we were questioning and a few of my staff, as far as I knew, were aware of what was going on at that time. We had been under way for only five weeks, remember. And I should also have recalled the old adage about Greeks bearing gifts. But I was desperately understaffed—I had only six aides available to work on the assassination inquiry full time—and here comes a trained private investigator offering his services free of charge. It was like a gift from the gods. So I set Gurvich to work; and for the next couple of months, he did an adequate job of talking to witnesses, taking photographs, etc. But then, around March, I learned that he had been seeing Walter Sheridan of NBC. Well, this didn't bother me at first, because I didn't know then the role Sheridan was playing in this whole affair. But after word got back to me from my witnesses about Sheridan's threats and harassment, I began keeping a closer eye on Bill. I still didn't really think he was any kind of a double agent, but I couldn't help wondering why he was rubbing elbows with people like that. Now, don't forget that Gurvich claims he became totally disgusted with our investigation at the time of Clay Shaw's arrest—yet for several months afterward he con-

tinued to wax enthusiastic about every aspect of our case, and I have a dozen witnesses who will testify to that effect. I guess this was something that should have tipped me off about Bill: He was always enthusiastic, never doubtful or cautious, even when I or one of my staff threw out a hypothesis that on reflection we realized was wrong. And I began to notice how he would pick my mind for every scrap of fact pertaining to the case. So I grew suspicious and took him off the sensitive areas of the investigation and relegated him to chauffeuring and routine clerical duties. This seemed to really bother him, and every day he would come into my office and pump me for information, complaining that he wasn't being told enough about the case. I still had nothing concrete against him and I didn't want to be unjust, but I guess my manner must have cooled perceptibly, because one day about two months before he surfaced in Washington, Bill just vanished from our sight. And with him, I'm sorry to confess, vanished a copy of our master file. How do you explain such behavior? It's possible that Bill joined us initially for reasons of opportunism, seeing a chance to get in at the beginning of an earth-shaking case, and subsequently chickened out when he saw the implacable determination of some powerful agencies to destroy our investigation and discredit everyone associated with it. But I really don't believe Bill is that much of a coward. It's also possible that those who want to prevent an investigation learned early what we were doing and made a decision to plant somebody on the inside of the investigation. Let me stress that I have no secret documents or monitored telephone calls to support this hypothesis; it just seems to me the most logical explanation for Bill's behavior. Let me put it this way: If you were in charge of the CIA and willing to spend scores of millions of dollars on such relatively penny-ante projects as infiltrating the National Students Association, wouldn't you make an effort to infiltrate an investigation that could seriously damage the prestige of your agency?

PLAYBOY: How could your probe damage the prestige of the CIA and cause them to take countermeasures against you?

GARRISON: For the simple reason that a number of the men who killed the President were former employees of the CIA involved in its anti-Castro underground activities in and around New Orleans. The CIA knows their identity. So do I—and our investigation has established this without the shadow of a doubt. Let me stress one thing, however: We have no evidence that any official of the CIA was involved with the conspiracy that led to the President's death.

PLAYBOY: Do you lend no credence, then, to the charges of a former CIA agent,

*“I don't know
who he is,
but he just
ordered J&B”*



J&B RARE SCOTCH
POURS MORE PLEASURE

Pennies More In Cost, Worlds Apart In Quality
From **Justerini & Brooks**, Founded 1749

J. Garrett Underhill, that there was a conspiracy within the CIA to assassinate Kennedy?

GARRISON: I've become familiar with the case of Gary Underhill, and I've been able to ascertain that he was not the type of man to make wild or unsubstantiated charges. Underhill was an intelligence agent in World War Two and an expert on military affairs whom the Pentagon considered one of the country's top authorities on limited warfare. He was on good personal terms with the top brass in the Defense Department and the ranking officials in the CIA. He wasn't a full-time CIA agent, but he occasionally performed "special assignments" for the Agency. Several days after the President's assassination, Underhill appeared at the home of friends in New Jersey, apparently badly shaken, and charged that Kennedy was killed by a small group within the CIA. He told friends he believed his own life was in danger. We can't learn any more from Underhill, I'm afraid, because shortly afterward, he was found shot to death in his Washington apartment. The coroner ruled suicide, but he had been shot behind the left ear and the pistol was found under his left side—and Underhill was right-handed.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Underhill was murdered to silence him?

GARRISON: I don't believe it and I don't disbelieve it. All I know is that witnesses with vital evidence in this case are certainly bad insurance risks. In the absence of further and much more conclusive evidence to the contrary, however, we must assume that the plotters were acting on their own rather than on CIA orders when they killed the President. As far as we have been able to determine, they were not in the pay of the CIA at the time of the assassination—and this is one of the reasons the President was murdered; I'll explain later what I mean by that. But the CIA could not face up to the American people and admit that its former employees had conspired to assassinate the President; so from the moment Kennedy's heart stopped beating, the Agency attempted to sweep the whole conspiracy under the rug. The CIA has spared neither time nor the taxpayers' money in its efforts to hide the truth about the assassination from the American people. In this respect, it has become an accessory after the fact in the assassination.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any conclusive evidence to support these accusations?

GARRISON: I've never revealed this before, but for at least six months, my office and home telephones—and those of every member of my staff—have been monitored. If there is as little substance to this investigation as the press and the Government allege, why would anyone go to all that trouble? I leave it to your judgment if the monitoring of our phones is the

work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union or the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce.

PLAYBOY: That's hardly conclusive evidence.

GARRISON: I'd need a book to list all the indications. But let's start with the fact that most of the attorneys for the hostile witnesses and defendants were hired by the CIA—through one or another of its covers. For example, a New Orleans lawyer representing Alvin Beauboeuf, who has charged me with every kind of unethical practice except child molesting—I expect that allegation to come shortly before Shaw's trial—flew with Beauboeuf to Washington immediately after my office subpoenaed him, where Beauboeuf was questioned by a "retired" intelligence officer in the offices of the Justice Department. This trip was paid for, as are the lawyer's legal fees, by the CIA—in other words, with our tax dollars. Another lawyer, Stephen Plotkin, who represents Gordon Novel [another of Garrison's key witnesses], has admitted he is paid by the CIA—and has also admitted his client is a CIA agent; you may have seen that story on page 96 of *The New York Times*, next to ship departures. Plotkin, incidentally, sued me for \$10,000,000 for defaming his client and sued a group of New Orleans businessmen financing my investigation for \$50,000,000—which meant, in effect, that the CIA was suing us. As if they need the money. But my attorney filed a motion for a deposition to be taken from Novel, which meant that he would have to return to my jurisdiction to file his suit and thus be liable for questioning in the conspiracy case. Rather than come down to New Orleans and face the music, Novel dropped his suit and sacrificed a possible \$60,000,000 judgment. Now, there's a man of principle; he knows there are some things more important than money.

PLAYBOY: Do you also believe Clay Shaw's lawyers are being paid by the CIA?

GARRISON: I can't comment directly on that, since it relates to Shaw's trial. But I think the clincher, as far as Washington's obstruction of our probe goes, is the consistent refusal of the Federal Government to make accessible to us any information about the roles of the CIA, anti-Castro Cuban exiles and the paramilitary right in the assassination. There is, without doubt, a conspiracy by elements of the Federal Government to keep the facts of this case from ever becoming known—a conspiracy that is the logical extension of the initial conspiracy by the CIA to conceal vital evidence from the Warren Commission.

PLAYBOY: What "vital evidence" did the CIA withhold from the Warren Commission?

GARRISON: A good example is Commission Exhibit number 237. This is a photograph of a stocky, balding, middle-

aged man published without explanation or identification in the 26 volumes of the Warren Report. There's a significant story behind Exhibit number 237. Throughout the late summer and fall of 1963, Lee Oswald was shepherded in Dallas and New Orleans by a CIA "baby sitter" who watched over Oswald's activities and stayed with him. My office knows who he is and what he looks like.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that Oswald was working for the CIA?

GARRISON: Let me finish and you can decide for yourself. When Oswald went to Mexico City in an effort to obtain a visa for travel to Cuba, this CIA agent accompanied him. Now, at this particular time, Mexico was the only Latin-American nation maintaining diplomatic ties with Cuba, and leftists and Communists from all over the hemisphere traveled to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City for visas to Cuba. The CIA, quite properly, had placed a hidden movie camera in a building across the street from the embassy and filmed everyone coming and going. The Warren Commission, knowing this, had an assistant legal counsel ask the FBI for a picture of Oswald and his companion on the steps of the embassy, and the FBI, in turn, filed an affidavit saying they had obtained the photo in question from the CIA. The only trouble is that the CIA supplied the Warren Commission with a phony photograph. The photograph of an "unidentified man" published in the 26 volumes is *not* the man who was filmed with Oswald on the steps of the Cuban Embassy, as alleged by the CIA. It's perfectly clear that the actual picture of Oswald and his companion was suppressed and a fake photo substituted because the second man in the picture was working for the CIA in 1963, and his identification as a CIA agent would have opened up a whole can of worms about Oswald's ties with the Agency. To prevent this, the CIA presented the Warren Commission with fraudulent evidence—a pattern that repeats itself whenever the CIA submits evidence relating to Oswald's possible connection with any U.S. intelligence agency. The CIA lied to the Commission right down the line; and since the Warren Commission had no investigative staff of its own but had to rely on the FBI, the Secret Service and the CIA for its evidence, it's understandable why the Commission concluded that Oswald had no ties with American intelligence agencies.

PLAYBOY: What was the nature of these ties?

GARRISON: That's not altogether clear, at least insofar as his specific assignments are concerned; but we do have proof that Oswald was recruited by the

"When we get back, I'm gonna change my brand of cigarettes. These taste flat."

"You should have said something sooner. Here, have one of my Kools."

**Come up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**



CIA in his Marine Corps days, when he was mysteriously schooled in Russian and allowed to subscribe to *Pravda*. And shortly before his trip to the Soviet Union, we have learned, Oswald was trained as an intelligence agent at the CIA installation at Japan's Atsugi Air Force Base—which may explain why no disciplinary action was taken against him when he returned to the U.S. from the Soviet Union, even though he had supposedly defected with top-secret information about our radar networks. The money he used to return to the U.S., incidentally, was advanced to him by the State Department.

PLAYBOY: In an article for *Ramparts*, ex-FBI agent William Turner indicated that White Russian refugee George De Mohrenschildt may have been Oswald's CIA "baby sitter" in Dallas. Have you found any links between the CIA and De Mohrenschildt?

GARRISON: I can't comment directly on that, but George De Mohrenschildt is certainly an enigmatic and intriguing character. Here you have a wealthy, cultured White Russian *émigré* who travels in the highest social circles—he was a personal friend of Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, Jackie Kennedy's mother—suddenly developing an intimate relationship with an impoverished ex-Marine like Lee Oswald. What did they discuss—last year's season at Biarritz, or how to beat the bank at Monte Carlo? And Mr. De Mohrenschildt has a penchant for popping up in the most interesting places at the most interesting times—for example, in Haiti just before a joint Cuban exile-CIA venture to topple Duvalier and use the island as a springboard for an invasion of Cuba; and in Guatemala, another CIA training ground, the day before the Bay of Pigs invasion. We have a good deal more information about Oswald's CIA contacts in Dallas and New Orleans—most of which we discovered by sheer chance—but there are still whole areas of inquiry blocked from us by the CIA's refusal to cooperate with our investigation. For public consumption, the CIA claims not to have been concerned with Oswald prior to the assassination. But one thing is certain: Despite these pious protestations, the CIA was very much aware of Oswald's activities well before the President's murder. In a notarized affidavit, State Department officer James D. Crowley states, "The first time I remember learning of Oswald's existence was when I received copies of a telegraphic message from the Central Intelligence Agency dated October 10, 1963, which contained information pertaining to his current activities." It would certainly be interesting to know what the CIA knew about Oswald six weeks before the assassination, but the contents of this particular message never reached the Warren Commission and remain a complete mystery. There are also 51

CIA documents classified top secret in the National Archives pertaining to Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby. Technically, the members of the Commission had access to them; but in practice, any document the CIA wanted classified was shunted into the Archives without examination by the sleeping beauties on the Commission. Twenty-nine of these files are of particular interest, because their titles alone indicate that the CIA had extensive information on Oswald and Ruby before the assassination. A few of these documents are: CD 347, "Activity of Oswald in Mexico City"; CD 1054, "Information on Jack Ruby and Associates"; CD 692, "Reproduction of Official CIA Dossier on Oswald"; CD 1551, "Conversations Between Cuban President and Ambassador"; CD 698, "Reports of Travel and Activities of Oswald"; CD 943, "Allegations of Pfc. Eugene Dinkin re Assassination Plot"; and CD 971, "Telephone Calls to U.S. Embassy, Canberra, Australia, re Planned Assassination." The titles of these documents are all we have to go on, but they're certainly intriguing. For example, the public has heard nothing about phone calls to the U.S. Embassy in Canberra, warning in advance of the assassination, nor have we been told anything about a Pfc. Dinkin who claims to have knowledge of an assassination plot. One of the top-secret files that most intrigues me is CD 931, which is entitled "Oswald's Access to Information About the U-2." I have 24 years of military experience behind me, on active duty and in the reserves, and I've never had any access to the U-2; in fact, I've never seen one. But apparently this "self-proclaimed Marxist," Lee Harvey Oswald, who we're assured had no ties to any Government agency, had access to information about the nation's most secret high-altitude reconnaissance plane. Of course, it may be that none of these CIA files reveals anything sinister about Lee Harvey Oswald or hints in any way that he was employed by our Government. But then, why are the 51 CIA documents classified top secret in the Archives and inaccessible to the public for 75 years? I'm 45, so there's no hope for me, but I'm already training my eight-year-old son to keep himself physically fit so that on one glorious September morn in 2038 he can walk into the National Archives in Washington and find out what the CIA knew about Lee Harvey Oswald. If there's a further extension of the top-secret classification, this may become a generational affair, with questions passed down from father to son in the manner of the ancient runic bards. But someday, perhaps, we'll find out what Oswald was doing messing around with the U-2. Of course, there are some CIA documents we'll never see. When the Warren Commission asked to see a secret CIA memo on Oswald's activities in Russia that had

been attached to a State Department letter on Oswald's Russian stay, word came back that the Agency was terribly sorry, but the secret memo had been destroyed while being photocopied. This unfortunate accident took place on November 23, 1963, a day on which there must have occurred a great deal of spontaneous combustion around Washington. **PLAYBOY:** John A. McCone, former director of the Central Intelligence Agency, has said of Oswald: "The Agency never contacted him, interviewed him, talked with him or received or solicited any reports or information from him or communicated with him in any manner. Lee Harvey Oswald was never associated or connected directly or indirectly, in any way whatsoever, with the Agency." Why do you refuse to accept McCone's word?

GARRISON: The head of the CIA, it seems to me, would think long and hard before he admitted that former employees of his had been involved in the murder of the President of the United States—even if they *weren't* acting on behalf of the Agency when they did it. In any case, the CIA's past record hardly induces faith in the Agency's veracity. CIA officials lied about their role in the overthrow of the Arbenz Guzman regime in Guatemala; they lied about their role in the abortive military revolt against Sukarno in 1958; they lied about the U-2 incident; and they certainly lied about the Bay of Pigs. If the CIA is ready to lie even about its successes—as in Guatemala and Iran—do you seriously believe its director would tell the truth in a case as explosive as this? Of course, CIA officials grow so used to lying, so steeped in deceit, that after a while I think they really become incapable of distinguishing truth and falsehood. Or, in an Orwellian sense, perhaps they come to believe that truth is what contributes to national security, and falsehood is anything detrimental to national security. John McCone would swear he's a Croatian dwarf if he thought it would advance the interests of the CIA—which he automatically equates with the national interest.

PLAYBOY: Let's get down to the facts of the assassination, as you see them. When—and why—did you begin to doubt the conclusions of the Warren Report?

GARRISON: Until as recently as November of 1966, I had complete faith in the Warren Report. As a matter of fact, I viewed its most vocal critics with the same skepticism that much of the press now views me—which is why I can't condemn the mass media too harshly for their cynical approach, except in the handful of cases where newsmen seem to be in active collusion with Washington to torpedo our investigation. Of course, my faith in the Report was grounded in

Miller High Life

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



The only way to go...
with a hearty, robust beer!



ignorance, since I had never read it; as Mark Lane says, "The only way you can believe the Report is not to have read it." But then, in November, I visited New York City with Senator Russell Long; and when the subject of the assassination came up, he expressed grave doubts about the Warren Commission's conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin. Now, this disturbed me, because here was the Majority Whip of the U. S. Senate speaking, not some publicity hound with an ideological ax to grind; and if at this late juncture he still entertained serious reservations about the Commission's determinations, maybe there was more to the assassination than met the eye. So I began reading every book and magazine article on the assassination I could get my hands on—my tombstone may be inscribed "CURIOSITY KILLED THE D. A."—and I found my own doubts growing. Finally, I put aside all other business and started to wade through the Warren Commission's own 26 volumes of supportive evidence and testimony. That was the clincher. It's impossible for anyone possessed of reasonable objectivity and a fair degree of intelligence to read those 26 volumes and not reach the conclusion that the Warren Commission was wrong in every one of its major conclusions pertaining to the assassination. For me, that was the end of innocence.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to imply that the Warren Commission deliberately concealed or falsified the facts of the assassination?

GARRISON: No, you don't need any explanation more sinister than incompetence to account for the Warren Report. Though I didn't know it at the time, the Commission simply didn't have all the facts, and many of those they had were fraudulent, as I've pointed out—thanks to the evidence withheld and manufactured by the CIA. If you add to this the fact that most of the Commission members had already presumed Oswald's guilt and were merely looking for facts to confirm it—and in the process tranquilize the American public—you'll realize why the Commission was such a dismal failure. But in the final analysis, it doesn't make a damn bit of difference whether the Commission members were sincere patriots or mountebanks; the question is whether Lee Oswald killed the President alone and unaided; if the evidence doesn't support that conclusion—and it doesn't—a thousand honorable men sitting shoulder to shoulder along the banks of the Potomac won't change the facts.

PLAYBOY: So you began your investigation of the President's assassination on nothing stronger than your own doubts and the theories of the Commission's critics?

GARRISON: No, please don't put words in my mouth. The works of the critics—particularly Edward Epstein, Harold

Weisberg and Mark Lane—sparked my general doubts about the assassination; but more importantly, they led me into specific areas of inquiry. After I realized that something was seriously wrong, I had no alternative but to face the fact that Oswald had arrived in Dallas only a short time before the assassination and that prior to that time he had lived in New Orleans for over six months. I became curious about what this alleged assassin was doing while under my jurisdiction, and my staff began an investigation of Oswald's activities and contacts in the New Orleans area. We interviewed people the Warren Commission had never questioned, and a whole new world began opening up. As I studied Oswald's movements in Dallas, my mind turned back to the aftermath of the assassination in 1963, when my office questioned three men—David Ferrie, Alvin Beauboeuf and Melvin Coffey—on suspicion of being involved in the assassination. I began to wonder if we hadn't dismissed these three men too lightly, and we reopened our investigation into their activities.

PLAYBOY: Why did you become interested in Ferrie and his associates in November 1963?

GARRISON: To explain that, I'll have to tell you something about the operation of our office. I believe we have one of the best district attorney's offices in the country. We have no political appointments and, as a result, there's a tremendous amount of *esprit* among our staff and an enthusiasm for looking into unanswered questions. That's why we got together the day after the assassination and began examining our files and checking out every political extremist, religious fanatic and kook who had ever come to our attention. And one of the names that sprang into prominence was that of David Ferrie. When we checked him out, as we were doing with innumerable other suspicious characters, we discovered that on November 22nd he had traveled to Texas to go "duck hunting" and "ice skating." Well, naturally, this sparked our interest. We staked out his house and we questioned his friends, and when he came back—the first thing he did on his return, incidentally, was to contact a lawyer and then hide out for the night at a friend's room in another town—we pulled him and his two companions in for questioning. The story of Ferrie's activities that emerged was rather curious. He drove nine hours through a furious thunderstorm to Texas, then apparently gave up his plans to go duck hunting and instead went to an ice-skating rink in Houston and stood waiting beside a pay telephone for two hours; he never put the skates on. We felt his movements were suspicious enough to justify his arrest and that of his friends, and we took them into custody. When we alerted the FBI, they expressed in-

terest and asked us to turn the three men over to them for questioning. We did, but Ferrie was released soon afterward and most of its report on him was classified top secret and secreted in the National Archives, where it will remain inaccessible to the public until September 2038 A. D. No one, including me, can see those pages.

PLAYBOY: Why do you believe the FBI report on Ferrie is classified?

GARRISON: For the same reason the President's autopsy X rays and photos and other vital evidence in this case are classified—because they would indicate the existence of a conspiracy, involving former employees of the CIA, to kill the President.

PLAYBOY: When you resumed your investigation of Ferrie three years later, did you discover any new evidence?

GARRISON: We discovered a whole mare's-nest of underground activity involving the CIA, elements of the paramilitary right and militant anti-Castro exile groups. We discovered links between David Ferrie, Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby. We discovered, in short, what I had hoped *not* to find, despite my doubts about the Warren Commission—the existence of a well-organized conspiracy to assassinate John Kennedy, a conspiracy that came to fruition in Dallas on November 22, 1963, and in which David Ferrie played a vital role.

PLAYBOY: Accepting for a moment your contention that there was a conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy, have you been able to discover who was involved—in addition to Ferrie—how it was done and why?

GARRISON: Yes, I have. President Kennedy was killed for one reason: because he was working for a reconciliation with the U.S.S.R. and Castro's Cuba. His assassins were a group of fanatic anti-Communists with a fusion of interests in preventing Kennedy from achieving peaceful relations with the Communist world. On the operative level of the conspiracy, you find anti-Castro Cuban exiles who never forgave Kennedy for failing to send in U. S. air cover at the Bay of Pigs and who feared that the thaw following the Missile Crisis in October 1962 augured the total frustration of their plans to liberate Cuba. They believed sincerely that Kennedy had sold them out to the Communists. On a higher, control level, you find a number of people of ultra-right-wing persuasion—not simply conservatives, mind you, but people who could be described as neo-Nazi, including a small clique that had defected from the Minutemen because it considered the group "too liberal." These elements had their canteens ready and their guns loaded; they lacked only a target. After Kennedy's domestic moves toward racial integration and his

(continued on page 156)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man of sporting nature who's well-equipped to take his place in the fun. Facts: Over 4,330,000 adult male readers of PLAYBOY purchased sporting goods within the past year. Of these active sportsmen, 660,000 bought golf clubs. That's one out of every three men in the United States who purchased new clubs. If you want to move the free-spending young men who move the merchandise, swing with PLAYBOY. (Source: 1967 W. R. Simmons Report.)

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

THE POP-OP



CAPER

in the kookiest, kinkiest private-eye murder-go-round ever, our trigger-happy hero finds himself up to his shoulder holster in blondes and bodies

fiction By WILLIAM F. NOLAN THE ROOM was full of naked blondes. An even dozen of them were sprawled across the blood-soaked Persian rug like so many big, beautiful, broken dolls—and the weasel-faced kid with the wild purple eyes was coming at me, fast, a smoking cannon in each crippled fist. I knew he was kill-crazy. Twelve natural blondes had died under his guns in the last five minutes, and I was next.

The kid was grinning, his thin, scarred lips pulled back from pointy little teeth. God, but he was ugly! My arms were useless; he'd already



planted a slug in each of them, so I kicked out desperately at him. And missed. He raked the side of my face with one of his irons and I went down hard. Both cannons were aimed at my head.

Insane purple light danced in the kid's eyes. Then, still grinning, he fired—and my skull exploded into raw, red fire.

At this point, I was either dead or dreaming. And I wasn't dead.

The swivel chair woke me. I'd leaned back so far in it that my head cracked the window frame behind my desk. I blinked death out of my eyes and rubbed my scalp, wondering whether I was glad to be alive or not. At my age, where I worked and for what I got, I couldn't be sure.

Outside my crummy office, the smog pressed down over the city like a hangman's shroud. It was July in the armpit. That's what I call this rat-lousy downtown section of Greater Los Angeles below Spring, where I grub for bread. Wino heaven. Geek Street. The armpit of L.A.

I tried to read the *Times*, but it depressed me. The news stories were no worse than usual—war, death, rape, kidnapping, murder, revolution, starvation, suicide—but it was Thursday and I hadn't seen a client all week, so I was allowing myself the luxury of depression.

Take suicide. Here was a story about a rich punk, Anson DeWitt, Jr., whose father owned half of Florida. The kid had driven his brand-new Cobra right off a cliff in the Palisades. They found a note in his pocket indicating he was in some kind of trouble over a bad debt. Dumb. That's all it was. A dumbhead thing to turn off the lights over dough when your old man owns half of Florida. It depressed me.

The sun was down and that meant I could go home.

No dames to peek at through hotel keyholes; no bums to roust for unpaid bills. The ills of society weren't paying me a goddamn cent this week.

I opened the top drawer of my desk and took out a sadly depleted bottle of Scotch. Emptied it in three swallows. That made me feel a little more human, but meaner because the last of the Scotch was gone. I was putting on my coat, my back to the open door, when I heard a guy say, "Are you available, Mr. Challis?"

I finished putting on the coat, then turned to see who my potential client was. Tallish. Elegant-looking. Gray-white hair. Tailored cashmere jacket. His kind didn't belong in the armpit. I wondered what he wanted with me, so I asked him.

"I want you to find a white 1967 Cadillac sedan," he said, sitting down in my dusty, cracked-leather clients' chair. He looked up at me with the gold-flecked

eyes of a hunting hawk.

"Yours?"

"My wife's. It was—taken."

"So call a public cop. I'm private."

"There are . . ." He smiled gently over the word. ". . . complications."

"The Cad hot?"

"No."

"Got junk in it?"

He shook his elegant head. "No illegal drugs. In fact, there's nothing illegal in any way about the automobile. I simply want it located quickly, without publicity—for *personal* reasons."

"Then let's get personal. I work with the deck on the table."

"Very well." He fixed me with his hawk's eyes. "My name is Gibney Eugene Raphael. My wife's name is Angeline—Angela—and the car is registered in her name. It was an anniversary gift. We've had twelve happy years together."

"Get to the point, Mr. Raphael. I don't require a rundown on your marital bliss."

"Ah—but you *do*. I'm here because the happy years are ending. My wife is having an affair with the man who took her Cadillac."

"If you know who snatched it, then why—"

"Because I'm not equipped to track it down on my own. That's why I came to you. Angela swears the car was stolen, but I'm sure she *gave* it to this man, to her lover, who is keeping it hidden until she can collect the insurance. The money she receives will allow her to run off with this fellow."

"You keep her strapped, eh?"

Again I got the gentle smile. "Angela has her allowance, but it is not substantial enough for her purposes in this instance."

I sighed, rubbing my sore head. "You want me to locate the car and prove this guy has it stashed for her?"

"Exactly."

"And if I find it? What will you do then?"

"I shall punish her in my own fashion. I don't want the papers to get wind of the facts, since I dislike playing the cuckold for our national press. Of course, Angela has already notified the police, representing it as an ordinary theft."

"Where does loverboy hang out?"

"He's no boy. His name is Sidney Arlinger. Man in his late forties. Manages a small club in Las Vegas, the Cool Cat. I'll provide you with his home address. I have a strong hunch the car is in his garage. Do we have a deal?"

Raphael got out a hand-tooled-leather wallet and selected some impressive bread. I folded it into my hot little palm. Now *I* was smiling. "Yeah," I said, "we have a deal."

. . .

The room was full of naked blondes.

But this time I wasn't dreaming. The room was Marla Tate's boudoir and she

had mirrors set in the walls and ceiling, reflecting her cream-gold body. Marla was on the bed taking a sun bath when I walked in. I killed the sun lamp and said hello.

"Hi, lover," she murmured in a voice you could pet a cat with.

"Had a dream about you," I told her. "You were dead, with eleven other blondes."

"Ummm. I'd *hate* being dead."

"It'd be a helluva waste," I admitted, walking toward her.

She rolled over on her back and smiled at me. She had on a pair of eye plugs, or whatever you call them, so she couldn't see me. I didn't bother to take them off. Everything else was already off.

Later, I said, "Why don't we get married and make this legal?"

"Isn't that supposed to be *my* line?"

She flipped off the plugs, walked over to her dressing table and began to brush her hair.

I lit a cigarette and relaxed, watching the smooth play of muscles along her back. Marla was, as they say, a lot of girl. We'd known each other for over a month and I still wasn't tired of her.

"I'm gonna be gone for a day, maybe two. Up to Vegas for a client."

"Bring me back a silver dollar."

"Can't. They replaced 'em. No more cartwheels in Vegas."

"Then bring me back Frank Sinatra."

"Can't. They replaced him with Dean Martin."

I leaned over her and fingered the velvet skin along her shoulders. She was one of those soap girls, carved right out of a giant bar of Lux. She smelled delicious. I nibbled her neck.

"MMMMmmm."

"Check my answering service in the morning for messages," I said. "Not that I expect any, but one never knows."

"'K," she agreed, turning to fold herself into my arms. "When do you have to leave?"

"Now," I said.

"Damn," she said.

. . .

All the way to Vegas, I kept thinking how much I didn't buy this case. Too many loose ends. If Angela Raphael wanted to run away, why pull such a complicated gig? If she needed the scratch, why not get it from this Arlinger guy? And if he was too poor to supply it, why would he be dumb enough to agree to stash her Cad? Spooky. But it paid the rent and mine was overdue—so I'd go along with the tricky Mr. Raphael. But I'd also keep my eyes wide open.

It was dark when I drove into town. No, not dark; it's never dark in Vegas. The main stem glittered like 10,000 Christmas trees and I eased the Chevy to the curb in front of a giant, illuminated cowboy who was maybe 50 feet high.

The Cool Cat was half a block down,



"But the computer said you'd sleep with me."

with a neon kitten in a tux blinking across the facade. Raphael had suggested I give the place a look-over to make sure Arlinger was working the floor. If so, I could proceed to check out his garage without worrying about being interrupted.

I had a photo of Sidney Arlinger. Beefy guy with a Chaplin mustache and lots of teeth in his smile. I'd know him when I saw him.

Inside the club, at the bar, I let my eyes adjust as the barman laid a Scotch on me. By the time my glass was half empty, I'd spotted Arlinger. He was conversing with a neat number in gossamer hose by the rear door. Now I could move.

On my way out, a meaty broad in a dress that plunged lower than the stock market in '29 gave me a husky come-on: "Why the rush, sugar?"

"My rich aunt just died in a balloon explosion," I told her. "I have to pick up my inheritance."

"Take me along."

"Sorry. I only pick up one bundle at a time."

Outside, as I drove away, I saw a dark-red Pontiac slip in behind me. It rode my tail, a block back. Which was not good, because I'd seen the same red Pontiac earlier in the evening. Maybe Mr. Raphael didn't trust his employees.

I rolled on out to the Strip—green-back country—where the big clubs operate, past the Sands, the Stardust, the Dunes and the rest of them. The Pontiac stayed well back in traffic, riding me like a pro. I decided to go ahead and check out Arlinger's garage, since it figured the guy in the Pont would know where I was headed. I'd let him play out his hand.

The bright lights of the Strip faded into normally lit residential streets. Sometimes you forget real people live in real houses in Vegas. I braked the Chevy and got out. The gun under my coat felt warm and comforting; it's nice to have at least one friend you can trust, and I trusted my .38 Smith and W. in its spring-clip holster.

Arlinger's place was Las Vegas modern: a pink-stucco flat-roofed job, silent and lifeless. I stepped around to the rear of the house, moved along the pebbled drive.

The garage door began sliding up. Apparently I'd broken a hidden eye beam I didn't know about. Raphael hadn't mentioned it.

There she was: a ghost-white Cad sedan, all chrome and custom leather, sitting in the garage waiting for some chump to find her. Because that's what I was, a chump who'd been sold out. People who hide Cadillacs don't leave them in unlocked garages. Raphael had a reason for getting me here, and it had nothing to do with his mate's love life.

A crunch of gravel spun me around. I

had my .38 out and was halfway to cover when a gun began spitting at me like grease on a hot skillet. I felt a sharp tug at my coat as a slug whipped through it. Then I was belly-flat behind a mass of thick shrub, ready to exchange ballistic greetings.

I aimed just below a blue-orange stab of fire and triggered off a couple. A grunt. Then a broken, wet, rattling cough.

"Damn you, Challis!"

He came staggering out of the trees into the filtered light of the drive, and I didn't do a thing. I didn't have to. He was already as good as dead.

He didn't ring any bells with me. Bony face, with a nose like a cavalry saber. A long scar lived under the nose, tucking itself into his neck.

"Why'd you try and tag me?" I asked him. I stood up. He'd dropped his iron, so it was safe enough.

"Damn you, Challis!"

"You're repeating yourself," I said.

"Try answering my question."

"Try going to hell!" he whispered, and flopped over.

His wallet told me this pile of dead meat had been a guy named Samuel Meehan—and that put him into focus for me. Sad Sammy Meehan, a runt from Chi with his iron for hire. Paid (by Raphael?) to put me away. Why?

I took a quick gander at the Cad. It bore Nevada plates and was properly dated and registered to Sidney W. Arlinger at this address. Which meant Raphael had lied about the car all the way down the line. I wasn't surprised.

I backed through the hidden eye and the door slid closed.

Getting out my pocketknife, I pried my slug out of Sad Sammy's chest and left him for the cops to find. They'd be glad someone put the freeze on him. One less crumb on the table. With the used slug in my pocket, I was home free.

In the morning, I'd be asking Mr. Raphael some pertinent questions, but before driving back to L.A., I needed a little sacktime.

. . .

The hot-eyed chick behind the desk at the Gambler's Choice Motel looked me up and down and said, "You alone, sweetie?"

"I have my mother-in-law in the trunk," I said. "Then there's the guy under the hood. He's an engine nut. Likes to stay close to his work."

"Just askin', that's all." She looked miffed. "That'll be ten bucks for a single."

I paid and she gave me a key.

The room smelled of disinfectant. I opened a window to let in some gambler's air, and when I turned back toward the bed, a tall guy was standing in front of it with a Colt Woodsman in his hand. Aimed at me. His dark skin was pitted like the hull of a rusty freighter

and a pair of tobacco-brown eyes burned out of a hard, square face that could take a lot of beatings and not crack much. It was a face that never smiled.

"Haven't I played this scene once tonight?" I said.

"Yeah—but this time, you won't be around for no curtain calls."

I knew the bo. "You're Indian O'Toole, from Cincy."

"Right, chum."

"And Gib Raphael hired you to kill me?"

"That's for me to know and you to wonder about."

I was trying to buy some time, but O'Toole's Colt moved a half inch to the left—to level on my heart area. The Indian was through talking. His iron would finish the conversation. It would tell me I was dead.

I was about to try for O'Toole's gun hand, certain I'd never live to reach it, when three muffled thuds lifted my guest off his feet and put him on the bed.

A fat little man with a square mustache stepped through the door, unscrewing a silencer from the barrel of a Luger. He walked over to the bed, looked calmly down at Indian O'Toole. "He'll ruin the mattress."

"He almost ruined me. Thanks for the target work."

"I don't believe we've met. I'm Sidney Arlinger."

He slipped the gun into his pocket and extended a chubby hand. I shook it. "Bart Challis. Private detective from L.A."

"Do they have anything to drink here?"

"I can ring for the maid, but she might want to make the bed."

"Forget it," said Arlinger. "I'm just—kind of tense."

"Welcome to the club. I've been that way for the last fifteen years."

Arlinger slumped down heavily in an overstuffed chair by the wall. I did some pacing while we talked.

"Can you explain why two hoods tried to chill me tonight, Mr. Arlinger?"

"Possibly. First, would you care to tell me why you were trying to steal my Cadillac?"

I grinned. "That's a switch. I was told you were the boy who took it away from a gal named Angela Raphael. Know her?"

"Of course I know her. We've been . . . very close."

"Like close enough to shack up together?"

He looked disturbed. A blue vein pulsed in his forehead. "She's happily married to Raphael. And is completely faithful to him. Did he tell you she wasn't?"

I told him what Raphael had told me.

"All lies. You were the patsy. After

(continued on page 86)

A woman with short, reddish-brown hair and bangs is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a thick, brown fur coat with a dark, circular patch on the chest. Her hands are pressed against her chest, palms facing outwards. She has a slight smile and is looking upwards and to the right. The background is a soft, out-of-focus texture of fur or a similar material.

the fox

*sandy dennis, keir dullea and england's anne heywood star
in d. h. lawrence's evocative tale of primordial passions*

IN 1921, just five years before he was to begin work on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, D. H. Lawrence wrote *The Fox*, a powerful novella depicting frustration and fulfillment. Now, almost a half century later, producer Raymond (*The Leather Boys*) Stross brings Lawrence's story to the screen for the first time.



In *The Fox*, Anne Heywood and Sandy Dennis portray English spinsters whose farm is ravaged by a fox. Keir Dullea, as a merchant seaman, visits the farm and discovers his grandfather sold it to the girls. Thus allowed to spend his leave there, Dullea seduces Miss Heywood (above). After Anne announces that she plans to marry Dullea, Miss Dennis breaks into tears. Below, when Anne comforts Sandy, the gesture turns into an embrace of unexpected emotion.





"She lowered her eyes and suddenly saw the fox. . . . And he knew her. She was spellbound, and she knew he knew her." With these words, D. H. Lawrence describes how March (Anne Heywood) comes to view the fox as a male symbol. After allowing the predator to escape, March, in an autoerotic episode, becomes newly aware of her own sexuality.



On location in Canada for *The Fox*, Anne Heywood, a former Miss Great Britain, poses provocatively for an exclusive PLAYBOY shooting. Anne won her role in true Hollywood style: Howard Kach, co-author of the screenplay, met her at a film-colony cocktail party and declared, "You're my March." Before *The Fox*, Anne proved her versatility by playing an assortment of sophisticates on screen and Peter Pan on stage.





THE POP-OP CAPER

(continued from page 80)

Sammy killed you, he would have put a slug from your .38 into me and placed me behind the wheel of the Cadillac. Then he would have put his gun in my hand. To the police it would appear that you and I had shot each other during an attempt, on your part, to steal my car."

"Why should Raphael pick me?"

"You are a poor man, a private investigator of dubious character. The police would believe you saw a chance to lift a car for some quick money. People a whole lot more respectable have tried it."

"And where did you just jump up from? How did you know I was at this motel?"

Arlinger shifted his bulk in the chair, nervously fingered his mustache. "I was lured into the alley behind my club shortly after your visit there. I was abducted by Meehan and taken to my home, where I was left tied in Meehan's car while he attempted to gun you."

"Red Pontiac?"

"No. The Pontiac belonged to O'Toole, who was backup man on the operation. When Sammy didn't return, I managed to free myself. O'Toole had parked farther back, awaiting Meehan. When he saw your car pull away, he knew the job had been botched and followed you here to this motel. I trailed along."

"Exactly *why* does Raphael want you dead?"

"I have no idea. Gib and I have been close friends for years. I'm truly mystified."

His eyes told me he wasn't spilling all he knew.

"I'll have a stern talk with Mr. Raphael about this," I said.

"You'd better be careful. Gib won't be pleased you're still alive."

"Look—can you handle the Indian?"

"Certainly. I'll tell the police that O'Toole tried to rob me and that I was forced to shoot him. He staggered blindly into your room to die. You won't be implicated in any way. As a substantial property holder and owner of the Cool Cat, I wield a certain amount of influence in town."

"Owner? I thought you just managed the joint."

"Another falsehood. Gib wanted you to think I needed money. I don't. I am very rich, Mr. Challis. Rich enough to pay you for saving my life."

He handed me a sheaf of fresh green. I pocketed it without an argument. If this kept up, I'd be the richest stiff in the morgue.

I'd arrived in Vegas working for Gib Raphael. Now I left on Sid Arlinger's money. I was getting sweet music out of both ends of the horn.

• • •

The lobby of the Golden Roxy Hotel

smelled like somebody's old bathrobe. I was in Hollywood, the seedy end of it near Western, where you can get a haircut or a mug job for the same price.

The leathery crone behind the desk gave me a gimpy stare. "Whatcha want?"

"I was hoping for an orgy," I told her, laying a folded five-dollar bill on the counter, "but I'll settle for Myna O'Toole's room number."

Her claw snapped down over the fiver and she smiled. It was awful to watch; her mouth looked like a bomb crater. "That'll be number thirty-nine, mister. Third floor. Take the stairs up. We ain't got no elevator."

"Myna in now?"

"She ain't ridin' bareback at the circus."

The stairs were as dark as a pawnbroker's soul, but I managed them—and laid my knuckles on the unpainted door of room 39.

The door squeaked open a few inches and a woman's face peered over the crack. It was a tired, used-up face. "If you're law, I'm clean," said Myna O'Toole. "Been off the stuff for months."

"Relax," I said. "I'm a friend of Indian's."

"Where is the bastard?"

"Croaked. Bought it last night. Can we talk?"

She shrugged and moved back, pulling the frayed ends of a colorless terry-cloth robe closer around her gaunt body. Her hair was a rat's nest of dyed red.

I stepped in to face a florid mass of flab sitting on the fold-down bed.

"This here's the house dick," she said. "Name's Bannister. He's just leavin'—aincha, Fats?"

Fats Bannister poked a dead cigar into his face, pulled on a stained pair of blue slacks and buttoned a wrinkled shirt over the swell of his gut. He was flushed with booze and mean-looking. I stood aside as he lumbered from the room.

"S' long, Fats," said the girl, shutting the door after him. "I've got to give a little to Fats to stay out of stir," she told me. "I'm on horse and he keeps the fuzz off. Now, honey, tell me all about my late husband."

"Nothing much to tell. He tried to chill me in Vegas and another party intervened. I got your name from his wallet."

"Whatcha want with me?"

"Talk."

She slumped into a broken-backed sofa and I sat down on the bed. The air was sour with cheap whiskey.

"Well, snap it up. I don't feel so hot."

"Who hired Indian when he worked out of L.A.?"

"Plenty of people."

"People named Raphael?"

"Gib Raphael gave him a job now and then." She scratched her rat's nest.

"Maybe Lorrie could help ya. She knows Raphael real good."

"How good?"

"Good enough to make it with him whenever he stops by to see her. She's a looker."

"Last name?"

"Maddox. Lorraine Maddox. We usta pal around before I got on the stuff. She lives somewhere in Studio City now. I know her and Raphael been makin' it for over a year. They dig each other."

"You got a phone?"

"End of the hall."

"Thanks." I started to leave but felt her fingers close on my arm.

"Why not stick around—and console a grieving widow?"

"Love to, but I was crippled in the War," I said. "Got nothing below the belt but shiny scar tissue."

She yelled something obscene at me as I headed for the phone.

Under a dim overhead bulb that hadn't been changed since Teddy Roosevelt was elected President, I looked up Lorraine Maddox and dialed her Studio City number.

"Yeah?" A tough feminine voice.

"Hello—Lorraine?"

"Who's this?"

"Challis. Private cop. I just got back from Vegas, where your boy Raphael sent two hoods to chill me. They're both dead now and I'd like to discuss the situation."

Her toughness dissolved into fear. "Then it's started!"

"What has?"

"The killing. I was scared it would. God, it's gonna be a bloodbath!"

She obviously knew a lot more than I did.

"I need some inside info. Can you supply it?"

She hesitated. I could hear her breathing fast.

"OK. I'm ten kinds of chump for spilling to you, but I'm liable to get it next if someone doesn't stop this thing now."

"I'll be right over."

"No . . . not here. I don't want to be seen with you. Listen, meet me at the Arapaho Bookshop on Hollywood Boulevard. In their pop-art room."

"You mean the place in back where they keep all the old comic books?"

"That's it. They lock the room in the mornings, but I know the owner. He'll give me a key. We can talk in private there."

"When?"

"Gimme time to pick up the key on the way. Meet you there in half an hour."

"Check," I said.

I ankled into the bar next door to the Roxy and had myself a cold beer. Hunting down Myna O'Toole had paid off. I'd figured both Raphael and Arlinger were

(continued on page 185)



RIPPLES

*behold, a stormy wind came out of the north,
and a great cloud, with brightness round
about it and fire flashing forth continually*

fiction By RAY RUSSELL AN INVISIBLE STARSHIP stood at rest near a canal. If the eye could have seen it, the sight would have been one of immense beauty, for it was a thing of harmonious circles: an outer rim, hollow and transparent, in which the crew of four lived and worked and looked out upon space and suns and exotic worlds; contained in this circle, another, the core of powerful engines whose surging, flaming energy propelled the ship across galactic distances. And all of this unseen.

Inside, the captain spoke briefly to his specialist, first class. "Your report is finished, then? We can embark?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was fast work."

"These rudimentary cultures are all very much alike. The report is simple—planet's inhabitants too primitive to comprehend our presence here, therefore suggest a return in a few millennia when the species may be more advanced and we can set up cultural and scientific exchange, trade, and so on."

The first mate drew near them. "Do you really think they're too primitive? They have language, laws, religion. . . ."

"But no technology," said the specialist. "They couldn't possibly understand that we come from another planet, the very concept 'planet' is beyond them . . . no, no, to try to establish contact now would be traumatic for them. If we revealed ourselves—flicked off the invisibility shield—there would be . . . ramifications . . . repercussions. . . ."

"Ripples?" said the captain.

"Ripples," replied the specialist, with a nod. "An apt word. Like a pebble dropped in a pond, spawning ever larger and larger and more grandiose images of its own smallness, so even an instantaneous glimpse of us and our ship could, with time and retellings, become magnified and elaborated and distorted—into something far beyond anything we could dream."

"Then let us head for home and a well-earned leave," said the captain.

The first mate added, "And a well-shaped young lady I hope has been pining away in solitude!"

"Ah, youth—" began the captain, but broke off as his

navigator approached with a worried air. "Trouble?" the captain asked.

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid so," said the navigator.

"Serious?"

"A little. The main engine is inoperable—just as I feared."

The first mate said, "That rough landing damaged more than our pride."

"What about the auxiliary engine?" asked the captain.

"It will get us home, just barely, but it won't hold up under the strain of lift-off—"

"What?"

"—Unless we conserve all other energy. That means switching off lights, chart banks, communications, sensors, air, invisibility shield, everything—but only for those first few vital seconds of lift-off, of course."

"Then do it."

"Yes, sir."

The specialist, alarmed, said, "Captain! Not the invisibility shield! We must not turn that off!"

"You heard the navigator. It's our only chance—and it will just be for a few seconds." He nodded to the navigator, saying, "Lift off." Then he looked out through the transparent hull at the world they would soon depart. "Primitive, you say. Well, you're the expert. But it's too bad we can't contact them now. It might have been interesting. They're so much like us, they're almost *human*."

"Well, hardly that," said the specialist, as the starship moved. "They're monofaced, and their feet are different, and they completely lack wings. But I know what you mean. . . ."

Outside, a bearded denizen of the primitive planet blinked, stared, pointed.

"Behold!" he cried to a companion. "A whirlwind! A great cloud! A fire! Men with wings and many faces! A wheel . . . in the middle of a wheel!"

"Where? What?" said his companion, turning a second too late. "I saw nothing, Ezekiel."

But, roiled by that whirlwind, the waters of the Chebar canal were a dancing spiderwork of ripples.





The ENGLISH HUNT BREAKFAST

from kedgeree to kippers, it's a repast of mouth-watering munificence

food by THOMAS MARIO WHENEVER A FOREIGNER visiting Great Britain is tempted to fault English cooking, John Bull has an unassailable comeback: his British breakfast. The sumptuous arguments on its behalf are still found in English country homes, where seemingly endless rows of bone-china tureens and silver chafing dishes are banked on the English sideboard. The evidence is incontestable: scrambled eggs and gammon, tender kidneys in madeira, fried lobster cutlets, deviled pheasant legs, cold partridge, warm currant buns, berry preserves and fragrant honeys either from the Scotch heather or from flowers that seem to have been especially grown for the English breakfast table. And busy Londoners, having to offer a daily challenge to the cold drizzle and fog, won't settle for the skimpy victuals otherwise known as the Continental breakfast; they fortify themselves with platters of fried eggs, squired by plump sausages, large rashers of bacon, grilled tomatoes, racks of hot toast and huge cups, sometimes pint-size, filled these days more and more with coffee rather than with tea. It's an infinitely rich vein of breakfast ideas for Americans reconnoitering new ways to celebrate Sundays and holidays.

The English breakfast enjoys its greatest glory after a hunt, a shoot or a ride. On rare occasions, it may take place before the hunt. In some instances, English hunt breakfasts have been served at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. Reynard's elusiveness notwithstanding, the elegant hot English breakfast is waiting. The fact that it *can* wait



makes it perfectly cut out for American brunchers. They, too, on weekends feel the same primeval instinct for the chase. The rumble of a Porsche may supplant the whinny of a horse and the pursuit of the fox may give way to the pursuit of par. But after hitting the parkway or the fairway for several hours, Americans are overtaken by the same ravaging hunger an Englishman feels after an hour or two in the saddle.

The English have always been a hardy, seafaring race, not only to conquer empires and armadas but to find haddock, cod and mackerel for the English breakfast room. Every single lake and stream in the British Isles has been ransacked by fishermen with the same noble goal. The Empire may have disappeared, but Britannia still rules the breakfast. Over the years, its cooks have learned ways of handling fish that are not only simple but the envy of all autocrats of the breakfast table, no matter what their nationality. For instance, there's the English way of preparing trout, inspired originally by the cooks of Magdalen College, Oxford. Now, in the Western world, most fish for frying are dipped in flour, eggs and bread crumbs, a method so widely used and so English that all professional French chefs call it *à l'anglaise*. But the delightful twist to Magdalen trout, invented in bygone days when Oxford boys rode to hounds, is that it's dipped in flour, eggs and then in finely chopped almonds. These days, the latter can be chopped as fast as one can lay hands on a blender. Let the brunchman taste any fish fillet given the almond treatment, be it Dover sole, Long Island flounder or Rocky Mountain trout; let him take a single bite, and if he's a culinary Anglophobe, he'll instantly be converted to aophile. The fish that perhaps more than any other brings an American around to the English breakfast board is finnan haddie. It was named for the fishing town of Findon, in Scotland. A shack filled with haddock, legend has it, caught fire. For all we know, it may have been the same shack whose burning led the Chinese to discover roast pork. In any event, when the flames subsided and the "maister" tasted the fish, he discovered that it was not consumed with flames but merely smoked. "It's nae so nasty; taste it you, Sandy?" he asked the next fisherman. Soon others discovered its melting, mild smoky flavor, and in time it gained international repute. When an old hand in Britain prepares scamed finnan haddie, the fish is never scandalized with a gummy sauce. Respectfully, the split haddie is soaked in cold water for three or four hours—or occasionally overnight—to remove any excess salt. The haddie is sometimes immersed in hot water for 20 minutes, until the skin and bones can be removed, and then is slowly simmered until tender with half milk and half water, where-

upon it's drained. In the chafing dish, it's immolated in hot sweet cream. A speck of white pepper and perhaps a small knob of butter may be added, but nothing else. Rivaling finnan haddie since the days of the East India Company is kedgerree, another dish that loyally awaits the breakfast bell. It's a dish of Indian origin made with rice, cooked fish or shellfish, hard-boiled eggs and cream. When it comes to scorning English cookery, the French yield to no one; but even Parisian restaurants have taken kedgerree to their culinary bosom, calling it *kadgiori* and—in a coals-to-Newcastle gesture—dousing it with a superfluous white-wine sauce. On a chill October morning, hot English kedgerree will gather brunchmen of all persuasions round the chafing dish.

In England, men invited to spend a morning shooting cling to the strange custom of offering all birds shot to the host. The host accepts them and then, as a chivalrous gesture, may return a few tiny quail or a single grouse to his guests, but keeps the biggest part of the bag. In return, of course, the hungry guests then march to the host's breakfast table, where they find such delicacies as roast quail or potted grouse or, in fact, almost any game in season. When game is out of season, pigeon pie, deviled chicken legs and creamed turkey hash prove worthy stand-bys.

English breakfast parties are never clock-watching affairs. Guests may straggle in at will and, for this reason, eggs are best made to order. A bowl of eggs in the shell, butter, a Teflon pan to be used over a trivet flame and a spatula make it a simple matter for guests to indulge in their own scrambling, frying or omeleting. All year long, Englishmen are curry-minded. In hot weather, curries of chicken, lamb or shrimp counteract the effects of heat and languid appetites. On cold fall mornings, nothing thaws the bones as well as a smooth, hot curry—nothing, that is, except, perhaps, a hot rum flip or a mug of hot buttered grog made with either Irish or Scotch whisky. Such warm comforts in no way contraindicate a big pitcher or carafe of orange juice laced with vodka or with the new very light rum now coming from Hawaii. Speaking of the spirit world, among the delightful oddments to grace the breakfast table these days are French prunes in Armagnac and Scotch marmalade with curaçao. If you can't find them on the gourmet shelves in your neighborhood, you can add your own Armagnac or your own curaçao to the cooked prunes or marmalade, respectively, remembering in both cases not to overpour. The prunes are best if the fruit and the brandy are allowed to ripen several days before serving.

In the Highlands years ago, weekend guests occasionally would be startled to hear the family piper beneath their bed-

room window, piping the rouse. The din was pardoned when the guests partook of the porridge with cream, the salted herrings, eggs, ham, cheese, barley cakes, oatcakes, jellies and jams, as well as the flummery and Jamaica rum awaiting them in the big hall near the peat-burning fireplace. With or without the skirling of bagpipes, the following dishes will deliciously and decisively break the fast for the most robust trencherman. Each recipe serves six.

KEDGEREE

- 1 medium-size onion, minced very fine
- 2 teaspoons salad oil
- Salt, pepper
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1½ cups rice
- 1½ lbs. fresh salmon steak
- 3 hard-boiled eggs
- ¼ cup butter
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons finely minced parsley
- 1 tablespoon finely minced chives
- 1 cup light cream

In heavy saucepan, sauté onion in oil until onion is tender but not brown. Add 3 cups water, 1½ teaspoons salt and bay leaf. Bring water to a boil and stir in rice. Reduce flame as low as possible and cook, covered, without stirring, 15 to 18 minutes or until rice is tender. Remove bay leaf from rice. Boil salmon steak in slightly salted water, using just enough water to cover fish, until salmon flakes easily—about 10 to 12 minutes. Remove salmon from water; remove skin and bones from salmon and break fish into large flakes. Cut hard-boiled eggs into small dice. Melt butter in large skillet or flameproof casserole. As soon as butter begins to brown, add rice, salmon, eggs, lemon juice, parsley and chives. Keep the flame low and toss ingredients thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper. When all ingredients are heated through, add cream. When cream is hot, kedgerree is ready to serve. Correct seasoning if necessary. Keep in covered chafing dish or in a casserole on an electric hot tray. Dish may be cooked one day and reheated the next. Additional cream may be added if kedgerree seems dry upon reheating.

LAMB KIDNEYS MADEIRA

- 12 lamb kidneys
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons minced shallots or onion
- ¼ cup madeira or sherry
- 1 tablespoon cognac
- 1½ cups chicken broth, canned or fresh
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon Pickapeppa sauce
- Salt, pepper

Remove fat and outer membrane from kidneys, if necessary (usually, the butcher
(concluded on page 152)



when el loco was bad, he was not mediocre or dull, he was simply the worst, most inept and most comical bullfighter ever to appear in the plaza mexicana; when he was great, his passes were better than anything you had ever seen memoir By NORMAN MAILER

IN MEXICO, the hour before the bullfight is always the best hour of the week. It would be memorable not to sound like Hemingway, but in fact you would get happy the night before just thinking of that hour next day. Outside the Plaza Mexico, cheap cafés open only on Sunday, and huge as beer gardens, filled with the public (us tourists, hoodlums, pimps, pickpurses and molls, Mexican variety—which is to say the whores had head-dresses and hindquarters not to be seen elsewhere on earth, for their hair rose vertically 12 inches from the head, and their posteriors projected horizontally 12

inches back into that space the rest of the whore had just marched through). The *marichis* were out with their romantic haunting caterwauling of guitar, violin, song of carnival and trumpet, their song told of hearts which were true and hearts which were broken, and the wail of the broken heart went right into the trumpet until there were times, when drunk the right way on tequila or Mexican rum, it was perhaps the best sound heard this side of Miles Davis.

You see, my friends, the wild hour was approaching. The horrors of the week in Mexico were coming to

term. Indeed, no week in Mexico is without its horrors for every last Mexican alive—it is a city and a country where the bones of the dead seem to give the smell of their char to every desert wind and auto exhaust and frying *tortilla*. The mournfulness of unrequited injustice hangs a shroud across the centuries. Every Mexican is gloomy until the instant he becomes happy, and then he is a maniac. He howls, he whistles, smoke of murder passes off his pores, he bullies, he beseeches friendship, he is a clown, a brigand, a tragic figure suddenly merry. The intellectuals and the technicians of Mexico abominate their national character because it is always in the way. It puts the cracks in the plaster of new buildings, it forgets to cement the tiles, it leaves rags in the new pipes of new office buildings and forgets to put the gas cap back on the tank. So the intellectuals and the technicians hate the bullfight as well. You cannot meet a socialist in Mexico who approves of the running of the bulls. They are trying to turn Mexico into a modern country, and thus the same war goes on there that goes on in three quarters of the world—the battlefield is the new highways to the suburbs, and the corporation's office buildings, the walls of hospital white and the myopic sheets of glass. In Mexico, like everywhere else, it is getting harder and harder to breathe in a mood through the pores of the city because more and more of the city is being covered with corporation architecture, with surgical dressing. To the vampires and banshees and dried blood on the cactus in the desert is added the horror of the new technology in an old murder-ridden land. And four o'clock on Sunday is the beginning of release for some of the horrors of the week. If many come close to feeling the truth only by telling a lie, so Mexicans come close to love by watching the flow of blood on an animal's flanks and the certain death of the bull before the bravery and/or humiliation of the bullfighter.

I could never have understood it if someone tried to explain ahead of time, and in fact, I came to love the bullfight long before I comprehended the first thing about why I did. That was very much to the good. There are not too many experiences a radical American intellectual could encounter in those days (when the youngest generation was called the silent generation) which invaded his sure sense of his own intellectual categories. I did not like the first bullfights I saw, the formality of the ritual bored me, the fights appeared poor (indeed they were) and the human content of the spectacle came out atrocious. Narcissistic matadors, vain when they made a move, pouting like a girl stood up on Saturday night when the crowd turned on them, clumsy at killing, and the crowd, brutal to a man. In the Plaza Mexico, the Indians in the cheap seats buy a paper cup of beer and when they are done drinking, the walk to the w.c. is miles away, and besides they are usually feeling sullen, so they urinate in their paper cup and hurl it down in a cascade of harvest gold, Indian piss. If you are an American escorting an American girl who has blonde hair, and you have tickets in *sol*, you buy your girl a cheap sombrero at the gate, for otherwise she will be a prime target of attention. Indeed, you do well not to sit near an American escorting a blonde whose head is uncovered, for the aim of a drunken Indian is no better than you when your aim is drunk. So no surprise if one's early detestation of the bullfight was fortified in kidney brew, Azteca.

Members of a minority group are always ready to take punishment, however, and I was damned if I was going to be excluded from still another cult. So I persisted in going to bullfights, and they were a series of lousy bullfights, and then the third or fourth time I got religion. It was a windy afternoon, with threats of rain, and now and then again ten minutes of rain, poisonous black clouds overhead, the chill gloom of a black sky on Sundays in Mexico, and the particular *torero* (whose name I could not recall for anything) was a clod. He had a nasty build. Little spindly legs, too big a chest, a butt which was broad and stolid, real peasant ass, and a vulgar worried face with a gold tooth. He was engaged with an ugly bull who kept chopping at the *muleta* with his horns, and occasionally the bull would catch the *muleta* and fling it in the air and trample it and wonder why the object was either dead or not dead, the bull smelling a hint of his own blood (or the blood of some cousin) on the blood of the *muleta*, and the crowd would hoot, and the *torero* would go over to his sword handler at the *barrera*, and shake his head and come out with a new *muleta*, and the bull would chop, and the wind would zig the *muleta* out of control, and then the matador would drop it and scamper back to the *barrera*, and the crowd would jeer and the piss would fly in yellow arcs through the rain all the way down from the cheap seats, and the whores would make farting sounds with their spoiled knowledgeable mouths, while the *aficionados* would roll their eyes, and the sound of Mexican laughter, that operative definition of the echo of total disgust, would shake along like jelly-gasoline through the crowd.

I got a look at the bullfighter who was the center of all this. He was not a man I could feel something for. He had a cheap pimp's face and a dull thoroughgoing vanity. His face, however, was now in despair. There was something going on for him more humiliating than humiliation—as if his life was going to take a turn into something more dreadful than anything it had encountered until now. He was in trouble. The dead dull fight he was giving was going to be death for certain hopes in his psyche. Somehow it was going to be more final than the average dead dull fight to which he was obviously all too accustomed. I was watching the despair of a profoundly mediocre man.

Well, he finally gave up any attempt to pass the bull, and he worked the animal forward with jerks of his *muleta* to left and right, a competent rather than a beautiful technique at best, and even to my untutored eye he was a mechanic at this, and more whistles, and then desperation all over that vain incompetent pimp's face, he profiled with his sword, and got it halfway in, and the animal took a few steps to one side and the other and fell over quickly.

The art of killing is the last skill you learn to judge in bullfighting, and the kill on this rainy afternoon left me less impressed than the crowd. Their jeers were replaced by applause (later I learned the crowd would always applaud a kill in the lung—all audiences are Broadway audiences) and the approbation continued sufficiently for the *torero* to take a tour of the ring. He got no ears, he certainly didn't deserve them, but he had his tour and he was happy, and in his happiness I found there was something likable about him. So this bad bullfight in the rain had given a drop (continued on page 112)



"Darling, guess what? The circus is in town!"

as thinking machines, they have been the stupid victims of an inflated press

COMPUTERS: THEIR BUILT-IN LIMITATIONS

ARTICLE BY MAX GUNTHER

"OH, MY GOD!" croaked a network-TV director in New York. He seemed to be strangling in his turtle-neck shirt. It was the evening of Election Day, 1966, and the director's world was caving in. Here he was, on the air with the desperately important Election Night coverage, competing with the two enemy networks to see whose magnificently transistorized, fearfully fast electronic computer could predict the poll results soonest and best. Live coverage: tense-voiced, sweating announcers, papers flapping around, aura of unbearable suspense. The whole country watching. And what happens? The damned computer quits.

Oh, my God. The computer rooms disintegrated in panic. Engineers leaped with trembling screwdrivers at the machine's intestines. The director stared fish-eyed at a mathematician. A key-punch girl yattered terrified questions at a programmer. Young Madison Avenue types rushed in and out, uttering shrill cries. And the computer just sat there.

The story of this ghastly evening has circulated quietly in the computer business ever since. You hear it in out-of-the-way bars and dim corners of cocktail parties, told in hoarse, quavering tones. It has never reached the public at large, for two reasons. One reason is obvious: Those concerned have sat on it. The second reason is less obvious and much more interesting.

When the initial panic subsided, the director freed some of his jammed synapses and lurched into action. He rounded up mathematicians, programmers, political experts, research girls and others. And he rounded up some hand-operated adding machines. "All right," he said, "we'll simplify the calculations and do the whole thing by hand. This may be my last night on TV; but, by God, I'll go on the air with *something!*"

And so they perspired through the long, jangling night. The network's election predictions appeared on the screen just like its competitors'. The director and his aides gulped coffee, clutched burning stomachs and smoked appalling numbers of cigarettes. They kept waiting for an ax to fall. Somebody was bound to notice something wrong sooner or later, they thought. The hand-cranked predictions couldn't conceivably be as good as the computerized punditry of the competition. Maybe the hand-cranked answers would be totally wrong! Maybe the network would become the laughingstock of the nation! Maybe. . . . Oh, my God!

Well. As history now tells us, the entire poll-predicting razzmatazz was the laughingstock of the nation that November. None of the three networks was wronger than the other (continued on page 144)



*awesome ways in which electronic
brains outperform the human mind*

COMPUTERS: THEIR SCOPE TODAY

ARTICLE BY ERNEST HAVEMANN

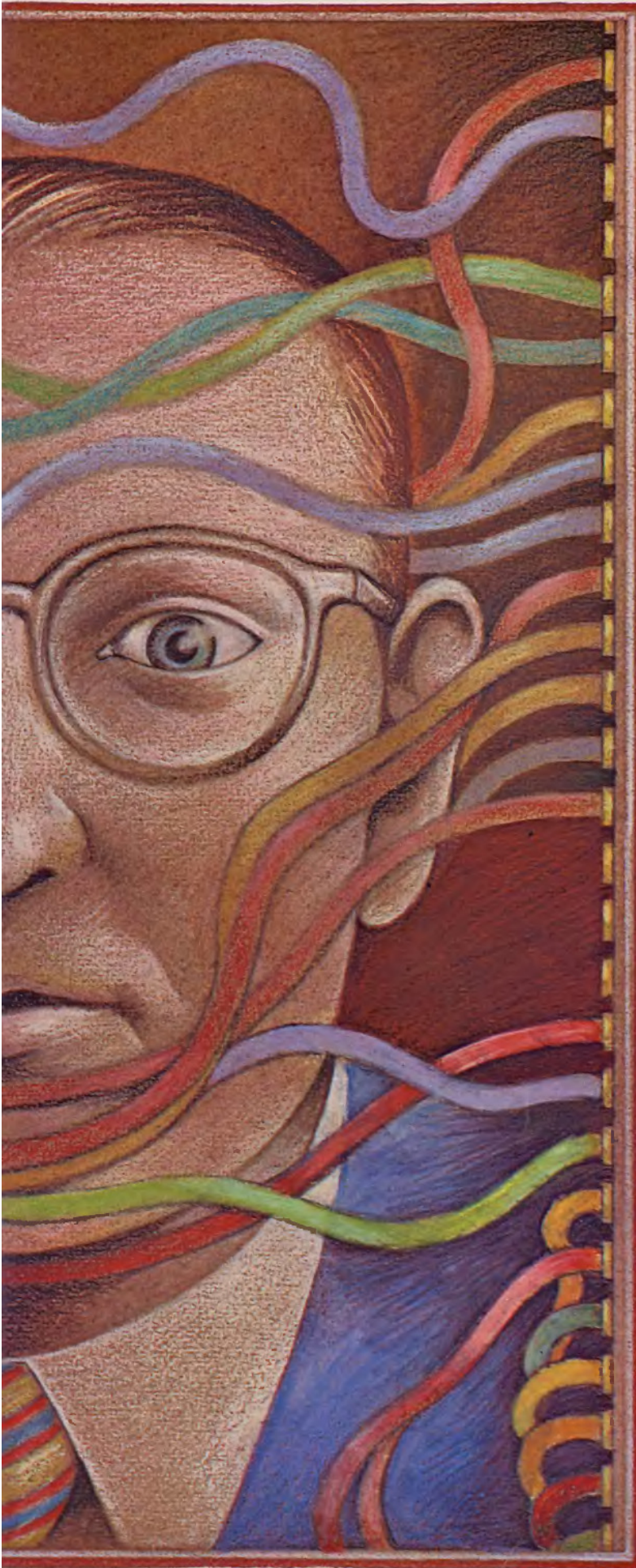
AT THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology there sits a giant computer, its lights constantly blinking and its dials endlessly churning out new numbers, on which some unknown technician has fastened one of the buttons now so popular among the hippie set. The button reads:

I AM A HUMAN BEING.
DO NOT FOLD,
SPINDLE OR
MUTILATE

Newcomers to the laboratory spot the button, move in for a closer look and nod—yet seldom smile. To most people who deal with computers, the button seems not funny, not ridiculous, not cynical but oddly appropriate.

True, the computer has introduced us to an age in which a great many human traits, activities, hopes and fears have been depersonalized into cards designed to be run through a machine, like so many playing cards through a baccarat shoe or slabs of steel through an assembly line. We pay our bills and resubscribe to our magazines on coldly formal rectangles that must not be folded or spindled. We sometimes take our college tests on them. The friendly neighborhood bank knows us only as a number, printed in the strange devices of magnetic ink. We are also no more than a number to machines in some unknown location, never seen by us, that determine our credit standing, calculate the Social Security benefits we may someday receive and decide how honest we have been on our income-tax returns. To other machines, busy charting population growth, divorce statistics, economic trends, future demands for houses and automobiles and the number of hospital beds that will be needed for the victims of heart attacks, we are not even a number—just a couple of anonymous magnetic beeps stored somewhere inside an electronic circuit whose mysteries we would never be able to unravel. The rows of lights wink like drunken fireflies; the wheels spin out their figures; human history gets made and recorded almost without the touch of a human hand.

Still, there is something about the computer that can inspire affection. You can talk to a machine now. Well, not exactly talk; you have to type out your end of the dialog, and the machine types in turn. But this new kind of pen-palship has its own kind of warmth. The machine is at least as solicitous as a New York bus driver. It says, "You're quite welcome"; "Come again"; "I didn't understand you"; "Feel free"; "Very good." To a school child trying to learn arithmetic, it says, "Hello, I've been waiting for you"; "Please type your name"; "Goodbye," (continued on page 120)





"Trick or treat?"

Nargas



Here for the first time is a handy guide to that recent and oft-misunderstood milestone of obscenity jurisprudence—the Supreme Court Pandering Decision, a decision that enables even the bubble-headed layman to separate “filth” from fact or fiction without bothering to crack a book. According to the Court, one can weigh the pornographic content of a work by its ads or—to put it another way—tell whether a book is dirty by its cover.

On one salient point, this author was never fooled. He knew that the “redeeming-social-value” bit was sheer subterfuge. What really matters is what’s printed on the cover.

As examples of the Court’s ruling in action, we have rubber-stamped these six best sellers the way a literal-minded censor might if he used the decision as his guide. Judged by their cover copy, these books are dirty as hell.

(continued on back cover, overleaf)

cleaner than dirt

SATIRE By D.G. LLOYD

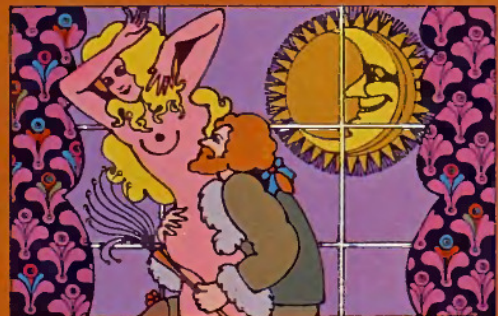
*how to turn the pure into the prurient
and vice versa—in conformity with the
supreme court ruling that it’s not what
you say but what you say you’re saying*

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE



A young man is forced to wear a “uniform” and perform a humiliating ritual, by a sadistic overseer, in the guise of “discipline.” In fact, the themes of discipline and corporal punishment predominate this all-male realm, until the reader himself comes to cringe under the brutal cadence “One! Two! Three! Four!” that punctuates the dominator’s manipulation of his privates.

WEBSTER’S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY



It’s all here: anal, bestial, coprophagous—right down to the final syllable, with nothing left to the imagination. Not a word is cut nor an act left undescribed. Rape is followed by sodomy and sodomy by torture in this illustrated edition, which satyrs and sexologists alike have called “a household tool” and “invaluable.”

LITTLE WOMEN

Four girls in a house, overseen by the older woman they called "Marmee" whose role it was to supervise their "dates," to handle money matters and "take care of" them. Natural, healthy young girls, they talked freely among themselves of matters they would not discuss in public, overheard only by Marmee—and the reader!

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs



What happens when a terrified young girl is left alone in the woods with seven older men, their bodies as misshapen as their lives are lonely? What was their mysterious ritual chant? And what was the role, never mentioned, of the one called . . . "Doc"? You'll read scenes you never saw in the movie!

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm



Nature in the raw, lived openly and free from shame—natural functions and carnal relations exercised daily on all sides—this was the new world she entered; a world guaranteed to make a girl grow to womanhood fast! Read this partial list of chapter subjects: "Behind the barn," "Stud bull," "In the hay" . . . and you'll want to read more, more, more!



Mister, we have what you want! We know the kind of thing you're looking for and often simply cannot find. This is not trash, but the real merchandise, including many European items and those "hard-to-get" ones they don't print in the U.S. The post office would like to get their hands on these! A number are in full color! Serious collectors only.

Further research into the Supreme Court ruling makes it possible to present here a recommended reading list for the pure in heart—who we all know are the only ones who visit bookstores, anyway. Judging a book by its cover is an unbeatable system: For one thing, you don't have to read what's on the inside—which saves a lot of wear and tear on the eyeballs; for another, it avoids muddying censorial waters with such irrelevancies as content. What could be simpler? You may check your answers by using the censors' rubber stamps as your guide.

cleaner than dirt

KISS MY WHIP

By Lash Tumid



A redeeming story of a girl's painful discovery of self through mortification of the flesh, in authentic Gothic surroundings. Invaluable for the revealing insights it gives into medieval customs, psychology and leathercrafts.

LAY ME DOWN TO SHEEP

By SOD M. YAWS



Nature is the setting for this pastoral epic, whose redeeming social significance lies in its presentation of an alternative to the wars and tensions of urban 20th Century society. Only among our bucolic, four-legged friends, says Yaws, can man at last get a little peace.

GOUSED, GROPED AND BUGGERED

BY KINGSTON LEER



A crowning example of literary merit, this extremely well-written book explores, in scholarly fashion, the derivation of much Anglo-Saxon slang, choosing—in time-honored literary fashion—the fictional framework of the first-person memoir. "Extremely literary" . . . "memorable."

flaming faggot

By Gay Abandon



A socially significant tale of a young man at odds with himself, who learns to serve his own end through love of his fellow man. Reviewers say: "penetrating" . . . "almost Greek" . . . "worthy of Oscar Wilde" . . . "those seeking 'girlie' literature had best look elsewhere!"

Banged in Drag

By BRUCE-EDITH



Community standards could not possibly be offended by this fascinating biography of a man who skirted the frontiers of fashion to prove that clothes don't make the man. Often frocked but never a friar, Bruce-Edith weaves his rich narrative fabric to the last warp. Over a score of full-color patterns.

Nights of a French Chambermaid

By Fifi la Civieuse



Invaluable handbook for serious students of hotel management. Everything is here: beds, positioning and making; tables, spreading and laying; French hot dishes; cost; hygiene—and much more. Plus pictures, diagrams and a generous amount of space for recording field trips and lab work.

Lust and Filth

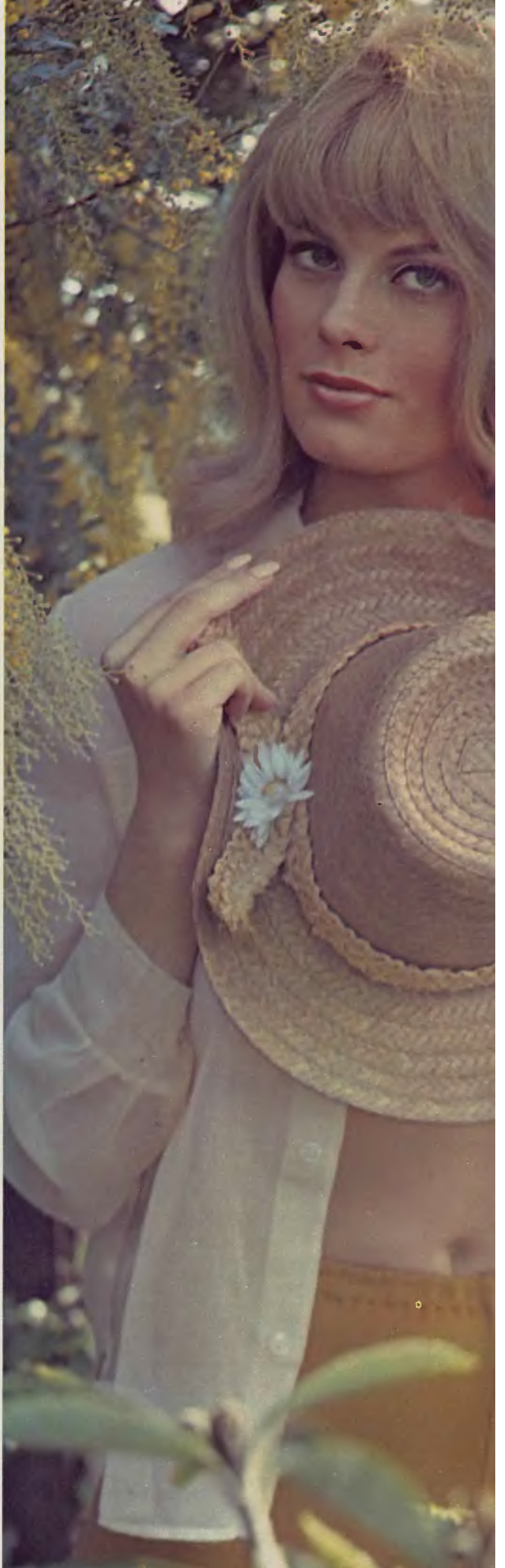
By Madam X

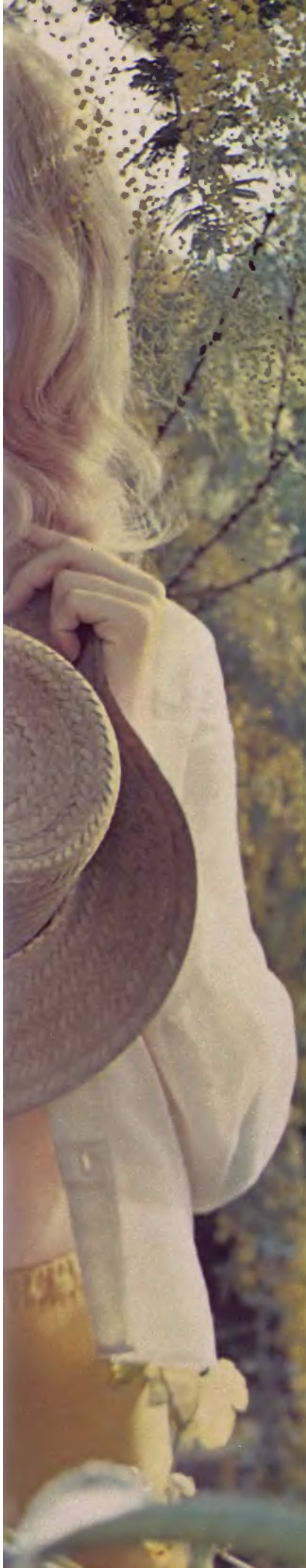


In this forthright appraisal of prurient interests, the author begs publishers to stop flooding the market with the sort of trash that lacks literary merit or redeeming social significance. In chapter after chapter, she offers detailed examples of just the sort of thing we must all be on our guard against. Now in its 26th printing.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL





BY A REMARKABLE appellative coincidence, October Playmate Reagan Wilson's escort, when his father's business finds him in Los Angeles, is apt to be the California governor's son, Michael. Lively as she is in conversation about sports or theater or books, Miss October nevertheless exhibits an abiding disinterest in politics. "Mike and I are more likely to talk about real horses than dark horses," says Reagan, an active San Fernando Valley equestrienne. "My own horse, Popcorn, is stabled back in Missoula, Montana, but that doesn't keep me from getting out on the trails almost every afternoon. Besides being fun, riding is the best way to keep in shape," Reagan adds, as if there must be some secret to the grace of her 40-25-35 figure.

Miss October rides also for simple release from the special demands of her double career as fledgling actress and student writer—exciting new endeavors for which she has left her job as girl Friday in a public-relations firm. Veteran of a summer appearance on TV's *The Big Valley* and of a recent, encouraging



REAGAN FOR PLAYMATE!

the sunshine state's reagan wilson wins in this photo finish

Paramount Pictures screen test, blonde-haired and green-eyed Reagan is still hesitant about making the big try for stardom. "The competition is tougher than ever," she says, "so much so that it's silly for anyone to put *all* her hopes into acting. So I'm going to try to devote at least half my time now to my long-standing ambition to be a writer. I'd like to be a humorist, but I think I have one serious novel to write."

Away from typewriter and camera, Reagan's avocations include body surfing at Malibu and all-night dancing at Los Angeles' myriad go-go cellars. "Both are pretty hectic, but after trying to express myself in work, I usually feel like some good clean non-verbal fun," says an October miss who earns an A from PLAYBOY in *all* kinds of communication.

Reagan, right, toys with Larry, "the world's most ferocious stuffed poodle," at the start of a day of swinging equestrian and TV-studio activity.



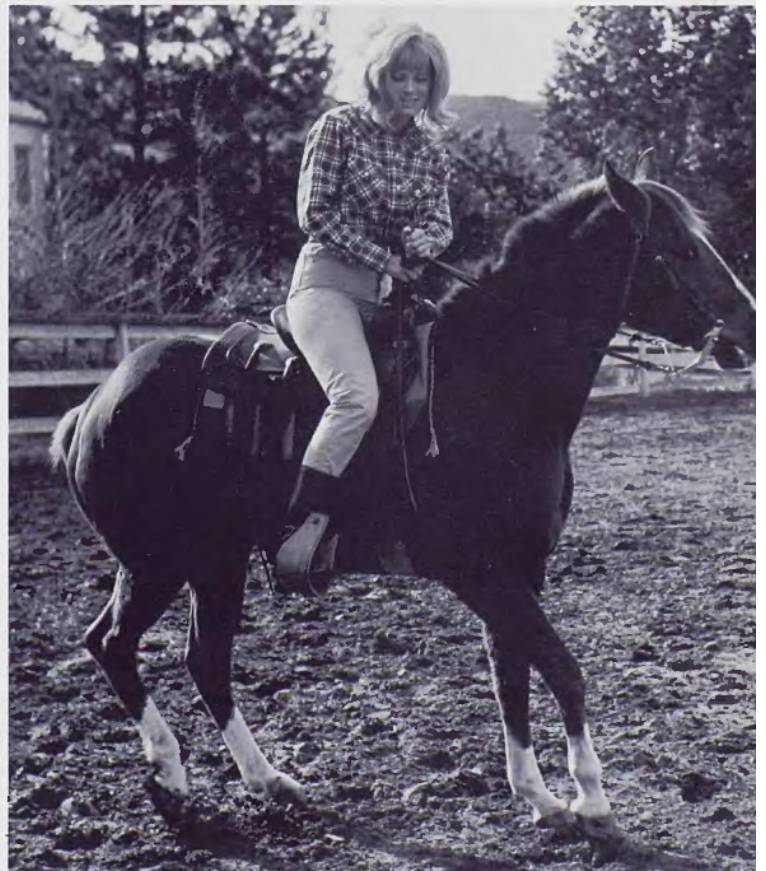


Reagan's postpoodle preparations for an active day find her dressing on the run and enjoying a honey-and-rye-toast breakfast. After threading through L.A. traffic, Miss October files clippings at the public-relations firm for which she worked until recently. "The whole business of getting the public to know a client is fascinating," says Reagan, "but right now, I'm more interested in expressing my own ideas."





At her favorite ranch in the Santa Monica Mountains, Reagan gets acquainted and then affectionate with Mambo's Miss Jug, "a really lively quarter horse a friend let me take care of for a few days. After we got to trust each other, I was able to put her through turns and jumps as if I'd ridden her for months. She looks just like my own Popcorn and really made me homesick for Montana."





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS OCTOBER



Reagan's first TV role—on a *Big Valley* segment shown this past summer—called for hairdresser Scotty Rackin to give her blonde tresses an Old West twist. After last-minute tips from director Joe Mazzuca, Miss October played a dance-hall girl opposite the series' star, Peter Breck. "I decided on the set," Reagan says, "that 1967 discothèques are a lot more fun than their 1867 forerunners."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I'm sorry, miss," said the county clerk, "I can't issue your marriage license until you've filled out your form."

Almost in tears, the girl replied, "Well, if my boyfriend doesn't care, I don't see why you should."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *optimist* as a man who, after coming home unexpectedly and finding cigar butts in the ashtrays, decides his wife must have given up cigarettes.



The dazzling young thing was strolling down the street in skintight hip huggers, when a curious bachelor approached and said, "Excuse me, miss, but I can't help asking—how in the world does anyone get into those pants?"

"Well," she replied demurely, "you can start by buying me a drink."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *maternity dressmaker* as a mother frocker.

Some coeds have a faculty for making love, while others just have a student body.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gourmet* as a man who is invited for an evening of wine, women and song—and asks what kind of wine.

"Gee, Mom," the young man complained, "none of the other guys are wearing lipstick."

"Be quiet, stupid," his mother replied. "We're almost to the draft board."

Then there was the sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *specimen* as an Italian astronaut.

The handsome ad exec and his date entered a restaurant and were seated near the center of the floor. A pretty waitress, observing that the man had forgotten to zip his trousers, scribbled a message on her order pad, left it at his table and scurried away.

Unfolding the note, the man read: "Sir, I'm sure you don't know it, but your fly is unzipped and you're exposing yourself. I will go back to the kitchen and knock some trays off a shelf. The noise will distract everyone and you'll have a chance to adjust your trousers."

"P.S. I love you."

A Broadway bookie was given a parrot in lieu of cash payment. The bird's vocabulary included choice phrases in English, French, Spanish and German. Sensing a winner, the bookie hauled the bird off to his favorite bar.

"Speaks four languages," he said to the bartender, who snorted in disbelief. "Wanna bet this bird can speak four languages?" the bookie challenged.

Annoyed, the bartender finally agreed to a ten-dollar wager. The bookie turned to the parrot and said, "Parlez-vous français?" There was no response.

Nor was there any reply to the question in English, Spanish or German. The bartender picked up the bookie's sawbuck from the bar and went about his business.

On the street, the bookie glared at the bird. "You fink!" he exclaimed. "I've got ten bucks riding on you and you clam up on me. I oughta strangle you!"

"Don't be a jerk," the parrot replied. "Just think of the odds you'll get tomorrow."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incest* as rolling your own.

Then there was the guy who explained why he wasn't interested in visiting a topless bar: "If you've seen two, you've seen them all."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the LSD set* as high society.



Idly Miran

A medical journal reports that the most fool-proof birth-control pill developed to date is an aspirin tablet—held firmly between the knees.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pushover* as a girl who is dedicated to the proposition.

The striking but rather plump coed visited the kindly campus psychiatrist to report despondently that she thought she was losing her boyfriend.

"Why don't you diet?" asked the good doctor.

"That's a groovy idea," said the coed. "What color do you think he'd like?"

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



"It must be a trap!"

THE CRAZY ONE (continued from page 92)

of humanity to a very dry area of my heart, and now I knew a little more and had something to think about which was no longer altogether in category.

We have presented the origin of an addiction. For a drug's first appeal is always existential—our sense of life (once it is made alert by the sensation of its absence) is thereupon so full of need as the desire for a breath of air. The sense of life comes alive in the happy days when the addict first encounters his drug. But all histories of addiction are the same—particularly in the beginning. They fall into the larger category of the history of a passion. So I will spare each and every one of us the titles of the books I read on the running of the bulls, and I will not reminisce about the great bullfighters I saw, of the majesties of Arruza and the *machismo* of Procuna, the liquidities of Silverio and the solemnity of César Girón; no, we will not micturate the last of such memory. The fact is that I do not dwell on Arruza and Procuna and Silverio and Girón, because I did not see them that often and in fact most of them I saw but once. I was always in Mexico in the summer, you see, and the summer is the *temporada de novillos*, which is to say it is the time when the *novilladas* are held, which is to say it is the time of the novices.

Now the fellow who is pushing up this article for you is a great lover of the bullfight—make on it no mistake. For a great bullfight he would give up just about any other athletic or religious spectacle—the World Series in a minute, a pro football championship, a Mass at the Vatican, perhaps even a great heavyweight championship—which, kids, is really saying it. No love like the love for four in the afternoon at the Plaza Mexico. Yet all the great matadors he saw were seen only at special festivals when they fought very small bulls for charity. The *novillada* is, after all, the time of the *novilleros*, and a *novillero* is a bullfighter approximately equal in rank to a Golden Gloves fighter. A very good *novillero* is like a very good Golden Gloves finalist. The Sugar Ray Robinsons and the Rocky Marcianos of the bullfighting world were glimpsed by me only when they came out of retirement long enough to give the equivalent of a snappy two-round exhibition. My love of bullfighting and my experience of it as a spectator was founded then by watching *novilleros* week after week over two separate summers in Mexico City.

After a while I got good at seeing the flaws and virtues in *novilleros*, and in fact I began to see so much of their character in their style, and began to learn so much about style by comprehending their character (for nearly everything good or bad about a novice bullfighter is revealed at a great rate) that I began to

take the same furious interest and partisanship in the triumph of one style over another that is usually reserved for literary matters (is Philip Roth better than John Updike?—you know) or that indeed average Americans and some not so average might take over political figures. To watch a bullfighter have an undeserved triumph on Sunday afternoon when you detest his style is not the worst preparation for listening to Everett Dirksen nominate Barry Goldwater or hearing Lyndon Johnson give a lecture on TV about Amurrican commitments to the free universe. Everything bad and god-awful about the style of life got into the style of bullfighters, as well as everything light, delightful, honorable and good.

About the time I knew a lot about bullfighting, or as much as you could know watching nothing but *novilleros* week after week, I fell in love with a bullfighter. I never even met this bullfighter, I rush to tell you. I would not have wanted to meet him. Meeting him could only have spoiled the perfection of my love, so pure was my affection. And his name—not one in a thousand of you out there, dear general readers, can have heard of him—his name was El Loco. El Loco, the Crazy One. It is not a term of endearment in Mexico, where half the populace is crazy. To amplify the power of nomenclature, El Loco came from the provinces, he was God's own hick, and his real name was Amado Ramirez, which is like being a boy from Hicksville, Georgia, with a name like Beloved Remington. Yet there was a time when I thought Beloved Remington, which is to say Amado Ramirez, would become the greatest bullfighter in the whole world, and there were critics in Mexico City hoary with *afición* who held the same opinion (if not always in print). He came up one summer like a rocket, but a rocket with one tube hot and one tube wet and he spun in circles all over the bullfighting world of Mexico City all through the summer and fall.

But we must tell more of what it is like to watch *novilleros*. You see, novice bullfighters fight bulls who are called *novillos*, and these bulls are a year younger and 200 to 400 pounds lighter than the big fighting bulls up around 1000 pounds which matadors must face. So they are less dangerous. They can still kill a man, but not often does that happen—they are more likely to pound and stomp and wound and bruise a *novillero* than to catch him and play him in the air and stab him up high on the horns the way a terrible full-grown fighting bull can do. In consequence, the analogy to the Golden Gloves is imperfect, for a talented *novillero* can at his best look as exciting, or more excit-

ing, than a talented matador—the novice's beast is smaller and less dangerous, so his lack of experience is compensated for by his relative comfort—he is in less danger of getting killed. (Indeed, to watch a consummate matador like Carlos Arruza work with a new young bull is like watching Norman Mailer box with his three-year-old son—absolute mastery is in the air.)

Novilleros possess another virtue. Nobody can contest their *afición*. For every *novillero* who has a manager, and a rich man to house and feed him, and influential critics to bring him along on the sweet of a bribe or two, there are a hundred devoted all but unknown *novilleros* who hitch from *poblado* to *poblado* on back dirt roads for the hint of a chance to fight at some *fiesta* so small the results are not even phoned to Mexico City. Some of these kids spend years in the provinces living on nothing, half-starved in the desire to spend a life fighting bulls and they will fight anything—bulls who are overweight, calves who are under the legal limit, beasts who have fought before and, so, are sophisticated and dangerous. These provincial *novilleros* get hurt badly by wounds which show no blood, deep bruises in the liver and kidney from the flat of a horn, deep internal bleedings in the gut, something lively taken off the groin. A number of them die years later from malnutrition and chronic malfunctions of some number of those organs; their deaths get into no statistics on the fatalities of the bullfight.

A few of these provincial *novilleros* get enough fights and enough experience and develop enough talent, however, to pick up a reputation of sorts. If they are very lucky and likable, or have connections, or hump themselves—as some will—to rich homosexuals in the capital, then they get their shot. Listen to this. At the beginning of the *novillada*, six new bullfighters are brought in every Sunday to fight one bull each in the Plaza Mexico. For six or eight weeks this goes on. Perhaps 50 fighters never seen before in Mexico have their chance. Maybe ten will be seen again. The tension is enormous for each *novillero*. If he fails to have a triumph or attract outstanding attention, then his years in the provinces went for nothing. Back again he will go to the provinces as a punishment for failing to be superb. Perhaps he will never fight again in the Plaza Mexico. His entire life depends on this one fight. And even this fight depends on luck. For any *novillero* can catch a poor bull, a dull mediocre cowardly bull. When the animal does not charge, the bullfighter, unless possessed of genius, cannot look good.

Once a *novillero* came into the Plaza on such an occasion, was hit by the bull while making his first pass, a *verónica*,
(continued on page 211)

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN



PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

SWINGING IN THE RAIN Our forecast begins with a stylish splash as three guys (and dolls) brave the wet in traditional, European and avant-garde outerwear. From left: Fellow is avant-garbed in a dyed-calf fur coat, by Cezar, \$700. His traditional-minded pal prefers a raglan-sleeved wool tapcoat, by Hardy Amies U. S. A., \$110. European-inclined lad digs a herringbone tapcoat, by Hardy Amies U. S. A., \$125.

THIS YEAR, we've divided our fall and winter clothing selections into three schools of sartorial thought—traditional, European and avant-garde. Thus, the well-dressed urban male can compare styles and judiciously choose which type of attire suits him best. Traditionally speaking, we predict that the bastion of clothing conservatism—the Ivy League suit—will be resplendently updated to a bolder array of patterns and colors. Other changes in the League standings will include the widening of lapels and the deepening of vents, so that suit and sports coats can extend to new lengths of stylishness. On the international fashion scene, coming transatlantic innovations will include a veddy British contour-tailored cut in coats that should be worn with cuffless slacks that flare slightly at the bottom. Proceeding farther out, you'll find this year's offerings in military- and Edwardian-inspired avant-garde garb ideal for creating an individual—but not extreme—contemporary look, a look that could easily wind up as tomorrow's traditional wear. For further fashion enlightenment on the coming trends in fall and winter apparel, check the action on these seven pages.

the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



COUNTRY SQUIRING Our fashionables inspect polo ponies and appurtenances just prior to the first chukker. Left to right: Playing the role of the traditional overseer, our man makes hay while wearing a longer-cut double-breasted wool sports jacket, \$65, over corduroy slacks, \$17.50, both by Stanley Blacker; an oxford tweed buttondown shirt, by Hothawoy, \$10, and a wool tie, by Taylor, \$4. Avant-guordian



keeps in contact with close friend while sporting a cotton velvet sport suit that features a greatcoat collar and lapels, by Magnani for Cezar, \$120, worn over a wool-knit turtleneck, by Banff, \$15. European-style bon vivant is stable stalwart in a worsted overcoat, \$125, and matching shaped suit, \$135, both by Fashion Park; a cotton oxford buttondown shirt, by Sero, \$7.50, and a silk twill tie, by Hut, \$4. 115



SPORTING ENDEAVOR A fine fall afternoon finds our sartorial pacesetters casually attired as they tackle a friendly game of football. From left to right: Traditional chap off the old block goes for a bengaline-rib wool-knit crew-neck pullover, \$30, and a check-patterned silk pocket square, \$4, worn over wide-wale cotton corduroy stovepipe slacks, \$38, all by John Weitz. Not-too-hard-charging fullback



avant-guards the ball while wearing a ribbed wool-knit turtleneck with check wool front, \$35, and matching check wool low-rise slacks with wide belt loops, \$20, both by Catalina Martin. European-influenced gridmate makes action-stopping fashion play in a reversible giant-rib wool-knit turtleneck, by Robert Lewis, \$47.50, and cotton suede slacks with top pockets and contrasting belt, by Esquire, \$22.50. 117



THREE-MAN SHOW At a fashionable metropolitan gallery, our elegantly garbed urbanites admire the work of sculptor Frank Gallo. Left to right: Artful traditionalist awaiting a glass of bubbly prefers an imported-warsted honeycomb-weave shaped suit, \$110, a cotton shirt with lang-point collar, \$9, and a small-patterned silk tie, \$6.50, all by Hardy Amies U. S. A. Avant-gardesman digging Gallo's Lady Godiva-

103



like equestrienne is all eyes for a cotton and acetate velvet shaped suit, by Clinton Swan, \$85, that complements his English cotton shirt, by Excella, \$12, and houndstooth-patterned wide silk tie, by Berkley, \$5. European-schooled connoisseur sizes up the scene wearing a warsted flannel windowpane plaid suit, \$155, a cotton broadcloth shirt with spread collar, \$12.50, and a waven silk tie, \$7.50, all by Oleg Cassini. 119

COMPUTERS / THEIR SCOPE *(continued from page 95)*

O fearless drill tester." Dr. Joseph Weizenbaum of MIT tells the story of the time he let his secretary start a type-written conversation with his machine. After a few sentences back and forth, the dialog began to seem so personal and private that she asked Dr. Weizenbaum to please leave the room.

But there is an even deeper bond between the men who use the computers and the machines they use. Some men lavish affection on their automobiles, those metal creatures that have augmented the mobility of the human leg muscles. Some men are sentimentally attached to their power tools, those potent extensions of the human arm. The computer scientists often take this same fond attitude toward their marvelously intricate, cunningly designed, mechanically beautiful extensions of the human brain. Many of them, indeed, believe that the computers came along just in time to save civilization from collapsing under the weight of its own complexity and are therefore not only the friends but the saviors of man. "The trouble with a world like ours," says Professor Robert Fano of MIT, "is that we will soon need more experts to run it than there are people. Only the computer seems likely to keep us going." This is a sentiment shared by many thoughtful observers of civilization who, without any direct experience with computers, have developed a grateful respect for them. Professor Jacques Barzun of Columbia University, a noted humanist who might be expected to resent the machines, has said, "I think computers are perhaps the salvation of the welfare state—particularly the overpopulated welfare state in which we're all going to live."

There is a persistent legend, of course, that computers are not very smart—no smarter, say, than an adding machine. Faster, yes. Smarter, no. This is partly the result of propaganda. The companies that make these fantastic new machines are all too painfully aware of what happened when the first wide-scale application of labor-saving machinery was begun in the factories of about a century and a half ago: A group of determined Englishmen called the Luddites, believing that the machines would throw everybody out of work, set about systematically destroying them. If machines that threatened to make human muscles obsolete could arouse that much mass resentment, the computer manufacturers figure, then machines that threaten to supersede the human brain may arouse a good deal more. Computer makers consistently put the knock on their own products, which they like to call, in the words of one of them, "a tool and nothing more." They shudder to hear the machines compared with the human brain. They even avoid the word "memory";

they say that the machine has not a memory but a "storage capacity."

It is also true that, until recently, the machines were not asked to behave in any very intelligent fashion. When they were first introduced, they were terribly expensive to own or rent and to operate. They were put to work only on jobs where they could pay their own way—and these were mostly clerical and accounting jobs of the simplest kind, where the machines did nothing spectacular but did it in enormous quantity and at superhuman speed. A good example is keeping track of magazine subscriptions and printing the mailing labels.

Even today, most of the computers in the world are performing routine tasks. It is only when you go to the universities and the experimental laboratories of the manufacturers that you catch a glimpse of the true possibilities—and see machines that can do well on human intelligence tests, can converse intelligently, can learn and can even teach. Yes, even teach. One of the most exciting prospects for the future is that all of us, however lacking in engineering skill, will someday be able to operate a computer as easily as we now operate our automobiles, because the computer itself will show us how. It is only a matter of time, you discover in the laboratories, before all of us will have our homes hooked up to what the scientists are calling "information public utilities" and will have brain power piped in just as we now have electric power. What the world will then be like staggers the imagination. But more of this later.

As of this moment—the autumn of 1967—the most important fact about computers is that they already are essential to civilization as we in America now know it. They are only 20 years old; they have been used mostly in obvious and unimaginative ways; their real potential has only been scratched—yet life would not be the same without them. You cannot have a nation as big, prosperous, active and mobile as the United States, with 200,000,000 people in constant interaction, without the computer. The complexities of keeping the communications lines open, getting the goods delivered, keeping the accounts and paying the bills represent too big a job for the unaided human brain and hands.

The telephone system is a good example. If every call still had to be handled by an operator sticking plugs into a switchboard, today's volume of telephone conversations, local and long distance, would be an intolerable strain on the economy; it would take the services of every woman now alive in the U.S. Instead, the job is done by computers. To those who doubt that the average man will ever be using a computer, indeed, the telephone system provides a clear

answer. Every one of us already has a computer console in his own home—the telephone dial or touch buttons—and we use it every day to tap the amazing resources of the computer. By dialing or touching ten numbers, we manage with the computer's help to ring a telephone all the way across the continent, any time we feel like it.

If you are running a modern railroad with tens of thousands of freight cars, how do you know where any one of those cars is at any given moment? You don't—or didn't until recently. One reason the railroad industry has fallen on lean days is that the average freight car has been used on an average of only a little more than an hour a day and has stood idle the rest of the time, waiting for somebody to discover where it was, put something in it and send it on its way. Now the New York Central uses a computer to keep an account of every one of its cars, and the Association of American Railroads is about to install a computer that will keep track of all 1,800,000 cars in the nation.

If you are running an airline with several hundred flights a day and a thousand or more ticket counters, how do you keep track of reservations? You don't—without a computer. Here American Airlines pioneered, with its \$30,000,000 system called SABRE, which serves all of its offices, from Boston to San Diego. SABRE tells the ticket clerk immediately if space is available on any particular flight at any time within the next year; it then reserves seats under the customer's name, remembers how to get in touch with him and, when the time comes, makes sure there are enough drinks and food aboard to keep him happy. It even corrects the kind of human error that used to foul up the airlines' plans almost beyond redemption. John Smythe, on a trip of many stops from coast to coast, stops by a ticket counter to change the date of his next flight. The clerk, as so often happens, gets the name a little bit wrong; he asks the computer about John Smith. Without hesitation, the machine says, in its own language, "Hold on, buddy. I've got John Smythe, John Schmidt, John Schmid and John Smithfield—but no John Smith. Which one did you mean?" Other airlines have quickly followed suit: Delta, as a side line, now uses its computer's excess capacity to sell tickets to the Atlanta Braves' baseball games.

Suppose you are an airplane manufacturer and have spent several billion dollars to develop a new supersonic plane that will further improve air travel by carrying several hundred passengers from New York to Los Angeles in a single hour. To the pilot, the plane is a totally new experience, for the cockpit from which he scans the landing field is several stories above the landing gear. And

(continued on page 204)

THE 1968 PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL

vote for your
favorites
for the twelfth
all-star band

A TOP JAZZ LEADER has recorded an album called *If You Can't Beat 'Em, Join 'Em!*, in which he does songs out of the pop-rock-folk bag of such luminaries as Petula Clark, Bob Dylan and the Beatles. Many rock groups are making jazzlike improvisations central to their acts. A number of combos have integrated jazz instrumentalists and rock musicians. Jazz critics have begun nodding approvingly in the direction of other contemporary musical idioms. A national jazz magazine has begun covering pop.

It has been that kind of year, with the boundaries between pop and jazz becoming less and less visible. No one, it appears increasingly obvious, can tell where jazz leaves off and pop begins. With this in mind, we have adjusted and expanded our poll to encompass a much broader spectrum of performers.

To vote in the 1968 Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite artists and fill in your choices for The Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame and for Playboy's Records of the Year, where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us. The musicians chosen by the readers to make up the 1968 All-Star Band will each receive the coveted Playboy Medal. Results of our twelfth annual Playboy Jazz & Pop Poll will appear in our February 1968 issue.

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

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Band, so in some categories you should vote for



more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes, two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as designated on the ballot, because too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

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

4. For leader of the 1968 Playboy All-Star Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or fewer musicians.

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

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

7. Cut your ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP POLL, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1967, in order to be counted, so mail yours today.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Henry Mancini, Charles Mingus, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Mimi Perrin (Double Six of Paris), Oscar Peterson, Buddy Rich, Diana Ross (Supremes), Frank Sinatra, Nancy Wilson, Kai Winding, Si Zentner; Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic; Nat Hentoff, Jazz Critic; Dan Morgenstern, Editor, *Down Beat*; John Tynan, Jazz Critic; George Wein, Independent Record Producer; Michael Zwerin, Jazz Critic; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; David Axelrod, Capitol; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Bernard Stollman, ESP-Disk; John Driscoll III, Fantasy; Robert Thiele, Impulse; Richard Bock, Pacific Jazz; Don Schlitten, Prestige; Brad McCuen, RCA Victor; Stan Cornyn, Reprise.

LEADER*(Please check one.)*

- Count Basie
- James Brown
- Les Brown
- Dave Brubeck
- Ray Charles
- Ray Conniff
- King Curtis
- Johnny Dankworth
- Buddy DeFranco
- Les and Larry Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Don Elliott
- Don Ellis
- Gil Evans
- Jerry Fielding
- Terry Gibbs
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Benny Goodman
- Lionel Hampton
- Ted Heath
- Skitch Henderson
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Quincy Jones
- Thad Jones / Mel Lewis
- Stan Kenton
- Rod Levitt
- John Lewis
- Henry Mancini
- Shelly Manne
- Billy May
- Gary McFarland
- Charles Mingus
- Gerry Mulligan
- Oliver Nelson
- Marty Paich
- Sun Ra
- Buddy Rich
- Johnny Richards
- Nelson Riddle
- Eddie Sauter
- Clark Terry
- Johnny Williams
- Gerald Wilson
- Si Zentner
- _____

TRUMPET*(Please check four.)*

- Nat Adderley
- Herb Alpert
- Louis Armstrong
- Benny Bailey
- Chet Baker
- Emmett Berry
- Ruby Braff
- Dave Burns
- Billy Butterfield
- Donald Byrd
- Conte Candoli
- Pete Candoli
- Don Cherry
- Buck Clayton
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Sidney De Paris
- Barbara Donald
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Ellis

- Rolf Ericson
- Don Fagerquist
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Bobby Hackett
- Al Hirt
- Freddie Hubbard
- Harry James
- Carmell Jones
- Jonah Jones
- Thad Jones
- Virgil Jones
- Hugh Masekela
- Howard McGhee
- Blue Mitchell
- Lee Morgan
- Ray Nance
- Joe Newman
- Jimmy Owen
- Shorty Rogers
- Ernie Royal
- Doc Severinsen
- Charlie Shavers
- Jack Sheldon
- Rex Stewart
- Clark Terry
- Charles Tolliver
- Joe Wilder
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

TROMBONE*(Please check four.)*

- Dave Baker
- Milt Bernhart
- Harold Betters
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Garnett Brown
- Lawrence Brown
- Georg Brunis
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Cutty Cutshall
- Wilbur De Paris
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Fitzpatrick
- Carl Fontana
- Curtis Fuller
- Tyree Glenn
- Bennie Green
- Urbie Green
- Al Grey
- Slide Hampton
- Bill Harris
- Wayne Henderson
- J. C. Higginbotham
- Quentin Jackson
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Rod Levitt
- Melba Liston
- Tricky Lofton
- Albert Mangelsdorff
- Lou McGarity
- Charles McPherson
- Grachan Moncur III
- Turk Murphy
- Dick Nash
- Kid Ory
- Benny Powell
- Julian Priester

- Frank Rosolino
- Roswell Rudd
- Bill Watrous
- Dickie Wells
- Phil Wilson
- Kai Winding
- Trummy Young
- Si Zentner
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

ALTO SAX*(Please check two.)*

- Cannonball Adderley
- Gabe Baltazar
- Al Belletto
- Marion Brown
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleman
- Hank Crawford
- Sonny Criss
- Paul Desmond
- Jerry Dodgion
- Lou Donaldson
- Bob Donovan
- Herb Geller
- Bunky Green
- Gigi Gryce
- John Handy
- Joe Harriott
- Johnny Hodges
- Paul Horn
- Hilton Jefferson
- Pokie Johnson
- Robin Kenyatta
- Eric Kloss
- Lee Konitz
- Walt Levinsky
- Charlie Mariano
- Jackie McLean
- Roscoe Mitchell
- James Moody
- Ted Nash
- Lennie Neihaus
- Edward Pazant
- Art Pepper
- Curtis Porter
- Gene Quill
- Jerome Richardson
- Marshal Royal
- Bud Shank
- Sonny Simmons
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Paul Winter
- Jimmy Woods
- Phil Woods
- Leo Wright
- _____
- _____

TENOR SAX*(Please check two.)*

- Georgie Auld
- Albert Ayler
- Don Byas
- Al Cohn
- Bob Cooper
- Corky Corcoran
- King Curtis
- Eddie Daniels

- Eddie Davis
- Sam Donahue
- Teddy Edwards
- Booker Ervin
- Joe Farrell
- Frank Foster
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Benny Golson
- Paul Gonsalves
- Dexter Gordon
- John Griffin
- Shafi Hadi
- Eddie Harris
- Coleman Hawkins
- Jimmy Heath
- Bill Holman
- Illinois Jacquet
- Budd Johnson
- Richie Kamuca
- Roland Kirk
- Harold Land
- Yusef Lateef
- Charles Lloyd
- Eddie Miller
- Hank Mobley
- James Moody
- Vido Musso
- "Fathead" Newman
- Sal Nistico
- Dave Pell
- Art Pepper
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Boots Randolph
- Sam Rivers
- Sonny Rollins
- Clifford Scott
- Ronnie Scott
- Archie Shepp
- Wayne Shorter
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Lucky Thompson
- Stanley Turrentine
- Harold Vick
- Ben Webster
- Frank Wess
- Jimmy Woods
- David Young
- _____
- _____

BARITONE SAX*(Please check one.)*

- Pepper Adams
- Ernie Caceres
- Harry Carney
- Charles Davis
- Charles Fowlkes
- Chuck Gentry
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Frank Hittner
- Bill Hood
- Artie Kaplan
- Gerry Mulligan
- Jack Nimitz
- Pat Patrick
- Cecil Payne
- Åke Persson
- Jerome Richardson
- Ronnie Ross

- Clifford Scott
- Bud Shank
- Lonnie Shaw
- Sahib Shihab
- Butch Stone
- Stanley Webb
- _____

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- Alvin Batiste
- Barney Bigard
- Acker Bilk
- Phil Bodner
- Buddy Collette
- Kenny Davern
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Paul Horn
- Peanuts Hucko
- Rolfe Kuhn
- Matty Matlock
- Edward Pazant
- Art Pepper
- Perry Robinson
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Artie Shaw
- Bill Smith
- Phil Woods
- Sol Yaged
- _____

PIANO

(Please check one.)

- Monty Alexander
- Mose Allison
- Kenny Barron
- Count Basie
- Paul Bley
- Dave Brubeck
- Jaki Byard
- Barbara Carroll
- Ray Charles
- Cy Coleman
- Chick Corea
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Don Ewell
- Victor Feldman
- Clare Fischer
- Bob Florence
- Russ Freeman
- Don Friedman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Dave Grusin
- Vince Guaraldi
- Friedrich Gulda
- Herbie Hancock
- Roland Hanna
- Gene Harris
- Hampton Hawes
- Skitch Henderson
- Eddie Heywood
- Andrew Hill
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Dick Hyman
- Ahmad Jamal

- Pete Jolly
- Hank Jones
- Roger Kellaway
- Wynton Kelly
- Steve Kuhn
- John Lewis
- Ramsey Lewis
- Junior Mance
- Toshiko Mariano
- Les McCann
- Marian McPartland
- Sergio Mendes
- Thelonious Monk
- Bud Montgomery
- Zeke Mullins
- Morris Nanton
- Peter Nero
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Bernard Peiffer
- Oscar Peterson
- André Previn
- Don Randi
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing
- Don Shirley
- Horace Silver
- Paul Smith
- Martial Solal
- Otis Spann
- Jess Stacy
- Billy Taylor
- Cecil Taylor
- Bobby Timmons
- Lennie Tristano
- McCoy Tyner
- Father Tom Vaughn
- Mal Waldron
- Cedar Walton
- Randy Weston
- Mary Lou Williams
- Larry Willis
- Teddy Wilson
- Stan Wrightson
- Larry Young
- Joe Zawinul
- Denny Zeitlin
- _____

GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- Laurindo Almeida
- Chet Atkins
- Billy Bauer
- Billy Bean
- Jeff Beck
- George Benson
- Elvin Bishop
- Mike Bloomfield
- Luiz Bonfa
- Sandy Bull
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Eric Clapton
- Eddie Condon
- Larry Coryell
- Steve Cropper
- Duane Eddy
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Barry Galbraith
- João Gilberto
- Freddie Green
- Grant Green

- Buddy Guy
- Jim Hall
- Bill Harris
- George Harrison
- Al Hendrickson
- Danny Kalb
- Barney Kessel
- B. B. King
- Mundell Lowe
- John Mackel
- Wes Montgomery
- Jerry Moore
- Oscar Moore
- Tony Mottola
- Joe Pass
- Les Paul
- Baden Powell
- Joe Puma
- Jimmy Raney
- Howard Roberts
- Sal Salvador
- Bola Sete
- Johnny Smith
- Les Spann
- Gabor Szabo
- Tommy Tedesco
- George Van Eps
- Al Viola
- Muddy Waters
- Chuck Wayne
- Carl Wilson
- Steve Winwood
- Zalman Yanovsky
- Attila Zoller
- _____

BASS

(Please check one.)

- Don Bagley
- Norman Bates
- Joe Benjamin
- Keter Betts
- Walter Booker
- Ronnie Boykins
- Ray Brown
- Monty Budwig
- Lawrence Burgan
- Joe Byrd
- Red Callender
- Ron Carter
- Paul Chambers
- Gene Cherico
- Buddy Clark
- Joe Comfort
- Bob Cranshaw
- Bill Crow
- Art Davis
- Richard Davis
- George Duvivier
- Richard Evans
- Pops Foster
- Johnny Frigo
- Jimmy Garrison
- Eddie Gomez
- Charlie Haden
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Milt Hinton
- Major Holley
- Chuck Israels
- David Izenzon
- Chubby Jackson
- Sam Jones

- Bill Lee
- Cecil McBee
- Charles Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Whitey Mitchell
- Joe Mondragon
- Monk Montgomery
- Sebastian Neto
- Gary Peacock
- N. H. Pedersen
- Mike Rubin
- Howard Rumsey
- Eddie Safranski
- Arvell Shaw
- Andy Simpkins
- Slam Stewart
- Al Stinson
- Steve Swallow
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Miroslav Vitos
- Wilbur Ware
- Buster Williams
- Gene Wright
- El Dee Young
- _____

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- Dave Bailey
- Donald Bailey
- Danny Barcelona
- Ray Bauduc
- Louis Bellson
- Hal Blaine
- Art Blakey
- Willie Bobo
- Larry Bunker
- Frank Butler
- Frank Capp
- Gary Chester
- Kenny Clarke
- Cozy Cole
- Alan Dawson
- Frankie Dunlop
- Bobby Durham
- Nick Fatool
- Al Foster
- Vernel Fournier
- Sonny Greer
- Chico Hamilton
- Jake Hanna
- Louis Hayes
- Roy Haynes
- Red Holt
- Stix Hooper
- Phil Humphries
- Ron Jefferson
- Elvin Jones
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Rufus Jones
- Connie Kay
- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Pete LaRoca
- Sam Lay
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- Joe Morello
- Sunny Murray

- Sandy Nelson
- Sonny Payne
- Walter Perkins
- Charlie Persip
- Bill Quinn
- Buddy Rich
- Max Roach
- Mickey Roker
- Zutty Singleton
- Jack Sperling
- Ringo Starr
- Grady Tate
- Ed Thigpen
- George Wettling
- Tony Williams
- Sam Woodyard
- _____

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- Roy Ayers, *vibes*
- Booker T., *organ*
- Harvey Brooks, *electric bass*
- Ray Brown, *cello*
- Milt Buckner, *organ*
- Larry Bunker, *vibes*
- Gary Burton, *vibes*
- Paul Butterfield, *harmonica*
- Candido, *bongos*
- Ornette Coleman, *violin*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- Buddy DeFranco, *bass clarinet*
- Leo Diamond, *harmonica*
- Walter Dickerson, *vibes*
- Don Elliott, *vibes, mellophone*
- Art Farmer, *Flügelhorn*
- Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- Jesse Fuller, *harmonica*
- Denny Gerrard, *electric bass*
- Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- Barry Goldberg, *organ*
- Justin Gordon, *flute*
- Earl Grant, *organ*
- Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- George Harrison, *sitar*
- Groove Holmes, *organ*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Bobby Hutcherson, *vibes*
- Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- Percy James, *bongos*
- Pete Jolly, *accordion*
- Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch, flute*
- Al Kooper, *organ*
- Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Billy Larkin, *organ*
- Prince Lasha, *flute*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute, oboe*
- Lane Lederer, *double clarinet*
- Charles Lloyd, *flute*
- Arthur Lyman, *vibes*
- Johnny Lytle, *vibes*
- Mike Mainieri, *vibes*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- Paul McCartney, *electric bass*
- Gary McFarland, *vibes*
- Bud Montgomery, *vibes*

- James Moody, *flute*
- Joe Mooney, *accordion*
- Ray Nance, *violin*
- Red Norvo, *vibes*
- Don Patterson, *organ*
- Bill Perkins, *flute*
- Dave Pike, *vibes*
- Pony Poindexter, *soprano sax*
- Seldon Powell, *flute*
- Ragu, *South Indian drums*
- Emil Richards, *vibes*
- Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- Bob Rosengarden, *bongos*
- Willie Ruff, *French horn*
- Mongo Santamaria, *bongos*
- Shirley Scott, *organ*
- John Sebastian, *harmonica*
- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Ravi Shankar, *sitar*
- Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- Ray Starling, *mellophonium*
- Jeremy Steig, *flute*
- Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- Frank Wess, *flute*
- _____

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- David Allen
- Mose Allison
- Ed Ames
- Eric Anderson
- Louis Armstrong
- Charles Aznavour
- Marty Ballin
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Brook Benton
- Chuck Berry
- Bobby Bland
- Pat Boone
- James Brown
- Oscar Brown, Jr.
- Eric Burdon
- Solomon Burke
- Ray Charles
- Lou Christie
- Wayne Cochran
- Earl Coleman
- Perry Como
- Arthur Conley
- James Cotton
- Bing Crosby
- Vic Damone
- Bobby Darin
- Sammy Davis Jr.
- Matt Dennis
- Johnny Desmond
- Fats Domino
- Donovan
- Bob Dorough
- Frank D'Rone
- Bob Dylan
- Billy Eckstine
- Sleepy John Estes
- Eddie Fisher
- Eddie Floyd
- Lowell Fulson
- John Gary

- Marvin Gaye
- João Gilberto
- Buddy Greco
- Roy Hamilton
- Tim Hardin
- Johnny Hartman
- Richie Havens
- Clancy Hayes
- Bobby Hebb
- Bill Henderson
- Jon Hendricks
- Jimi Hendrix
- Al Hibbler
- John Lee Hooker
- Lightnin' Hopkins
- Engelbert Humperdinck
- Bernard Ito
- Walter Jackson
- Mick Jagger
- Cornelius James
- Johnny Janis
- Jack Jones
- B. B. King
- Frankie Laine
- Steve Lawrence
- Trini Lopez
- Dean Martin
- Al Martino
- Johnny Mathis
- John Mayall
- Paul McCartney
- Scott McKenzie
- Roger Miller
- Chad Mitchell
- Matt Monro
- Joe Mooney
- Mark Murphy
- Johnny Nash
- Fred Neil
- Phil Ochs
- Roy Orbison
- Jackie Paris
- Wilson Pickett
- Gene Pitney
- King Pleasure
- Elvis Presley
- Arthur Prysock
- Tom Rapp
- Lou Rawls
- Otis Redding
- Jimmy Reed
- Little Richard
- Johnny Rivers
- Tommy Roe
- Jimmy Rushing
- Mitch Ryder
- Crispian St. Peters
- John Sebastian
- Jack Sheldon
- Frank Sinatra
- Percy Sledge
- Otis Spann
- Billy Stewart
- Joe Tex
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Turner
- Jerry Vale
- Frankie Valli
- Adam Wade
- Muddy Waters
- Junior Wells
- Andy Williams
- Joe Williams

- Jackie Wilson
- Jimmy Witherspoon
- Stevie Wonder
- _____

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- Lorez Alexandria
- Amanda Ambrose
- Nancy Ames
- Ernestine Anderson
- Claire Austin
- Joan Bacz
- Pearl Bailey
- La Vern Baker
- Mac Barnes
- Joy Bryan
- Jackie Cain
- Lana Cantrell
- Vikki Carr
- Diahann Carroll
- Betty Carter
- June Christy
- Petula Clark
- Chris Connor
- Damita Jo
- Doris Day
- Jackie De Shannon
- Cass Elliott
- Ethel Ennis
- Marianne Faithfull
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Connie Francis
- Aretha Franklin
- Judy Garland
- Gale Garnett
- Astrud Gilberto
- Lesley Gore
- Eydie Gormé
- Shirley Horn
- Lena Horne
- Helen Humes
- Lurlean Hunter
- Janis Ian
- Mahalia Jackson
- Etta James
- Janis Joplin
- Sheila Jordan
- Lainie Kazan
- Beverly Kelly
- Morgana King
- Teddi King
- Eartha Kitt
- Irene Kral
- Peggy Lee
- Ketty Lester
- Barbara Lewis
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Gloria Lynne
- Miriam Makeba
- Marilyn Maye
- Barbara McNair
- Carmen McRae
- Helen Merrill
- Sandy Miller
- Marian Montgomery
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Anita O'Day
- Patti Page
- Sandy Posey
- Sue Raney
- Della Reese

- Irene Reid
- Ann Richards
- Mavis Rivers
- Annie Ross
- Dinah Shore
- Nina Simone
- Nancy Sinatra
- Grace Slick
- Carol Sloane
- Jennie Smith
- Keely Smith
- Joanie Sommers
- Jeri Southern
- Dusty Springfield
- Jo Stafford
- Dakota Staton
- Barbra Streisand
- Carla Thomas
- Pat Thomas
- Big Mama Thornton
- Teri Thornton
- Diana Trask
- Leslie Uggams
- Sarah Vaughan
- Carol Ventura
- Dionne Warwick
- Patty Waters
- Mary Wells
- Margaret Whiting
- Lee Wiley
- Nancy Wilson
- _____

- Jazz Crusaders
- Elvin Jones Quartet
- Wynton Kelly Trio
- Barney Kessel Quartet
- Roland Kirk Quartet
- Lee Konitz—Marshall Brown Quartet
- Gene Krupa Quartet
- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- Lighthouse All-Stars
- Charles Lloyd Quartet
- Herbie Mann Sextet
- Shelly Manne and his Men
- Toshiko Mariano Quartet
- Les McCann Ltd.
- Jack McDuff Combo
- Marian McPartland Trio
- Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop
- Mitchell-Ruff Trio
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Thelonious Monk Quartet
- Wes Montgomery Trio
- Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- Red Norvo Quintet
- Oscar Peterson Trio
- André Previn Trio
- Quartette Très Bien
- Max Roach Quintet
- Sonny Rollins Trio
- George Russell Sextet
- Pee Wee Russell All-Stars
- Tony Scott Quartet
- Bola Sete Trio
- Bud Shank Quartet
- George Shearing Quintet
- Archie Shepp Quartet
- Horace Silver Quintet
- Jimmy Smith Trio
- Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs
- Cecil Taylor Quintet
- Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet
- Three Sounds
- Cal Tjader Quintet
- Ventures
- Jr. Walker and the All-Stars
- Teddy Wilson Trio
- Kai Winding Quintet
- Paul Winter Sextet
- _____

- Clancy Bros. & Tommy Makem
- Dave Clark Five
- Coasters
- Country Joe and the Fish
- Cream
- Crystals
- Spencer Davis Group
- Doors
- Double Six of Paris
- Everly Brothers
- Fifth Dimension
- Five Stairsteps
- Four Freshmen
- Four Lads
- Four Seasons
- Four Tops
- Fugs
- Glories
- Grateful Dead
- Happenings
- Herman's Hermits
- Hi-Lo's
- Hollies
- Ian & Sylvia
- Ike & Tina Turner
- Impressions
- Ink Spots
- Tommy James and the Shondells
- Jay and the Americans
- Jefferson Airplane
- Truman Johnson Singers
- Anita Kerr Singers
- King Sisters
- Kingston Trio
- Kinks
- Lovin' Spoonful
- Mamas and the Papas
- Johnny Mann Singers
- Martha and the Vandellas
- Marvelettes

- Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66
- Mills Brothers
- Mitchell Trio
- Moby Grape
- Modernaires
- Monkees
- Mothers of Invention
- Music Explosion
- New Christy Minstrels
- Paupers
- Peaches and Herb
- Pearls Before Swine
- Peter and Gordon
- Peter, Paul & Mary
- Platters
- Pozo-Seco Singers
- Procol Harum
- Raelets
- Paul Revere and the Raiders
- Righteous Brothers
- Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
- Rolling Stones
- Sam and Dave
- Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs
- Seekers
- Simon and Garfunkel
- Sonny and Chér
- Spanky and Our Gang
- Staple Singers
- Kirby Stone Four
- Supremes
- Swingle Singers
- Temptations
- Tremeloes
- Clara Ward Singers
- Who
- Yardbirds
- Youngbloods
- Young Rascals
- _____

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO
(Please check one.)

- Cannonball Adderley Sextet
- Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass
- Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- Al Belletto Quartet
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- Booker T. and the MG's
- Dave Brubeck Quartet
- Gary Burton Quartet
- Charlie Byrd Trio
- Barbara Carroll Trio
- Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet
- Cy Coleman Trio
- Ornette Coleman Quartet
- Miles Davis Quintet
- Martin Denny Group
- Bill Doggett and Combo
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Don Ellis Sextet
- Bill Evans Trio
- Art Farmer Quintet
- Firehouse Five plus Two
- Erroll Garner Quartet
- Stan Getz Quartet
- Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- Jimmy Giuffre Quartet
- The Godz
- Benny Goodman Sextet
- Urbie Green Septet
- Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet
- Vince Guaraldi Trio
- Chico Hamilton Combo
- John Handy Quintet
- Hampton Hawes Trio
- Earl Hines Quartet
- Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- Groove Holmes Trio
- Ahmad Jamal Trio

VOCAL GROUP
(Please check one.)

- Andy & the Bey Sisters
- Association
- Beach Boys
- Beatles
- Bee Gees
- Big Brother and the Holding Company
- Blues Project
- Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart
- Brothers Four
- Buckingham
- Buffalo Springfield
- Paul Butterfield Blues Band
- Byrds
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- Canned Heat
- Chad and Jeremy
- Ray Charles Singers

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALL OF FAME

(Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected—Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra—are not eligible.)

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

- BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (BIG BAND)

- BEST INSTRUMENTAL LP (FEWER THAN EIGHT PIECES)

- BEST VOCAL LP

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

ARLO, GREAT WHITE HUNTER, at midnight, poked a bored finger (attached to a bored hand attached to a bored arm attached to a bored Arlo) toward Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll. It could not be said there was viciousness or even vindictiveness in the movement. But as Von Clausewitz said in Volume II of *Vom Kriege*, any positive action, even if ultimately incorrect, is better than indecision and no action at all. Fred and Madeleine were feigning animosity for each other as Arlo poked the OFF button.

They faded, it was still midnight, and Arlo was horny. So he decided to go shopping.

As a follow-up decision, he decided—since he was going to be in a supermarket anyway—to check the kitchen cabinets, to see what staples were vanishing.

Then he put on his stretch Levis and a Swiss velour, went out to his dusty eight-year-old Austin-Healey, headed for the statistically luckiest 24-hour supermarket, the Hollywood Ranch Market, and went to Vine Street.

Arlo, Great White Hunter, at midnight plus ten.

. . . .

He trundled the cart, with the left rear wheel that did not revolve, up and down the aisles for a while, noting Signs of the Times and the Advancement of Man As Seen in His Artifacts:

Civilization's greatest achievement—Saran Wrap—now came in a roll package with knobs (continued on page 179)

would you do it for A PENNY?

*it looked like a sleeping
pill and bed for arlo,
the great white hunter;
then he spotted the girl
in the supermarket,
and the chase was on*

fiction by **HARLAN ELLISON
AND HASKELL BARKIN**



ILLUSTRATION BY ETIENNE DELESSERT

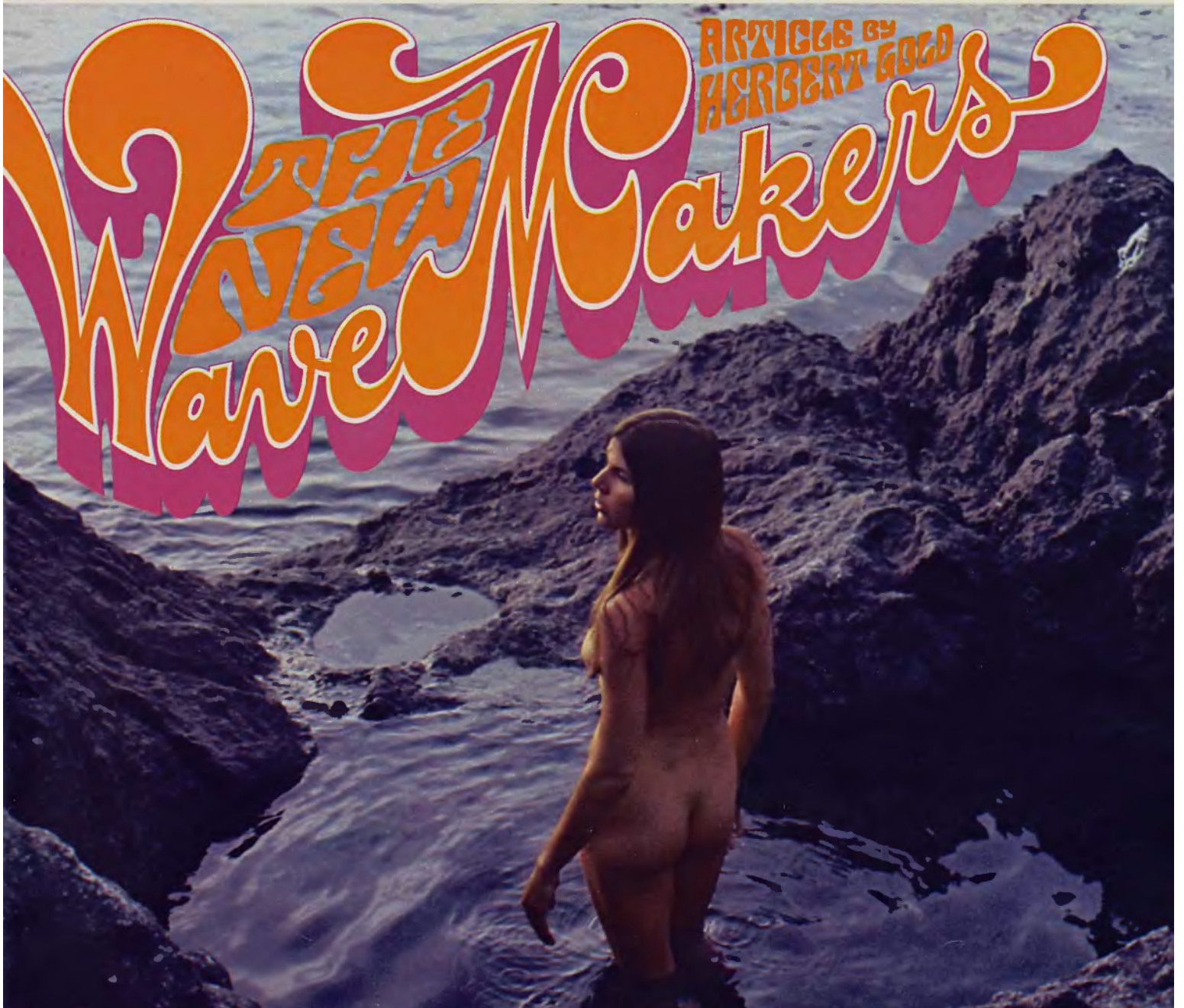


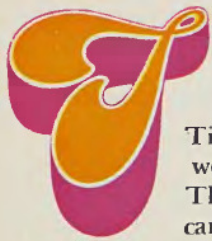


The intersection of Haight and Ashbury Streets in San Francisco is the pulsating epicenter for the hippie shocks that have been felt throughout the world. Gurus Allen Ginsberg and Timothy Leary (center left) embrace at a be-in. The poet has made an easy transition from angry beatnik to joyous elder hippie and Leary has become more mystically involved in his experiments with hallucinogens. Lysergic acid diethylamide—"acid"—has advanced from the unreliable sugar-cube stage and can now be easily obtained in pills of uniform dosage (left).

a sympathetic portrait of those far-out and fanciful west coast hippies, diggers and new leftniks who spark the action on today's youth scene—and generate bemused consternation among their elders

Two Flower Children (below left) set the tone for this most gentle of insurrections. Myriad blossoms bedeck the hair, clothes, cars and homes of the psychedelic set, and the kids eagerly bestow bouquets on members of the square world—most notably the fuzz, tourists and local businessmen. A celebrant (below) communes with light and air and water in the breath-taking Big Sur country of northern California. The peaceful privacy of the area has attracted the more meditative hippie groups that practice Eastern-flavored religious rites.





HERE SEEMED TO BE NO AIRPLANE. There was just this parachutist sailing down through a cloudless sky. His face was masked. His chute was decorated with psychedelic-ecstatic colors. And below him, as he sailed so free, 20,000 grokkers said Ooh and Ah.

The occasion was the first Human Be-in on the Polo Field of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Tim Leary and Allen Ginsberg were there, the Hell's Angels were there, the Berkeley New Left politicians were there, the *Provolike* Diggers were there. There were children and parents, on a fine January day. There were banners, flags, costumes, drums, incense, chimes, many San Francisco rock bands, feathers, candles, heads and nonheads, families, lovers, heroes, animals, cymbals and symbols.

What was the cause? Just to grok and groove.

The police were absent. The crowd danced and played and loved each other all afternoon, and then Allen told them to pick up their litter and they did and then they went home. Nearby, the lawyer who represents the Hell's Angels in their continual hassling with the police was engaged in a rugby match, his legal talents unneeded. The Diggers passed out free food. Smiles and pats and kidding. Twenty thousand participants in the "Powwow, a Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-in" remember this as a causeless, meaningless and beautiful moment in their lives. A kind of history was truly made, an ecstasy, a memory of ecstasy and no police and no litter.

The whole thing was the conception of a couple of supergroovy wave makers. There have been succeeding episodes, and why not? All those bodies willing to be nice and knowing now, really knowing.

Where are these wave makers leading themselves and us? Should we follow? How can we follow? How can we *not* follow? How can we follow and not follow, all at once, picking up our litter?

. . . .

FREAKY DOINGS DOWN ON EARTH, WHICH IS ONE OF YOUR TOP TEN PLANETS. Why add "the wave makers," another instant cliché, to the churning mass of language? Do we need another bumper sticker, another button, another dirge or snigger for the funny doings of the people who make the action? It is a matter of focus. After all, what are we standing on—peanut-butter-flavored yogurt? These are the people who are floating up all sorts of alien kicks through the rock-'n'-moil air. Some of them are developing products that will quickly be disposed of—rockets, missiles and youth itself. Some of them are working on a style of drugged psychedelic expansion or tripping with music and dancing and natural ease. "The Rise of the Ugliers" would tell the story of the beards and the Goodwill Industry clothes and the haircut boycotts, except that the ugliers are not ugly. Their charm comes in lumps, but it is charm all the same.

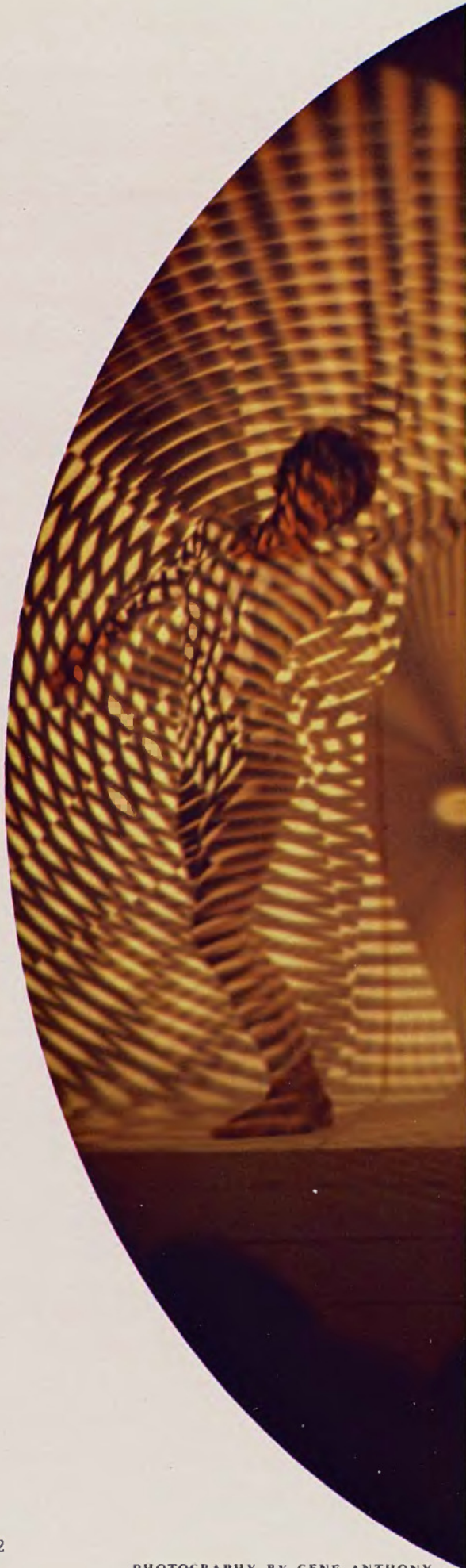
They are spontaneous. "I used to live with *him*," says the girl at a party, pointing across the room to a guitarist, "but now I live with *him*," as her finger crooks two ways southward toward a bearded postman, who is sleeping with his head

From New York's Tompkins Square to San Francisco's Golden Gate Park (below), the love-in is continuous and each ecstatic celebrant is the Wizard of his own Oz. The hippie's environment is total and McLuhanistic—he takes from it anything that will aid his daily flights of freak-out fancy. The range of dress and activities is unlimited and a child's bubbles (below right) can instantly provide a fragile, ephemeral sculpture whose floating grace captivates a joyful and eagerly enchanted crowd.



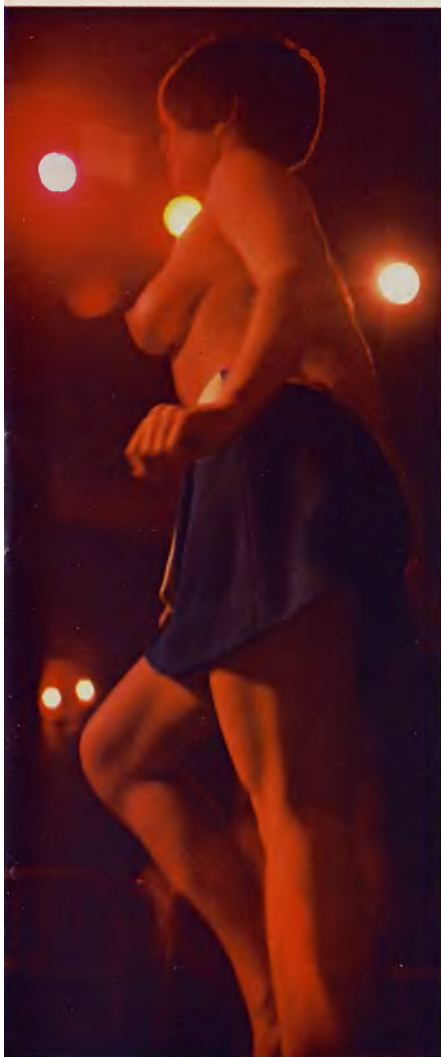
In fantasyland, the well-dressed voyager is psychedelically correct to the tip of his umbrella. Even more dazzling is the Day-Glo bus of San Francisco's Merry Pranksters. (The emblem on the flag represents a marijuana leaf.) A maiden (right) grooves in flowery meditation. The warlike symbols of the Hell's Angels (bottom) stimulated the garish sartorial style of the hippies. The stolid personage (bottom right) is Pigpen, percussionist for The Grateful Dead and a trend-setter in his own right.







The prismatic frenzy of a light show at San Francisco State College (far left) counterpoints the improvised undulations of a nude coed. Ravi Shankar, whose music has influenced the Beatles, brings the good vibrations of his sensuous sitar playing to the Monterey Pop Festival. Also at the festival was a rock group (above) obviously weary of the name game that has obsessed West Coast ensembles—this one called *The Group with No Name*. Dancers (below right) do their thing in the heady atmosphere of the Fillmore Auditorium. A young hippie girl (below left) goes into temporary exile in the alien topless world to earn some bread.



on his mail sack. It is probably filled with Social Security checks. "Do you have a bicycle?"

"Yes."

"How many speeds?"

"Nine. It's Italian."

She absorbs this interesting data with gleaming eyes. Nine speeds is such a help getting up hills. "Would you like me to live with you?" she inquires. "Just for the weekend, I mean; it's such a drag making plans. But I do so love a man with nine different speeds."

They don't want to be up tight. They don't want to be brought down. They don't throw stones. They float out of the sky and keep the messy airplane out of sight.

Their older brothers and sisters were called beatniks, but the youths have other names now. The *Zazzeroni* of Italy, the *Raggaren* of Stockholm, the *Provos* of Holland, the *Ladybugs* of the Soviet Union, the *Chuligans* of Czechoslovakia, the *Halbstarke* of Austria, the *Gammer* of Germany, the *Gamberros* of Spain are all their cousins. An International is being created, with students and wandering loafers and the nervous-breakdown people and the remittance men and a few draft dodgers providing a network of communication; plus rumors, the telemouth; plus the conditions of industrialization and hard fear of war and disgust with mass culture that are settling over the Western world. "Arise, ye prisoners of affluence, arise ye processed of the earth—" They let hair and beards grow, they find God or godlessness (fanatic atheism is very close to religion), they seek out motorcycles and electronic music, they get high in a thousand different ways, they like leather and/or flowers, they question the traditional forms of work, they question (text continued on page 140)





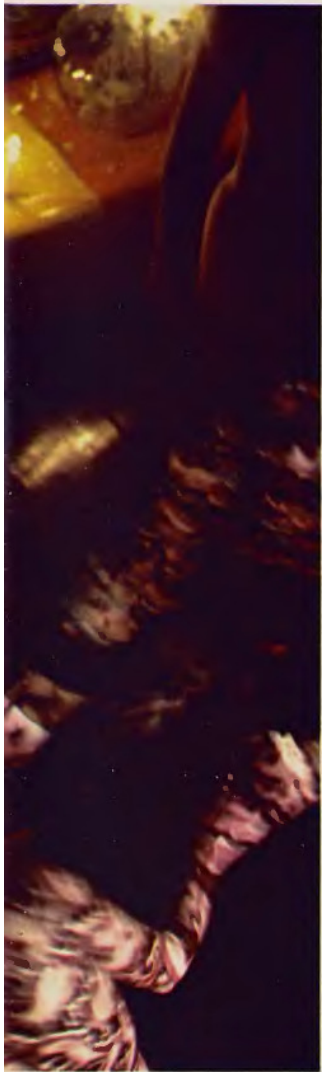
Pot is the staple of the hippie diet and it is usually a shared pleasure, as in this Los Angeles pad (far left). Religious eclecticism—stressing Eastern meditation and primitive Christian communality—is evident in the “soul-touching” trance attained by a young Haight-Ashbury painter and his wife (left). The beads he is wearing are the one necessary adornment in the acid culture: In them, the artist presumably finds the inner light that enhances self-illumination and inspires creativity.

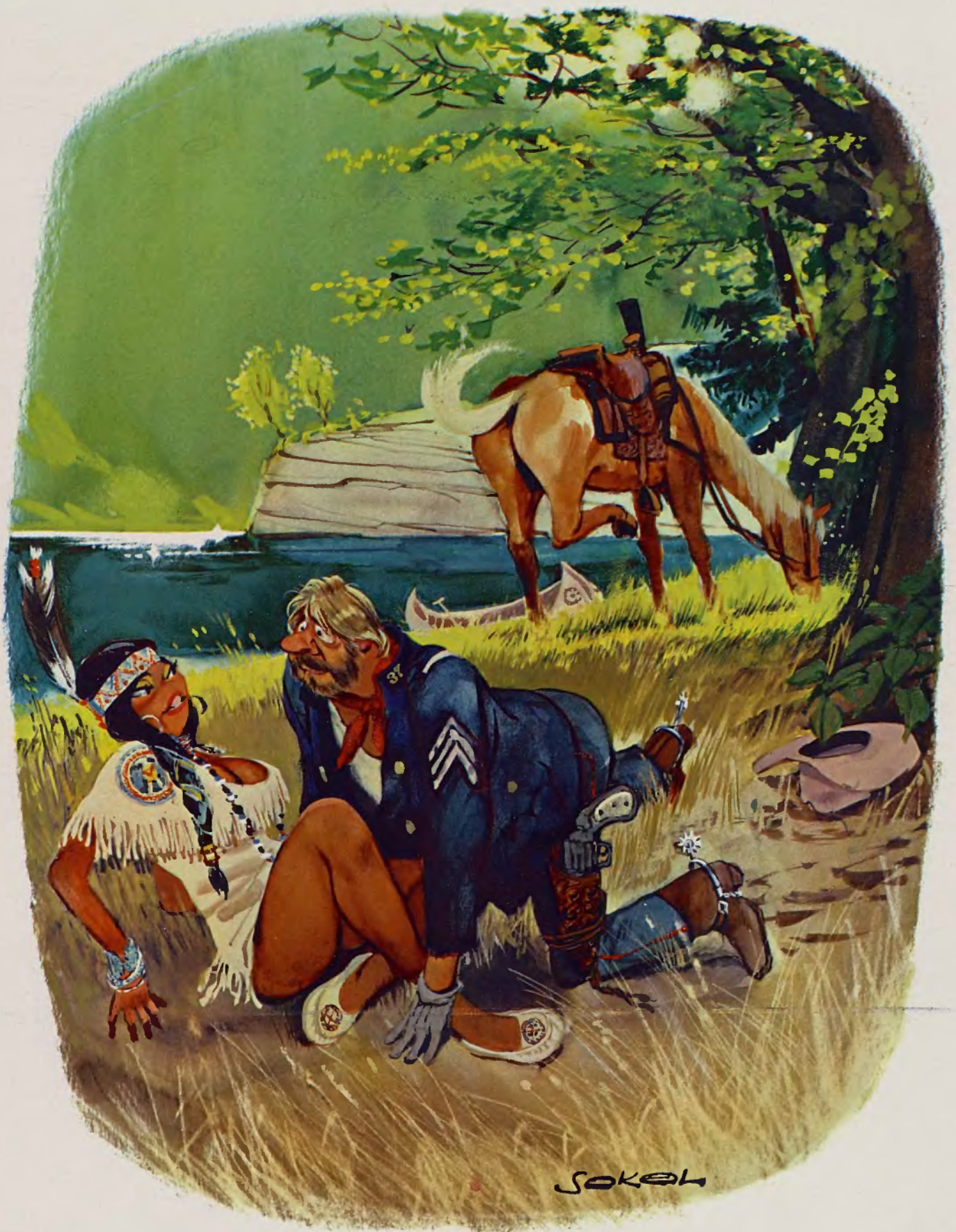


Physical exuberance is the kick at the free beach (left) in San Gregorio, California. There are neither rules nor membership requirements for joining in the fun, and the Free Beach Movement is healthy and thriving, with new areas for nudeniks opening all along the sunny West Coast. A paisley paint-in (above) precedes uninhibited swinging at a party in San Francisco.

Unabashed nudity, ear-zapping acid-rock, strobe lights and redolent incense provide a total mind blast at a party in the inner regions of Psychedelphia (right). The extreme energy input produces a fuse-blowing electrification of the senses. "A complete turn-on. It's absolute ...pure wipe-out!" says one girl participant. "It's like an orgasm, but it lasts longer. This is life, everything else is death." The increasing ubiquity of the sitar as a hippie instrument is evident at another party (below). The hippie-discovered psychedelic vividness of the American flag is demonstrated at a Trips Festival in San Francisco. The festival was an indoor version of a be-in, the only difference being that stroboscopic light pulsations replaced the sun as a source of psychic energy. A San Francisco couple (far right) strolls the Hashbury streets in the early dawn. The boy's jacket reflects the all-embracing leitmotif of the hippies: Love—spiritual, physical and nonpossessive love—is The Answer. They say they seek a world that is free of and unfettered by money, rules or cops. As the Beatles tell it, they want to go down to Strawberry Fields Forever, where "nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about."







"White man kisses with forked tongue!"

the lust of the holy man

Ribald Classic

from a Tibetan
folk tale

ONE MAY MORNING, a comely Tibetan maiden was walking along a mountain path on her way to a distant market. Noticing a figure sitting beside the road and remembering her mother's warnings about the impulsiveness of men, she hesitated. But then, observing by his red robe and belled hat that he was a monk, she felt she had nothing to fear and went forward, only bowing her head in recognition of his holiness.

What was her surprise, then, as she drew abreast of him, when the holy man suddenly fixed his burning gaze upon her and, leaping up, seized her in his emaciated arms! Without a word, he threw her down onto a bank of mountain flowers, flung up her skirt and prepared to make on her virgin body a mighty assault!

However, the girl was sturdy and the holy man, from long fasting, was lean as a mountain tree. She managed to tear herself from his frenzied clasp and ran back down the path to her home.

There she panted out her story to her mother and to the neighbors who crowded around. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Dugpa, the young yak driver who was desperate to marry her. He had been refused by her parents as not well-to-do enough; but the burning love in his eyes had fanned her feelings and she dreamed of being held in his strong arms. Now she was pleased to see the indignation mounting in a red flush along his high, tanned cheekbones.

But her mother's indignation was different. Instead of the praise the girl expected for her hearty defense of her virtue, she met condemnation. "He was a holy man! Inspired by God! You should have done whatever he wished! Now go back up the path and tell him that whatever he wishes, you will do!"

The girl hesitated, protesting, and while she and her mother argued, Dugpa slipped out of sight. Then he ran furiously up the path along the mountain till he saw the holy man. At whatever cost to his soul, he was prepared to prevent the monk's seizing the treasure he had so long coveted for himself.

The red-robed figure was again seated, motionless, as the girl had described. Dugpa bowed hastily. "O holy one," he cried, "if the maiden returns, what will you do?"

"Nothing," the holy man replied calmly.

"But—you seized her—you wanted—"

"It is too late now," said the holy one. "When she first came up the path, I perceived the spirit of our former lama passing through the air. Unfortunately, he died without mastering the disciplines of his rank. Such a man cannot control the conditions of his rebirth. His restless spirit is drawn irresistibly into the womb to be born again when two creatures in his presence come together in sexual union. From compassion, I wished to provide him with a suitable reincarnation. But alas—when the girl fled, a couple of jackasses met on the path and copulated. The divine moment passed. It is now too late—"

"Too late!" the young lover cried joyfully. His maiden was safe. But the monk would tell her what had happened—and to be replaced by a jackass— Surely that was too much for any proud-spirited girl to bear!



"Too late for the wandering spirit," Dugpa cried, "but not too late for me! O holy one! Would you grant me a favor? In return I will supply you with yak butter and tea for a month! Only trade clothes with me for half an hour and meditate a little farther away?"

Perhaps the holy one would have refused, but the youth was large and strong. In any event, in only a few minutes, their clothes were indeed exchanged, and a different monk sat motionless, dust smeared on his face under the wide-brimmed hat.

Meantime, the maid came back up the path, at first slowly, both terrified and tempted by the thought of familial and divine sanction for an act she had secretly dreamed about. When she came near the place where she had left the holy one, she was almost running. Suppose, in his despair, he was already gone! But there he sat, in the same spot, in the same position of meditation as when she had seen him first, face hidden by his hat. She slowed her steps and at last stood before him, head modestly lowered.

"O holy one," she murmured, "I have returned. I am your servant. Do whatever your spirit impels you to do."

What his spirit impelled him to do was to bear her down onto the bank of mountain flowers—but this time with so much vigor that even if she had resisted, she would have been powerless. She did not resist—and feeling but a short pain and a mounting pleasure, she sent up a prayer of thanks for the wise counsel of her mother. The bells on his hat rang merrily—till at last it fell from his head.

It was only then, when their bliss was complete, that she recognized, through the sweat-streaked dust on his face and by the springing black hair now revealed, the features of her long-dreamed-about lover.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I thought you were the holy man!"

Then, since she had been trained to truthfulness, she added softly, "I am glad you are not—for if you had been, I would no doubt have encountered you one time only."

The yak driver smiled and proceeded to prove to her that one encounter was the furthest thing from his thoughts.

At last, spent and dreamy-eyed, she returned to her home and recounted the tale of the need of the wandering spirit, as Dugpa had instructed her to do.

Since, as a result, she was no doubt pregnant with a future lama, her parents decided that it was only fitting that she be married. And since Dugpa was the only available contender, they withdrew their objections to his suit. So she and Dugpa stood beneath the marriage canopy.

Nine months later, she was delivered of a strong and well-formed boy. When the child was three years old, he was put to the test by the monks traveling the land in search of a successor to the deceased lama. It is strange, but true, that this child picked out the former lama's possessions unerringly from a great assortment of objects, and thus was hailed as the new lama.

What the jackass delivered, no man has yet recorded.



(continued from page 133)

property and making out, they question their parents bitterly, they look for their brother and sister souls. In many different ways and with no great unity of action—this is not an organized movement—they are making ripples and waves from which even their elders are learning. Their styles catch on. What they emulate is being emulated by their elders. They are tuning in and they are taking over.

If a capsule signal is needed for what the wave makers are turning against in the world of their fathers, it can be found in a paragraph from a column written in Vietnam by Stewart Alsop for *The Saturday Evening Post*, January 7, 1967:

"We've killed a lot of friendly people, and I'm real sorry," said a sad-faced American colonel who is an advisor to the Vietnamese army here. "But, like Sherman said, 'War is hell.'"

The wave makers are not content with Sherman's famous remark. They may want to do nothing more about the war in Vietnam than evade it themselves, but it feeds their sense that a take-over generation—theirs—is required.

Student revolts are a serious matter, with political implications, meaning to change our ways about race, Vietnam, the abstract, hard-edged quality of education, the troubles of work. The revolutionists ask: What are we training for? *Why?* They express the post-Kennedy slump in national morale. Where are we at? Who puts us here? *Why?* Time passes, we grow old and die; or perhaps no time passes and we die anyway—is that all? *Why?* What mean your duties, moralities, wars? Where are we at, old folks? Your way is unplugged.

For some, it's simply good to get back at Mommy and Daddy, or to revive the old Marxism of that prehistory, the Thirties, or to put panty raids and Castro in the same Savio blender. They are all decent law-evading people.

The rules of habit, tradition and authority are eroded. The threats that kept those rules in force—the punishment of God, pregnancy or disinheritance—have been eliminated by the dimming out of religion, the pill and the erosion of the old family structures. One of the dangers of the new youth style is formation of what critic Harold Rosenberg has called "the herd of independent minds." The opportunity, however, is to make a new tradition of the tradition of the new.

The beatniks of ten years ago seemed to be triumphantly the victims of all they surveyed. They dropped out arrogantly; they preached poverty, ease, the reign of love and, somewhat stammeringly, creativity. They wore the old clothes, but not

magic clothes. Their hipster opposite numbers dressed sharp but in uniform. If they marched to a different drummer, they all seemed to march to the same old different drummers. Paralyzed by the ideo of Ike, they alternately slumbered and slouched or rode off on wild Dextro-drine highs, bopping a bit, and then returned to mattresses *chez* each other. They were nihilism's Organization Men.

The wave makers are lineal descendants of the Beats, in much the same way that Elizabethan England was composed of the lineal descendants of the Anglo-Saxon berry eaters who painted their rumps blue and lived in trees along about the time Aristophanes was writing his satires on Socrates. Though the word "dropout" has become popular, it is certainly true that the Beats really dropped out in a way that the wave makers have not. They are busy designing clothes, making movies, protesting the civil rights slothfulness and the nonfloating U. S. aircraft carrier that is the peninsula of Vietnam. They have blooming on their minds. They are present in the now. They are sometimes not here when you want them, but at least they are there. They set styles, Carnaby-Mod-Rock, and they capture philosophies—Marshall McLuhan, who plays Polonius to their Hamlets; Dr. Timothy Leary, who plays ghost on the parapets. They are the descendants of the Beats, but with new drugs, new toys, new fads and new sex.

They fill time with movement, space with gadgets, sound with volume and amplification, message with medium.

The traditional Western pattern for both personal lives and the history of a time requires a beginning, a middle and an end. We are born, we struggle, we die. There are climaxes, irregularities, tragic intensities. The circle is completed and then the circle starts afresh. But now, with bombs and fallout and war, with the powerlessness of will in a mass society, life does not seem to be so simply plotted. The pattern has gone peculiar, with paisley spirals and whorls. A new vision has gained a hold on the children. An on-going-with-ness, a stasis, a dropping out of time and a tuning in to perpetuity—these express the alternative ideals out of the East, the tube and history. The vision is not freshly invented. There has always been this element in Christian and Jewish mysticism; in fact, in all mysticisms. But as a popular style, it has taken new roots in the generation now young and active.

The willingness of so many of the most vital and energetic of the young to give up the sense of history, hope for the future, is understandable but unusual. What a French psychologist has called "*la crise d'originalité juvénile*"—"the

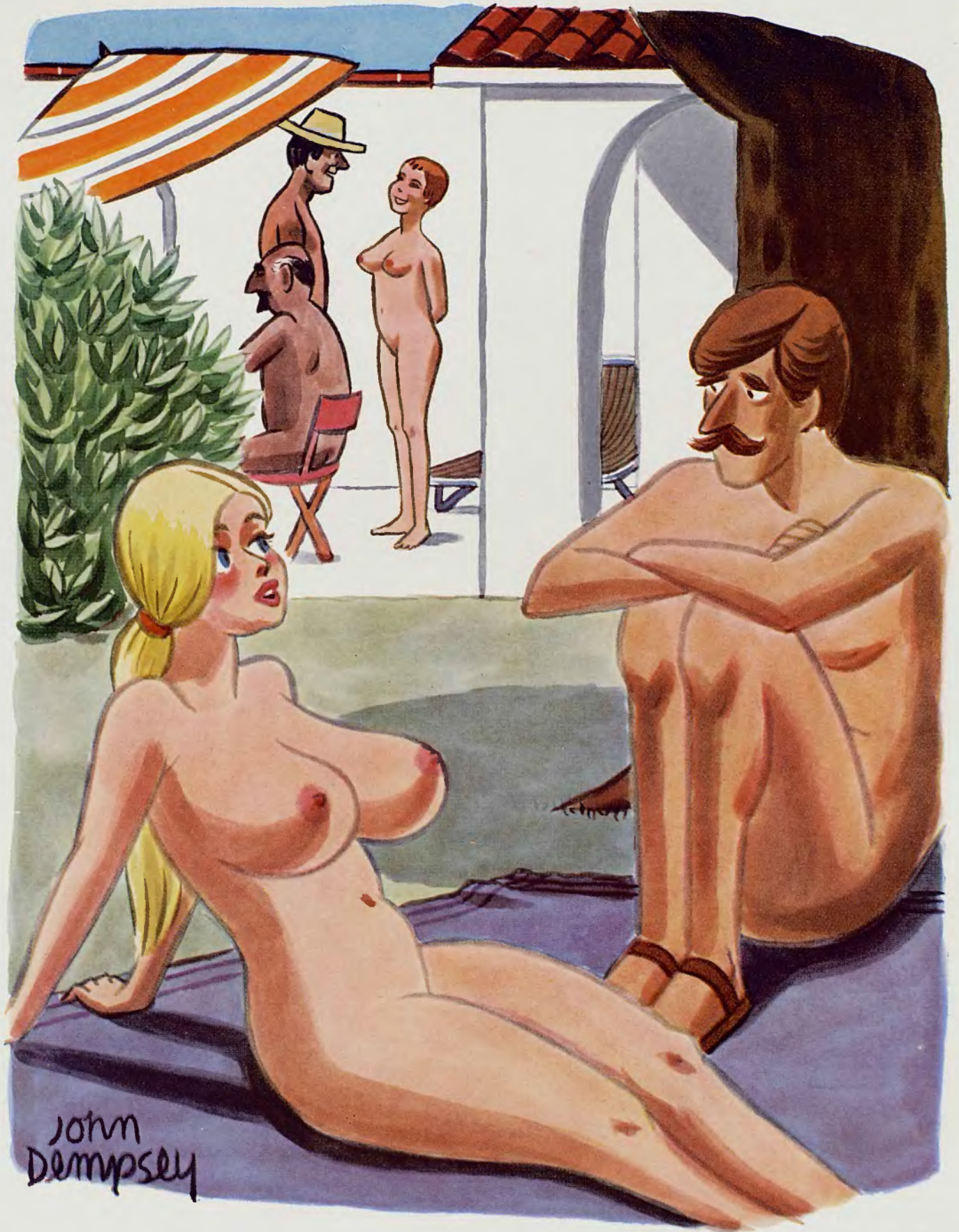
crisis of adolescent originality" used to mean a youthful bursting of the bonds toward new achievements: ambition and lust—and art, money, power, creative expression of personality, hope for society. The *Wanderjahr* of the 19th Century scholar-poet, the adventuring of the troubadour youth, the killing of the father in the primal horde: There are plenty of examples in history and in myth. Change meant *change*, and youth did it. The new psychedelic mode—digging the scene—is an odd reversal of this pattern. But of course the wave makers, those who define the scene, are finding their road to originality, their whorly path homeward to the tradition of novelty.

The Soviet poet Evtushenko's evocation of Mayakovsky's revolver—to kill the conformists, to kill untruth, hatred and cruelty—is also an evocation of that same revolver with which Mayakovsky killed himself. If he hadn't committed suicide, very likely Stalin would have had him murdered. The revolver of Evtushenko and Mayakovsky is the revolver of angry, hasty, wasteful youth; and an echo of it can be found in the name of the Beatle album filled with sweet love songs and ironic nudges: *Revolver*.

The stony hipsters of the slums, the hang-loose protesters of the *status quo*, the wet-eyed psychedelic lovers ("I love! I'm beautiful!") are different in many ways, but they are similar in the hope of grooving and grokking. To groove means to swing; groovy means good, in the swing, with it, *there*. *Grok* is a word from a science-fiction novel by Robert A. Heinlein, *Stranger in a Strange Land*; grok means to dig, to go in calm ecstasy, to relish what is before you. These decent people are eagerly grokking. They don't want to smuggle in or buy illegal marijuana; they want to declare it legal; but in the meantime, they feel they must fight the liquor lobby and help remove the smell of beer from places where men gather. "Junkies" for them are the old folks who accumulate junk out of advertisements; addicts are those who swing with a medicine chest full of pills; the insane are the politicians who run whole populations with fire and bombs; the weird are those whose sexual hang-ups include swift sorties with the girl at the sales convention or the neighbor's wife. The only thing they admit is that these strange and nongroovy people have temporary control of things.

The turbulence of youth is eternal; nothing unique to this fact. Their boiling and trouble accompany all the changes of civilizations, both the creative and the destructive ones. What gives it a special poignancy and risk today is that it has caused a punch-drunk unsteadiness of the balancing older generation. The wave makers seem to be asking the ruling

(continued on page 190)



"The man I marry must be able to think big, Mr. Higby."



Leather accessories to grace your den or study. Counterclockwise from 11 o'clock: Cowhide-covered barometer, from Rigaud, \$100. Cowhide wall covering, from F. Schumacher, available through decorators. Shelf with leather belts, American Designers Galleries, \$75. On shelf: Waxed-cowhide products include: Drink tray, \$10, highball glasses, \$5 each, large tankard, \$11.50, small tankard, \$6, loving cup, \$11.50, and dice cup, \$8.25, all from Tex Tan Welhausen. Below shelf: Waxed-cowhide water/wine pitcher and two-handled drinking pitcher, both from Tex Tan Welhausen, \$35 each. Cowhide-covered ice tongs, \$6, ice bucket, \$35, and crystal decanters in tray, \$42.50, all from Basco. Cowhide footlocker, from Mareddi, \$240. Cowhide book ends, from Basco, \$23.50. Leather custom-bound books include: *The U. S. Mint & Coinage*, \$100, *Cassell's Spanish-English-English-Spanish Dictionary*, \$90, and Audubon's *The Birds of America*, two volumes, \$400, all from St. Crispin Bindery. Elephantskin stool, from Hunting World, \$65. Cowhide-covered attaché case comes equipped with gaming gear and croupier's stick, from Dunhill, \$300. Pigskin footstool, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$70. Handsome cowhide miniatures include: Opel auto, \$15, 1896 Landon cab, \$20, and Western stagecoach, \$30, all from Rigaud. Leopardskin rug, from Hunting World, \$1500. Leather pocket cigar case, from Dunhill, \$4.50. Waxed-cowhide pipe rack, from Tex Tan Welhausen, \$14. Pigskin-covered pipes lined with meerschaum, from Dunhill, \$12.50 each.

the luxury of leather

*versatility combined with
traditional elegance is
the bench mark of
the right honorable hide*



PHOTOGRAPH BY POMPEO POSAR

Cowhide-covered butane table lighter, by Bosca, \$15. Waxed-cowhide-covered ashtray, from Tex Tan Welhausen, \$9. Leather-covered tobacco jar, from Rigaud, \$12.50. Cowhide humidior, from Bosca, \$50. Suede smoking jacket, by Breier of Amsterdam, \$95. Shoehorn with calfskin-covered handle, from Marshall Field & Co., \$9.50. Cowhide dresser organizer, by Bosca, \$27.50. Calfskin address book, from Mark Cross, \$34.50. Cowhide paperweight, by Bosca, \$5. Calfskin note pad with letter opener, \$34.50, desk-and-pocket eyeglass case, \$22, and pen stand with pens, \$55, all from Mark Cross. Double-compartment cigarette/card box in morocco leather and zebraskin, from Hunting World, \$20. Calfskin writing case and desk pad, from Mark Cross, \$70. Cowhide letter-opener case with opener and scissors, by Bosca, \$19.50. Calfskin desk file box, \$55, plus lid with handle, \$20, both from Mark Cross. Leather-covered liquor case, with reproduction of antique map on lid, glasses included, from Loyal Gift Products, \$55. Waxed-cowhide umbrella stand, from Tex Tan Welhausen, \$50. Arflex of Milano lounge chair in top-grain cowhide includes reading light, reading stand (not shown), telephone, note pad, ashtray and adjustable side pockets, \$2200, ottoman, \$440 extra, both from Moreddi. Our supple studymate doodles on a cowhide memo pad, by Bosca, \$17.50, while wearing a garment-tanned cowhide hip-hugger outfit, by John Brown, \$85. By her feet is a cowhide and brass magazine stand and/or portable portfolio, made in France, from Rigaud, \$75.

COMPUTERS / THEIR LIMITATIONS

two. When the half-gutted director and his fellow conspirators skulked out of bed the next morning and focused smoldering eyes on their newspapers, they at last recognized the obscure little facts that had saved their professional lives:

An electronic computer, no matter how big or how expensive or how gorgeously bejeweled with flashing lights or how thoroughly crammed with unpronounceable components, is no smarter than the men who use it. Its answers can never be better than the data and formulas that are programed into it. It has no magical insights of its own. Given inadequate data and inexact formulas, it will produce the same wrong answers as a man with an aching head and an adding machine. It will produce them in a more scientific-looking manner, that's all.

Over the past ten years, it has been fashionable to call these great buzzing, clattering machines "brains." Science-fiction writers and Japanese moviemakers have had a lovely time with the idea. Superintelligent machines take over the world! Squish people with deadly squish rays! Hypnotize nubile girls with horrible mind rays, baby! It's all nonsense, of course. A computer is a machine like any other machine. It produces numbers on order. That's all it can do.

Yet computers have been crowned with a halo of exaggerated glamor, and the TV election-predicting circus is a classic example. The Columbia Broadcasting System got into this peculiar business back in 1952, using a Remington Rand Univac. The Univac did well. In 1956, for instance, with 1/27 of the popular vote in at 9:15 P.M., it predicted that Dwight Eisenhower would win with 56 percent of the votes. His actual share turned out to be 57.4 percent, and everybody said, "My, my, what a clever machine!" The Univac certainly was a nicely wrought piece of engineering, one of the two or three fastest and most reliable then existing. But the credit for insight belonged to the political experts and mathematicians who told the Univac what to do. It was they, not the machine, who estimated that if Swampwater County went Democratic by X percent, the odds were Y over Z that the rest of the state would go Democratic by X-plus-N percent. The Univac only did the routine arithmetic.

Which escaped attention. By the 1960s, the U. S. public had the idea that some kind of arcane, unknowable, hyper-human magic was soldered into computers—that a computerized answer was categorically better than a hand-cranked answer. As the TV networks and hundreds of other businesses realized, computers could be used to impress

(continued from page 94)

people. A poll prediction looked much more accurate on computer print-out paper than in human handwriting. But, as became clear at least to a few in 1966, it's the input that counts. Honeywell programming expert Malcolm Smith says: "You feed guesswork into a computer, you get beautiful neat guesswork back out. The machine contains no Automatic Guess Rectifier or Factualizing Whatchamacallit."

The fact is, computers are monumentally dense—"so literal," says Smith, "so inflexible, so flat-footed dumb that it sometimes makes you want to burst into tears." Smith knows, for he spends his life trying to make the great dimwits cogitate. To most people, however, computers are metallic magic, wonderful, tireless, emotionless, infallible brains that will finally solve mankind's every problem. Electronic data processing (EDP) is the great fad of the 1960s and perhaps the costliest fad in history. Companies big and small, universities, Government agencies are tumbling over one another in a gigantic scramble for the benefits of EDP. They believe EDP represents, at last, instant solutions to problems they've wrestled with for decades: problems of information flow, bookkeeping, inventory control. And they're hounded by dreams of status. To have a computer is "in." Even if you're a scruffy little company that nobody ever heard of, you must have a computer. Businessmen meeting at conventions like to drop phrases such as "My EDP manager told me" and "Our programming boys think," and watch the crestfallen looks of uncomputerized listeners.

It's a great business to be in. Computer makers shipped some 8000 machines in 1965 and 13,700 (3.75 billion dollars' worth) in 1966. There are over 30,000 computers at work in the country today and there will be (depending on whose guess you listen to) as many as 100,000 by 1975. It's a boom business in which young salesmen can buy Cadillacs and Porsches, while their college classmates in other professions are still eating canned beans in one-and-a-half-room flats. The salesmen don't need any unusual qualifications to strike it rich: just a two- or three-year apprenticeship, a sincere hard handshake, a radiating awareness of belonging to an elite group and a good memory for a polysyllabic vocabulary. (You don't sell machines; you sell "systems" or "systems concepts," or "integrated functional solid-state logic systems concepts." They seem to cost more that way.)

The salesmen are all business. They sell machines on a severely pragmatic level, maybe exaggerating their prod-

ucts' worth sometimes but, in general, avoiding any unbusinesslike talk about "superbrains." Computer manufacturers as a whole, in fact, avoid such talk. To their credit, they have struggled from the beginning to keep things in perspective, have publicly winced when imaginative journalists compared computers with that odd gray mushy stuff inside the human skull. "Don't call them brains! Please, please don't call them brains!" shouted IBM scientist Dr. Arthur Samuel at a reporter once. "But listen," said the reporter, "don't they—" "No, they don't!" howled Samuel. "Whatever you're going to say they do, they don't!" (Samuel, now at Stanford University, had won unwanted fame for programing an IBM machine to play checkers.) "Computers are just extremely fast idiots," says logician-mathematician Richard Bloch, a former Honeywell vice-president now working with Philadelphia's Auerbach Corporation. Bloch, a lean, dark, ferociously energetic man who smokes cigars incessantly, first tangled with the machines in the early 1940s, when he helped run Harvard University's historic Mark I. "On second thought, 'idiots' is the wrong word. It suggests some innate thinking capacity gone wrong. Computers have no thinking capacity at all. They're just big shiny machines. When will people learn that machines don't think?"

Maybe never, though men like Bloch never tire of saying so. "A computer can multiply umpteen umpteen-digit numbers a second," says Bloch, "but this is only blind manipulation of numbers, not thinking. To think about a problem, you've got to understand it. A computer never understands a problem."

Arthur Samuel, for instance, tells about an early checkers-playing experiment. A British computer was given a simple set of rules in arithmetical form. Among other things, it was told that a king is worth three points, an uncrowned piece one point. It played an ordinary undistinguished game until its human opponent maneuvered a piece within one move of being crowned. Then the machine seemed to go mad.

Somewhere in its buzzing electrical innards, a chain of "reasoning" something like this took place: "Oh, my goodness! If my opponent gets his piece into the king's row, he'll gain a three-point king where he had only a one-point man before. In effect, this means I'll lose two points. What'll I do? (*buzz, buzz . . .*) Ah! I'll sacrifice one of my uncrowned pieces. The rules say he must take my piece if I offer it, and this will force him to use his move and prevent him from getting his man crowned. I'll have lost only one point instead of two!"

So the cunning computer sacrificed a man. The human player took it. The situation was now exactly the same as it

New SALEM SUPER KING!

Extra
length



Refreshes
your taste a
few moments
longer

...and aren't you glad!
New Super King Size Salem
gives you a few moments
more of the famous taste
that's springtime fresh.
It's the one taste worth
making longer. So take
your time...and enjoy it!



had been before, so the computer slyly sacrificed another man. And so on. Piece by piece, the unthinking machine wiped itself out.

The computer had proved itself able to manipulate some of the arithmetical and logical formulas of checkers. But it had failed in one supremely important way. It simply didn't understand the game. It didn't grasp what no human novice ever needs to be told: that the basic object of a game is to win.

The trouble with computers is that they *seem* to be thinking. While cars, lawn mowers and other machines perform easily understood physical tasks, computers seem to be working with abstract thoughts. They aren't, of course; they are only switching electric currents along preordained paths. But they produce answers to questions, and this gives them a weird brainlike quality.

People expect too much of them, as a result, and this seriously worries some scientists. The late Norbert Wiener, coiner of the term "cybernetics," was particularly worried about the increasing use of computers in military decision making. Referring to machines that can manipulate the logical patterns of a game without understanding it, he once wrote that computers could win some future nuclear war "on points . . . at the cost of every interest we have at heart." He conjured up a nightmarish vision of a giant computer printing out "WAR WON: ASSIGNMENT COMPLETED . . ." and then shutting itself down, never to be used again, because there were no men left on earth to use it.

Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara has hinted at similar worries in the years-long argument about our famous (but so far nonexistent) Nike-X missile-defense system. Neither full-fledged hawk nor dove, McNamara favors a leisurely and limited building of Nike bases. He wants the U.S. to have some defense against a possible Russian or Chinese ballistic-missile attack, but he fears that an all-out missile-building program will involve us in a ghastly game of nuclear leapfrog with the Soviets—the two sides alternately jumping ahead of each other in countermeasures and counter-countermeasures until the radioactive end. One trouble with missile and anti-missile systems, as McNamara once expressed it to a group of reporters, is that "the bigger and more complex such systems get, the more remote grows man's control of them." In a nuclear-missile war, so many things would happen so fast, so much data would have to be interpreted in so limited a time that human brains could not possibly handle the job. The only answer for both the U.S. and Russia in a missile arms race would be increasing reliance on automatic control—in other words, on computers.

The last war might, in fact, be a war between computers. It would be a coldly

efficient war, no doubt. A logical war: Score 70,000,000 deaths for my side, 60 megadeaths for your side; I'm ahead; your move, pal. How could we convey to the machines our totally illogical feelings about life and death? A country is made of people and money, and the people may properly be asked to give their lives for their country, yet a single human life is worth more than all the money in the world. Only the human brain is flexible enough to assimilate contradictions such as this without blowing a fuse.

A large modern computer can literally perform more arithmetic in an hour than can a football stadium full of human mathematicians in a lifetime, and it makes sense to enlist this lightning-fast electronic help in national defense. "But," said Norbert Wiener shortly before he died in 1964, "let us always keep human minds in the decision loop somewhere, if only at the last 'yes' or 'no.'"

The U.S. Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) is an example of the kind of setup that worried Wiener. Its radar eyes scan sky and space. Objects spotted up there are analyzed automatically to determine whether they are or aren't enemy missiles. The calculations performed by computers—distance of the objects, direction, check-off against known craft—take place in fractions of a second, far faster than human thought. It all works beautifully most of the time, and this has led some enthusiasts to suggest going one step further in automation. "If BMEWS can spot enemy missiles by itself," they say, "why not hook up one more wire and have BMEWS launch *our* missiles?" But U.S. military chiefs have so far agreed with Norbert Wiener. There is a subtlety in the human brain that no computer seems likely ever to duplicate.

A few years ago, an officer was monitoring a BMEWS computer station in the Arctic. It was night. The rest of the staff was in bed. Suddenly, the computer exploded into action. Lights flashed, a printer chattered, tape reels whirled. The officer gaped, horrified. The machine was signaling a massive missile attack.

There are self-checking devices and "redundant" networks in the BMEWS, as in any other large computer system, and the officer had no logical reason to suspect a mechanical breakdown. There could be little doubt that the computer was actually reporting what its far-flung radar eyes saw. The officer's orders were clear: In an event like this, he must send a message that would mobilize military installations all over the United States. Global war was only minutes away.

The officer hesitated. Questioned later, he couldn't explain why. He could only say, "It didn't *feel* right." And he gambled time to wake other staff members. One of them dashed outdoors to look at the cold, clear, starlit Arctic sky,

ran back indoors, examined the computer's print-out, conferred with the others. Standing there in that antiseptic room full of shiny electronic equipment, the small knot of men made what may have been the most important decision in all the history of the world to date. They decided to wait.

They waited 30 awful seconds. The missile attack came no closer.

The officer's feeling had been correct. This was no missile attack. Unaccountably, through a freakish tangle of circumstances that should never have happened and could not have been predicted and was not fully unraveled until weeks later, the computer and its eyes had locked onto something quite without menace: earth's friendly companion and goddess of love, the moon, peacefully coming up over the horizon. If computers alone had handled the affair, the earth might now be a smoldering radioactive cinder. Because of a man and his slow, strange human brain and its unfathomable intuition, we are all still here.

When a computer makes a mistake, it's likely to be a big one. In a situation where a man would stop and say, "Hey, something's wrong!" the machine blindly rushes ahead because it lacks the man's general awareness of what is and isn't reasonable in that particular situation; such as the time when a New York bank computer, supposed to issue a man a dividend check for \$162.40, blandly mailed him one for \$1,624,000; or the time when a computer working for a publishing company shipped a Massachusetts reader six huge cartons neatly packed with several hundred copies of the same book; or the time when an IBM machine was constructing a mathematical "model" of a new Air Force bomber that would fly automatically a few dozen feet off the ground. Halfway through the figuring, it became apparent that the computer was solemnly guiding its imaginary aircraft along a course some five feet below the ground. ("Goddamn it," roared General Curtis LeMay at one of the scientists, "I asked for an airplane, not a plow!") Or the time when—

Well, everybody makes mistakes. In general, society is most worried about mistakes made by war computers in the BMEWS style, for the potential result of a mistake in this field is the end of the world. Fearful imaginings such as *Fail-Safe* have expressed this fear, and most U.S. military planners share the fear and are cautious in their approach to computers. But no such colossal danger haunts computer users in science and business; and in these two fields, the great dumb machines have been pushed willy-nilly into all kinds of applications—some more sensible than others. A New York management-consultant firm, McKinsey and Company, exhaustively studied computer installations in 27 big manufacturing companies four years ago



"What have you got that's good?"

and found that only nine were getting enough benefits to make the machines pay.

"Sometimes computers are used for prestige purposes, sometimes as a means of avoiding human responsibility," says computer consultant John Diebold. Diebold, at 41, is a millionaire and an internationally sought-after expert on "automation" (a term he coined in the early 1950s). "Scientists and executives have discovered that it's impressive to walk into a meeting with a ream of computer print-out under your arm. The print-out may be utter nonsense, but it looks good, looks exact, gives you that secure, infallible feeling. Later, if the decision you were supposed to make or the theory you were propounding turns out to be wrong, you simply blame the computer or the man who programed it for you."

Professor David Johnson of the University of Washington is another well-known computer consultant who worries about what he calls "the mindless machines." He is amused by the fact that his engineering students seek status by using IBM cards as bookmarks—just as, 20 years from now, they will seek it by buying IBM machines for their companies. He praises computers for their ability to manipulate and organize huge masses of data at huge speeds. But, "What the computer does," he says, "is to allow us to believe in the myth of

objectivity." The computer "acts without excessive hesitation, as if it is sure, as if it knows. . . ." A man who isn't sure can often make people think he is, simply by coming up with a bundle of factual-looking print-out. He hides his own bad brainwork, says Professor Johnson, by "sprinkling it with *eau de computer*."

Worse, Professor Johnson says, the growing availability of computers tends to make some researchers in scientific institutions avoid problems that don't lend themselves to machine handling: Problems involving human values, problems of morality and aesthetics, subtle problems that can't be translated into arithmetic and punched into those neat little snip-cornered cards—all these get left out of the calculations. The tendency is to wrench reality around and hammer it into a nice square shape so the inflexible machines can swallow it. Professor Johnson glumly cites the case of a computer-headed robot recently developed by a major agricultural-research center to pick tomatoes. It clanks along briskly, picking the juicy red fruits faster than a whole gang of human workers. The only trouble is, its blind, clumsy fingers break the tomatoes' skins. The agricultural scientists are now trying to solve the problem. By making the robot more gentle? No, by developing thicker-skinned tomatoes.

"It simply isn't accurate to call these machines 'clever,'" says Robert Cheek, a

chief of the Westinghouse Tele-Computer Center near Pittsburgh. This is one of the biggest computer installations in the world, designed to handle Westinghouse's huge load of corporate clerical and accounting work, and it generates science-fictionish visions of an office of the (if the cliché may be pardoned) future. It's an entire modernistic building housing almost nothing but computing equipment. Clerks and secretaries who once populated it have been crowded out, and now it smells like the inside of a new car. Bob Cheek, a slight, mild man, looks small and lonely as he paces among the square whining monsters; and it is tempting to imagine that the machines have subjugated him as their slave. Actually, he is little more awed by this great aggregation of computing power than by an electric toaster. "Artificial intelligence?" he will say in response to the question he has heard too often. And he will look at his machines, think of the man-hours required to make them work, take off his glasses, rub his weary eyes and chuckle sourly.

Logician Richard Bloch is an example of high human intelligence. He learned chess at the age of three and is now, among other things, a Life Master bridge player and a blackjack shark. He once tried to teach a Honeywell computer to play bridge. "The experiment gave me new respect for the human brain," he recalls wryly. "The brain can act on insufficient, disorganized data. A bridge novice can start to play—badly but not stupidly—after an hour or so of mediocre instruction, in a half-drunken foursome. His brain makes generalizations on its own, reaches conclusions nobody ever told it to reach. It can absorb badly thought-out, unspecific instructions such as, 'If your hand looks pretty good, bid such and such.' What does 'pretty good' mean? The brain can feel it out. Now, you take a computer—"

Bloch pauses to chew moodily on his cigar. "A computer won't move unless you tell it every single step it must take, in excruciating detail. It took me more than a hundred pages of densely packed programing before I could even get the damned machine to make the first bid. Then I gave up."

The fact is, human thinking is so marvelous and mysterious a process that there is really not much serious hope of imitating it electronically—at least, not in this century. Nobody even knows how the brain works. Back in the late 1950s, during the first great soaring gush of enthusiasm over computers, journalists and some scientists were saying confidently that the brain works much like a very small, very complex digital computer—by means of X trillion tiny on-or-off switches. It remained only for IBM, Honeywell and Rem Rand to devise a monstrous mile-high machine with that



many switches (and somehow figure out a way to supply its enormous power needs and somehow cool it so it wouldn't melt itself), and we'd have a full-fledged brain. But this was only another case of wrenching reality around to fit machinery. There is no reliable evidence that the brain works like an EDP machine. In fact, evidence is now growing that the basic components of human thought may be fantastically complicated molecules of RNA (ribonucleic acid), which seem to store and process information by means of a little-understood four-letter "code."

The human brain is uncanny. It programs itself. It asks itself questions and then tells itself how to answer them. It steps outside itself and looks back inside. It wonders what "thinking" is.

No computer ever wondered about anything. "It's the speed of computers that gives the false impression that they're thinking," says Reed Roberts, an automation expert who works for a New York management-consultant firm, Robert Sibson Associates. "Once a man has told a machine how to process a set of data, the machine will do the job faster than the man's brain could; so fast, in fact, that you're tempted to suspect the machine has worked out short cuts on its own. It hasn't. It has done the job in precisely the way it was told, showing no originality whatever."

For instance, you can program a machine to add the digits of each number from 1 to 10,000 and name every number whose digits add up to 9 or a multiple of 9. The machine will print out a list instantly—9, 18, 27—acting as though it has gone beyond its instructions and cleverly figured out a short cut. This is the way a man would tackle the problem. Instead of routinely adding the digits of every number from 1 to 10,000, he'd look for a formula. His brain would generalize: "Every time you multiply a number by 9, the result is a number whose digits add up to 9 or a multiple of 9. Therefore, I can do my assignment quickly just by listing the multiples of 9 and ignoring all other numbers." Is this what the computer did? No. With blinding speed but monumental stupidity, it laboriously tried every number, from 1 to 10,000, one by one.

In this example lies one of the main differences between thought and EDP. The human brain collects specific bits of data and makes generalizations out of them, organizes them into patterns. EDP works the other way around. A human programmer starts the machine out by giving it generalizations—problem-solving methods or "algorithms"—and the machine blindly applies these to specific data.

It is by no means easy to program a computer, and one of the great problems of the 1960s is a severe shortage of



people who know how to do it. There are now some 150,000 professional programmers in the country, and computer owners are pitifully crying for at least 75,000 more. One estimate is that 500,000, all told, will be needed by the early 1970s.

The shortage is understandable. Computer programming is self-inflicted torture. The problem is to make a mindless machine behave rationally. Before you can tell the machine how to solve a problem, you must first figure out how your own brain solves it—every step, every detail. You watch your brain as it effortlessly snakes its way along some line of reasoning that loops back through itself, and then you try to draw a diagram showing how your brain did it, and you discover that your brain couldn't possibly have done it—yet you know it did. And there sits the computer. If you can't explain to yourself, how are you ever going to explain to it?

Aptitude tests for would-be programmers contain questions that begin, "If John is three years older than Mary would have been if she were three and a half times as old as John was when. . . ." This is the kind of human thought that must precede the switching on of a computer. The machine can't add two plus two unless there are clever, patient human brains to guide it. And even then it can't: All it can do is add one and one and one and one and come up with the answer—instantaneously, of course. No computer can multiply; all it can do is add, by ones, too fast for human conception. Nor can any computer divide; it can only subtract, again

by ones. Feed it problems in square roots, cube roots, prime numbers, complex mathematical computations with mile-long formulas—it can solve them all with incredible rapidity. How? Essentially, by adding or subtracting one, as required, as often as required, to come up at once with an accurate answer it might take a team of mathematicians a thousand years to obtain—and another thousand to check for accuracy. It never invents its own mathematical short cuts. If it uses short cuts, they must be invented and programmed into it by human thinkers.

A computer's only mental process is the ability to distinguish between is and isn't—the presence or absence of an electric current, the *this way* or *that way* of a magnetic field. In terms of human thought, this kind of distinction can be conceived as one and zero, yes and no. The machine can be made to perform binary arithmetic, which has a radix (base) of 2 instead of our familiar 10 and which is expressed with only two digits, 1 and 0. By stringing together yeses and noes in appropriate patterns, the machine can also be made to manipulate logical concepts such as "and," "or," "except when," "only when," and so on.

But it won't manipulate anything unless a man tells it how. Honeywell, whose aggressive EDP division has recently risen to become the nation's second-biggest computer maker, conducts a monthly programming seminar in a Boston suburb for top executives of its customer companies to help them understand what their EDP boys are gibbering about. The executives learn how to draw a "flow chart," agonizingly breaking down a

problem-solving method into its smallest steps. They translate this flow chart into a set of instructions in a special, rigid, stilted English. (OPEN INPUT OMAST INVCRD. OPEN OUTPUT NMAST INVLST.) They watch a girl type out this semi-English version on a key-punch machine, which codes words and numbers in the form of holes punched into cards. These cards are fed into the computer, and another translation takes place. A canned "compiler" program (usually fed into the machine from a magnetic-tape unit) acts as an interpreter, translates the semi-English into logical statements in binary arithmetic. The computer finally does what the novice programmers have told it to do—if they've told it in the right way. The machine understands absolutely no deviations from its rigid language. Leave out so much as a comma, and it will either stop dead or go haywire. (At Cape Kennedy recently, a computer-guided rocket headed for Brazil instead of outer space because a programmer had left out a hyphen.) Finally, the executives head back to Boston's Logan International Airport, soothe their tired brains with ethyl alcohol with an olive or a twist, and morosely agree that nobody is so intractably, so maddeningly dense as a computer.

But they are glad to have learned. They've made a start toward finding out what goes on inside those strange square machines in the plant basement; and with that knowledge, they'll have a defense against a Machiavellian new kind of holdup that their Honeywell instructors have warned them about. It has happened more and more often and recently happened in one of the country's biggest publishing houses. Almost all the company's clerical work was computerized: inventory, billing, bookkeeping, payroll. With the corporate neurons thus inextricably tangled into the computer, the chief programmer went to the president and smilingly demanded that his salary be doubled. The president fired him on the spot—and shortly afterward realized the full enormity of what he had done. Nobody in the company, nobody in the whole world except the chief programmer knew what went on in the computer or how to make it do its work. The programs were too complex—and the computer, having no intelligence, could offer no explanations. As the horrified president now discovered, it was not true (as he had boasted) that a marvelous machine was running his company's paperwork. The cleverness hadn't been in the machine but in the brain of a man. With the man gone, the machine was just a pile of cold metal. The company nearly foundered in the ensuing year while struggling to unravel the mess.

Computers are that way: They absorb credit for human cleverness. Often a

computerized operation will seem to go much more smoothly than it did in the old eyeshade-and-ledger days and the feeling will grow that the machine itself smoothed things out. What has really happened, however, is that the availability of the computer has forced human programmers to think logically about the operation and make it straightforward enough for the machine to handle. Professor David Johnson recalls a time when a company called him in to program an accounting operation for a computer. In previous years, this operation had taken two men ten months to perform by hand and brain. Johnson drew his flow charts, saw ways of simplifying, finally came up with an operation so organized that one man could do it in two days with a desk calculator. The company promptly abandoned its dreams of EDP—but if it had used a computer as planned, the machine rather than the programmer would doubtless have been showered with praise for the new simplicity.

Computers have been given credit for many things they haven't done. Even more, they've been given credit for things they were going to do in the future. The loudest crescendo of computer prognostications occurred in the late 1950s. Future-gazers went wild with enthusiasm. Soon, they said, computers would translate languages, write superb music, run libraries of information, become chess champions. Ah, those fantastic machines! Unfortunately, the whole history of computers—going all the way back to the pioneering Charles Babbage in the 19th Century—has been a series of manic-depressive cycles: early wild enthusiasm, followed by unexpected difficulties, followed by puzzled disappointment and silence.

Music? An amiable professor at the University of Illinois, Lejaren Hiller, Jr., has programmed a machine to write music. One of the machine's compositions is the *Illiad Suite*. Says Hiller: "Critics have found it—er—interesting."

Chess? A computer in Russia is now engaged in a long-distance match with one at Stanford University in California. The match began awkwardly, with both machines making what for humans would be odd mistakes. Everybody concerned now seems somewhat embarrassed. Stanford's Professor of Computer Science John McCarthy, when asked recently how the game was going, said: "I have decided to put off any further interviews until the match is over."

Translate languages? There's something about human speech that computers just don't seem to get. It isn't rigid or formal enough; it's too subtle, too idiomatic. An IBM computer once translated "out of sight, out of mind" from English to Russian and back to English. The phrase returned to English as "blind, insane."

Libraries of information? "We don't

know a good enough way to make a computer look up facts," says Honeywell programming researcher Roger Bender. He leans forward abruptly and jabs a finger at you. "Who wrote *Ivanhoe*?" he asks. You say, "Walter Scott." Bender says, "How did you know? Did you laboriously sort through books in your memory until you came to *Ivanhoe*? No. And how did you even know it was a book? You made the connections instantly, and we don't know how."

Superbrains? Dr. Hubert L. Dreyfus, professor of philosophy at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, recently published a paper called "Alchemy and Artificial Intelligence." In it, he expresses amusement at the prognosticators' claim that today's computers are "first steps" toward an ultimate smarter-than-human brain. The claim, he says, makes him think of a man climbing a tree, shouting, "Hey, look at me, I'm taking the first steps toward reaching the moon!" In fact, says Professor Dreyfus, computers don't and can't approximate human intelligence. They aren't even in the same league.

Honeywell's Roger Bender agrees. "We once had a situation where we wanted a machine to take a long list of numbers and find the highest number," he recalls. "Now, wouldn't that seem to you like an easy problem? Kids in first grade do it. Nobody has to tell them how. You just hand them a list and they look at the numbers and pick the highest. Of all the simple-minded— Well, it just shows what you have to go through with computers."

In this case, a programmer tried to figure out how he himself would tackle such a problem. He told the machine: "Start with the first number and go down the list until you come to a number that's higher. Store that number in memory. Continue until you find a still higher number," and so on. The last number stored would obviously (obviously to a man, that is) be the highest number on the list.

The machine imbibed its instructions, hummed for a while and stopped. It produced no answer.

"It was baffling," says Bender. "Nobody knew what the trouble was, until someone happened to glance down the list by eye. Then the problem became apparent. By great bad luck, it turned out, the highest number on the list was the first number. The computer simply couldn't figure out what to do about it."

Consultant John Diebold says: "Computers are enormously useful as long as you can predict in advance what the problems are going to be. But when something unexpected happens, the only computer in the world that's going to do you any good is the funny little one beneath your scalp."



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation. Importers • New York, N. Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

english hunt breakfast

(continued from page 90)

does this). Cut kidneys in half lengthwise. Remove white membrane in center, using scissors. Cut kidneys crosswise into 1/2-in.-thick slices. Heat oil and butter in saucepan until butter melts. Add kidneys and sauté until they lose their raw color. Add shallots and stir well. Sauté 1 minute longer. Add madeira and cognac and set ablaze. Combine chicken broth and flour in blender. Spin blender about 5 seconds. Pour chicken broth into pan and slowly bring to a boil, stirring frequently. Reduce flame and simmer 10 minutes. Add lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and Pickapeppa sauce. Season with salt and pepper to taste. If desired, 1/2 lb. sliced, sautéed fresh mushrooms may be added to kidneys. Kidneys are one of the variety meats that some brunchmen love and from which others shy. They should always be offered as one of several choices at the breakfast board.

DEVILED PHEASANT LEGS

12 pheasant legs or 6 legs and thighs
Salad oil
Salt, pepper
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon dry English mustard
1/2 teaspoon anchovy paste
Bread crumbs

CREAMED HAM AND MUSHROOMS

2 cups diced cooked ham
3 tablespoons butter
1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
1 tablespoon finely minced shallots or onion
3 tablespoons dry white wine
1 cup chicken broth, canned or fresh

Pheasant "legs" frequently mean legs and second joints or thighs; in other words, the dark meat of the bird, rather than the breast meat. If pheasant is tough, the legs should be boiled until tender, rather than roasted as below. For hosts without pheasants, chicken legs and thighs are a pleasant substitute at a party breakfast.

Preheat oven at 350°. Brush legs with salad oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast in shallow pan about 40 minutes or until tender, turning once to brown on both sides. Remove from oven and cool to room temperature. Combine two kinds of mustard and anchovy paste, mixing well. Brush legs with mustard mixture; then dip into bread crumbs, coating well. Sprinkle lightly with salad oil. Preheat broiler flame. Place legs in greased shallow pan. Broil, turning once, browning well on both sides. Offer a sauceboat of bottled deviled sauce.

1/2 cup light cream
3 tablespoons flour
1/4 cup diced pimiento
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
1/8 teaspoon Tabasco sauce
Salt, white pepper

Melt butter in large saucepan. Add mushrooms and shallots and sauté slowly until mushrooms are tender. Continue to simmer until most of the liquid in the pan has evaporated. Add ham and wine to pan and stir well. Put chicken broth, cream and flour in blender. Spin blender 10 seconds. Add broth to pan and slowly bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add pimiento, parsley, Tabasco sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Best results are obtained if cooked ham on the bone, rather than canned ham, is used. Creamed ham and mushrooms may be served on toast, in a patty shell or—most likely at breakfast—as a garnish for scrambled eggs.

LOBSTER CUTLETS

3 9-oz. packages frozen lobster tails
1/2 cup butter
1 small green pepper, finely minced
1 medium-size onion, finely minced
2 tablespoons finely minced celery leaves
Flour
1 cup hot milk
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons finely minced fresh dill
Salt, pepper
2 eggs
Salad oil
Bread crumbs

Boil lobster, following directions on package. Reserve 1 cup of the liquid in which the lobster was boiled. Remove lobster meat from shells and cut into very small dice. Melt butter in heavy saucepan. Add green pepper, onion and celery leaves and sauté slowly until onion is tender, not brown. Remove from flame and stir in 1/2 cup flour, blending very well. Slowly add hot milk and 1 cup of reserved lobster stock, stirring well. Return to a moderate flame and simmer, stirring frequently, about 3 minutes. Sauce will be very thick. Remove from flame and add lobster, mustard and dill, mixing well. Season generously with salt and pepper. Chill in refrigerator, overnight if possible. Divide mixture into 12 portions. Shape into round flat cakes or into S-shaped cutlets, for which there is a special tin mold. Beat eggs with 2 teaspoons oil. Dip cutlets into flour first, then into egg mixture and finally into bread crumbs, coating thoroughly at each step. Pour oil to a depth of 3/4 in. in electric skillet. Heat oil to 370°. Fry cutlets, turning once to brown on both sides.

Tallyho and hearty appetite!



"By George, I do believe we've hit it this time!"

Win a portable cartridge tape player plus \$5,000 in cash!

Win the world's wildest new music maker—the portable Playtape! Plays tape cartridges—hundreds of hits to choose from.
1000 SECOND PRIZES—
a portable Playtape plus four free cartridges, including numbers by the Tijuana Brass, Mamas and Papas, Lovin' Spoonful, Frank Sinatra.



MENNEN Swingin' Sweepstakes!

Look for free entry blanks and rules in stores where these swingin' Mennen products are sold.

No purchase required. Void where prohibited by law.



Never go to a bachelor's pad alone

Especially if she has roommates. Bachelor gals get nervous when an available male walks in, empty-handed. But come up with a bottle of White Horse and—thank you—you're *welcome*, Good Guy! It's the Scotch

with the taste even roommates can't argue about: either they like it or they love it. So you end up with a roomful of purring girls, Good Guys all. Works in a pad. Works in a pub. Because—

The Good Guys are always on the White Horse

TO ORDER SET OF 6 GOOD GUYS GLASSES AS SHOWN (WHEREVER LEGALLY PERMISSIBLE) SEND \$5 CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO WHITE HORSE, DEPT. 1-A, P.O. BOX 16F, MT. VERNON, N.Y. 10559/BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., N.Y.

Missouri Synods, agreed that churches should be taxed. Bishop Pike's own denomination, the Episcopal Church, was closer to the Lutherans, with 40 percent sympathizing with taxation of churches.

Younger clergy tend to have this sympathy more than do older clergy. For example, 70 percent of the Presbyterians under age 35 agreed with the statement of sympathy, as compared with 51 percent of the Presbyterian ministers over 55 who did not. However, such differences are not equally dramatic in all denominations; among the Missouri Synods, for instance, older clergy are somewhat more likely to agree with taxation of churches than are younger clergy.

It should be made clear that sympathy with the position that tax exemption for churches should be eliminated does not necessarily constitute commitment to the position. In fact, if Congress were seriously entertaining tax reform and the full financial implications of such reform were realized, this sympathy might vanish very quickly. On the other hand, if the facts were more widely known, sympathy might be molded into commitment. We know, for example, that open discussion of racial injustice in our culture has had the effect of making the clergy, as a group, the strongest supporters of social justice.

Jeffrey K. Hadden, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Sociology
Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

SUICIDE AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

PLAYBOY'S editors and readers have said a great deal in *The Playboy Forum* about the right of the individual to do whatever he wishes as long as he doesn't harm others. You have pointed out how unjust and insane it is to have the police waste their time hounding harmless individuals while the rate of real crimes is continually rising. On all of the issues you have raised, I agree; but I would like to air another, very personal issue: the rights of the potential suicide.

Attempted suicide is a crime in many states. What this means was brought home to me two years ago, when I tried to cop out via a bottle of sleeping pills. My husband came home before I was dead and rushed me to a hospital. As you can imagine, my mental state was not much better when I woke up the following morning than it had been when I swallowed the pills. In fact, it took two psychiatrists, two ministers, my husband's love and the kindness of several friends to bring me back to sanity. Meanwhile, I was being continually harmed, not helped, by the following police actions:

As soon as I was released from the hospital, two policemen very politely requested that I accompany them to the station house to "talk" about the inci-

dent. When we got there, however, they proceeded to book me for the felony of attempted suicide. I spent the night in jail, and my husband was told that he couldn't see me until nine the next morning. He arrived at exactly nine, but the police broke their promise and wouldn't let us talk. My husband went and got a lawyer, who secured my release.

While battling to regain my sanity in the following months, I had the extra burden of incessant suspense, waiting to see what further action the police would take. Things were not helped by the fact that a very private letter had been removed from my purse while I was in custody. My lawyer got the letter back, but warned me that a photostat might have been made. This haunted me and, at times, I still worry about it.

Today I am mentally sound again, but my sanity is certainly not the result of our laws or of the way our police enforce them. I am writing this letter because I know there are many others who will come to the edge of suicide, as I did, and who will encounter there not the sympathy and help that they need but, instead, a harassment that can push them back to the edge again and perhaps drive them over it.

Certainly, the police have the right and the duty to prevent suicides. Once this is done, however, they should be removed from such cases entirely, and only qualified psychiatrists, clergymen or social workers should deal with the shattered human beings who feel so alone and frightened as to want to escape from the world entirely. The police should not be allowed to put further pressure on such a person.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

DEATH FOR RAPE

Reading the "Death for Rape" letters in the July *Playboy Forum*, I was surprised that none of the letter writers mentioned a conspicuous aspect of this matter: The death penalty for rape (as well as for kidnaping) not only does not deter the crime but actually encourages the perpetrator to compound it. The rapist (or kidnaper), if he considers the penalty at all, will recognize that he faces death for simple rape (or kidnaping), with the victim surviving to identify him. If he provides an added measure of personal security by killing the victim, the penalty cannot be increased. Why, then, should he hesitate to kill? Fortunately for society, criminals do not usually engage in such contemplation while committing acts of desperation.

The way the criminal normally behaves is illustrated by two men from Rhode Island who are now in death row at New Hampshire State Penitentiary, condemned to the gallows for homicide.

They murdered their victim in Nashua, New Hampshire, after kidnaping him in their home state, which has no death penalty. They actually had to cross two state lines in order to qualify themselves for the rope.

Some deterrent.

Edwin A. Bennett

Lexington, Massachusetts

There are cases similar to that of the Rhode Islanders. Irrational behavior such as this—together with the fact that states without the death penalty have lower homicide rates than states with this "deterrent"—has led psychiatrists to conjecture that many potential murderers have a tendency to suicide. If this theory is correct, then the death penalty, with its assurance of self-destruction, can actually incite to murder.

Recent *Playboy Forum* letters on capital punishment and rape raise an interesting question. The attitude that rape is on the same level with murder is akin to the warped thinking of the rapist himself, in that it abnormally overemphasizes sex. And, of course, it is precisely this attitude that makes rape so traumatic for the victim. Rape, actually, is not at all similar to murder; it is an offense of roughly the same sort as assault and battery. The victim of nonsexual violence endures similar terror and pain, together with emotional aftereffects; if the victim of rape suffers more intensely, it is only in proportion to the degree that shame and fear dominate her attitude toward sex.

Clarence Darrow once commented that it is almost impossible to win an acquittal in a child-rape case. This is because the jury overreacts emotionally to the crime, looks for a scapegoat, finds one set up by the prosecution and refuses to listen to the evidence. This is true to some extent even when the victim is not a child; and, for this reason, the chance of an innocent man's being convicted of rape is much higher than is the case with burglary, grand larceny, battery and other crimes that evoke less emotional reactions.

For these reasons, the death penalty is undesirable in rape cases; but, alas, for the same reasons, it is unlikely to be discontinued in the near future.

Mary Johnson

Los Angeles, California

CASTRATION FOR RAPE

I agree with Thomas Rogers (*The Playboy Forum*, April) about one thing: The death penalty is a disproportionately severe punishment for the crime of rape. But other punishments are ineffectual because of their comparative mildness—all, that is, except one: castration.

No other punishment so perfectly fits the crime. For not only will the emasculated rapist never again be able to repeat his crime, but other potential rapists,

aware of what awaits them if convicted, will be so effectively deterred that the crime of rape will be reduced almost to extinction.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Psychiatrists reject this proposal because rape is the act of a sadist, not of a normal man with an excess of sexual energy. What needs to be changed is his mental attitude, not his ability to have an erection; the average rapist is a man who will walk past a house of prostitution, or leave a loving wife at home, to force himself on a frightened and unwilling victim, because the creation of terror and the use of violence are the real gratifications that he seeks.

Clinical evidence shows that castration is 100-percent effective in reducing erectile potency only if performed before puberty. When the operation is performed on adults, their ability to have an erection frequently will not wane for some time, often not for years. Whether or not the castrated rapist retains his potency, the desired results are seldom achieved: If he is made impotent, he often shifts to nonsexual and therefore more bizarre forms of assault; if he remains potent, he becomes more vicious out of a desire for revenge against society. These conclusions have emerged from several attempts in various nations to employ this dubious "remedy," begin-

ning as early as 1889.

To assume, finally, that castration would serve as a deterrent is to assume that the rapist has a rational mind. Many rapists act in what psychiatrists call a fugue state—scarcely aware of what they are doing, much less of what the consequences of their behavior will be. Cruel and unusual punishments will no more stop them than will eloquent preachments. "Rape will be reduced almost to extinction" only when a truly rational society is evolved, in which children's sexual attitudes are not distorted. Meanwhile, the only humane way society can protect itself from the rapist is to confine him, and the only humane cure society has devised for the rapist—imperfect as it may be—is psychotherapy.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 74)

attempts to forge a peaceful foreign policy, as exemplified by his signing of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, they found that target. So both of these groups had a vital stake in changing U. S. foreign policy—ideological on the part of the paramilitary rightists and both ideological and personal with the anti-Castro exiles, many of whom felt they would never see their homes again if Kennedy's policy of *détente* was allowed to succeed. The CIA was involved with both of these groups. In the New Orleans area, where the conspiracy was hatched, the CIA was training a mixed bag of Minutemen, Cuban exiles and other anti-Castro adventurers north of Lake Pontchartrain for a foray into Cuba and an assassination attempt on Fidel Castro. David Ferrie, who operated on the "command" level of the ultra-rightists, was deeply involved in this effort. The CIA itself apparently did not take the *détente* too seriously until the late summer of 1963, because it maintained its financing and training of anti-Castro adventurers. There was, in fact, a triangulation of CIA-supported anti-Castro activity between Dallas—where Jack Ruby was involved in collecting guns and ammunition for the underground—and Miami and New Orleans, where most of the training was going on. But then, Kennedy, who had signed a secret agreement with Khrushchev after the Missile Crisis pledging not to invade Cuba if Russia would soft-pedal Castro's subversive activities in the Americas, began to crack down on CIA operations against Cuba. As a result, on July 31, 1963, the FBI raided the headquarters of the group of Cuban exiles and Minutemen training north of Lake Pontchartrain and confiscated all their guns and ammunition—despite the fact that the operation had the sanction of the CIA. This action may have sealed Kennedy's fate. By the early fall of 1963, Kennedy's plan for a *détente* with Cuba was in high gear. Ambassador William Attwood, a close personal friend of the late President, recounts that a thaw in U. S.-Cuban relations was definitely in the works at this time and "the President more than the State Department was interested in exploring the [Cuban] overture." One of the intermediaries between Castro and Kennedy was the late television commentator Lisa Howard, who met secretly with Ernesto Che Guevara to prepare peace terms between the U. S. and Castro. Miss Howard was arranging a conference between Bobby Kennedy and Guevara when the President was shot in Dallas. In a United Nations speech on October 7, 1963, Adlai Stevenson set forth the possibility of a termination of hostilities between the two countries,



"Wonderful news, Peter! There's going to be another Crusade!"

and on November 19th, Presidential aide McGeorge Bundy, who was acting as an intermediary in the secret discussions, told Ambassador Attwood that the President wanted to discuss his plans for a Cuban-American *détente* in depth with him right after "a brief trip to Dallas." The rest is history. One of the two heads of state involved in negotiating that *détente* is now dead, but the survivor, Fidel Castro, said on November 23rd that the assassination was the work of "elements in the U.S. opposed to peace," and the Cuban Foreign Ministry officially charged that "the Kennedy assassination was a provocation against world peace perfectly and minutely prepared by the most reactionary sectors of the United States." Most Americans at the time, myself included, thought this was just Communist propaganda. But Castro knew what he was talking about. A few weeks after the assassination, the Cuban ambassador to the UN, Dr. Carlos Lechuga, was instructed by Castro to begin "formal discussions" in the hope that Kennedy's peace plan would be carried on by his successor. Ambassador Attwood writes that "I informed Bundy and later was told that the Cuban exercise would be put on ice for a while—which it was and where it has been ever since." The assassins had achieved their aim.

PLAYBOY: This is interesting speculation, but isn't that all it is—speculation?

GARRISON: No, because we know enough about the key individuals involved in the conspiracy—Latinos and Americans alike—to know that this was their motive for the murder of John Kennedy. First of all, you have to understand the mentality of these people. Take the Cuban exiles involved; here are men, some of whom survived the Bay of Pigs, who for years had been whipped up by the CIA into a frenzy of anti-Castro hatred and who had been solemnly assured by American intelligence agencies that they were going to liberate their homeland with American support. They had one disappointment after another—the Bay of Pigs debacle, the failure to invade Cuba during the Missile Crisis, the effective crushing of their underground in Cuba by Castro's secret police. But they kept on hoping, and the CIA kept fanning their hopes. Then they listened to Kennedy's famous speech at American University on June 10, 1963, where he really kicked off the new drive for a *détente*, and they heard the President of the country in which they'd placed all their hope saying we must make peace with the Communists, since "we both breathe the same air." Well, this worries them, but the CIA continues financing and training their underground cadres, so there is still hope. And then suddenly, in the late summer of 1963, the CIA is forced by Presidential pressure to withdraw all funds and

Now. Get behind an A&C.

A well played round? Now you deserve something special—and you've got it. A mild tasting A&C cigar. In light or dark wrappers, A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos gives you real flavor—and flavor's the reason A&C sales are really soaring these days. Get behind an A&C Grenadier (shown actual size), or choose a Panetela, Tony or any one of A&C's nine other sizes and shapes. Pack or box, you're ahead behind an A&C.



Antonio y Cleopatra
the cigar that's going places





When it's
a matter
of taste
ask for
**KING
GEORGE**

teaming up

The Playboy warm-up shirts. On the beach, the campus, it's the newest action-ready gear for guys and gals.

The rugged good looks of fine cotton outside, soft, absorbent double-brushed fleece inside.

Machine washable.

The rollicking Rabbit is embroidered in white on black or black on white, chili, bright gold and emerald. S, M, L, XL sizes.

WA106, short sleeve,
\$4.50 ppd.

WA107, long sleeve,
\$5 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.



assistance from the Cuban exiles. Think of the impact of this, particularly on the group here in New Orleans, which had been trained for months to make an assassination attempt on Castro and then found itself coolly jettisoned by its benefactors in Washington. These adventurers were worked up to a fever pitch; and when the CIA withdrew its support and they couldn't fight Castro, they picked their next victim—John F. Kennedy. That, in a nutshell, is the genesis of the assassination. President Kennedy died because he wanted peace.

PLAYBOY: How many people do you claim were involved in this alleged conspiracy?
GARRISON: Too many for their own security. If they had let fewer men in on the plot, we might never have stumbled onto it. But let me add one additional point here: The brief account I've just given you shouldn't be construed to indicate that any of the legitimate anti-Castro organizations were involved in the assassination—or that all Minutemen were implicated. Nor should the fact that there was a conspiracy from the paramilitary right be used to start a witch-hunt against conservatives in general, any more than Oswald's phony pro-Communist record should have been used to purge leftists from our national life. In this case, the very terminology of "right" and "left," which is essentially an economic definition, has little validity as a description of those fanatic war lovers who were ready to assassinate a President because he worked for peace. If you go far enough to either extreme of the political spectrum, Communist or fascist, you'll find hard-eyed men with guns who believe that anybody who doesn't think as they do should be incarcerated or exterminated. The assassination was less an ideological exercise than the frenzied revenge of a sick element in our society on a man who exemplified health and decency.

PLAYBOY: You've outlined the genesis of the alleged conspiracy as you see it. Will you now tell us how it was carried out—and by whom?

GARRISON: I won't be able to name names in all instances, because we're building cases against a number of the individuals involved. But I'll give you a brief sketch of how the conspiracy was organized, and then point by point we can go into the participants we know about so far and the role we believe each played. Let me stress at the outset that what I'm going to tell you is not idle speculation; we have facts, documents and reliable eyewitness testimony to corroborate much of it—though I can't lay all this evidence before you without jeopardizing the investigation. But there are many pieces of the jigsaw puzzle still missing. Not one of the conspirators has confessed his guilt, so we don't yet have an "inside" view of all the pre-assassination

planning. In order to fill in these gaps for you, I'll have to indulge in a bit of informed deduction and surmise. It may sound melodramatic, but you can best envisage the plot as a spider's web. At the center sit the organizers of the operation, men with close ties to U.S. and western-European intelligence agencies. One of them is a former associate of Jack Ruby in gun-smuggling activities and a dedicated neo-Nazi in close contact with neo-fascist movements in Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy. Radiating out from these key men, the strands of the web include a motley group of political adventurers united only in their detestation of Kennedy and their dedication to the reversal of his foreign policy. One such man was David Ferrie. Another member of this group is an individual who deliberately impersonated Lee Oswald before the assassination in order to incriminate him: we believe we know his identity. Several others, about whom we have evidence indicating that they helped supply weapons to the plotters, were the right-wing extremists I mentioned earlier who broke off from a fanatic paramilitary group because it was becoming "too liberal." Also involved is a band of anti-Castro adventurers who functioned on the second, or "operative," level of the conspiracy. These men include two Cuban exiles, one of whom failed a lie-detector test when he denied knowing in advance that Kennedy was going to be killed or having seen the weapons to be used in the assassination—and a number of men who fired at the President from three directions on November 22nd. The link between the "command" level and the Cuban exiles was an amorphous group called the Free Cuba Committee, which with CIA sanction had begun training north of Lake Pontchartrain for an assassination attempt on Fidel Castro, as I mentioned earlier. It was this group that was raided by the FBI on July 31st, 1963, and temporarily put out of commission. Our information indicates that it was shortly after this setback that the group switched direction and decided to assassinate John Kennedy instead of Fidel Castro, after the "betrayal" of the Bay of Pigs disaster. That's it in a nutshell, but I think the development of the conspiracy will become clearer if you ask me one by one about the individuals involved.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's begin with Clay Shaw. What was his role in the alleged conspiracy?

GARRISON: I'm afraid I can't comment even inferentially on anything pertaining to the evidence against Mr. Shaw, since he's facing trial in my jurisdiction.

PLAYBOY: Can you answer a charge about your case against him? On March second of this year, shortly after Shaw's arrest,

Attorney General Ramsey Clark announced that Shaw "was included in an investigation in November and December of 1963 and on the evidence that the FBI has, there was no connection found between Shaw and the President's assassination." Why do you challenge the Attorney General's statement?

GARRISON: Because it was not true. The FBI did not clear Clay Shaw after the assassination. You don't have to take my word for it; *The New York Times* reported on June third that "The Justice Department said today that Clay Shaw, New Orleans businessman, was not investigated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. . . . The statement contradicted Attorney General Ramsey Clark. . . . A Justice Department spokesman said that Mr. Clark's statement last March second was in error." Now, the Attorney General's attempt to whitewash Shaw via the FBI, as you pointed out, was made immediately after our office arrested him, and it really constituted the first salvo of the propaganda barrage laid down against

us. The natural reaction of many people across the country to Clark's statement, which was carried prominently on TV and in the press, was, "Well, if the FBI cleared him, there can't be anything to this whole conspiracy business." Most defendants have to wait for trial before they're allowed to produce character witnesses. When, three months later, the Justice Department finally admitted Clark was "in error," the story appeared in only a few newspapers and wasn't picked up by the radio or TV networks. But what was even more significant about the Justice Department's attempt to bail out Shaw was the fact that the day after Clark's statement, *The New York Times'* Washington correspondent, Robert B. Semple, Jr., reported that he had been told by an unnamed Justice Department spokesman that his agency was convinced "that Mr. Bertrand and Mr. Shaw were the same man"—and that was the reason Clark released his untrue story about the FBI's having cleared Shaw! in other words, knowing that our case was



"Marcia, you could have just said no instead of telling me this was the door to the bathroom!"

based on fact, the Justice Department deliberately dragged a red herring across the trail.

PLAYBOY: Are you free to discuss Oswald's role in the conspiracy?

GARRISON: Yes, but before you can understand Oswald's role in the plot, you've got to jettison the image of him as a "self-proclaimed Marxist" that the mass media inculcated in the public consciousness after his arrest on November 22nd. Oswald's professed Marxist sympathies were just a cover for his real activities. I don't believe there are any serious students of the assassination who don't recognize that Oswald's actual political orientation was extreme right wing. His associates in Dallas and New Orleans—apart from his CIA contacts—were exclusively right wing, some covert, others overt; in fact, our office has positively identified a number of his associates as neo-Nazis. Oswald would have been more at home with *Mein Kampf* than *Das Kapital*.

PLAYBOY: If Oswald wasn't a leftist, what motivation would he have had for shooting at another right-winger, Major Gen-

eral Edwin Walker, eight months before the assassination?

GARRISON: If he did it, his motive—which is to say the motive of those behind him—was a simple one: to ensure that after the assassination, people would ask this very question and assume that because Oswald had shot at General Walker, he must have been a left-winger. It was just another part of Oswald's cover: if you defect to Russia, pass out pro-Castro leaflets on street corners and take a pot shot at General Walker, who on earth would doubt you're a Communist? Of course, if you really look deeply into this incident, there is no real proof that Oswald was the man who did it; the whole charge rests on the unsupported testimony of Marina Oswald, after she had been threatened with deportation if she didn't "cooperate." It makes little difference, though, whether this incident was prepared in advance to create a cover for Oswald or fabricated after the assassination to strengthen his public image as a Marxist. But we've gotten ahead of ourselves. Let's backtrack a bit to fill in the background of Oswald's involvement

in the conspiracy. After "defecting" to Russia, where he served as an agent for the CIA—perhaps this is where his knowledge about the U-2 becomes relevant—he returned to this country in June 1962, lived in Fort Worth and Dallas until April 1963, and then went to New Orleans, where he resumed his friendship with David Ferrie, whom he had met several years before when he belonged to a Civil Air Patrol unit led by Ferrie. We have evidence that Oswald maintained his CIA contacts throughout this period and that Ferrie was also employed by the CIA. In this regard, we will present in court a witness—formerly a CIA courier—who met both Ferrie and Oswald officially in their CIA connection. Parenthetically, Ferrie gave his name as Ferris to this witness—a name recorded without further explanation in Jack Ruby's address book. In 1963, Ferrie and Oswald worked together closely. They were two of the organizers of the group of anti-Castro exiles and Minutemen who trained north of Lake Pontchartrain for a foray into Cuba to assassinate Castro—the venture that changed direction in the summer of 1963 and chose John Kennedy as its new victim. Toward this end—for reasons that will become clear—it became Oswald's role to establish his public identity as a Marxist. It appears that it was with this plan in mind that Oswald was sent to Mexico City in order to get a visa for travel to Cuba, where he planned to solidify his Marxist image, perhaps by making himself conspicuous with a few incendiary anti-Kennedy speeches, and then return to Dallas in time for the assassination. However, this end of the plot was frustrated because the Soviet and Cuban intelligence services apparently had Oswald pegged as an intelligence agent, and he was refused visas at both embassies. Another way in which Oswald tried to establish his procommunism was by setting up a letterhead Fair Play for Cuba Committee—of which he was the only member—and distributing on street corners leaflets praising Castro. He made two blunders here, however. First, one of the men helping him hand out leaflets was a fanatic anti-Castro Cuban exile whom we've subsequently identified from TV footage of a street incident. Second, Oswald "blew his cover" by using the wrong address for his phony New Orleans Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

PLAYBOY: Will you elaborate on this second point?

GARRISON: Yes, because this incident ties together some of the strands of the spider's web. At the time Oswald started his so-called Fair Play for Cuba Committee, two men—Hugh Ward and Guy Banister—operated a private investigative



"He works much too hard, the dear. I'd feel so much better if he insured himself to the hilt."

agency at 544 Camp Street in downtown New Orleans. There are some intriguing aspects to their operation. For one thing, Guy Bannister was one of the most militant right-wing anti-Communists in New Orleans. He was a former FBI official and his headquarters at 544 Camp Street was a clearinghouse for Cuban exile and paramilitary right-wing activities. Specifically, he allowed his office to be used as a mail drop for the anti-Castro Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front; police intelligence records at the time reported that this group was "legitimate in nature and presumably had the unofficial sanction of the Central Intelligence Agency." It did. Bannister also published a newsletter for his clients that included virulent anti-Kennedy polemics. My office also has evidence that Bannister had intimate ties with the Office of Naval Intelligence and the CIA. Both Bannister and Ward were deeply involved in covert anti-Castro exile activities in New Orleans. Bannister in particular seemed to have had an almost messianic drive to fight communism in every country in Latin America; and he was naturally of value to Cuban exiles because of his intimate connections with American intelligence agencies. In the *Ramparts* article you mentioned earlier, ex-FBI agent Bill Turner revealed that both Bannister and Ward were listed in secret Minutemen files as members of the Minutemen and operatives of a group called the Anti-Communism League of the Caribbean, which was allegedly used by the CIA in the overthrow of the Guatemalan government in 1954. So, in other words, these are the last guys in the world you'd expect to find tied up with left-wing or pro-Castro activities. Right? And yet, when Lee Harvey Oswald set up his fictitious branch of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New Orleans, he distributed leaflets giving the committee's address as 544 Camp Street—Guy Bannister's office! Somebody must have pointed out to Oswald shortly afterward that he was endangering his cover by using this address, because he subsequently changed it to 4907 Magazine Street. But it's certainly significant that at the inception of his public role as a pro-Castro activist, Oswald was utilizing the mailbox of the most militantly conservative and anti-Communist outfit in the city. I might add that we have several witnesses who will testify in court that they saw Oswald hanging out at 544 Camp Street. I want to stress, however, that I have no evidence that Bannister and Ward were involved in the plot to kill Kennedy. Their office was a kind of way station for anti-Castro and right-wing extremists passing through New Orleans, and it's perfectly possible that they were completely unaware of the conspiracy being hatched by men like Ferric and Oswald.

PLAYBOY: Were any of the other figures

OLD HICKORY

Feels nice inside you.



STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY - 86 PROOF - OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.



**THERE ARE
JACKETS
AND THERE
IS THE**

HARBOR MASTER

This one moves with you. The sturdy all-weather "Mustang." Tailored of an exclusive Buoy Cloth 2x2 poplin of 65% Dacron* and 35% cotton. The rain-and-stain treatment: ZEPHEL®. The moving touches: an action-back pleat, full lining, raglan sleeves with adjustable cuffs, zipper front, stand-up collar. The extras: browny pockets hidden under the front yoke, bold stitching at collar and cuffs. In short, a jacket that moves well, "The Mustang."

Harbor Master Ltd. A Division of Jonathan Logon, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 10018. Featured at all B&B Lorry's Metropolitan N. Y. stores and other fine stores from coast to coast.

* Dupont reg. T. M. for its Polyester Fiber. © Dupont reg. T. M. for its Fabric Fluoridizer

in the alleged conspiracy connected with Bannister?

GARRISON: Yes, David Ferrie was a paid investigator for Bannister, and the two men knew each other very well. During 1962 and 1963, Ferrie spent a good deal of time at 544 Camp Street and he made a series of mysterious long-distance phone calls to Central America from Bannister's office. We have a record of those calls.

PLAYBOY: Where are Bannister and Ward now?

GARRISON: Both have died since the assassination—Bannister of a heart attack in 1964 and Ward when the plane he was piloting for New Orleans Mayor De Lesseps Morrison crashed in Mexico in 1964. De Lesseps Morrison, as it happened, had introduced Clay Shaw to President Kennedy on an airplane flight in 1963.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe there was anything sinister about the crash that killed both Morrison and Ward?

GARRISON: I have no reason to believe

there was anything sinister about the crash, though rumors always spring up in a case like this. The only thing I will say is that witnesses in this case do have a habit of dying at the most inconvenient times. I understand a London insurance firm has prepared an actuarial chart on the likelihood of 20 of the people involved in this case dying within three years of the assassination—and found the odds 30 trillion to one. But I'm sure NBC will shortly discover that one of my investigators bribed the computer.

PLAYBOY: Was Oswald involved with paramilitary activists and anti-Castro Cuban exiles in Dallas, as well as in New Orleans?

GARRISON: Oh, God, yes. In fact, many of his New Orleans contacts overlap with those in Dallas. Jack Ruby, who played a key role in smuggling guns to the anti-Castro underground—on behalf of the CIA—was one of Oswald's contacts in Dallas. Furthermore, Oswald was virtually surrounded by White Russians in Dallas, some of whom were CIA employees.

Moreover, some of Oswald's anti-Castro friends from Miami and New Orleans showed up in Dallas in October of 1963. In a "Supplementary Investigation Report" filed on November 23, 1963, by Dallas policeman Buddy Walthers, an aide to Sheriff Bill Decker, Walthers stated: "I talked to Sorrels, the head of the Dallas Secret Service. I was advised that for the past few months at a house at 3128 Harlandale, some Cubans had been having meetings on the weekends and were possibly connected with the Freedom for Cuba Party of which Oswald was a member." No attention was paid to Walthers' report, and on November 26th, he complained: "I don't know what action the Secret Service has taken, but I learned today that some time between seven days before the President was shot and the day after he was shot, these Cubans moved from this house. My informant stated that subject Oswald had been to this house before." This was the last that was ever heard of the mysterious Cubans at 3128 Harlandale. A significant point in Walthers' report is his mention of the Freedom for Cuba Party. This appears to be a corruption of the anti-Castro Free Cuba Committee of which Oswald, Ferrie and a small cadre of neo-Nazis—including the man we believe was the "second Oswald"—were members. You may remember that on the night of the assassination, Dallas D. A. Henry Wade called a press conference and at one point referred to Oswald as a member of the "Free Cuba Committee" instead of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Jack Ruby, who just happened to be there, promptly chimed in to correct him. Ruby was obviously in the jail that night on a dry run prior to his successful murder of Oswald on Sunday—a possibility the Warren Commission never bothered to consider—and could hardly have been eager to draw attention to himself. However, he must have been afraid that if the press reported Oswald was a member of the "Free Cuba Committee," somebody might begin an investigation of that group and discover its anti-Castro and ultra-right-wing orientation. And so he risked his cover to set the record straight and protect his fellow conspirators.

PLAYBOY: In regard to Oswald's role in the conspiracy, you have said that "he was a decoy at first and then he was a patsy and then he was a victim." Would you explain what you meant by that?

GARRISON: Oswald's role in the proposed assassination of Kennedy, as far as he seems to have known, was strictly political: not to fire a gun but—for reasons that may not have been explained to him by his superiors at their planning sessions—to establish his left-wing *bona fides* so unshakably that after the assassination, quite possibly unbeknownst to him, the President's murder would appear



COCHRAN

to be the work of a sharpshooting left-wing fanatic and thus allow the other plotters, including the men who actually shot Kennedy, to escape police attention and flee Dallas. Though he may not have known why he was instructed to do so, this was undoubtedly why he got the job at the Texas School Book Depository Building; we've learned that one of the members of the conspiracy was in a position to learn from perfectly innocent Dallas business contacts the route of the Presidential motorcade more than a month before Kennedy's visit. The conspirators—more than probably not including Oswald—knew this would place him on the scene and convince the world that a demented Marxist was the real assassin.

PLAYBOY: Even if Oswald was unaware of his role as a decoy, didn't he suspect that he might be double-crossed by his co-conspirators?

GARRISON: We have uncovered substantial evidence that he was influenced and manipulated rather easily by his older and more sophisticated superiors in the conspiracy, and it's probable that he trusted them more than he distrusted them. But even if the opposite were true, I think he would have done what he was told.

PLAYBOY: Even if he suspected that he might be arrested and convicted as the President's assassin?

GARRISON: As I said, I don't think it's

likely that he *was* aware of his role as a decoy. But even if he was, it's probable that he would have been given some cock-and-bull assurances about being richly rewarded and smuggled out of the country after Kennedy's death. But it's even more probable, in my opinion—if he did know the true nature of his role—that he wouldn't have felt the necessity to escape. He would have known that no jury in the world—even in Dallas—would have been able to find him guilty of the assassination on the strength of such transparently contrived circumstantial evidence.

PLAYBOY: That's debatable. But even if Oswald *had* been brought to trial for and acquitted of the assassination, what reason would he have had to believe that he would also be exonerated of involvement in the conspiracy—which you've admitted yourself?

GARRISON: I don't want to evade your question, but I can't answer it without compromising my investigation of a crucial new area of the conspiracy. I'm afraid I can't discuss it until we've built a solid case. I can say, however, that whatever his knowledge of his role as a decoy, he definitely didn't know about his role as a patsy until after the assassination. At 12:45 P.M. on November 22nd, the Dallas police had broadcast a wanted bulletin for Oswald—over a half hour before Tippit was shot and at a time

when there was absolutely no evidence linking Oswald to the assassination. The Dallas police have never been able to explain who transmitted this wanted notice or on what evidence it was based; and the Warren Commission brushed aside the whole matter as unimportant. I think it's obvious that the conspirators tipped off the police, probably anonymously, in the hope—subsequently realized—that all attention would henceforth be focused on Oswald and the heat would be taken off other members of the plot. We have evidence that the plan was to have him shot as a cop killer in the Texas Theater "while resisting arrest." I can't go into all the details on this, but the murder of Tippit, which I am convinced Oswald didn't commit, was clearly designed to set the stage for Oswald's liquidation in the Texas Theater after another anonymous tip-off. But here the plotters miscalculated, and Oswald was not shot to death but was merely roughed up and rushed off to the Dallas jail—where, you may remember, he shouted to reporters as the police dragged him through the corridors on November 22nd: "I didn't kill anyone—I'm being made a patsy." The conspiracy had gone seriously awry and the plotters were in danger of exposure by Oswald. Enter Jack Ruby—and exit Oswald. So first Oswald was a decoy, next a patsy and finally—in the basement of the Dallas jail

SOFT AS A KISS

INVER HOUSE
 IMPORTED RARE SCOTCH

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA.



"And I'll tell you this, young man—if you join the Children's Crusade, you needn't expect any presents at your bar mitzvah."

on November 24, 1963—a victim.

PLAYBOY: Even if Oswald was a scapegoat in the alleged conspiracy, why do you believe he couldn't also have been one of those who shot at the President?

GARRISON: If there's one thing the Warren Commission and its 26 volumes of supportive evidence demonstrate conclusively, it's that Lee Harvey Oswald did *not* shoot John Kennedy on November 22, 1963. Of course, the Commission concluded not only that Oswald fired at the President but that he was a marksman, that he had enough time to "fire three shots, with two hits, within 4.8 and 5.6 seconds," that his Mannlicher-Carcano was an accurate rifle, etc.—but all these conclusions are actually in direct contradiction of the evidence within the Commission's own 26 volumes. By culling and coordinating that evidence, the leading critics of the Commission have proved that Oswald was a mediocre shot; that the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle he allegedly used was about the crummiest weapon on the market today; that its telescopic sight was loose and had to be realigned before Commission experts could fire it; that the 20-year-old ammunition he would have had to use could not have been relied on to fire accurately, if at all; that the rifle quite possibly was taken from Oswald's home after the assassination and planted in the Depository; that the Commission's own chronology of Oswald's movements made it highly implausible for him to fire three shots, wipe the rifle clear of fingerprints—there were none found on it—hide the rifle under a stack of books and rush down four flights of stairs to the second floor, all in the few seconds it took Roy Truly and Officer Marrion Baker to rush in from the street after the shots and encounter Oswald standing beside the vending machine in the employees' cafeteria. I could cite additional evidence proving that Oswald didn't fire a rifle from the sixth floor of the Depository, but it would just be a recapitulation of the excellent books of the critics, to which I refer your readers. There are a number of factors that we've examined independently during the course of our investigation that also prove Oswald didn't shoot at the President. For one thing, the nitrate test administered to Oswald on the day of the assassination clearly exonerated him of having fired a rifle within the past 24 hours. He had nitrates on both hands, but *no* nitrates on his cheek—which means it was impossible for him to have fired a rifle. The fact that he had nitrates on both hands is regarded in the nitrate test as a sign of innocence: it's the same as having nitrates on neither hand. This is because so many ordinary objects leave traces of nitrate on the hands. You're smoking a cigar, for example—tobacco contains nitrate; so if you were tested right now, you'd have nitrate on your

right hand but not on your left. I'm smoking a pipe, which I interchange between my hands, so I'll have traces of nitrate on both hands but not on my cheeks. The morning of the assassination, Oswald was moving crates in a newly painted room, which was likely to have left traces of nitrate on both his hands. Now, of course, if the nitrate test had proved positive, and Oswald did have nitrate on one hand and on his cheek, that would still not constitute proof positive that he'd fired a gun, because the nitrates could have been left by a substance other than gunpowder. But the fact that he had no nitrate whatsoever on his cheek is ineluctable proof that he never fired a rifle that day. If he had washed his face to remove the nitrate before the test was administered, there would have been none on his hands either—unless he was in the habit of washing with gloves on. This was a sticky problem for the Warren Commission, but they resolved it with their customary aplomb. An expert was dug up who testified that in a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, the chamber is so tight that no nitrates are emitted upon firing; and the Commission used this testimony to dismiss the whole subject. However, the *inventor* of the nitrate test subsequently tested the Mannlicher-Carcano and found that it *did* leave nitrate traces. He was not called to testify by the Warren Commission. So the nitrate test alone is incontrovertible proof that Oswald did not fire a rifle on November 22nd. We've also found some new evidence that shows that Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano was not the only weapon discovered in the Depository Building after the assassination. I recently traveled to New York for a conference with Richard Sprague, a brilliant man who's been independently researching technical aspects of the assassination, and he showed me a hitherto unpublicized collection of film clips from a motion picture taken of the assassination and its aftermath. Part of the film, shot shortly after one P. M., shows the Dallas police carrying the assassination weapon out of the Book Depository. They stop for the photographers and an officer holds the rifle up above his head so that the inquisitive crowd can look at it. There's just one little flaw here: This rifle does *not* have a telescopic sight, and thus cannot be Oswald's rifle. This weapon was taken from the building approximately 20 minutes *before* Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano was "discovered"—or planted—on the premises. To sum up: Oswald was involved in the conspiracy; shots were fired at Kennedy from the Depository but also from the grassy knoll and apparently from the Dal-Tex Building as well—but not one of them was fired by Lee Harvey Oswald, and not one of them from his Mannlicher-Carcano.

PLAYBOY: If Oswald didn't shoot President Kennedy from the sixth-floor win-

dow of the Book Depository, who did?

GARRISON: Our office has developed evidence that the President was assassinated by a precision guerrilla team of at least seven men, including anti-Castro adventurers and members of the paramilitary right. Of course, the Ministry of Truth concluded—by scrupulously ignoring the most compelling evidence and carefully selecting only those facts that conformed to its preconceived thesis of a lone assassin—that "no credible evidence suggests that the shots were fired from . . . any place other than the Texas School Book Depository Building." But anyone who takes the time to read the Warren Report will find that of the witnesses in Dealey Plaza who were able to assess the origin of the shots, almost two thirds said they came from the grassy-knoll area in front and to the right of the Presidential limousine and not from the Book Depository, which was to the rear of the President. A number of reliable witnesses testified that they heard shots ring out from behind the picket fence and saw a puff of smoke drift into the air. Additional evidence supporting this can be found in the Zapruder film published in *Life*, which reveals that the President was slammed *backward* by the impact of a bullet; unless you abrogate Newton's third law of motion, this means the President was shot from the front. Also—though they were contradicted later—several of the doctors at Parkland Hospital who examined the President's neck wound contended it was an *entrance* wound, which would certainly tend to indicate that Kennedy was shot from the front. In the course of our investigation, we've uncovered additional evidence establishing absolutely that there were at least four men on the grassy knoll, at least two behind the picket fence and two or more behind a small stone wall to the right of the fence. As I reconstruct it from the still-incomplete evidence in our possession, one man fired at the President from each location, while the role of his companion was to snatch up the cartridges as they were ejected. Parenthetically, a book on firearms characteristics was found in Ferrie's apartment. It was filled with underlining and marginal notations, and the most heavily annotated section was one describing the direction and distance a cartridge travels from a rifle after ejection. Scribbled on a bookmark in this section, in Ferrie's handwriting, were the figures, not mentioned in the text, "50° and 11 feet"—which indicates the possibility that Ferrie had test-fired a rifle and plotted the distance from the gunman to where the ejected cartridges would fall. But to return to the scene of the crime, it seems virtually certain that the cartridges, along with the rifles, were then thrown into the trunk of a car—parked directly behind the picket fence—which was driven from the scene some hours after the assassination. If there had been a thorough search

of all vehicles in the vicinity of the grassy knoll immediately after the assassination, this incriminating evidence might have been uncovered—along with the real authors of the President's murder. In addition to the assassins on the grassy knoll, at least two other men fired from behind the President, one from the Book Depository Building—not Oswald—and one, in all probability, from the Dal-Tex Building. As it happens, a man was arrested right after the assassination as he left the Dal-Tex Building and was taken away in a patrol car, but like the three other men detained after the assassination—one in the railroad yard behind the grassy knoll, one on the railroad overpass farther down the parade route, and one in front of the Book Depository Building—he then dropped out of sight completely. All of these suspects taken into custody after the assassination remain as anonymous as if they'd been detained for throwing a candy wrapper on the sidewalk. We have also located another man—in green combat fatigues—

who was not involved in the shooting but created a diversionary action in order to distract people's attention from the snipers. This individual screamed, fell to the ground and simulated an epileptic fit, drawing people away from the vicinity of the knoll just before the President's motorcade reached the ambush point. So you have at least seven people involved, with four firing at the President and catching him in a crossfire—just as the assassins had planned at the meeting in David Ferrie's apartment in September. It was a precision operation and was carried out coolly and with excellent coordination; the assassins even kept in contact by radio. The President, of course, had no chance. It was an overkill operation. As far as the actual sequence of shots goes, you'll remember that the Warren Commission concluded that only three bullets were fired at the President—one that hit just below the back of his neck, exited through his throat and then passed through Governor Connally's body; one that missed; and one that blew off a por-

tion of the President's skull and killed him. Like most of the other conclusions of the Commission, this one contradicts both the evidence and the testimony of eyewitnesses. The initial shot hit the President in the front of the neck, as the Parkland Hospital doctors recognized—though they were later contradicted by the military physicians at the Bethesda autopsy, and by the Warren Report. The second shot struck the President in the back; the location of this wound can be verified not by consulting the official autopsy report—on which the Commission based its conclusion that this bullet hit Kennedy in the back of the neck and exited from his throat—but by perusing the reports filed by two FBI agents who were present at the President's autopsy in Bethesda, Maryland. Both stated unequivocally that the bullet in question entered President Kennedy's *back* and did *not* continue through his body. I also refer you to a photograph of the President's shirt taken by the FBI, and to a drawing of the President's back wound made by one of the examining physicians at Bethesda; the location of the wound in both cases corresponds exactly—more than three inches below the President's neck. Yet the Commission concluded that this wound occurred in his neck. This, of course, was to make it more believable that the same bullet had exited from the President's throat and slanted on down through Governor Connally. Even if this bullet *had* entered where the Commission claims and then exited from the President's throat, it would have been possible for it to enter Governor Connally's upper back at a downward angle, exit from his lower chest and lodge finally in his thigh—fired, as the Commission says it was, from the elevation of the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository—only if Connally had been sitting in the President's lap or if the bullet had described two 90-degree turns on its way from President Kennedy's throat to Governor Connally's back. Clearly, the President's throat wound was caused by the first shot, this one from the grassy knoll in front of the limousine; and his back wound came from the rear. I've already given you my reasons for reaching this conclusion.

PLAYBOY: If the first bullet was fired from the front, why wasn't it found in the President's body, or somewhere in the Presidential limousine?

GARRISON: The exact nature of the President's wounds, as well as the disposition of the bullets or bullet fragments, are among the many concealed items in this case. I told you earlier about the men on the grassy knoll whose sole function we believe was to catch the cartridges as they were ejected from the assassins' rifles. We also have reason to suspect that other members of the conspiracy may have been assigned the job of removing other evidence—such as traceable bullet fragments



"Timmy has to tinkle."

—that might betray the assassins. In the chaos of November 22nd, this would not have been as difficult as it sounds. We know that a bullet, designated Exhibit number 399 by the Warren Commission, was planted on a stretcher in Parkland Hospital to incriminate Oswald. The Commission concluded that this bullet allegedly hit both Kennedy and Governor Connally, causing seven wounds and breaking three bones—and emerged without a dent! In subsequent ballistics tests with the same gun, every bullet was squashed completely out of shape from impact with various simulated human targets. So, if the conspirators could fabricate a bullet, they could easily conceal one. But to return to the sequence of shots: Governor Connally was struck by a third bullet—as he himself insisted, not the one that struck Kennedy in the back—also fired from the rear. A fourth shot missed the Presidential limousine completely and struck the curb along the south side of Main Street, disintegrating into fragments; the trajectory of this bullet has been plotted backward to a point of origin in the Dal-Tex Building. The fifth shot, which struck the President in the right temple, tore off the top of his skull and snapped him back into his seat—a point overlooked by the Warren Commission—had to have been fired from the grassy knoll. There is also medical evidence indicating the likelihood that an additional head shot may have been fired. The report of Dr. Robert McClelland at Parkland Hospital, for example, states that “the cause of death was due to massive head and brain injury from a gunshot wound of the *left* temple.” And yet another shot may also have been fired; frames 208 to 211 of the Zapruder film, which were deleted from the Warren Report—presumably as irrelevant—reveal signs of stress appearing suddenly on the back of a street sign momentarily obstructing the view between the grassy knoll and the President’s car. These stress signs may very well have been caused by the impact of a stray bullet on the sign. We’ll never be sure about this, however, because the day after the assassination, the sign was removed and no one in Dallas seems to know what became of it. Some of the gunmen appear to have used frangible bullets, a variant of the dum-dum bullet that is forbidden by the Geneva Treaty. Frangible bullets explode on impact into tiny fragments, as did the bullet that caused the fatal wound in the President’s head. Of course, frangible bullets are ideal in a political assassination, because they almost guarantee massive damage and assure that no tangible evidence will remain that ballistics experts could use to trace the murder weapon. I might also mention that frangible bullets *cannot* be fired from a Mannlicher-Carcano, such as the Commission concludes

Medico 2 1/4" filters do it

give pleasure and peace of mind

MEDICO® FILTER PIPES

66-baffle absorbent replaceable Medico Filters trap juices, tars, nicotine—keep your mouth cleaner, cooler. Change filter and your pipe is clean. Selected, imported briar; nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, Write Medico, 18 E. 54th St., N. Y. 10022, Dept. A-23. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.



Insist on MEDICO FILTERS
10 for 10¢
Also Menthol-Cool 10 for 15¢



MEDICO CREST
\$6 TO \$20

Illustrated
GOLD CREST dark claret \$8
(light café finish \$9)



Jet Stream
\$3.95



Ebony
\$4.50



Ancient Bruyere
\$7.50



Sterling Silver
Filigree
\$17.50

Other Medico
Filter Pipes
\$2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO • World's Largest Selling Pipes

stir her to romance

PLAYBOY COCKTAILS FOR TWO SET

Perfect mixer for a perfect evening. Emblazoned in 22k gold. 16-ounce glass mixer, stirrer and two cocktail glasses.

Deluxe set includes walnut snack tray with knife and tile for cheese cutting.

Cocktails for Two Set, \$5

Deluxe Set, \$15

Both prices ppd.



Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.

Oswald used to kill the President. Also parenthetically, this type of bullet was issued by the CIA for use in anti-Castro-exile raids on Cuba. In summation, there were at least five or six shots fired at the President from front and rear by at least four gunmen, assisted by several accomplices, two of whom probably picked up the cartridges and one of whom created a diversion to draw people's eyes away from the grassy knoll. At this stage of events, Lee Harvey Oswald was no more than a spectator to the assassination—perhaps in a very literal sense. As the first shot rang out, Associated Press photographer James Altgens snapped a picture of the motorcade that shows a man with a remarkable resemblance to Lee Harvey Oswald—same hairline, same face shape—standing in the doorway of the Book Depository Building. Somehow or other, the Warren Commission concluded that this man was actually Billy Nolan Lovelady, an employee of the Depository, who looked very little like Oswald. Furthermore, on the day of the assassination, Oswald was wearing a white T-shirt under a long-sleeved dark shirt opened halfway to his waist—the same outfit worn by the man in the doorway—but Lovelady said that on November 22nd he was wearing a short-sleeved, red-and-white-striped sport shirt buttoned near the neck. The Altgens photograph indicates the very real possibility that at the moment Oswald was supposed to have been crouching in the sixth-floor window of the Depository shooting Kennedy, he may actually have been standing outside the front door watching the Presidential motorcade.

PLAYBOY: Between June 25th and 29th, CBS telecast a series of four special shows revealing the findings of the network's own seven-month investigation of the assassination. CBS agreed with the Warren Commission's conclusion that Oswald was the assassin, that he acted alone and that only three shots were fired; but it theorized that the first shot was fired earlier than the Warren Commission believed, thus giving Oswald sufficient time to fire three well-aimed shots at the President with his Mannlicher-Carcano—and overcoming the implausibility of the Commission's conclusion that he had scored two hits out of three shots in only 5.6 seconds. Don't you consider this a logical explanation of the discrepancies in the Commission's time sequence?

GARRISON: I'm afraid it's neither logical nor an explanation. In case your readers aren't familiar with all the ramifications of this question, the Commission's entire lone-assassin theory rests on the fact that all three shots were fired, as you point out, within a period of 5.6 seconds. Now, the film taken of the assassination by Abraham Zapruder proves that a maximum of 1.8 seconds elapsed between the time Kennedy was first hit and Governor

Connally was hit—this is crystal clear from their own reactions—but it requires 2.3 seconds just to work the bolt on a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. To escape this dilemma, the Commission produced the magical bullet, Exhibit 399, which I referred to earlier. Apart from the pristine condition of 399, the whole time sequence was the weakest link in the Commission's shaky chain of evidence, and CBS seems to have taken it upon its shoulders to resolve the problem by inventing a new time sequence. What they did was to have a photo analyst, Charles Wyckoff, examine the Zapruder film and find that certain frames were blurred. Wyckoff arbitrarily decided that these blurs were caused by Zapruder's physical reaction to the sound of shots ringing out—although by the same logic, Zapruder could just have sneezed. Now, the Warren Commission had concluded that Kennedy would not have been visible to Oswald until Frame 210 of the Zapruder film; until then, he was obscured by an oak tree—and was first hit in Frame 222 or 223. But Wyckoff detected a blur in the vicinity of Frame 186; and on the basis of this, CBS speculated that Zapruder heard a shot at Frame 186—the first shot in CBS' revised time schedule—which Oswald allegedly fired at Kennedy *through the branches of the oak tree*. CBS even speculated that the bullet lodged in the trunk of the oak tree, and sent a team of men with metal detectors scurrying up it, but to no avail; the commentator explained that maybe someday more sophisticated detection devices would be developed and the bullet would be found. Sure. This scenario, of course, gave Oswald several extra seconds in which to take careful aim and fire his subsequent shots—and thus let the Commission off the hook. The only trouble here is that the people who conducted the CBS study—like most defenders of the Warren Report—didn't do all of their homework. They forgot, or chose to ignore, that by the Commission's own admission, the bullet that missed Kennedy—the second bullet in the Commission's sequence—hit the curb on Main Street near the railroad underpass 100 yards ahead of the limousine, shattering into fragments and causing superficial wounds on the face of a bystander, James Tague. But the trajectory of any bullet fired from the sixth floor of the Depository through the branches of the oak tree is such that it could not conceivably hit within a city block of the underpass. So please excuse me if I'm not overwhelmed by the inelectable logic of CBS' presentation. And just let me add a footnote here: CBS made a great deal out of its assumption that the blurs on Zapruder's film indicated a reflexive reaction to shots ringing out. But they never asked Zapruder about his statement to Secret Service agents after the assassination about the

origin of the shots; along with the majority of the witnesses to the assassination, he said the shots came from the grassy knoll, on which he was standing—from behind the stone wall, which was only a few dozen feet from him, in the opposite direction from the Depository. Like the Warren Commission, CBS was scrupulously selective in its choice of evidence. Its broadcast wasn't a hatchet job like the NBC show, but it was equally misleading and, however unintentionally, dishonest. I'm not imputing sinister motives to CBS; it appears that its greatest handicap was its own ignorance of the assassination.

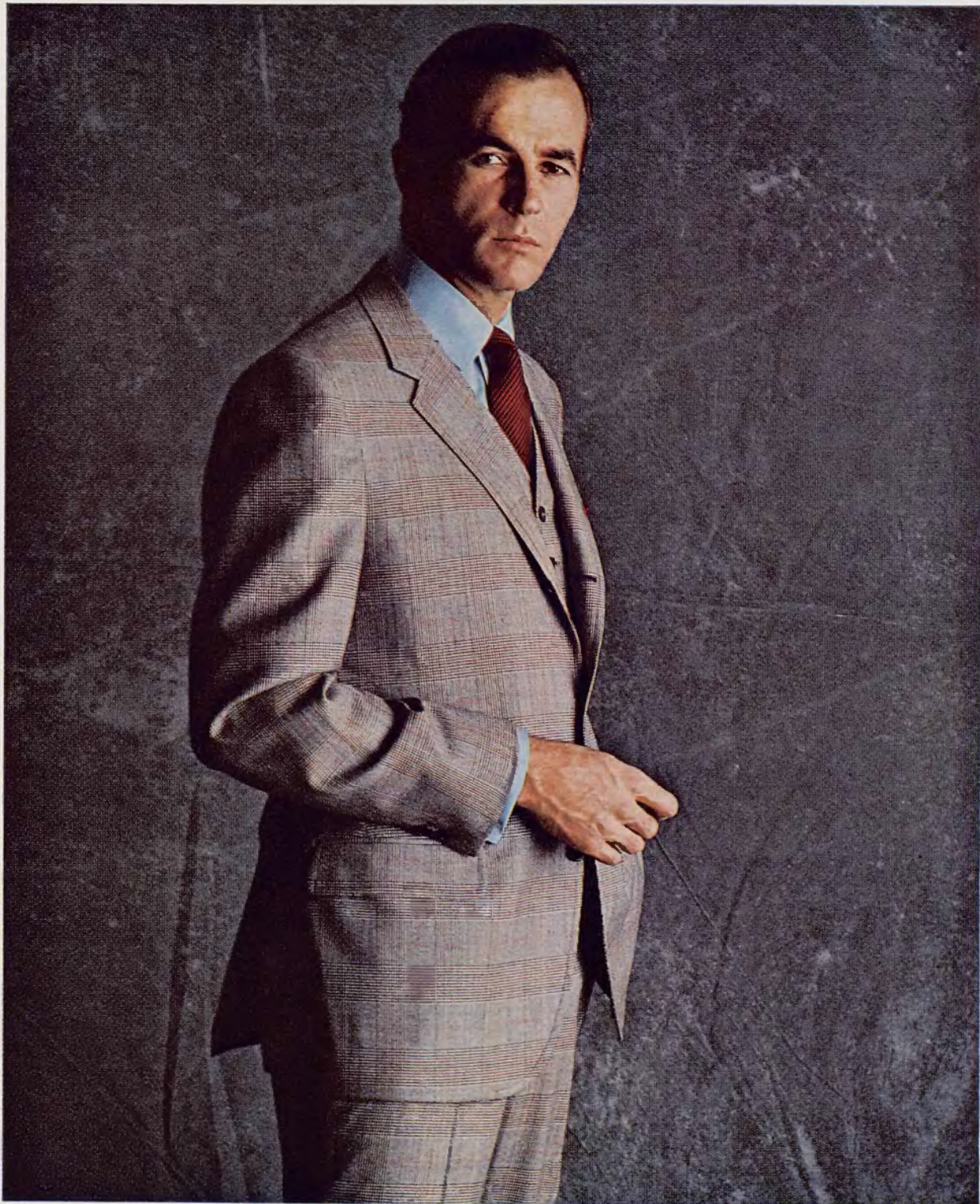
PLAYBOY: To return to your own investigation of the assassination: Have you discovered the identity of any of the conspirators you say were involved in the actual shooting?

GARRISON: I don't want to sound coy or evasive, but I'm afraid I can't comment on that. All I can say is that this is an ongoing case and there will be more arrests.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to the events that followed the assassination. What reason do you have for believing that Oswald didn't shoot Officer Tippit?

GARRISON: As I said earlier, the evidence we've uncovered leads us to suspect that two men, neither of whom was Oswald, were the real murderers of Tippit; we believe we have one of them identified. The critics of the Warren Report have pointed out that a number of the witnesses could not identify Oswald as the slayer, that several said the murderer was short and squat—Oswald was thin and medium height—and another said that two men were involved. The Warren Commission's own chronology of Oswald's movements also fails to allow him sufficient time to reach the scene of Tippit's murder from the Book Depository Building. The clincher, as far as I'm concerned, is that four cartridges were found at the scene of the slaying. Now, revolvers do not eject cartridges, so when someone is shot, you don't later find gratuitous cartridges strewn over the sidewalk—unless the murderer deliberately takes the trouble to eject them. We suspect that cartridges had been previously obtained from Oswald's .38 revolver and left at the murder site by the real killers as part of the setup to incriminate Oswald. However, somebody slipped up there. Of the four cartridges found at the scene, two were Winchesters and two were Remingtons—but of the four bullets found in Officer Tippit's body, three were Winchesters and one was a Remington! The last time I looked, the Remington-Peters Manufacturing Company was not in the habit of slipping Winchester bullets into its cartridges, nor was the Winchester-Western Manufacturing Company putting Remington bullets into its

PBM? PBM!



Pincus Brothers-Maxwell, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, New York/Independence Mall East, Philadelphia, Pa.

Strictly speaking, it is not correct to speak of the return of the glen plaid suit. It never really went away (and, we think, never should). But the new surge of acceptance for this hardy perennial hinges largely on subtle PBM colorings. And on some commendable refinements in PBM's vaunted natural shoulder tailoring—positive lapels, deep side vents, sophisticated body tracing. Fashion for individuals, not for everyone. That's PBM!

Available at: Burkhardt's, Cincinnati; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Roberts-David Alan, Flint; Schlessinger's, West New York, N.J.; Silverwoods, Los Angeles 169



"Here comes our analyst. A few more visits and we should have him straightened out."

cartridges. I don't believe that Oswald shot anybody on November 22nd—not the President and not Tippit. If our investigation in this area proves fruitful, I hope we will be able to produce in a court of law the two men who did kill Tippit.

PLAYBOY: How do you explain the fact that the Warren Commission concluded that the bullets in Officer Tippit's body had all been fired from "the revolver in the possession of Oswald at the time of his arrest, to the exclusion of all other weapons"?

GARRISON: The Warren Commission's conclusion was made *in spite* of the evidence and not because of it. To determine if Oswald's gun had fired the bullets, it was necessary to call in a ballistics expert who would be able to tell if the lines and grooves on the bullets had a relation to the barrel of the revolver. The Commission called as its witness FBI ballistics expert Cortlandt Cunningham, and he testified, after an examination of the bullets taken from Tippit's body, that it was impossible to determine whether or not these bullets had been fired from Oswald's gun. Yet, on the basis of this expert testimony, the Warren Commis-

sion concluded with a straight face that the bullets were fired not only from Oswald's gun but "to the exclusion of all other weapons." They simply chose to ignore the fact that revolvers don't eject cartridges and that the cartridges left so conveniently on the street didn't match the bullets in Tippit's body.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that a so-called "second Oswald" had impersonated the real Lee Harvey Oswald before the assassination in an attempt to incriminate him. What proof do you have of this?

GARRISON: I hesitate to use the words "second Oswald," because they tend to lend an additional fictional quality to a case that already makes *Dr. No* and *Goldfinger* look like auditors' reports. However, it is true that before the assassination, a calculated effort was made to implicate Oswald in the events to come. A young man approximating Oswald's description and using Oswald's name—we believe we have discovered his identity—engaged in a variety of activities designed to create such a strong impression of Oswald's instability and culpability in people's minds that they would recall him as a suspicious character after the President was murdered. In one

instance, a man went to an auto salesroom, gave his name as Lee Oswald, test-drove a car at 80 miles an hour—Oswald couldn't drive—and, after creating an ineradicable impression on the salesman by his speeding, gratuitously remarked that he might go back to the Soviet Union and was expecting to come into a large sum of money. Parenthetically, the salesman who described this "second Oswald" was subsequently beaten almost to death by unknown assailants outside his showroom. He later fled Dallas and last year was found dead; it was officially declared a suicide. In another instance, this "second Oswald" visited a shooting range in Dallas and gave a virtuoso demonstration of marksmanship, hitting not only his own bull's-eye but the bull's-eyes of neighboring targets as well—thus leaving an unforgettable impression of his skill with a rifle. The real Oswald, of course, was a mediocre shot, and there is no evidence that he had fired a rifle since the day he left the Marines. Consequently, the fact that he couldn't hit the side of a barn had to be offset, which accounts for the tableau at the rifle range. I could go on and on recounting similar instances, but there is no doubt that there was indeed a "second Oswald." Now, the Warren Commission recognized that the individual involved in all these activities could not be Lee Oswald; but they never took the next step and inquired why these incidents of impersonation occurred so systematically prior to the assassination. As it turned out, of course, the organizers of the conspiracy needn't have bothered to go to all this trouble of laying a false trail incriminating Oswald. They should have realized, since Oswald was a "self-proclaimed Marxist," that it wasn't necessary to produce any additional evidence to convict him in the eyes of the mass media; any other facts would simply be redundant in the face of such a convincing confession of guilt.

PLAYBOY: You've given your reasons for believing that Oswald, despite his leftist "cover," was involved with the conspirators and with the CIA. Do you have any evidence indicating that he was also connected with the FBI, as some critics of the Warren Report have alleged?

GARRISON: Let me preface my answer by saying that I believe the FBI was not given the full picture of Oswald's CIA involvement. I have nothing but respect for the Bureau and feel that if it weren't for the FBI reports still available in the Commission exhibits, the door would have been closed forever. While the CIA has behaved like a cross between the Gestapo and the NKVD, the FBI has worked assiduously in many different areas and gathered facts that have proved of great value to those interested in uncovering the truth about the assassination. It isn't the FBI's fault that dozens

of its reports have been classified top secret in the Archives by order of certain officials in the Department of Justice. The trouble I face today is that, after four years, not only are these documents unavailable but the trail has grown cold in many areas. Ruby is dead. Ferrie is dead. Many other witnesses with valuable information have either been murdered or fled the country.

PLAYBOY: You still haven't answered the question: Was Oswald involved with the FBI?

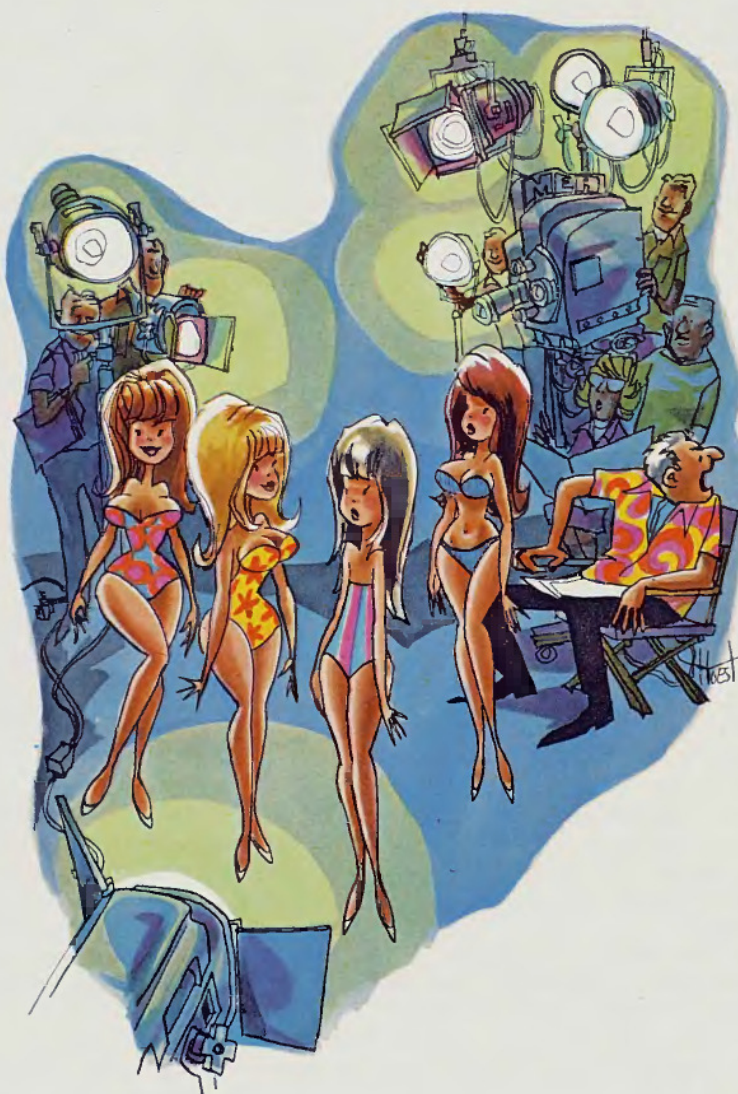
GARRISON: Well, I just wanted to phrase my reply in such a manner that it wouldn't be misconstrued as a broadside against the entire FBI. Oswald may have been a petty informer for the Bureau, receiving small sums of money in return for information about left-wing activities in the Dallas-New Orleans area. But I must stress that there is no indication of any connection between Oswald and the FBI with regard to the assassination, and that his position with the FBI was in no way analogous to his position with the CIA; the FBI retains hundreds, perhaps thousands of such informants across the country and is no more responsible for their over-all pattern of political activity than the Internal Revenue Service is responsible for the behavior of its confidential informants on tax-evasion matters. Oswald's possible ties to the Bureau are never mentioned in the Warren Report, but a member of the Commission, Congressman Gerald Ford, revealed in his otherwise undistinguished book, *Portrait of an Assassin*, that the Commission was informed by Texas Attorney General Waggoner Carr and Dallas D. A. Henry Wade that Oswald had been employed by the FBI as an informant since September of 1962; his salary, they revealed, was \$200 a month and his FBI code number was 179. The Warren Commission acted promptly on this information from two responsible Texas officials: Chief Counsel Rankin told the members of the Commission that "We have a dirty rumor that is very bad for the Commission . . . and it is very damaging to the agencies that are involved in it and it must be wiped out insofar as it is possible to do so by the Commission." The Commission then launched one of its typically thorough investigations: J. Edgar Hoover was asked if the alleged assassin of the President of the United States had been an employee of his; Mr. Hoover said "No"; and the Commission closed the case. If Congressman Ford hadn't developed writer's itch, we would never even have heard of the incident. Once again, the Commission made an unwise choice between tranquility and truth. There is also other evidence linking Oswald to the FBI—though, again, not in any conspiratorial context. A Dallas police investigative report dated February 17, 1964,

describes a police interview with Mrs. Teofil Meller, a White Russian *émigrée* in Dallas who had befriended Oswald and Marina. Mrs. Meller revealed, according to the report, that "she saw the book *Kapital*, which was written by Karl Marx, during one of these visits at Oswald's house and became very worried about it. Subject [Mr. Meller] said he checked with the FBI and they told him that Oswald was all right." So here you have this "self-proclaimed Marxist," who had defected to the Soviet Union, tried to renounce his American citizenship and was now allegedly active in pro-Castro activities, being given a clean bill of health by the FBI. It's quite possible that this clean bill of health was originally issued by the State Department, which, in reply to an FBI request for information about Oswald's activities in Russia—this was shortly after his "defection"—assured the Bureau that he was a solid citizen. So I don't see anything sinister in all of this, at least as far as the FBI is concerned. The Bureau has to obtain

information on subversion and it's going to get what it needs not from Rhodes scholars and divinity students but from apparently marginal figures like Lee Oswald with an entree into the political underworld.

PLAYBOY: If you see nothing sinister in the FBI's relationship with Oswald, why did you subpoena FBI agents Regis Kennedy and Warren De Bruceys to testify before the New Orleans Parish grand jury?

GARRISON: Regis Kennedy is one of the FBI agents who interrogated David Ferrie in November 1963, and I hoped to learn from him what information the Bureau had elicited from Ferrie. But on the instructions of our old friend Attorney General Ramsey Clark, Kennedy refused to answer the questions put to him by the grand jury on the grounds of executive privilege. Warren De Bruceys is a former FBI agent based in New Orleans who also questioned Ferrie in 1963. Between 1961 and 1963, De Bruceys was involved with anti-Castro exile activities



"Prop man!"

in New Orleans and was seen frequently at meetings of the right-wing Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front. I'd like to find out the exact nature of De Brueys' relationship with Lee Oswald. As long as Oswald was in New Orleans, so was De Brueys. When Oswald moved to Dallas, De Brueys followed him. After the assassination, De Brueys returned to New Orleans. This may all be coincidence, but I find it interesting that De Brueys refuses to cooperate with our office—significant and frustrating, because I feel he could shed considerable light on Oswald's ties to anti-Castro groups.

PLAYBOY: On March 23, 1967, you ordered the arrest of Gordon Novel as a material witness in the conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy, and you have subsequently sought his extradition from Ohio. What role do you believe Novel played in the alleged conspiracy?

GARRISON: I can't go into all aspects of Novel's activities, because we have a live case against him. Novel worked closely with David Ferrie and the anti-Castro Cuban exiles. In 1961, he raided a munitions bunker in Houma, Louisiana, with David Ferrie and a prominent anti-Castro exile leader, and the weapons seized were subsequently shipped by CIA agents to the counterrevolutionary underground in Cuba. He also worked for the Evergreen Advertising Agency in New Orleans, a CIA front that alerted anti-Castro agents to the date of the Bay of Pigs invasion by placing coded messages in radio commercials for Christmas trees. Novel himself was a paid employee of the CIA. As I mentioned earlier, Novel's own lawyer, Stephen Plotkin, has admitted that his client is a CIA agent. On May 23, 1967, Plotkin was quoted in the *New Orleans States-Item* as saying that "his client served as an intermediary between the CIA and anti-Castro Cubans in New Orleans and Miami prior to the April 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion." And that same day, the Associated Press, which has hardly served as my press agent in this case, reported: "When Novel first fled from New Orleans, he headed straight for McLean, Virginia, which is the Central Intelligence Agency suburb. This is not surprising, because Gordon Novel was a CIA employee in the early Sixties." There is no doubt that Gordon Novel was a CIA operative.

PLAYBOY: If the CIA, as you charge, not only refuses to cooperate with you but has actively obstructed your investigation, how are you in a position to know about Novel's activities on behalf of the Agency?

GARRISON: The people of Louisiana pay my investigators to investigate. But in this specific instance, we've benefited by sheer luck. After Novel fled the city in March, my investigators and the city police both scoured his apartment for evidence, but Novel appeared to have covered his trail pretty effectively. I'm

afraid, in this case, we weren't as efficient as two young girls who moved into Novel's apartment a few weeks later and, during a thorough house cleaning, found a penciled rough draft of a letter under a strip of linoleum on the kitchen-sink drainboard. One of the girls gave it to her boyfriend, a student at Tulane University, and he in turn passed it on to one of his professors, who subsequently showed the letter to Hoke May, a reporter for the *New Orleans States-Item*. May had the letter examined by an independent handwriting analyst, Gilbert Fortier, who compared it with other samples of Novel's writing and determined that the draft had been written by Novel—a fact that was confirmed by Novel's attorney, who said that "everything in the letter as far as Novel is concerned is actually the truth." This letter makes fascinating reading. It is addressed to a Mr. Weiss, Novel's apparent superior in the CIA. Novel tells Weiss: "I took the liberty of writing you direct and apprising you of current situation expecting you to forward this through appropriate channels. Our connection and activity of that period involved individuals presently about to be indicted as conspirators in Mr. Garrison's investigation." Novel goes on to warn that my probe was in danger of exposing his ties to the Double-Chek Corporation in Miami, which the book *The Invisible Government* exposes as a CIA front that recruited pilots and saboteurs for the Bay of Pigs and subsequent anti-Castro adventures. Novel writes in the letter: "Mr. Garrison . . . is unaware of Double-Chek's involvement in this matter but has strong suspicions." He also adds that he lied to the FBI: "I have been questioned extensively by local FBI recently as to whether or not I was involved with Double-Chek's parent holding corporation. . . . My reply on five queries was negative. Bureau unaware of Double-Chek association in this matter." The letter indicates that Novel was growing edgy, because he complains: "We have temporarily avoided one subpoena not to reveal Double-Chek activities. . . . We want out of this thing before Thursday, 3/—/67. Our attorneys have been told to expect another subpoena to appear and testify on this matter. The Fifth Amendment and/or immunity and legal tactics will not suffice." In case the CIA decided Novel was expendable, he seems to have taken out a kind of insurance policy: "Our attorneys and others are in possession of complete sealed files containing all information concerning this matter. In the event of our sudden departure, either accidental or otherwise, they are instructed to simultaneously release same for public scrutiny in different areas." Novel concludes his little billet-doux by urging the CIA to take "appropriate counteraction relative to Garrison's inquiry concerning us through military channels, vis-à-vis the DIA man." Inter-

estingly enough, the DIA is the abbreviation for the Defense Intelligence Agency, a top-secret group set up after the Bay of Pigs to supervise the CIA and ensure increased Administration control of CIA activities—a task at which it has proved spectacularly unsuccessful.

PLAYBOY: Novel subsequently fled New Orleans and took refuge in Ohio. Why were you unable to obtain his extradition?

GARRISON: The reason we were unable to obtain Novel's extradition from Ohio—the reason we are unable to extradite *anyone* connected with this case—is that there are powerful forces in Washington who find it imperative to conceal from the American public the truth about the assassination. And as a result, terrific pressure has been brought to bear on the governors of the states involved to prevent them from signing the extradition papers and returning the defendants to stand trial. I'm sorry to say that in every case, these Jell-o-spined governors have caved in and "played the game" Washington's way. To give them the benefit of the doubt, I suppose it's also possible that they just didn't want to aid and abet an investigation that every official effort, overt and covert, has been made to discredit as irresponsible and unfounded. Whatever his motivation, Governor Rhodes of Ohio, to name one, has said that he would allow me to extradite Novel to stand trial on charges arising from the CIA-inspired burglary of the ammunitions bunker in Houma, Louisiana—but that I would not be allowed under the stipulations of the extradition agreement to question him about the assassination! In other words, it's OK for me to send a man to jail on a burglary rap, but I mustn't upset him by inquiring if he killed the President. I'm all in favor of protecting a defendant's civil rights, but this is straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

PLAYBOY: The *New Orleans States-Item* of June 14, 1967, quoted Novel as saying that if he were granted immunity from the assassination investigation, he would be willing to testify on a number of points, including "international fraud, mysterious intelligence activities from November 1959 to date in the Southern quadrant of the U. S. A. and certain islands off Florida, seditious treason, hot war games and cold munitions transfers, ten 1950-model Canadian surplus Vampire jet supporter fighter aircraft and certain Cuban-Anglo-French sabotage affairs of early 1961." Why did you reject his offer?

GARRISON: These are all intriguing aspects of Novel's career as a U. S. intelligence agent, and I'd love to hear about them—especially his knowledge of seditious



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 87-E ©1967. PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL, INC. SPECIAL EDITION YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS OCTOBER 1967
DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

LONDON SWINGS SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK IN THE PLAYBOY CLUB'S FUN-FILLED ROOMS!

LONDON (Special) — Playboy Club members, celebrities and guests are still thronging the London Club seven nights a week. The Club offers so much — fun and games, the informal air of a luxurious penthouse apartment and the atmosphere of a sparkling private party in Playboy's beautifully appointed clubrooms. Without doubt, the greatest value in Mayfair.

Applications for Charter Membership in the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during your first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter.

The complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment makes it possible for you to spend an entire evening on the town without ever leaving the Club. The Playroom cabaret showroom (with acts chosen from the largest talent roster in the world) presents three shows nightly, four on Saturday. Dine on Playboy's hearty steak dinner — at the same price as a drink—as you enjoy the show.

Dance to exciting beat groups and the latest popular recordings at the Living Room Discotheque, scene of Playboy's elaborate buffet spread. There's also dancing between shows in

MONTREAL BUNNIES WELCOME MEMBERS



Beauties like Bunny Diane are now waiting to greet members and guests in our spectacular new Montreal Playboy Club. Hutch premiered July 15 at 2081 Aylmer St., just 10 minutes from Expo 67.

the Playroom cabaret. Enjoy epicurean cuisine impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the VIP Room. Plan on meeting your friends for a before-dinner cocktail or after-dinner drink in the intimate VIP Lounge, the perfect place to convene.

The Penthouse Casino, occupying the entire top floor of the Club, features blackjack, American dice, and roulette. Other gaming rooms include the Cartoon Corner and Playmate Bar Blackjack and Roulette Room.

Open the door to the Playboy world of excitement—by mailing the coupon today you save £8.8.0 during the first year of membership and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Full credit privileges are available to those who qualify, enabling them to sign for all purchases at the London Club. For credit privileges, just tick the appropriate box. Act now, while special charter membership is still available.



Bunnies have the beat! There's continuous dancing at Playboy's Living Room Discotheque because when the live group goes off, the Bunnies and the records come on.

APPLY NOW AND SAVE—CHARTER ROSTER LIMITED

Reserve your place on Charter Rolls (Initiation £3.3.0, Annual Subscription £5.5.0) which assures a substantial saving over Regular Membership Fees (Initiation £6.6.0, Annual Subscription £10.10.0).

Applicants from the Continent may enclose Initiation Fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the charter roster without prior notice.



Bunny croupiers call the turn at the Playboy tables as members and guests try their luck. Games include roulette, blackjack and dice.

Visiting London? Stay At Forty-Five Park Lane, Atop The Playboy Club

LONDON (Special)—Luxurious suites located above the London Club, with their own entrance, lobby and lift, are available to Playboy visitors on a daily, weekly or monthly basis. Hand-somely furnished in contemporary decor, each has its own TV, bath and kitchenette-bar.

Daily maid and linens, 24-hour switchboard and porter services are included. Arrangements can be made for car-hire, theatre tickets, travel arrangements, secretarial service, sight-seeing tours, valet and laundry.

Rates for studio singles are 5 gns. daily, 30 gns. weekly and 120 gns. monthly. For reservations and information on studio twins, deluxe suites and penthouse apartments, address Reception Manager, 45 Park Lane, London, W. 1, England, Telex 262187 or phone MAYfair 6001.

One Key Admits You To All Clubs

Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston
Chicago • Cincinnati • Detroit
Jamaica • Kansas City • London
Los Angeles • Miami • Montreal
New Orleans • New York • Phoenix
St. Louis • San Francisco

CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION TODAY

TO: Membership Secretary
THE PLAYBOY CLUB, 45 Park Lane, London W.1, England

Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 being the Initiation Fee for charter members. I understand that the Annual Subscription for charter members will be £5.5.0, payable upon notification of acceptance.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)

ADDRESS

PROFESSION OR OCCUPATION

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

I wish to have credit privileges enabling me to sign all my purchases at the London Club. No extra charge for this service. 287-E



"They just don't make two-way mirrors like they used to."

treason—but that isn't the subject of my investigation.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on from Gordon Novel to Jack Ruby, who you claim murdered Oswald to "silence" him. Do you have any evidence that Ruby and Oswald knew each other?

GARRISON: Though Ruby and the Warren Report denied it vehemently, there is simply no question about it. We didn't even have to do a great deal of investigative digging; connections popped up everywhere we scratched the surface.

PLAYBOY: What evidence do you have to support your charge that Ruby was involved in anti-Castro exile activities with Oswald and Ferrie?

GARRISON: We have evidence linking Ruby not only to anti-Castro exile activities but, as with almost everyone else involved in this case, to the CIA itself. Never forget that the CIA maintains a great variety of curious alliances it feels serve its purposes. It may be hard to imagine Ruby in a trench coat, but he seems to have been as good an employee of the CIA as he was a pimp for the Dallas cops. Just let me add parenthetically that I stress the word "employee" here as opposed to "agent." The CIA employs many people in many different capacities, sometimes just on a retainer basis, and these individuals do not fall under the over-all authority of the CIA.

I have solid evidence indicating that Ruby, Ferrie, Oswald and others involved in this case were all paid by the CIA to perform certain functions: Ruby to smuggle arms for Cuban exile groups, Ferrie to train them and to fly counterevolutionary secret missions to Cuba, and Oswald to establish himself so convincingly as a Marxist that he would win the trust of American left-wing groups and also have freedom to travel as a spy in Communist countries, particularly Cuba. But I have reason to believe that none of them was a salaried agent operating under a direct chain of command. In this particular case—though, as with the others involved, it seems to have been unrelated to his CIA work—Ruby was up to his neck with the plotters. Our investigators have broken a code Oswald used and found Ruby's private unlisted telephone number, as of 1963, written in Oswald's notebook. The same coded number was found in the address book of another prominent figure in this case. We have further evidence linking Ruby to the conspiracy, but it involves testimony to be given in court in the future, so I can't reveal it here. On the broader point of Ruby's involvement with anti-Castro exile activity, there can be no doubt whatsoever. Let me refer you here to the testimony of Nancy Perrin Rich before the Warren Commission. This lady arrived

in Dallas in 1961 with her husband, Robert Perrin, a gun runner and one-time narcotics smuggler and, through police intervention, secured a job as a bartender at Ruby's Carousel Club. She quit soon after and didn't see Ruby again until one night when she and her husband, as she tells it, attended a conference of anti-Castro exiles presided over by a lieutenant colonel—an Army colonel, she thought. She testified that Robert Perrin was offered \$10,000 if he would run guns to the underground in Cuba, and she haggled the sum up to \$25,000. When Perrin demanded a cash retainer, a phone call was made and, shortly after, Mrs. Rich recounts, "I had the shock of my life. . . . A knock comes on the door and who walks in but my little friend Jack Ruby. . . . You could have knocked me over with a feather . . . and everybody looks like . . . here comes the Savior." Ruby was the CIA bag man—or paymaster—for the operation, and he left immediately after handing over a large sum in cash to the colonel. Mrs. Rich and her husband subsequently bowed out of the gun-smuggling deal, because, in her words, "I smelled an element that I did not want to have any part of." Afraid of retaliation, she and Perrin fled from Dallas and hid out in several different cities, winding up finally in New Orleans. A year later, he was found dead of arsenic poisoning. Though it would be difficult to pick a slower and more excruciating way to kill yourself, it was officially declared a suicide. There are too many other instances of Ruby's anti-Castro activity to go into here. Ruby appears to have been the CIA's bag man for a wide variety of anti-Castro adventures. In this connection, let me point out that one of the documents classified top secret in the Archives is a CIA file entitled "The Activities of Jack Ruby." Perhaps this will become a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in September 2038.

PLAYBOY: Even if Ruby was associated with certain Cuban exile groups, as you claim, couldn't all of this be totally unrelated to the assassination?

GARRISON: It could be, but it isn't. As a result of our investigation, I can say, with the same certitude that I can say the sun will rise in the east tomorrow morning, that Jack Ruby was involved in the conspiracy to kill John Kennedy. Much of the evidence we've uncovered about Ruby's involvement relates to our court case against Clay Shaw, so the canon of legal ethics prevents me from broadcasting it before trial. But I will give you one bit of evidence, recently uncovered by our office, that links Ruby to the conspiracy. Four days before the assassination, on November 18th, 1963, a young woman from Dallas named Rose Cherie was thrown from a moving car on a highway outside Eunice, Louisiana. She was badly bruised and taken to the East Louisiana Hospital in Jackson, Loui-

siana. When she came out of sedation, on November 19th, she was distraught and sobbed that she had been thrown out of the car by associates of a man named Jack Ruby in Dallas. She claimed to have been sent by Ruby from Dallas to Miami to pick up a shipment of narcotics. When asked by a hospital attendant—who fortunately took notes of her remarks, in case the police had to be called in—why she had been hurled from the car, she replied that narcotics smuggling was one thing, but she drew the line at murder. The President, she said, was going to be killed in Dallas within a few days. At this point, sadly enough, the hospital authorities seemed to dismiss her as hysterical and lost interest in her story, although she repeated it in detail the next day. After the assassination, of course, people in the hospital became interested once more, but she had already checked out, leaving no forwarding address other than Dallas, Texas. There the story stood until a few months ago, when we began searching for Miss Cheramic, but it was too late. After the assassination, she was killed by a hit-and-run driver on a highway outside Dallas.

PLAYBOY: If Jack Ruby was really the sinister and cunning figure you paint him, why would he kill Oswald in the Dallas city jail, where his own apprehension and conviction for murder were inevitable? Wasn't this more logically the act of a temporarily deranged man?

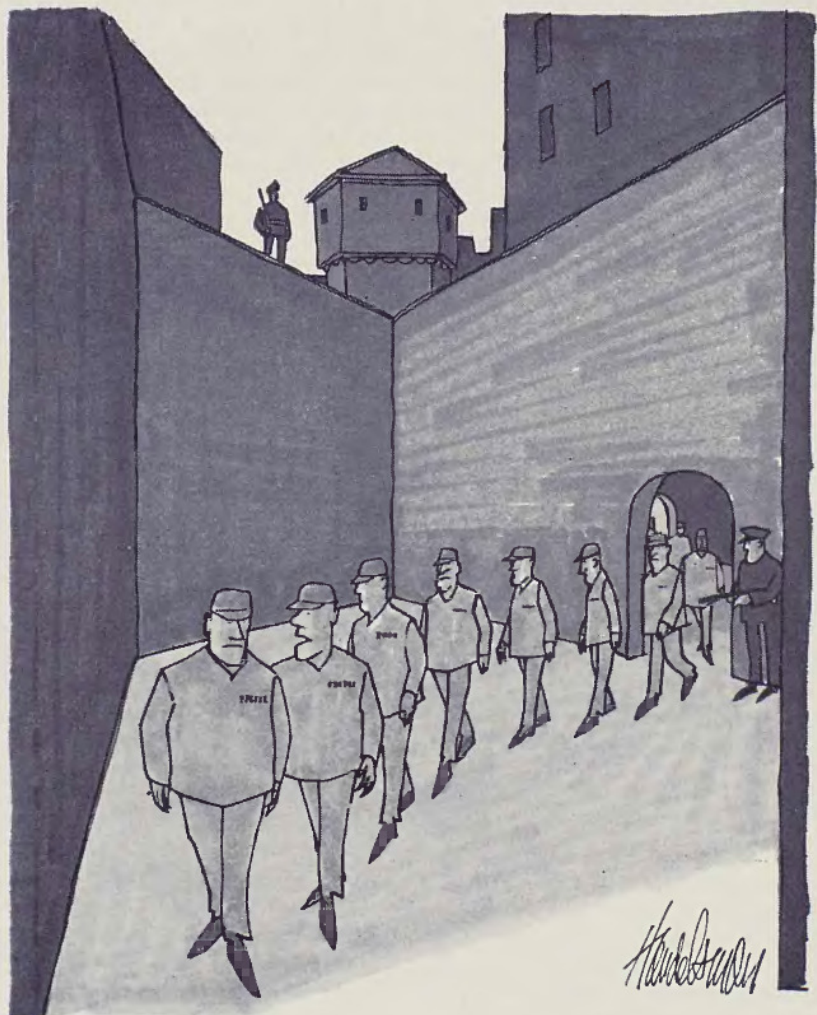
GARRISON: First of all, let me dispose of this concept of the "temporarily deranged man." This is a catchall term, employed whenever the real motive of a crime can't be nailed down. In the overwhelming majority of instances, the actions of human beings are the direct consequences of discernible motives. This is the fatal flaw of the Warren Report—its conclusion that the assassination of President Kennedy was the act of a temporarily deranged man, that the murder of Officer Tippit was equally meaningless and, finally, that Jack Ruby's murder of Oswald was another act of a temporarily deranged individual. It is, of course, wildly improbable that all three acts were coincidentally the aberrant acts of temporarily deranged men—although it's most convenient to view them as such, because that judgment obviates the necessity of relentlessly investigating the possibility of a conspiracy. In Jack Ruby's case, his murder of Lee Oswald was the sanest act he ever committed; if Oswald had lived another day or so, he very probably would have named names, and Jack Ruby would have been convicted as a conspirator in the assassination plot. As it was, Ruby made the best of a bad situation by rubbing out Oswald in the Dallas city jail, since this act could be construed as an argument that he was "temporarily deranged." But I differ with the assumption of your question, because, while there could have been

no doubt in Ruby's mind that he would be arrested, he could very well have entertained hopes of escaping conviction. You've got to remember the atmosphere in Dallas and across the country at that time: when word was flashed to the crowd outside the jail that Oswald had been shot, they burst into wild applause. Ruby's lawyer, Tom Howard, spoke for a sizable segment of public opinion when he said, "I think Ruby deserves a Congressional Medal," and the largest-circulation newspaper in the country, the *New York Daily News*, editorialized after Oswald's death that "the only good murderer is a dead murderer and the only good Communist a dead Communist." In the two days between his arrest and his liquidation, Oswald had been convicted by the mass media as the President's assassin and as a Communist, and Ruby may well have felt that he would be acquitted for murdering such a universally despised figure. It turned out, of course, that he was wrong, and he became a prisoner of the Dallas police,

forced over a year later to beg Earl Warren to take him back to Washington, because he wanted to tell the truth about "why my act was committed, but it can't be said here . . . my life is in danger here." But Ruby never got to Washington, and he's joined the long list of witnesses with vital information who have shuffled off this mortal coil.

PLAYBOY: Penn Jones, Norman Mailer and others have charged that Ruby was injected with live cancer cells in order to silence him. Do you agree?

GARRISON: I can't agree or disagree, since I have no evidence one way or the other. But we have discovered that David Ferrie had a rather curious hobby in addition to his study of cartridge trajectories: cancer research. He filled his apartment with white mice—at one point he had almost 2000, and neighbors complained—wrote a medical treatise on the subject and worked with a number of New Orleans doctors on means of inducing cancer in mice. After the assassination,



"Stone walls do not a prison make, but throw in armed guards and a general lack of amenities, and you've got something."

one of these physicians, Dr. Mary Sherman, was found hacked to death with a kitchen knife in her New Orleans apartment. Her murder is listed as unsolved. Ferrie's experiments may have been purely theoretical and Dr. Sherman's death completely unrelated to her association with Ferrie; but I do find it interesting that Jack Ruby died of cancer a few weeks after his conviction for murder had been overruled in appeals court and he was ordered to stand trial outside of Dallas—thus allowing him to speak freely if he so desired. I would also note that there was little hesitancy in killing Lee Harvey Oswald in order to prevent *him* from talking, so there is no reason to suspect that any more consideration would have been shown Jack Ruby if *he* had posed a threat to the architects of the conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: You've claimed that many of the people involved in the conspiracy were "neo-Nazi" in their political orientation. What would motivate Ruby, a Jew, to work with such people?

GARRISON: Money. As far as my office has been able to determine, Jack Ruby had no strong political views of his own. Historically, of course, there have been a number of self-hating Jews who abetted their own tormentors: Adolf Hitler's mentor in Vienna, Karl Lueger, was born a Jew, and I understand that one of the leading pro-Nazis in New York City, a retired millionaire who finances anti-Jewish activity across the country, is the son of a rabbi. But I don't believe Jack Ruby falls into this category; he was just a hoodlum out for a buck. I will say—with the understanding that it's pure speculation—it's not impossible that Jack Ruby developed certain guilt feelings in prison over his role in the plot. Remember his repeated lament, "Now there will be pogroms. They will kill all the Jews."? Most people assumed this was just the fantasy of a crumbling mind. But maybe Jack Ruby knew better than the rest of us what the master-racist authors of the assassination had in mind for the country.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on from Jack Ruby to David Ferrie. Wesley Liebler, the Warren Commission counsel who handled the New Orleans end of the inquiry, said Ferrie "was picked up shortly after the assassination and questioned by local officials of the FBI. I remember specifically doing up a substantial stack of FBI reports on Ferrie that we reviewed in order to make our determination." He states that the FBI reports on Ferrie were not included in the Commission's 26 volumes of evidence, "because it was so clear he wasn't involved." Why do you refuse to accept this explanation?

GARRISON: I think it's a lovely explanation. Now perhaps Mr. Liebler will intercede with the Department of Justice to release 25 pages of the FBI report on Ferrie that have been classified top secret

in the Archives. Then we'll all have a chance to see for ourselves how clear it is that Ferrie wasn't involved. Every scrap of evidence we've uncovered—and it hasn't been difficult to find—reveals not only the fact of his involvement but the reasons for it. His politics were ultra-right wing, as I indicated earlier, but we've been able to determine conclusively that his motivation was closer to that of the Cuban exiles on the "operative" level—a burning hatred of Fidel Castro. When Castro was a guerrilla in the Sierra Maestra, Ferrie is reliably reported to have piloted guns for him. But in 1959, when Castro started to show his Marxist colors, Ferrie appears to have felt betrayed and reacted against Castro with all the bitterness of a suitor jilted by his girl. From that moment on, he dedicated himself to Castro's overthrow and began working with exile groups such as the Cuban Democratic Revolutionary Front and planning airborne missions against Castro's military installations. He was reported to have been paid up to \$1500 a mission by an ex-Batista official named Eladio del Valle. But I haven't been able to check out Del Valle's involvement with Ferrie, because on February 22, 1967, the same day Ferrie died in New Orleans, Del Valle's head was split open by a hatchet and he was shot through the heart in Miami. His murder is listed as unsolved by the Miami police. In any case, Ferrie was recruited by the CIA, which employed hundreds of such people in their network of anti-Castro exile activities. From the Bay of Pigs on, he hated Kennedy as much as he did Castro; he felt that J. F. K. had betrayed the invasion brigade by not sending in air cover. As the events I described earlier led to a *détente* between Russia and America, and as the FBI—under Kennedy's orders—started cracking down on the CIA-supported anti-Castro underground, Ferrie's hatred for Kennedy grew more and more obsessive. Let me add here that this isn't just speculation on my part; we have a number of reliable witnesses who were privy to Ferrie's thoughts at this period and saw his hatred of Kennedy develop into a driving force. After the assassination, as a matter of fact, something psychologically curious happened to Ferrie: He dropped out of anti-Castro exile activities, left the pay of the CIA and drifted aimlessly while his emotional problems increased to the point where he was totally dependent on huge doses of tranquilizers and barbiturates. I don't know if Ferrie ever experienced any guilt about the assassination itself; but in his last months, he was a tortured man.

PLAYBOY: After Ferrie's death, you called it "an apparent suicide," but the coroner announced that the autopsy showed death was due to a ruptured blood vessel at the base of the brain, which caused a fatal

hemorrhage. Have you subsequently resolved the discrepancy in your points of view?

GARRISON: Dr. Nicholas Chetta is an excellent coroner, and inasmuch as he found a total absence of traceable poisons or barbiturates in Ferrie's system, I would respect his opinion that it was a natural death. On the other hand, I can't help but lend a certain weight to two suicide notes Ferrie left in his apartment, one of which said how sweet it was to finally leave this wretched life. I suppose it could just be a weird coincidence that the night Ferrie penned two suicide notes, he died of natural causes.

PLAYBOY: Your critics have charged that your relentless investigation of Ferrie and the publicity the press gave to your charges against him induced the state of hypertension that was said to have caused his fatal hemorrhage. Do you feel in any way responsible for Ferrie's death?

GARRISON: I had nothing but pity for Dave Ferrie while he was alive, and I have nothing but pity for him now that he's dead. Ferrie was a pathetic and tortured creature, a genuinely brilliant man whose twisted drives locked him into his own private hell. If I had been able to help Ferrie, I would have; but he was in too deep and he was terrified. From the moment he realized we had looked behind the façade and established that Lee Oswald was anything but a Communist, from the moment he knew we had discovered the role of the CIA and anti-Castro adventurers in the assassination, Ferrie began to crumble psychologically. So, to answer your question directly—yes, I suppose I may have been responsible for Ferrie's death. If I had left this case alone, if I had allowed Kennedy's murderers to continue to walk the streets of America unimpeded, Dave Ferrie would probably be alive today. I don't feel personally guilty about Ferrie's death, but I do feel terribly sorry for the waste of another human being. In a deeper sense, though, Dave Ferrie died on November 22, 1963. From that moment on, he couldn't save himself, and I couldn't save him. Ferrie could have quoted as his epitaph the last words of the Serb partisan leader Draja Mikhailovitch before Tito shot him for collaboration: "I was swept up in the gales of history."

PLAYBOY: Many of the professional critics of the Warren Commission appear to be prompted by political motives: Those on the left are anxious to prove Kennedy was murdered by a conspiracy within the establishment; and those on the right are eager to prove the assassination was an act of "the international Communist conspiracy." Where would you place yourself on the political spectrum—right, left or center?

GARRISON: That's a question I've asked

The Shirt Watcher's Guide

How to single out a truly authentic,
permanently pressed
Manhattan University Row[®]
of Kodel[®] and cotton.



Demand the deftly-flared,
authentic button-down
collar.



Inspect the traditional
plaquet front, double-
stitched cuffs and
back pleat.



Spot the lasting
smoothness of the
permanently pressed,
traditionally correct
oxford fabric.



Look for the permanently
pressed, no-iron,
Manhattan University
Row at all knowledgeable
stores. \$6.

Manhattan

Internationally known mark of quality. And Lady Manhattan[®], 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

the style-makers



myself frequently, especially since this investigation started and I found myself in an incongruous and disillusioning battle with agencies of my own Government. I can't just sit down and add up my political beliefs like a mathematical sum, but I think, in balance, I'd turn up somewhere around the middle. Over the years, I guess I've developed a somewhat conservative attitude—in the traditional libertarian sense of conservatism, as opposed to the thumbscrew-and-rack conservatism of the paramilitary right—particularly in regard to the importance of the individual as opposed to the state and the individual's own responsibilities to humanity. I don't think I've ever tried to formulate this into a coherent political philosophy, but at the root of my concern is the conviction that a human being is *not* a digit; he's not a digit in regard to the state and he's not a digit in the sense that he can ignore his fellow men and his obligations to society. I was with the artillery supporting the division that took Dachau; I arrived there the day after it was taken, when bulldozers were making pyramids of human bodies outside the camp. What I saw there has haunted me ever since. Because the law

is my profession, I've always wondered about the judges throughout Germany who sentenced men to jail for picking pockets at a time when their own government was jerking gold from the teeth of men murdered in gas chambers. I'm concerned about all of this because it isn't a German phenomenon; it's a human phenomenon. It *can* happen here, because there has been no change and there has been no progress and there has been no increase of understanding on the part of men for their fellow man. What worries me deeply, and I have seen it exemplified in this case, is that we in America are in great danger of slowly evolving into a proto-fascist state. It will be a different kind of fascist state from the one the Germans evolved; theirs grew out of depression and promised bread and work, while ours, curiously enough, seems to be emerging from prosperity. But in the final analysis, it's based on power and on the inability to put human goals and human conscience above the dictates of the state. Its origins can be traced in the tremendous war machine we've built since 1945, the "military-industrial complex" that Eisenhower vainly warned us about, which

now dominates every aspect of our life. The power of the states and Congress has gradually been abandoned to the Executive Department, because of war conditions; and we've seen the creation of an arrogant, swollen bureaucratic complex totally unfettered by the checks and balances of the Constitution. In a very real and terrifying sense, our Government *is* the CIA and the Pentagon, with Congress reduced to a debating society. Of course, you can't spot this trend to fascism by casually looking around. You can't look for such familiar signs as the swastika, because they won't be there. We won't build Dachaus and Auschwitzes; the clever manipulation of the mass media is creating a concentration camp of the mind that promises to be far more effective in keeping the populace in line. We're not going to wake up one morning and suddenly find ourselves in gray uniforms goose-stepping off to work. But this isn't the test. The test is: What happens to the individual who *dissents*? In Nazi Germany, he was physically destroyed; here, the process is more subtle, but the end results can be the same. I've learned enough about the machinations of the CIA in the past year to know that this is no longer the dreamworld America I once believed in. The imperatives of the population explosion, which almost inevitably will lessen our belief in the sanctity of the individual human life, combined with the awesome power of the CIA and the defense establishment, seem destined to seal the fate of the America I knew as a child and bring us into a new Orwellian world where the citizen exists for the state and where raw power justifies any and every immoral act. I've always had a kind of knee-jerk trust in my Government's basic integrity, whatever political blunders it may make. But I've come to realize that in Washington, deceiving and manipulating the public are viewed by some as the natural prerogatives of office. Huey Long once said, "Fascism will come to America in the name of anti-fascism." I'm afraid, based on my own experience, that fascism will come to America in the name of national security.

PLAYBOY: Considering all the criticism that has come your way, would you still launch your investigation into the assassination if you had it to do over again?

GARRISON: As long as the men who shot John Kennedy to death in Dallas are walking the streets of America, I will continue this investigation. I have no regrets about initiating it and I have no regrets about carrying it on to its conclusion. If it takes me 30 years to nail every one of the assassins, then I will continue this investigation for 30 years. I owe that not only to Jack Kennedy but to my country.



"... What time do you go on duty, Lily?"

This is their style. To the Night People, Broadway is more than hit shows and bright lights. Just stroll along and enjoy your Parliaments. Who says you have to spend a bundle to have fun?



Night People

They smoke Parliament. They like the style of this cigarette.

Parliament is made a different way with a firm tip, and the filter that's recessed inside a mouthpiece. That's what makes it taste good. Try Parliament. Tonight!



If you have ever wondered why Canadian Club is sold in more bars, in more countries, than any other whisky, you probably haven't tasted it.

So... taste it. Sip it slowly and enjoy the smooth, light flavour that has made Canadian Club famous from Rotterdam to Rome to Rio. Canadian Club. "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Canada





THE EXPERT. THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY.

Everybody has an Uncle George.

He's the one who knows which car is a piece of junk. How much you should pay for an original painting. And where you can get practically anything wholesale.

Uncle George is a real expert with other people's money.

But when it comes to buying a diamond we're going to suggest you ignore him. Politely, but completely.

Because unless Uncle George is a trained gemologist (which he hardly ever is), he knows very little more than you do about diamonds.

Every ArtCarved diamond is examined by a gemologist. He evaluates it for carat weight ($\frac{1}{2}$ carat, 1 carat and so on). And for color. (He knows, for instance, that a "colorless" diamond is better than one that shows traces of yellow.) He checks it for flaws. And determines whether it has been cut to reflect and refract light beautifully.

At any time during your wife's lifetime, if you want to trade her ring in for a more expensive ArtCarved ring

(say, ten years from now, when you are rich and famous), we'll take it back. At its full value.

Ask Uncle George if he'll give you that kind of guarantee.

If ArtCarved is not available at your Exchange Store, you can order direct at the same low military price. Fill out and mail the attached coupon.

To: ArtCarved International
216 East 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10007, U.S.A.

Please send me your ArtCarved Style Catalog and Special Price List.

Name & Rank _____

Address _____

ArtCarved[®]

JAPAN: ARMY-ZAMA, AIR FORCE-TACHIKAWA WEST, FUCHU, YOKOTA, ITAZUKE, MISAWA; NAVY-YOKOHAMA, SASEBO; MARINES-IWAKUNI.
KOREA: ARMY-YONGSAN, PUSAN, ASCOM CITY; AIR FORCE-OSAN, PHILIPPINES, NAVY-SUBIC BAY, SANGLEY POINT; GUAM: NAVY EXCHANGE.

The Scrapers



The Soother

Every razor removes more than just your beard. Because no matter how carefully you shave, or how good the razor is, it scrapes away skin and natural oils that keep your face comfortable. Then you splash on an after shave that dries your face even more. So every time you shave you make your face dry, irritated, and sore. It's time you met the after shave that soothes, protects, and helps heal. It's time you met the soother.

**Mennen Afta...replaces oils
shaving scrapes away.**

What other after shave can make that statement?



instant replay

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY—EXPORT DIVISION: 555 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y., U.S.A.—
CABLE: EXFORESTER, NEW YORK—B.F.O. CORP., ©1967



The Honest John

Great sounds great. Good sounds good. So-so sounds so-so. Bad sounds bad. And rotten sounds rotten.

The Honest John is Sony's TC-530 stereo recorder. And its gimmick is very simple.

Any tape you play will sound like what it is.

It works like this:

Sound is recorded as patterns of magnetized areas. To translate these patterns back into sound the recorder has to "read" the tape.

That's where the tapehead gap comes in. In effect it's the eye that reads the tape.

If the gap is wide, it has to read the tape in big, coarse chunks.

But the gap on the TC-530 is only 2 microns wide. (35 times narrower than a human hair.)

So the TC-530 is forced to read the tape in very small doses. Just 2 microns of tape at a time.

The result is sort of a fine-sieve effect.

Not even the finest high-frequency patterns can pass by the tapehead undetected.

There's nothing lost and nothing gained. Every blip, drop, dot and dash of sound gets picked off the tape, fed through the circuits, then into the speaker system:

Two high-compliance woofers in the case, and two satellite speakers for the middle and high tones. (Alias, The XL-4 Quadriradial Sound System.)

And the sound that comes off the tape is the sound that went on it.

So use good tapes—for instance, tapes you've made with The Honest John—and Honest John will play good music.

But use rotten tapes, and as ye sow so shall ye reap.

SONY® TC-530 STEREO TAPECORDER



Have one waiting for you on your return stateside


Since 1916 the Nemet organization has been meeting the needs of Americans throughout the world. For U.S. servicemen now overseas, working with Nemet Auto International means Total Security and Total Service—your car is *where* you want it, *when* you want it.

If you order while overseas you save up to 30% over U.S. prices. You select the car of your choice then let NAI handle all the details —your new car is waiting for you when you return stateside.

But remember, you are only eligible if you order while outside the U.S. Write or mail one of the coupons today for your FREE Master Catalog. In it is every fact you need to know about buying a tax-free European car.

Nemet Auto International

153-03 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica, New York 11432 (Near J.F.K. Intl. Airport)
Worldwide Distributors of Tax Free European Cars.




Please send me a FREE copy of your 50 page Master catalog. I am interested in:

<input type="checkbox"/> VOLVO	<input type="checkbox"/> JAGUAR	<input type="checkbox"/> OPEL	<input type="checkbox"/> MG
<input type="checkbox"/> VOLKSWAGEN	<input type="checkbox"/> SUNBEAM	<input type="checkbox"/> SAAB	<input type="checkbox"/> SIMCA
<input type="checkbox"/> MERCEDES	<input type="checkbox"/> AUSTIN	<input type="checkbox"/> PORSCHE	<input type="checkbox"/> RENAULT
<input type="checkbox"/> PEUGEOT	<input type="checkbox"/> FIAT	<input type="checkbox"/> ROVER	<input type="checkbox"/> BMW
<input type="checkbox"/> TRIUMPH	<input type="checkbox"/> FORD	<input type="checkbox"/> ALFA	<input type="checkbox"/> LDTUS

Name _____ Rank _____

Address _____

Approx. Date & Place of Delivery _____



Please send me a FREE copy of your 50 page Master catalog. I am interested in:

<input type="checkbox"/> VOLVO	<input type="checkbox"/> JAGUAR	<input type="checkbox"/> OPEL	<input type="checkbox"/> MG
<input type="checkbox"/> VOLKSWAGEN	<input type="checkbox"/> SUNBEAM	<input type="checkbox"/> SAAB	<input type="checkbox"/> SIMCA
<input type="checkbox"/> MERCEDES	<input type="checkbox"/> AUSTIN	<input type="checkbox"/> PORSCHE	<input type="checkbox"/> RENAULT
<input type="checkbox"/> PEUGEOT	<input type="checkbox"/> FIAT	<input type="checkbox"/> ROVER	<input type="checkbox"/> BMW
<input type="checkbox"/> TRIUMPH	<input type="checkbox"/> FORD	<input type="checkbox"/> ALFA	<input type="checkbox"/> LOTUS

Name _____ Rank _____

Address _____

Approx. Date & Place of Delivery _____

men!! a new experience!

THE FIRST WATER-ACTIVE HAIRDRESSING!

*"New Groom & Clean
is water-active just like me!"*



It's water-active . . . works with water to groom and clean with every combing. Helps clean away dirt and dandruff, prevent grease build-up!

Here's the revolutionary new men's hair-dressing that can actually groom and clean with every combing. Non-greasy Groom & Clean is not a cream...contains no alcohol. It's the crystal clear, water-active formula. It actually mixes with water. Just wet combing with Groom & Clean

grooms your hair as it helps clean away dirt and dandruff...prevent grease build-up. Other hairdressings build up grease that can trap dirt and dandruff. But with Groom & Clean you can see and feel the difference. Your hair stays neat, groomed and clean. Try it. It's a new experience.



COMPARE Groom & Clean vs. regular cream. Put a dab of cream on one hand . . . Groom & Clean on the other. Try rinsing them off with plain water. See? Cream leaves a greasy film on your hand just as it does on your hair. But Groom & Clean rinses clean. There's no grease build-up with Groom & Clean.

would you do it for a penny?

(continued from page 127)

on the ends so you could wind it back up if you rolled out a tot too much.

One-to-one eggs were selling well.

Sesame-seed party crackers had fallen off a point or two, but barbecue snacks were on the rise. (Good, good!)

He accumulated a box of cornflakes with very puky dehydrated peach slices inside, a can of pink applesauce that resembled tree moss from fairyland and a package of kosher hot dogs. But as for the main hunt, there was very little to stir the blood or put color in the cheeks. (Women with machines in their hair, and particularly those wearing snoods with cilia waving, would be restricted to the bathrooms of the world, never even the living room—much less a public supermarket—when Arlo was elected God.)

Just as he turned right at dog food, somewhat abaft of canary seed, he caught sight of a pair of floral-patterned hip-huggers with bell-bottoms, the outline of the lower rolled edge of the underpants barely discernible in relief. A trifle skinny, perhaps, this silver-blonde with the loose and lacy matching top cut in an octagon far down the spine, but still the pelvic girdle looked highly functional.

Arlo stalked her past detergents, floor waxes and aerosol bombs (staying upwind so the beast would not catch his spoor), trying to decide whether his opening gambit need necessarily be the standard collision of carts, the chancier request for advice about spring vegetables or a go-to-hell inquiry as to whether or not he had seen her on a daytime soap. The latter worked well enough in the Hollywood Ranch at this hour, but it smacked of "the Industry"; and when coming on with actresses, it was *always* terra incognita.

Before he could reconcile the tactic, she was joined at the juncture of doughnuts and fruit juices by a man in an open-weave T-shirt (brawny, shaved early in the day). They began discussing what to have for tomorrow's dinner as Arlo scurried past them. A foul oath escaped Arlo's clenched teeth.

It was neither May nor fair at the Mayfair Market at Fountain and La Brea. A vast wasteland of dozing clerks and Muzak. An empty repository for rows and rows of color-coded commodities. A stalking ground without prey. A shame. A pure pain in the ass. He wasted half an hour buying a can of Pledge and three tins of sardines in wine sauce. But as ye cruise, so shall ye be cruised: He was accosted briefly and toothily by an aging homosexual with liver spots,

who asked him how you tell a fresh cantaloupe.

As a last resort, before bed and a Sec-
onal, Arlo did not turn north up his
street, but continued ahead to a usually
arid desert, Ralph's on Hollywood past
Western. And there, as if the big Green-
grocer in the Sky, He who smiles favor-
ably on all such hegras, had finally
come back into the office and noticed
Arlo's button lit on the board and sent
her to him—there she stood, limned by
the fluorescents of dalliance, lush in the
simplicity of her skintight yellow-ochre
capris, seen through a glass starkly,
wrestling with a grocery cart in the
immense front window of Ralph's. Arlo
had almost gone shooting past the super-
mart—it was possible to clock the entire
action in the store with a fast pass-down
in the parking lot—but now, keeping one
eye on the trembling roundnesses pro-
duced by her attempted disentangle-
ment of the cart from its insertion into
the long line of insertions (Oh, Lord, in-
sertions!), he did a full 360-degree turn
and plowed to a stop, half on the con-
crete walk that edged the storefront.

Arlo sprinted into the store, 12 sec-
onds tardy. She had wrenched the cart
free from its paramour, next in the line,
and she was wheeling it down the near-
est aisle, a side-to-side hip-slung move-
ment that was all sinuousness and the
music of silks on silks. Arlo was trans-
ported. Oh, thank you, thank you, Great
Greengrocer in the Sky!

Arlo pursued, a cart before him like
Quixote's lance and shield. A breakneck
lurch that slowed and modified into his
strolling pace as he neared her behind,
as he neared behind her, as behind
her. . . .

Fearing she might turn at any mo-
ment, Arlo obfuscated: He wrenched
camouflage from the shelves and flipped
it into the cart, heedless of form or con-
tent to the act; a box of Tampax, a tin of
litchi nuts, a jar of maraschino cherries,
a frozen pack of prawns, dietetic grape-
fruit slices.

Now he swung alongside her, two
vehicles steaming down the freeway aisles
of life, destined to cross at a king's X of
inevitability. Arlo perused prices, hefted
weights, compared viscosities; meanwhile,
his thoughts cascading, plunging, ava-
lanching down corridors of cunning. Wait,
hark! See her now comparing bot-
tled salad dressings, a bare minimal ten
feet from you. What beauty, what form,
what a goddamn eternal verity, fade to
black and ecstasy!

Now she moves on . . . having se-
lected nothing. No clue, no hint, a major
battle, this. Wait—there goes the vine-
gar into the cart, and now, joy of joys,
the olive oil! An old-fashioned girl, no
prepared dressings for her!

Now she's at pet foods. Dog or cat?
Let it be a dog, dear Lord, let it be a



**If your girl
doesn't respond to YU,
she probably has
a cold.**

YU by Pinaud
Fine Toiletries for Men from \$1.50

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS



Sixteen bold, bracing dialogues between
PLAYBOY and Richard Burton, Martin
Luther King, Frank Sinatra, Robert Shel-
ton, Ayn Rand, Malcolm X, Arthur Schle-
singer, Madalyn Murray, Melvin Belli,
Ralph Ginzburg, Vladimir Nabokov, the
Beatles, Jean-Paul Sartre, Art Buchwald,
Ian Fleming and Timothy Leary.

A candid and controversial book. Photo-
graphs, hard cover, 416 pages. \$5.95.
At your favorite bookstore, or
send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRESS
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611



**What do you
expect from a 1/4" power
drill priced under \$15.00?**

Certainly not electric shock!

Ordinary power drills may be fine. But extraordinary drills at the same price are better. For example, this red-handled Millers Falls Shock-Proof beauty. Two layers of insulation protect you from electric shock. No 3-prong plug or grounding nuisance. Just smooth, cool-running power. And performance that tells you to expect the best from Millers Falls, in value as well as safety. *To make tools safe, you've got to make them better. We do, in Greenfield, Massachusetts.*

Millers Falls

The safest name in tools

the great wrap around



Soak it up! Thirsty cotton terry cloth makes great wrappings post pool, shower or sauna. For playboys: a new kick called the bath kilt. One size fits all. For playmates: our svelte bath sari in S, M, L sizes. Snugly secured by side buttons. Each in convenient carrying-case. Clever "His" and "Hers" gift thinking: MM326, kilt, \$5 ppd; MM327, sari, \$6 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their keys.

dog. Parakeet seed? Well, Arlo would try anything once, no scene was too freaky, really: When you're in love, *anything* is correct.

Suddenly, she was looking at him. Not in his general direction, but directly at him. Staring, with an unfocused intensity. Arlo panicked. It wasn't supposed to work like this. Which way could he run? He was hemmed in by specials on one-calorie cola and potato chips. She was starting toward him.

"Excuse me, but don't I know you?"

Of all the phrases, words, sentences, polemics, diatribes, inducements, blandishments, lead-ins, rhetoric in Arlo's thesaurus of hustle, nowhere was there an answer to her ridiculously trite—disarming—question. Arlo clutched. His throat froze. He stared at her, a mastodon in ice, 7,000,000 centuries frozen solid, staring out of that giant popsicle at Amundsen and his party.

"Mmm. I'm sorry. I guess not."

She wheeled away, Arlo forgotten.

"Wait!"

"No, I was wrong. You look different up close. I'm not wearing my contacts."

He followed her, hurriedly, cool blown. "Wait a second!" Baked-bean pyramids and he collided, cans went clattering, he surged on heedless. "I want to take advantage of you. I mean, I was trying to uh, er, um, decide whether to ask your advice about something, except I'm a little shy about speaking to strangers. But now that you've broken the ice, I wonder if I could ask you how to tell a fresh cantaloupe. . . ."

She stopped dead, whirled, hands flat in readiness for a *kung-fu* chop. "You're about as shy as a mako shark, and you *don't* want my advice. Of all the things you might possibly want, my advice is *not* among them." She did a sprightly *verónica* and tooled the cart away from him.

"You're evil!" he called after her. "You torment men for kicks!"

In the parking lot, his brains having turned to cottage cheese, Arlo screamed senselessly at the cosmos. And at the gas gauge he had neglected getting repaired. The Healey refused to start. It hacked a tubercular gasp and the electric fuel pump chattered like ground squirrels. Gasless. Arlo was pounding the Derrington steering wheel when she came out of the supermarket with her groceries.

The nearest open gas station was two miles away, the corner of Franklin and Vine. And the only other car on the lot was hers. Arlo lurched out of the Healey and pursued her.

"Hey!"

"One step closer, Sunny Jim, and I give you an *ippon seoi nage* over my right hip you'll never forget." She dumped the bag of groceries into the rear seat of the Dart and turned back quickly as if Arlo were a Viet Cong cut-

throat. He put his hands atop his head.

"I do not provoke!"

"Vanish, masher."

"I'm outta gas. Honest."

"Now you are plumbing depths of ludicrousness unknown to Western man."

"All I want is you should drive me down to the gas station, corner of Franklin and Vine. I'll sit in the back seat. I'll sit on my hands. You can tie me up. I'm outta gas, it's late, I gotta headache."

"I don't believe you. You stink."

"Look. You don't trust me all that distance, two miles in the car alone with you. I'll go inside, buy a two-ninety-eight garden hose and cut off a piece I can use to siphon off a coupla liters of gas. With your permission."

"I'm convinced, get in."

He didn't move. "It's a trick. You'll hit me."

"I believe you, I believe you. Anybody who would volunteer to take a mouthful of gas without being at gunpoint must be telling the truth. Get in."

He sat on his hands all the way there, and back.

Though he was deathly afraid of her, Arlo pressed his meager advantage. With the fummy can of gas burbling into his tank, he stopped her before she could drive away.

"Maybe, uh, you should follow me back to the gas station to fill it up. I might have damaged the manifold housing coupler or something, trying to start it. It might conk out."

"There is no such thing in that beast as a manifold housing coupler."

"See, I'm driving a lemon. I need you to follow me."

"How the hell did I inherit you?"

"In Korea, if you save someone's life, you become responsible for him forever. Nice custom, don't you think?"

She grimaced. "Franz Kafka is up there, writing my life."

Arlo looked out from under thick eyelashes. It was his Jackie-Cooper-As-The-Kid look. "I've come to depend on you. You're so self-possessed."

Half an hour later, they were on common civility terms, sharing the best chili dogs in Los Angeles, at Boris' Stand, corner of La Brea and Melrose, all beef, plenty hot, lotsa onions, two bits, you couldn't do better.

And half an hour later—inexplicably—they were on the verge of what Arlo called "a warm, humid experience," having driven out to Los Angeles International Airport, to a road bisecting a landing approach, where the jets passed directly over their heads.

"Can you tell me what we are doing here at two-forty-eight A.M.?" she asked Arlo. He said nothing. She rolled down the window. "Can anybody tell me what I'm doing here at this dumb hour with very possibly an ax murderer and rapist?" she screamed into the night. There was no answer.

Helluva sense of whimsy, Arlo mused, edging closer.

"Tell me about yourself," Arlo gambited.

"This theatrical pose I wear is merely a snare and a delusion. I am, in reality, Anastasia, true czarina of all the Russias, and I'm wearing a plastic nose. My father was Lamont Cranston, and he met an untimely end via the worst case of Dutch-elm blight ever diagnosed at Johns Hopkins. He contracted it from Lupe Velez during a mad, passionate night deep in the heart of Mount Etna, where my father was conducting guided tours. I am engaged to a Doberman pinscher."

Helluva sense of whimsy, Arlo mused, edging closer.

"Stop edging closer," she suggested violently.

"Look!" Arlo said. "Here comes one."

The Boeing 707 came out of the night like Sinbad's roc, screaming shrilly, and Anastasia screamed shriller.

The great silvery bulk of it, totally obscuring the sky, sailed out of the blackness mere feet above them, all vastness and terror. The 707 touched down almost as soon as it passed over them and an instant later was a half mile down the runway.

Anastasia had pulled closer to Arlo. She was now wrapped in his arms.

"Scary, isn't it?" Arlo smiled.

"I wet myself," she said. She did not seem delighted with Arlo.

He leaned across slightly and kissed her. "Easy," she said, inserting an elbow into the conversation. "And that's an order, not a description."

Progress! thought Arlo. "We'd better be getting back."

He started the car and made a U-turn.

"That was a helluva whimsical thing you said, when the plane passed over," Arlo chuckled.

"Which?"

"About what you did when the plane—"

"It was a statement of fact."

. . .

At Arlo's apartment, after she had hung her things up to dry, he offered her an omelet. "I can make eight different varieties, all delicious."

She aimed a finger at him. "You're lucky I share an apartment with a light sleeper, because underwear or no underwear, I wouldn't have let you con me into coming up here."

"Spanish, Viennese, Ranch-style, Albanian—"

"You have an indomitable will. Nothing seems to get to you. Brick walls and your head have much in common."

"Corsican, Paraguayan—"

"Look: I'm very hungry, mostly because you had the bad taste to remind me, and I'd like nothing better than a good omelet; but when I say *nothing* better, I mean exactly that. You are still

a casual pickup, even though for some nutty reason we have managed to travel along this far together and my bikini briefs are drying over your shower curtain. Does my message penetrate?"

Arlo grinned infectiously. "Like a call from the spirit world. My father taught me. He was a master chef in New York hotels most of his life, except for a couple of years when he was capturing the kitchen of a luxury liner. Spanish, Corsican, Tibetan, German-Bavarian—"

She sat down on the arm of an overstuffed Morris chair, courtesy of the landlord. She pulled his blue bathrobe closer around her. A flash of leg reminded him there was nothing between them but the robe. "You know, Arlo, I have to tell you, concisely, I think you are the bummiest trip I have ever been on. Not only are you funny-looking but there is a perceptible animal cunning in your face; and very frankly, but *nothing* could get me to go to bed with you, so forget the whole idea right now. How the hell do you make an Albanian omelet?"

Any second now, she'll notice them, Arlo gloated.

He moved in and kissed her. It was an act of humor on his part, an act of politeness on hers. "Now that we have that out of the way," he smiled, "one Albanian omelet coming up."

He vanished into the utility kitchen, tiny for the white-stucco unit (furniture, courtesy of landlord and thrift shops; what might have been termed Early Imppecunity), but more than sufficient for his needs. He proceeded to make a Spanish omelet, which was the *only* kind he could make, and that as a result of endless hours following the recipe in Fanny Farmer's Boston cookbook. Escoffier had no trepidation about living in the same universe with Arlo. But this he *had* learned (Arlo, not Escoffier): One cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. Arlo had broken dozens.

He threw in a palmful of paprika and brown sugar and oregano.

"You collect coins," she called from the other room.

Beachhead secured! he rejoiced.

"My father did," he answered, without turning from the stove. He had no need to go into the other room to see what she was doing. He could picture it perfectly. The picture was always the same, because it always happened just this way. She was standing before the flat, glass-covered case, about the size of an opened newspaper. It stood on its own black wrought-iron pedestal, a Herman Miller design that had been bolted to the underside of the case. The little Tensor lamp was turned in such a way that the beam fell directly on the arrangement of coins lying on their black-velvet pad in the case.

"They're very handsome," she called.

"Yes, they were Dad's pride and joy,"

he said, not turning from the stove.

"They must be valuable," she said.

He turned from the stove, smiling a secret smile. Then he turned back to the stove and scraped the ruined omelet into the sink disposal, started over again with gritted teeth, and knew he shouldn't have turned from the stove.

When he brought out their plates and set them on the coffee table, she was still leaning over the case, mesmerized, hands behind her back, not wanting to put fingerprints on the carefully polished glass. Arlo smiled his own Spanish omelet of a secret smile.

She looked at the omelet uneasily as he went back to get a quart of milk from the refrigerator. She was back at the coin case when he returned with it. "Your omelet'll get cold," he said. And she came over to the sofa, sat down and addressed herself to the egg without realizing Arlo was looking at her exposed left thigh.

"You keep them out where anyone could steal them?"

Arlo shrugged and ate a bite of omelet. It was awful. She wasn't saying anything about hers, however. "I seldom have people over," he explained. And mused that while he had just lied outrageously, the usual *modus operandi* had not been like this evening's. Underwear. He'd have to examine the ramifications of that ploy, at his leisure.

"It took Dad over thirty years to find all those. Myself, I could never understand the kick he got out of it. They never meant much to me—until he died. . . ."

He choked up. She paused with a forkful on the way to mouth. The appraisal she gave him was the crucial one: If he could pass the sincerity test, the rest was downhill.

"But when he died . . . ?" she prompted him.

Arlo plunged on. "It was all he left me. All those years he worked so damned hard, and he had so little to show for it. Just those coins. He left them to me, and well, it may have seemed a dumb way to spend time—collecting coins—when I was younger and he was around. But when he was gone, they became very important. It was like keeping a little bit of him with me. He was a good guy—never really understood me, but I suppose that's typical with the parents of our generation."

Lofty. Very lofty, and as far away from sex talk as he could get without going into withdrawal. "They must be quite valuable," she said again.

He nodded, munching. "As a matter of fact, they are. Twice I got real flat and decided to sell them, but when it got right down to the old nitty-gritty, I couldn't do it. Once I took a job selling shoes and the other time I hocked my tape recorder. I didn't realize how important the coins had become to me till

then. They were worth about fifteen hundred when he died, but by now I could probably trade the collection in on a Maserati if I wanted to."

She seemed appalled. "That's a terrible idea."

He chuckled. "I was only kidding. I wouldn't do it. They meant so much to Dad, I guess it's rubbed off. They're important to me now. That nickel in the upper-left-hand corner is worth about two hundred and fifty bucks alone. How's the omelet?"

"Good." She smiled at him. He had depth now. Substance. A past. A present, lying there on black velvet.

When they finished eating, she took the plates to the sink and washed them, and used a Brillo pad on the gooey skillet. Arlo watched quick flashes of her through the doorway as she moved back and forth. He sank down in the sofa and felt secure. When she was finished and had dried her hands on the little dish towel, he called in to her, "There's a bottle of hand lotion under the sink."

He heard her open the cabinet. A few minutes later, she re-entered the living room, dry-washing her hands. "I gather you often have ladies wash your dishes; that bottle of lotion is almost empty."

"Not too often."

"It's a kindness only a man with female companions would appreciate."

"I appreciate all sorts of things; like your *doing* the dishes. That was very nice. You looked at home in there." He extended his hands. She took them.

"The least a girl can do is pay for her supper." He drew her down beside him on the sofa, but she scrunched away. "Whoops. Let me rephrase that."

Arlo scrunched closer, tried for a kiss, aimed for her lips, landed on her cheek.

"I thought we had all that settled?" she reminded him.

He ran an all-seeing finger across her high cheekbone. "If you were scrawny like a Keane painting, you could be a model with a face like that."

"I'm part Indian. My grandfather on my mother's side. I could even"—she slapped his hand away from there—"speak a little Sioux when I was a kid." She slapped his hand a second time. "Please, Arlo." She stood up suddenly. "I'd better check, make sure my things are dry by now."

"Stay. I'll be good. Word of honor."

"I know about your honor. Tarnished."

"I've never spoken to an Indian before. An *Amerindian*, as a matter of cold fact. Talk some Sioux to me."

She took a step toward the bathroom, he grabbed her hand and she let him. "I don't remember any."

"It's just like English, isn't it?" Nonsense syllables. He was gibbering, and they both knew what was happening. "I mean, you leave out a few of the small

words and put 'um' at the end of the others? Me wantum you?"

She laughed. He stood up and tried to hold her, but she did a fast two-step.

"I have the feeling," she said, embedding a restraining finger in his chest (the fingernail was long, painted, and hurt like hell), "that I'm being turned into a tease. And I'm not. Maybe I'm not as bright as I ought to be, but . . . oh, hell, I refuse to defend myself." Her voice softened. "Thanks for the omelet. I've got to get dressed. If my roommate wakes up and I'm not back, she'll call the safe-and-loft squad, or whoever it is they call when a girl's been broken and entered."

They looked at each other for a long moment, over a distance that she increased geometrically as the microseconds elapsed. When she had attained a distance of several light-years, there in the dim living room, she turned away and went into the bathroom.

Consider now: all that firm girlstuff, busily hooking bra under breasts, pulling it around so the cups are in front, pulling it up, stuffing and handling gingerly; stepping into, putting on, pulling over, adjusting to, smoothing out, hooking on, slipping into. While over there, beyond lath and plaster, Arlo, Great White Hunter, coming to a rapid boil. Knowing now was the penultimate moment. And in some ways the best moment of all, for now was all anticipation without even the slightest disappointment. Now she was perfect, unflawed, and the best since Helen of Troy.

She came out of the bathroom, gathered everything she needed, and as he made to rise, put out a palm against the air between them. He sank back. She smiled with genuine affection, nodded slightly as if to say, it could never be, oh, my Heathcliff, and went to the door.

No exit lines.

She turned the knob and pulled the door inward.

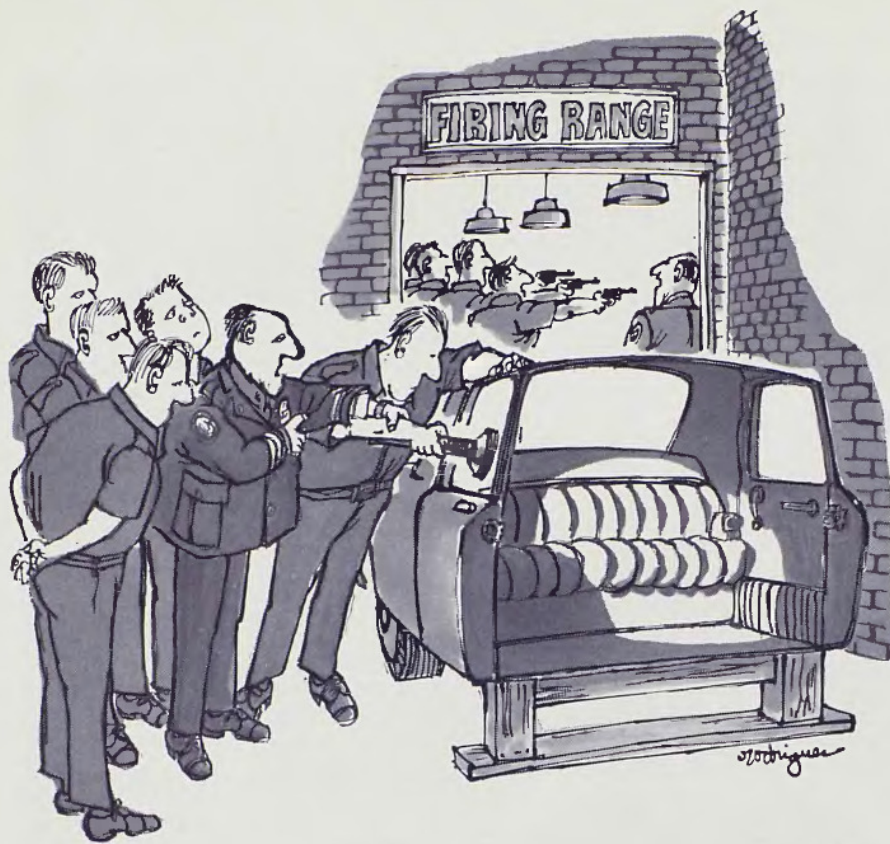
Quietly now. Arlo: "Do me one small favor before you go?" She turned and looked at him, wide-open now that safety was a mere threshold away. He got up and went to the bookshelf near the kitchen. He took down a large Royal Doulton Toby jug of Dick Turpin the highwayman and shook a key out of it.

Anastasia didn't move from the doorway. She merely watched as he moved smoothly across the room to the coin case, inserted the key in the lock, turned it, opened the glass top and removed something. He closed the case, relocked it, returned the key to the Toby jug and came to her, there in the doorway.

"Everybody grows up sometime," he said. "I'm going to have to sell this collection someday, probably someday soon. My Healey's about ready for Medicare. So what I'd like you to do for me—"

He hesitated, beat beat beat, then





offered his hand to her, opening the fist. The penny lay there against his palm, and she stopped breathing.

He was humble about it. Truly humble. "I remember Dad coming home with this one. He was like a kid with a new toy. A guest on shipboard had given it to him in exchange for some well-made *pêche flambée*. Turned out to be rare."

"I can't!" she said absolutely.

He went on swiftly. "Oh, it's not as expensive as, say, an 1877 Indian head, or some of the English pennies, but it's pretty rare. Something about they pulled it off the counters soon after it was minted. I want you to have it. Please."

"I can't!"

"Please." He put the penny in her hand. She held it as though it were stuck together of dust and spider webs, just looking at it down there, blazing and glowing in her palm. "It was my dad's, then it was mine, and now it's yours. You can't refuse a gift someone gives you like that."

"But why? Why me?"

"Because," he shrugged as a little boy might shrug, "you're nice people. Make it into a pin or something."

He closed her fingers around it. "Now, good night. I'll be talking to you."

He walked away from her and switched on the television set. It was a test pattern. He sat down and watched it for a moment, and then he heard the door close. When he turned at the

sound, he was all awareness at that instant; she was still in the room, leaning against the door, fist closed over the wonder that lay therein, watching him.

. . .

Arlo awoke just after one o'clock the next day. The scent of her perfume still occupied the other side of the bed. He stretched, kicked the sheet off his naked legs and said to the familiar ceiling, "My, that was nice."

He showered and put the coffee on.

Then, as he finished dressing, he opened the little drawer beneath his cuff-link box—the drawer you might not realize was there unless you were specifically looking for a little drawer right there in that particular cuff-link box—and in anticipation of the coming evening, removed one of the three remaining old pennies (the last of 14 he had bought in the batch) and carried it into the living room. As he unlocked the coin case, he made a mental note to stop down at the coin shop and pick up another batch of old pennies. He was running low.

He relocked the case and was returning the key to the Toby jug, when the phone rang.

He picked it up and said, "Hi," and got venom poured right into his ear.

"You bastard! You lying, low, thieving, seducing sonofabitch! You miserable con artist! You plague-bearer, you Typhoid Mary, you Communist fag ratfink bastard!"

"Hi."

"You low scum dog, you. You crud. Of all the low, rotten, ugly, really outright evil demeaning stinky things a creep fascist right-wing louse could pull, that was the most vile, nauseating, despicable, hideous—"

"Hi, Anastasia. What's new?"

"What's new, you shit? I'll tell you what's new! Among other things, that coin of your dear old Daddy's is new. New enough to be worth exactly one lousy cent. Not a rare! Not a valuable! Not a nothing, that's what's new!"

Horror coursed through Arlo's strangled words. "Wh— What?" He coughed, choked, swallowed hard. "What're you talking about? Whaddaya mean? Tell me . . . tell me, damn it!"

Her voice was less steamy. There was an edge of doubt now. "I took it down today; there's a numismatist in the office building where I work—"

Affront lived in his shock. "You what?! You had my father's penny appraised? You did that? What kind of a person—"

"Listen, don't try to make me the heavy, Jim! It wasn't valuable at all. It was just a miserable old penny like a million others, and you got me into bed with it, that's what! You lied to me!"

Softly, he crept in between her rebuilding attack. "I don't believe it."

"Well, it's true."

"No."

"Yes, yes, and yes! Worth a penny. Period."

"Oh, my God," he husked. "Dad never knew. He always thought . . . how cruel . . . how awfully cruel . . . that man who gave it to him on shipboard . . . I can't believe it . . . oh, Jeezus. . ."

There was silence at the other end.

"Oh, God . . ." he murmured. Then, after a while, gently, "I'm sorry, I didn't know . . . listen, I don't think I want to talk anymore . . . excuse me. . ."

She stopped him. "Arlo?"

Silence.

"Arlo?" Very gently from her.

Silence again, then, almost a whisper:

"Yeah . . . ?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—"

"Forget it."

"No, really. It was a rotten thing for me to do. I'd—I'd like to—"

"It isn't necessary."

"No, really, I mean it. I'd like to . . . are you busy tonight . . . could I come over and maybe—"

Arlo held the phone with one hand, unlocked the case with the other. As he removed the penny, making a mental note to perhaps put off that trip to the coin shop for a week or so, he said with absolute sincerity into the mouthpiece, "I guess so. Yeah, OK. Why don't you stop off at a deli and pick up some corned beef and pickles and we can. . ."



THE POP-OP CAPER (continued from page 86)

lying. Now I was close to some truth for the first time since this caper began.

The Arapaho specialized in used books and back-issue mags; and unless you knew where to look, you'd never connect this store with the pop-art craze. A small yellow card in the window was the only clue to their "by appointment only" comics room, which featured stuff such as the first copy of *Batman*, which you could whisk home for a hundred fish. Other collector's items sold for *double* that price. I'd never seen the room, but the window card described it as "a collector's wall-to-wall paradise."

It reminded me of the way some of the New York shops handled their porno line. In L.A., pop art was right up there with sex.

I climbed the carpeted steps to the mezzanine balcony and scanned the area for a nervous-looking chick. Who'd be Miss Maddox.

"Help you, sir?" a bald guy asked. He blinked as though he hadn't been outside a book cover in years; his skin looked white enough to ski on.

"I'm here to meet a young lady."

"Right on back, sir. She's in our pop-classics room waiting for you."

I walked to the rear of the building, between narrow rows of packed book-

cases, to a door with a Batman poster tacked to it. I tried the handle. The door was unlocked. I stepped in.

The card in the window had been correct in its description: All four walls were ablaze with caped heroes in long underwear. Captain Marvel, lightning bolt and all, rode a torpedo in one corner; the Phantom wrestled a fat yellow tiger in another; Batman and Robin were locked in battle with some clown-faced weirdo in a purple tux. The room was rafter-jammed with comic books spilling out of shelves and boxes.

But none of this really held my attention; Lorraine Maddox did. A beautiful broad. Early 20s. Ash-blond hair. Powder-blue knit dress that cooperated with her figure.

Lorraine didn't say anything—but her cut throat gave me a wide red smile, and it didn't require a medical degree to know she was as stiff as a headwaiter's shirt. She'd spoiled a collector's stack of pre-War comics; blood-soaked issues of *Superman* are hard to hustle.

I didn't touch her, but I did go through her purse, being damn careful not to leave any prints. I found the usual woman's goop. Except for two items: a news clip on the Palisades death of Anson DeWitt, Jr. (with all the details about the suicide note underlined), and a

photo of Miss Maddox in amorous embrace with her light o' love.

Not Gib Raphael.

The man in the photo was Sidney Arlinger.

I've always believed in the direct approach. You want facts, you go to the source. And right now, the last person Gib Raphael expected to walk up to his front door was me. I was supposed to be Vegas dog meat. Mr. R. would be unpleasantly surprised; and if I didn't get myself killed or beaten silly, I just *might* get some of the answers I was after.

I took the Chevy down Sunset into Beverly Hills. Raphael's pad was on Bedford Drive, on the expensive side of town, and I had no trouble finding his big white pseudo-Colonial mansion set back on a stretch of trimmed lawn like a tall ship on a green sea.

I got out and surveyed the place. No activity. No cars in the curved outer drive. Halfway up the twist of white gravel, I was stopped by a bulldog voice that growled: "Hold it, fella."

A character with a hard set of biceps approached me. Young. Nasty. Red-lidded eyes. The kind of guy you go out counting your teeth after talking to.

"I want to see the boss."

"The boss ain't home. So dust."

"Where is he?"

"Who's askin'?"

When Knighthood is in Flower

... daisies never tell. The Hardwick Knight tickles his fancy whether dragon tilting, formal pomp or casual romping, confident that his authentic Hardwick Blazer will hold him in fine fettle.

The natural shoulder Hardwick Blazer is available in all wool flannel and the Year Rounder in 55% Dacron® / 45% wool hopsack.

Blazer for both knights and maids offered in many shades of chivalry.

around \$35.00.

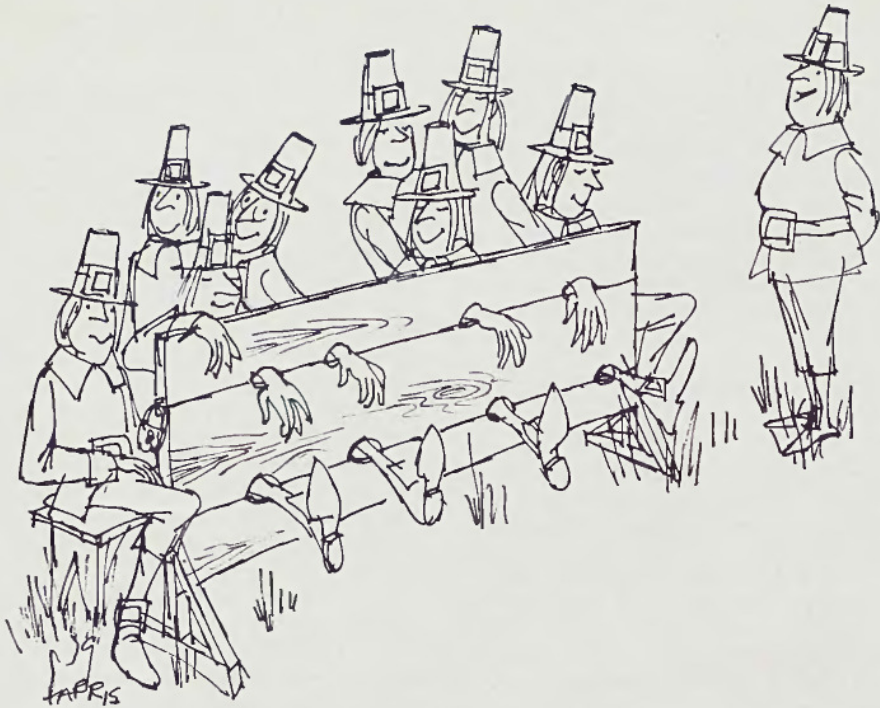


Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Hardwick CLOTHES 

Cleveland, Tennessee 37311

For autographed photo of The Hardwick Maid and name of nearest dealer, send coupon.



"I hear it was quite an orgy."

"Just answer the question."

"Dust, I said."

"Suppose I don't?"

"Suppose I break you up a little?" He smiled. "I like to take jokers like you apart just to hear their bones snap."

"Surely you're not threatening me with physical harm? Pardon me while I quaver."

"One more time I'll tell you, pally. Move out!"

"Go milk an elephant!"

We didn't say anything else. We were too busy trying to beat hell out of each other. He was good, and I had to sweat more than a little to put him away. Finally, though, he was slumbering on the lawn as sweet as a bottle baby. I dragged him into the bushes, checked his wallet (his name was Walt Hotcher) and went on up to the house.

An unlocked window would help, but I didn't find one. The house was as tight as a bank vault.

I decided not to press my luck. (Leaving the Arapaho with a dead dame in the back room had been risky enough.) The cops were tough in Beverly Hills and they'd love tying a break-and-enter to my tail.

Walt Hotcher was going to tell me some things. I slapped him awake and asked him where Raphael was. He didn't want to say—so I asked him with the shooting end of my .38 pressed against his skull. He suddenly got informative. Raphael was in Palm Springs, at his house there, and his wife was "visiting friends" in Baltimore. It figured: Raphael would want Angela out of the way during the caper.

"The boss has a real wild pad down at

the Springs," the punk told me. "Big castle of a joint on Ramon Road. You can't miss it."

"When I leave here, you'll phone Raphael."

"Naw, I won't. I swear I won't."

"That's right, you won't," I said, putting him back to sleep with my .38.

I tied and gagged Hotcher and left him in the garage. By the time someone found him, I'd be at Raphael's.

Before I left, I gave Marla a ring at her apartment to find out if there had been any messages for me. She said a Mr. Raphael had been trying to reach me. "Yeah, with a lead slug," I said.

"Are you in trouble again, Bart?"

"Am I ever out of it? Right now, I'm on my way to the Springs to clear up a slight misunderstanding with a client. If I'm not back in twenty-four hours, you'd better go shopping for a new boyfriend."

"I worry about you, Bart."

"That makes two of us. S' long, plum-cake."

I headed for my Chevy.

On the drive down, to keep myself awake, I reviewed what I had so far on Raphael and Arlinger. Raphael had tried to set me up for Arlinger's murder—and things had happened so fast since last night that Mr. R. couldn't be sure whether or not I was still around. But by now, without any word from Meehan or O'Toole, he'd be damn worried. Raphael's car-theft story was phony; apparently he found out that Arlinger was playing in the haystack with Lorrie Maddox. And that would explain why Arlinger pretended not to know why Raphael wanted him chilled. He didn't

want to tie himself to Maddox.

Which brought up the question of who'd slit Lorrie's beautiful throat. If Mr. R. was in Palm Springs and Mr. A. in Vegas, how had they (or he) found out that Lorrie was ready to spill to me? Maybe Myna O'Toole killed Lorrie to get even with Raphael for Indian's death; but that didn't jell, since Myna didn't seem to give much of a damn about Indian's buying it. No, my dough was on Arlinger for the throat job. He could have tailed me all the way from Vegas, overheard my phone conversation with Lorrie and then taken care of her.

Lorrie Maddox had personal info on the whole Raphael-Arlinger situation, and it had something to do, I was certain, with the Anson DeWitt suicide. Her killer had been in a big hurry to avoid running into me and had neglected to search her purse. That was a point for my team. And my team needed all the points it could get.

I was almost into the spa when I suddenly realized I was starving. I might have some fancy gunwork to do at Raphael's—and I hate shooting people on an empty stomach.

I rolled the Chevy into the lot of Bimbo's Pancake House on the edge of Palm Canyon Drive and got out, stretching under the hot desert sun. The air was sharp as diamonds and utterly smogless. The mountains were so clear they seemed to jump at me.

A motor scooter barked into the lot, ridden by a kid in a zebra-striped zipper jacket with BUG OFF, CHESTER! stitched across the back. His hair was long enough to harvest and a purple bruise puffed one eye. He looked sore at the world.

The sore-looking kid joined a group of intense college types inside. Under furrowed brows, they were heatedly discussing the pros and cons of African independence. Listening to them, I felt about a million years old, give or take a century; but after putting away a thick steak and three eggs, I was able to appreciate living again.

Which was more than Sad Sam, Indian O'Toole or the Maddox girl could do. I'd been involved with three stiffs since last night, with the big showdown still ahead. Somehow, I had the feeling I should be a traffic stopper; people should Oh and Ah over me. But those intense college types never gave me a look.

When I left Bimbo's, they were heatedly discussing the pros and cons of cross-fertilization.

I drove through this gaudy peacock of a town, past the Chi Chi and the sassy shops (many of them closed for the summer), on out beyond the tennis club to Ramon Road, a sharp left off Palm Canyon Drive.

I'd looked up Raphael's address and I was careful to park a half mile short of my goal. This was a necessary precaution,

since Mr. R.'s sprawling layout was well separated from its neighbors. Parked cars were easy to spot over the flat desert terrain. In fact, I spotted one myself as I came in on foot: a dusty Cad sedan. White. With Nevada plates.

Arlinger!

I opened the door, ran my palm along the seat. The driver area was still warm, but the rest of the seat was cool in the air-conditioned interior. Which meant that Arlinger had arrived just ahead of me—and was alone. He *could* have heard about Lorrie's death on the car radio—the news guys surely had it by now—and blamed Raphael for it. Which would give him a double reason for killing Mr. R. If he hadn't killed Lorrie himself.

It was going to be an interesting afternoon.

I had run a morgue file on Mr. Gibney Eugene Raphael before leaving L.A., and this boy was a bona fide eccentric. His grand passions were pop art and classical opera—which made him a pop-op collector—and he'd studied voice in his early years, and even tried to buy his way into the Met as a tenor. They wouldn't have him. His voice was lousy and everyone knew it but Raphael. Finally, when he couldn't go pro, he built a full opera stage down here at his pad in the Springs, paying out-of-work singers to back him up in his own starring productions.

Like, wow.

At the edge of the Raphael grounds, where the sand and cactus ended and the grass began, I eased myself over a low wall and dropped behind a giant pepper tree.

Three hard-faced characters were sprinting toward me—and I knew it was no use playing coy. They'd obviously seen me take the wall. I snapped out the .38, but my thumb never reached the safety.

Crack! A leather sap decked me and the gun was kicked out of my hand. I sat up, rubbing my neck.

"Who sapped me?" I asked.

Three big hoods were standing above me holding three big guns.

"Me," said the ugliest of them. "Philly. Short for the Philly Kid. Maybe ya hearda me. I handle a sap real good. These here two gennulmen are Rodeo Dutch Charlie and Trembles Bender. Real name's Mickey, but they call him Trembles, cuz he shakes a lot."

"A real pleasure," I said, standing up. My head felt like it had been used for spring football practice by the L.A. Rams.

The Philly Kid smiled at me and his teeth glittered gold. His square hands were hairy and freckled, with black, ragged nails.

"Your friend has lovely fillings," I said to the others, "but he could definitely use a manicure."

The Kid kept grinning.

"Philly don't mind clever insults," said the man called Dutch. "He's got himself a terrific sense of humor."

Trembles Bender didn't say anything. Sunlight danced on the barrel of his gun as it jerked spasmodically in his fist. A thread of saliva filmed his half-open mouth.

"Mr. Bender worries me," I said. "That cannon might go off and kill me. And I dislike being killed. I try to avoid it whenever possible."

"Don't worry about Trembles," said Dutch. "He knows guns like Eyeties know spaghetti. He can shoot a wart off your nose at a hundred yards while you're sneezing."

"Remind me not to catch a cold," I said.

They were giving me the fisheye. "Well, this has been a most stimulating conversation. Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I'll be on my way."

"Your way is inside," said Trembles in a voice you could sandblast paint off

buildings with. "Just keep your paws out where we can see 'em—and walk."

"I'd like to——"

"Walk!"

I walked.

Gib Raphael's Spanish-Moorish palace was a nutsy mixture of old and new: dim, varnished antique chairs, bronze lamps, marble tables, polished mahogany player pianos—versus wild pop paintings of soup cans, comic-strip heroes and giant cereal boxes, all in blazing primary colors.

The master of the house was in the library and I heard him before I saw him. A thin, reedy voice rising and falling miserably in the final aria from *Pagliacci*; it had to be Raphael.

The awful singing stopped just before we walked in.

Gibney Raphael was kneeling in the middle of the room, dressed in a full clown's outfit, all frills and wild polka dots and dead-white make-up, crying like a baby.

"The boss always busts up when he



*"Here's the test report on the new reducing pill.
None of the subjects lost weight,
but they shrank an average of three inches."*

sings *Pallyachi*," said Rodeo Dutch. "Kinda *touchin'*, ain't it?"

Raphael stood up, wiping away his tears with the edge of a lace sleeve. "I hope you'll pardon this raw display of unleashed emotion, Mr. Challis—but the loveliness of my own voice always makes me weep."

I could have told him that with a voice like his, I'd cry, too. Instead, I got down to the case at hand. "Why did you try and put Sid Arlinger on a slab?"

His gold-flecked eyes hardened. "That, after all, is none of your concern. I'm only sorry I failed to get the job done."

"You're going to be a lot sornier with your potential victim around. He's here, you know. Arrived in the Cad just before I did."

Raphael tensed for a moment, then sighed. "I hope you'll forgive my not taking you seriously. My employees would have waylaid him."

"Your employees were too busy waylaying *me*. Arlinger probably slipped in while your terrible trio played ticktack-toe on my skull. If you don't believe me, send a goon out to check. Arlinger's white Cad is parked down the road."

Raphael gestured and Rodeo Dutch Charlie drifted out of the room. Splitting up the crowd helped the odds. One less gun to handle. I figured Arlinger could take care of himself.

"You'll naturally appreciate the fact that I cannot allow you to go on living," Raphael said.

"Naturally," I said, wishing I had the .38 in my hand. I'd blow this bastard's head off.

"So. . ." He raised a finger—and the Philly Kid nodded.

I could see Trembles Bender grinning as Phil brought up his iron to finish me. I thought of kicking out at the Kid, or jumping him, or trying to butt him to throw off the shot. Sure. I thought of a dozen ways to die.

The decision was taken out of my hands by a double thunder from a curtained alcove to the left. The first slug took out the Kid's gun hand and he literally ate the other one. The bullet entered his astonished open mouth and took out the back of his skull on the trip through. He tumbled forward into my arms and I grabbed his .38, diving sideways and firing at Bender. Raphael was behind the desk, shooting into the curtains.

I saw Sidney Arlinger duck out of them into the hall, and I heard more gunfire from that direction. Dutch Charlie must have joined the party.

I snapped another shot at Bender, then pitched myself through a half-open door into what looked like the interior of a theater. It looked like that because it was.

Raphael's private opera house.

I ran down the center aisle, with guns crashing behind me, vaulted onto the stage and bellied down for some return

action. Trembles Bender charged the aisle, an iron spitting orange in his hand. I squeezed off three shots and he took two of them in his chest, spilling him back into a row of seats. The gun dropped. He didn't know he'd lost it. I held my fire, watching him. Bender staggered like a drunk on opening night, collapsing into a seat. His eyes glazed. He wasn't grinning anymore. He was very, very dead.

I heard a scuffle of shoes backstage and twisted for a shooting angle. Too late. A slug caught me below the left shoulder, slamming me onto my back. It was Gib Raphael, clown suit and all, trying to finish the job he'd started.

I triggered my .38 and missed.

"Too bad, Mr. Challis—but you lack stage presence," he said, kicking the gun from my hand. I grabbed his ankle, pulling him off balance, and his second shot fanned up splinters an inch from my cheek.

Sidney Arlinger saved my life for the third time that week.

I had counted myself dead, but I didn't know that Raphael had already bought his in the library in that first exchange of lead. Now he stumbled, coughed blood, fell to his knees.

"*La commedia e finita*," he said.

And died.

Silence. The smell of gunpowder and grease paint.

I slipped down into the aisle, moved to the door and eased it open.

Arlinger was lying on his face in the hall, next to Rodeo Dutch Charlie. They were both slab cases. Each had gunned the other. Lorrie Maddox had named it, and she was so right.

A bloodbath.

. . .

I had some hefty explaining to do before the case was officially closed. First with the law, then with Marla Tate at her apartment. A lot of pieces had fallen into place after the shooting stopped.

"Who killed the Maddox girl?" Marla asked me. "I know it was either Arlinger or Raphael."

"Negative," I told her. "The guy I swapped knuckles with in Beverly Hills and left in the garage—Hotcher—has admitted killing Lorrie in the Arapaho after she'd talked with me. He had her phone bugged."

"But didn't you tell me she was Raphael's mistress?"

"Negative. That was *before* she met Arlinger."

"Then she loved Arlinger?"

"Negative. He loved *her*, but *she* dug Hotcher."

Marla shook her lovely head. "I don't get it. I just don't."

"She knew who Anson DeWitt, Jr., really was and why he committed suicide."

"You mean the suicide boy used a phony name?"

"Negative. He thought he *was* Anson DeWitt, Jr. But he wasn't."

"Then who *was* he?"

"Gib Raphael's blood son. Abandoned as a baby in Florida when Raphael was running from the law after a bank job. Old DeWitt adopted him, raised him as his own. He grew into a spoiled apple. Gambled. Got in debt up to his eyeballs. Enter Arlinger."

"Then Arlinger *knew* he was Raphael's son?"

"Negative. He didn't connect him with Raphael. It was simple business: The boy was in hock to Arlinger and the squeeze was on to pay up. When the kid drove off a cliff, Raphael blamed Sid Arlinger for his death. That's when he got the idea of using a dumb op—me—as the fall guy in an attempt to chill Arlinger."

"But how did *Hotcher* get into it?"

"On the blackmail end. He'd nosed it all out and was going to put the screws to Raphael for a pay-off to keep quiet. *After* the murder, of course."

"I'm hopelessly lost. Bart. Finding out who killed who, or whom, in these complicated capers always gives me a terrible headache. But I *think* I've got it now. Hotcher killed Lorrie Maddox because she found out that he was going to blackmail her ex-lover!"

"Negative. She was *in* on the deal. She and Hotcher were planning to skip on the Raphael blackmail dough. But she cracked when things went wrong and Hotcher had to kill her to keep her from spilling the truth to me."

"Ah—so *that's* why Arlinger came down to L.A.—to kill Hotcher."

"Negative. Arlinger didn't know about Hotcher. He figured Raphael killed the girl. Out of jealousy. So he drove down for his personal revenge."

"Then"—Marla said dizzily—"then Angela Raphael *wasn't* sleeping with Arlinger, after all?"

"Oh, sure she was," I said. "Raphael never really cared *who* Angela slept with after the doc told him she couldn't have any more kids. He lost interest in her—so she played the field. She was even sleeping with *Hotcher*."

"Whew! What a sex circus."

"You just said the magic word."

"Circus?"

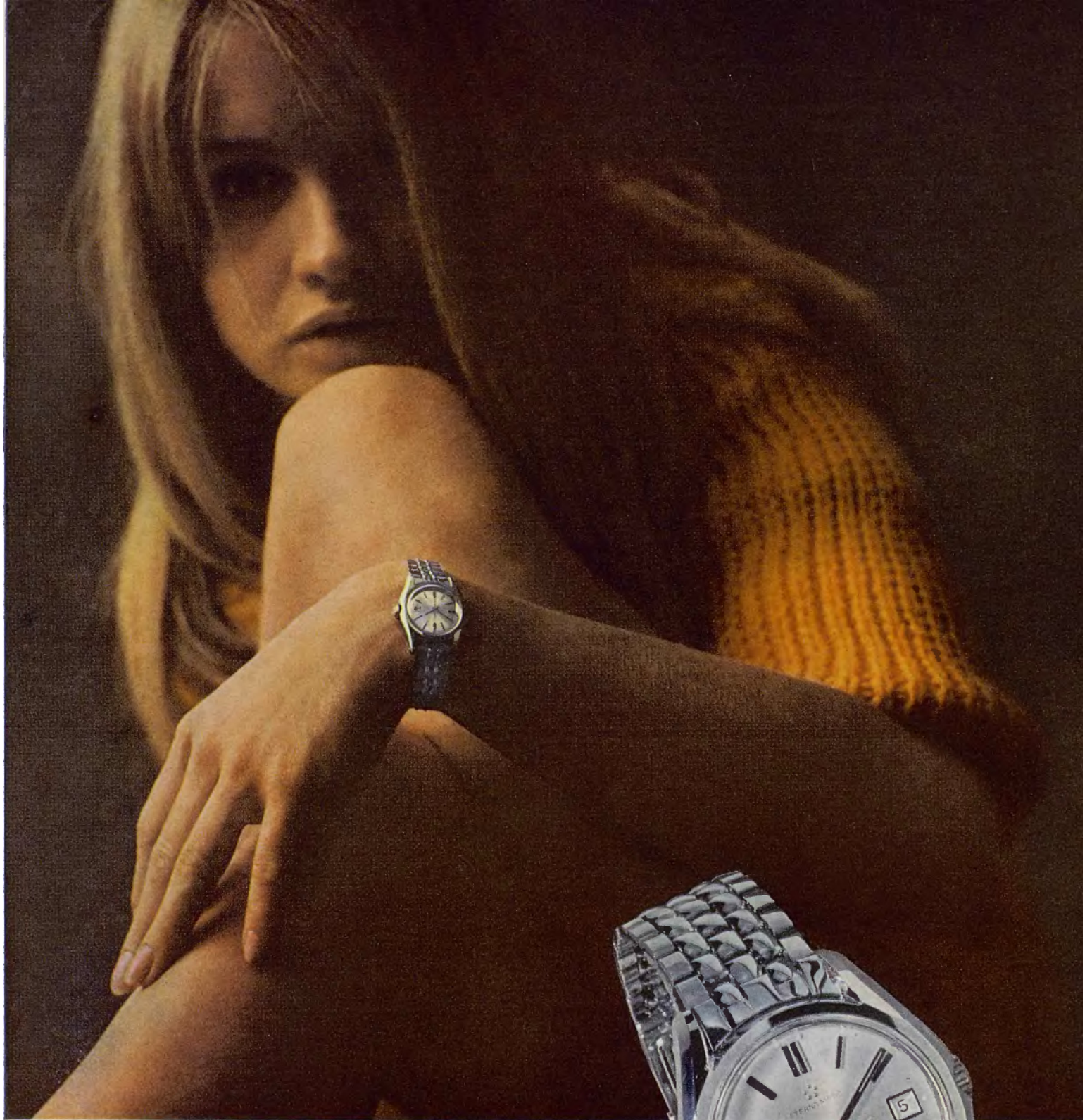
"No—sex."

"Bart—you have a broken arm and you're all bruised and, besides, I still don't understand how Hotcher found out about—"

I mashed my lips over hers to shut her up. She didn't say anything else for an hour. By that time, she didn't give a damn about Hotcher.

I went back to the office to count my money. I wasn't rich, but one thing was for sure: At least I could afford a full bottle of Scotch.





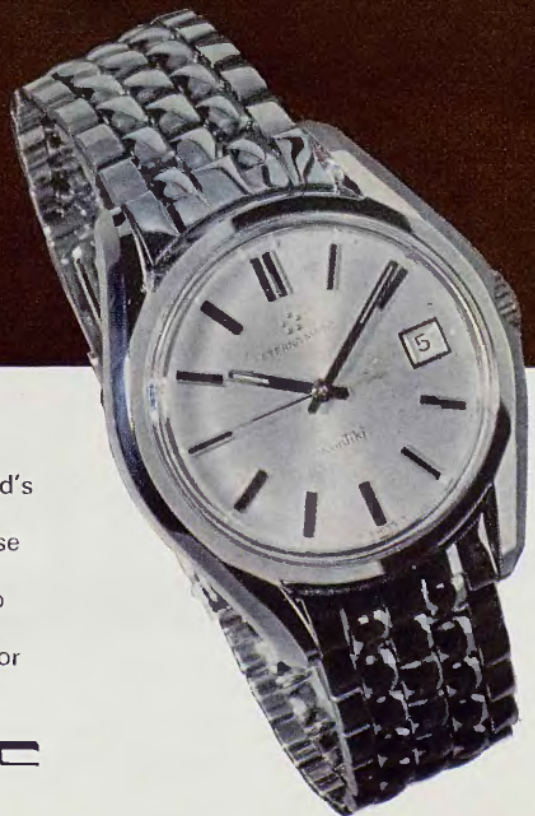
What a pair

Meet the Eterna·Matic KonTikis... two of the world's finest automatic watches. Whether for you or her, the KonTiki means today... a watch whose contemporary appearance is matched only by its precision Swiss construction. Construction so rugged that KonTikis have successfully tested at 120 fathoms. Next time you're in the market for a truly superior watch—for you or her—be sure to check the pair from Eterna.



ETERNA·MATIC

Eterna Ltd. Grenchen (Switzerland)



(continued from page 140)

husks of their fathers: Can you really want war? Do you really mean to let the air be filled with garbage, the waters poisoned, the populations sickened by both excess and want? You mean for millions to be unemployed and the rest overworked? You mean it, Dad? Aw, that's a dumb shuck. Aw, get off our backs, you old creeps.

And, oddly enough, the older generation seems to be answering to this: You're right. Show us the way. We'll follow like you and try to be young and full of despair like you, or full of hope, too, if you choose. This is the new and curious element, this willingness of the seniors to submit to their more experienced juniors, to take their lead and pattern their uniformed age on the wisdom of youth.

Let us now attempt a geography of the elements on the scene. What follows is an atlas of the new world being colo-

nized by the wave makers. The various hard rains falling will surely change its contours; but like any explorer, we may have to be content to discover America when we are looking for India.

BEACHHEAD. It is not nudism. It is not orgyism. But it is not what you could call just pure swimming or sun-bathing, either. It is "unstructured experience," says Darrell Tarver, the sociology student who organized the Free Beach Movement because he likes to frolic unclad with friends. He is friendly with peace politicking and New Left theorizing; but his main interest is in getting boys, girls, Negroes, pacifists, soldiers on leave, belly dancers, architects, students, teachers, everybody! out! out on the beach, please! When a gawker takes the hand of a nudist, half the battle is won—and Darrell says: "Glad to have you here! Nice day, isn't it? That's my wife over there, playing volleyball." Pumping

and pumping the hand and grinning and eyes darting and picking out something personal to say. The battle is generally won. Even sheriff's deputies, the daughters of sheriff's deputies—pants and panties and jeans and skirts, all the badnesses of nongroking life come shed. For one thing, the volleyball looks like fun and they want to get into uniform. Darrell's wife—sweet, homey, nekkid—looks so right and relaxed, just the sight of her turns a gawker into a people.

Up and down the state of California there are now Free Beaches—free of clothes and free of nonclothes. The Free Beach franchise has gone out to the East Coast and the Gulf of Mexico, too. This is the most affable of revolutions, hardly a revolution at all. These are the converts to Human Be-ins, the advance guard of grokkers, those who believe they have only a few decades on earth and want to spend them now, unclad, in touch with light, air, sun and other bodies.

The LSD explorers of inner space take an alternate line: You can love everyone, everything; the world can be changed by personal worship, example and contemplation. They dance to deafening rock 'n' roll with strobe lights, liquid light shows, flickering movies, all the stimuli their senses can bear. And in their ebullience and high health, their senses can bear a great deal.

They seek to break down the barriers between people set up by money and position and shaving. The psychedelic-ecstatic beat unites them.

THE THUNDER MACHINE presents
Space Daisy and Lee Quarnstrom
in
A Real Wedding

read an invitation. The couple got married to a rock version of Mendelssohn. The bride's child by her previous marriage danced the night through, stomping with six-year-old abandon. Some of the guests looked as if they qualified for slum clearance and urban renewal, but they were comfortable with themselves. As author Ken Kesey announced at his Acid Test Graduation Ceremony, "We must say it clearly, hairily and with good amplification."

Even *The Wall Street Journal* has picked up on the superpresent world of the wave makers, which is the missing link not to history but to the future. "CALL IT PSYCHEDELIC AND IT WILL SELL FAST, SOME MERCHANTS SAY." This was the headline of a front-page story. The sub-head read: "Psychedelic Shops, Fabrics, Night Clubs Make the Scene; Tootsie Rolls & Adolf Hitler." The news feature was an absolutely serious coast-to-coast survey of the market in "aciditic" merchandise, including posters, clothes, widgets for blowing smoke, diffraction disks for blowing minds, dream machines of various tilts and energies. *The Wall Street Journal* knows quite a lot about



"We found your wife, Mr. Vorbeck, and all I can say to you is, 'Finders keepers, losers weepers.'"

it, for *The Wall Street Journal*, that is ("markups run to 100 percent," psychedelicatesens can merchandise goods that sold at cut rates in dime stores); but a few items from the world of commerce and profit have been omitted from its survey. For example:

The Attention workshop, a private school designed to bring joy. Fee: \$37.50 per weekend. "Session will be in the nude. Smokers will be allowed to bring one pack of cigarettes."

A cooking manual that might produce the recipe for a wave maker would include the juice of three Hondas, the pulp of a raw beard and a soupçon of LSD. With nearly half the population under 25 and the other half wishing it were, the culture of expenditure is running full blast. And within the sound of money, the sound of ecstasy, the noise of destructibility (goods, time, youth itself), there remain enclaves of those thoughtful ones who seek the meaning of it all. These are the moral philosophers who approve of summer jobs but think that a boy should have a summer job all his life, all year round. And preferably it should consist in taking eight-millimeter films of his daily goofing and gefufeling (don't ask what it means, do it). As Don McNeill wrote in an article on "Living Without an Address on the Lower East Side," in *The Village Voice*: "Privacy is easily sacrificed . . . material possessions become less important, clean sheets forgotten. Yet the body is sustained and the mind is at work circumnavigating the answer." It's a great day in the history of hair.

The merchants who sell doughnuts and motorcycles and sleeping bags to these Dylanesque tribal troubadours have learned to love them. "Some of them are artists in their own way," an Army-surplus store told me. Actually it was a man, speaking for his business. "You know, poor as they act, they never buy the cheap sleeping bag. I sell 'em the forty-sixty-dollar job—good down, great attachments. They come in with their rags, but they don't buy anything but the Cadillac of sleeping bags. You think maybe they get money from someplace? Home?"

I thought maybe.

"Artists," he mused, "in their own way. They don't litter the streets the day after the night before. They're nice. Some of 'em I know by name."

The Children's Crusade has carried The Fugs, the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead and Donovan on their shields toward fame and riches. The makers of light shows seldom become rich, but some do. Provos are in international correspondence, selling anarchism. Macy's takes a full-page advertisement, declaring:

Zen, the very essence of the Orient, sends a special subtle beat through



"I'd like a nice bon-voyage basket for someone taking his first LSD trip."

the very heart of Macy's. . . . It is Zen, the spirit of "Stillness in Movement" . . . the bold, unfaltering strokes of Japanese painting. It is this pure serenity that inspired Shiseido, Japan's most famous name in cosmetics, to create Zen perfume . . . an exquisite fragrance that . . . Come discover Zen, by Shiseido of Japan . . . at your Macy's.

Even Macy's, the land of What Is and What Sells, wants to tell us how the world might be, if only the world becomes different. The Hobbits are coming. Frodo Lives. The kids are electrocuting themselves, mixing acid in their souls and calling The Fugs square. Mao and Trotsky and Ramblin' Jack Elliott are over the hill. Debutantes are looking for what comes after plastic materials—nonplastic materials? They are dropping out of Andy Warhol and joining the *Provos*: "Anarchists, goblins, punks, saints, wild men, dope freaks, dropouts, vagrants, sorcerers, unite! If you want to put down this kiss-ass society, then you are a Provo!"

What debutante or disaffected graduate student can resist this touching appeal? The *Provos* of Amsterdam, the Living Children of Boston, The Diggers of San Francisco are all aimed at doing good, at simplicity, at cutting the shit. They feed the hungry, they attain some sweet family groupings on the tribal model, they cut some of the shit some of the time for some of the people. They trip out in a scene of advanced creative martyrdom, flowers, gang sex, big laughs, soft touches. It's too easy, of course, to ridicule the herd of independent minds. But everyone in this life seeks to trip out through fantasy and art and

religion and sexual ecstasy, friendship and hope and a dream of community. The wave makers are seeking the trip directly, giving up money and position and an ethic of proving something to parents. Some of them, of course, get rich, get famous and prove something to their parents; but the style obeys the injunction: *Make new!*

Moses Maimonides speaks for the older fashion in his *Guide to the Perplexed* (that was in the 12th Century). When a boy is tormented by desire, he advises: "Drag it into the house of study." In other words, read, work and forget desire. Now his descendants, bearded, flapping, eager, drag it into the house of study along with the chicklet and the whole group and all their instruments. And the pills. And then blow the fuses.

The wave makers can be easy even on the tender questions of race and war. They want to swing. As one says, "We've learned two things about Negroes. (A) Not all of them want to sleep with our sisters. (B) Some do." And now that they face it all, it's easier, they can ride with it, there are more important things to do than protecting little sister from what comes naturally, such as feeling, flowers and fooling around.

Maybe 10,000,000 Americans turn on or have turned on. They are happy monaural with casual styles and rock 'n' roll and marijuana; they are ecstatic in stereo with acid and dropping out and devil-take-the-rest. They leave a part of their souls in the youth bag. While the waves beat on the shores, they are waiting to take over.

At the opposite extreme from these pure and purehearted grokkers stand

Look where we are now!

There are days when everything starts with a "chrono" and ends with a barbecue!

The chronograph is the only watch that plays an active part in leisure as in work: with its "instrument-panel" face, with its push-buttons, the chronograph acts on command and records time, from start to stop, in fractions of $\frac{1}{5}$ of a second!

All the active sports call for chronos - skiing, flying, rally driving, regatta sailing, karting - as do all the newest hobbies, such as synchronized recording and ciné filming. Even school, technical college and university have their departments where the chrono reigns supreme. That's why, thanks to today's youth, the Swiss chronograph is all set for an all-time boom!

*A chronograph is a watch fitted with an ingenious mechanism which, apart from telling the time of day, allows continuous or intermittent time recording, accurate to $\frac{1}{5}$ th of a second and lasting from a few seconds to 12 hours.

Please send me the brochure "The Swiss Watch Industry's answer to the measurement of short time intervals".

Surname

Christian name

Age

Profession

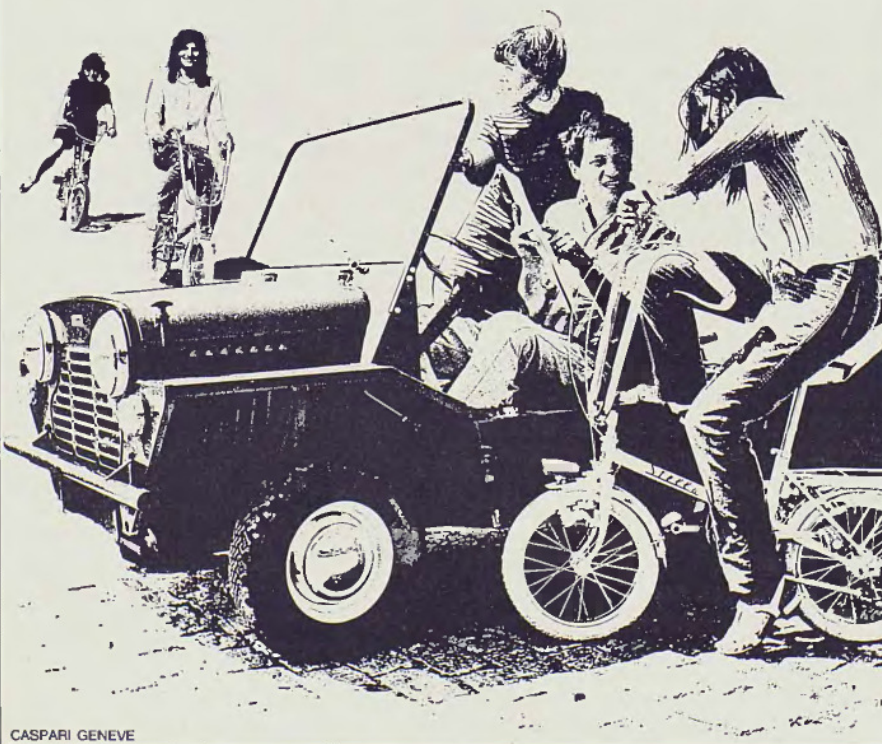
Address

Town and district

PB 2/67



Centre des Chronographes et Compteurs c/o
F.H. case postale Bienne, Suisse.



the New Left militants, the peace marchers and the politicals, those who want to kill war and segregate the segregationists and bring political and economic justice to a world badly in need of these qualities that it has never enjoyed except in the ardent imaginations of men. Some of them also seek violent change to make this better, more peaceful world. Their youthful heroes are men like Stokely Carmichael, aged 26, who led SNCC from the problems of race in the South into the problems of race in the North and on into the confused realms of international hate-mongering; and Mario Savio, aged 24, who is seen as fighting the good fight of the individual against the multiversity and against an education designed to suit the military-economic machine.

But the grokkers and the revolutionists are not purely one thing or another; they join in an evolving conception of modern man. They may look like Hell's Angels dropouts to the old stratified society, but to themselves they look ready: ready for change, ready for novelty, ready to mess around and perhaps ready for fun, too. Some of them are maturing into a sense of their own internal power, if not yet into political control. They are nonideological, rhythmic rather than intellectual, turned on rather than convinced, products of the disposable culture and possessed of the most disposable commodity of all—youth, that disease that is no longer even cured by age. In the past, it was Youthful idealism, hope, laziness and disposability hobbled toward the future, gathering goods and compromises and clucking over the excesses of its own children. The kids no longer take pride in these gains and losses.

POVERTY, POLLUTION, PEACE AND RACE. It may seem trivial to link these four issues together; but, as James Joyce may have said, it is not trivial: It is quadrivial. The same social activists move from one issue to the next. The New Left—writing in such organs as *Ramparts* and *The Village Voice*, *New Politics* and *Dissent*, *Liberation* and in occasional ephemera—argues that the old radical solutions, Marxist, mainly, are not adequate. The turned-on, plugged-in times seem to demand a radical humanism, a responsible anarchism, formulas of improvisation. The Radical Education Project, initiated by the Students for a Democratic Society, extends some of the organized lines of traditional student efforts. It is a large-scale reaching toward both knowledge and power, but in its immediate program it states that: "The forms of democracy cannot be judged in the abstract, apart from the actual freedom and humanness which they allow." It is concerned with values and utopias, the analysis of myths and realities in the actual world, strategies of

change. There is no basic theory; that is yet to develop, though certainly there are positions on poverty (Help!), pollution (Stop it!), peace (Stop the little wars, end the arms race!) and race (Use law!). But techniques and organization are still being studied. The Radical Education Project, like the underground press that has radically and psychedelically exploded in every hipster community, seeks an international educational intelligence network that can link scholars, journalists, youth leaders, officials, guerrilla leaders all over the world. "One former staff member," says a recent bulletin, "visited Guatemala last summer, where he made extensive contacts with Guatemalan guerrillas." The active figures belong to a generation for whom the Spanish Civil War, World War Two, the lowering of the Iron Curtain, the Korean War—that whole clanking paraphernalia of history—are mere chapters in textbooks. No wonder men in their 40s, fancying themselves still young, stare at them in wonder.

The "New Left" has become the cliché term that names these new radical critics of American society. But men such as Stokely Carmichael are not registered members of a political movement called the New Left: there is no such party. The prime differences between the old leftists and the new lie in the areas of doctrine and organization. The old leftists believed in final principles; they had explanations and factions; they disagreed among themselves, but they splintered and splintered into tiny, sometimes one-man parties. Shachtmanites and Lovestonites may have included only the founder and his wife, plus the family dog, and then there was a divorce—but no matter, it was a party all the same, with one lonely man the proprietor of his final truth to console him for the loss of wife, dog and mass base.

The New Left activists have been called anarchists because their criticism of society is basic and they are mistrustful of organizations to improve matters. However, at the same time, they form alliances wherever useful, without previously prepared grudges against, say, the Communists. They are too young and uncaring of history to remember the old grudges—too young to be suspicious and yet both hopeful and desperate. And just as they are resistant to doctrine, so they are resistant to the notion of leadership as such. They have observed the abuses of power—this history is familiar to them. They are not, on the whole, pursuing power. There seems to be a rare, almost temperamental shyness, even among the natural leaders. Bob Moses, once a leader of SNCC, found that he was being called by the contemporary cliché "charismatic"; he changed his name to Bob Parris to drop himself down a bit; and then he dropped out entirely,

Moses/Parris is a man who fought the good fight in the South, risking his life. When he discovered that his fellow SNCC workers were being inspired by his example rather than by their cause, that they believed him when he said something, that he was in a position of enormous guiding power and inspiration—instead of being gratified, as most men would be, he was disappointed. He wanted the cause to speak for itself and leadership to be self-generating. He disappeared. Some friends say he is now studying in Africa.

The leadership in the New Left changes because the leaders seem to be interested in personal fulfillment—knowledge, understanding, getting in touch—rather than in running a bureaucracy. This is not selfish dilettantism; it involves principles about leadership. The natural result is that the bureaucracy is weak and organizations tend to fade away, as during the present lull in the civil rights struggle.

The fading in and out of activist groups can mean, however, a deeper rooting of democratic process than is traditional in America. The war in Southeast Asia has tended to gather many disparate groups—pacifist, religious, political—into allied organizations and has drawn energy away

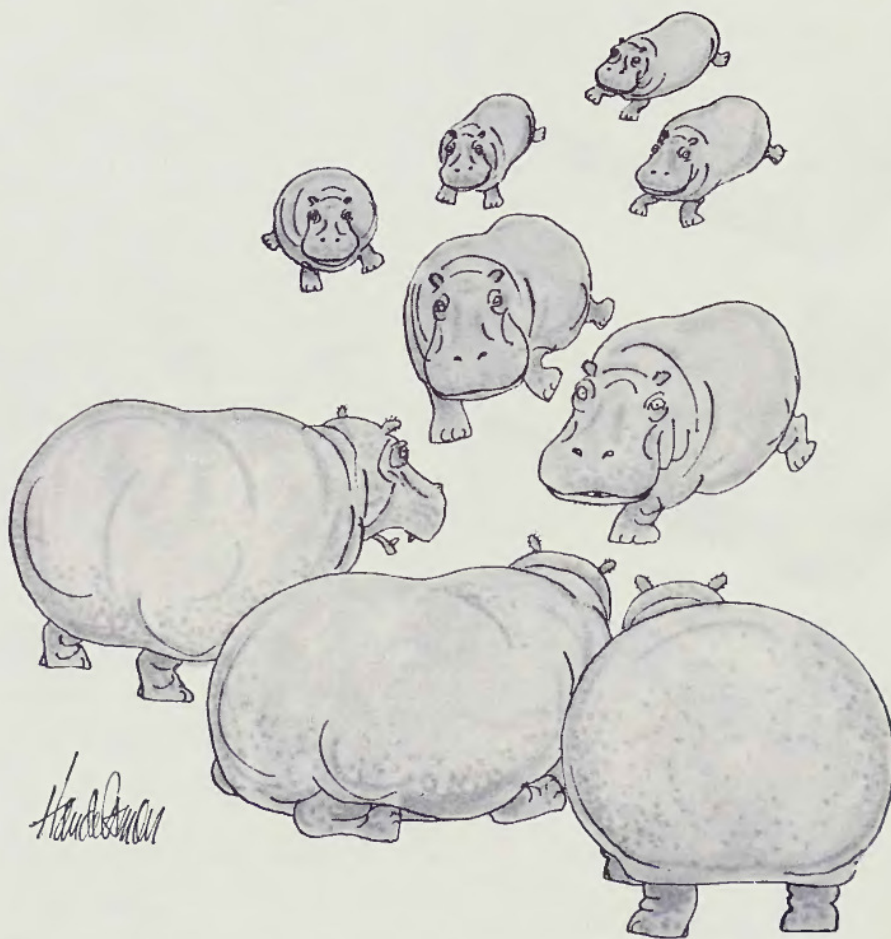
from the struggles against poverty and race prejudice; but immediate local issues are able—wherever there are the young—to cause spontaneous combustion. Whether it is parking garages to replace parks, freeways to replace redwood forests or the filtering of garbage-laden air, there is an increasing popular ability to act.

The New Left is the label they are given, just as if they were the children of the old left; but these are self-fulfilling wave makers whose weapons are impiety, energy and rage. At a recent confrontation of New Left activists with some veterans of old-tiny radical movements, Robert Scheer, editor of *Ramparts*, candidate for Congress in 1966 and barely aged 31, cried out with absolutely crystalline purity: "We don't care about your final goals."

"We don't have your rules. If the capitalists can give us peace, that's fine. If socialism means war, it's absurd. We want to stay alive *today!*"

• • •

NEW PHILOSOPHIES, NEW FAMILIES. Between the extremes of politicalized man and Eastern-mystic-contemplative man stand the curious efforts of the utopian or educative communities that are being organized in various isolated spots. One of the most serious, sensible and firmly



"Oh Lord, girls, it's the mating season again."

for
men
only



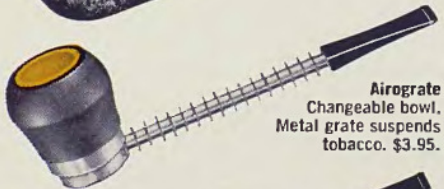
YELLO-BOLE®

THE NEW TASTE IN SMOKING

{ The all-male taste, yet so mild and flavorful you'll have trouble keeping it from "her". }



Spartan
Rich, dark
finish. \$2.95.



Airograte
Changeable bowl.
Metal grate suspends
tobacco. \$3.95.



Thorn
Rugged, sand-
blasted finish.
\$4.95.



Duo-Lined
Double lining
of real honey.
\$5.95.

Yello-Bole is made for men who like their smoking rich and full flavored. To create this unique taste the bowl is pre-caked with a new-formula honey lining. This gentles the smoke. Smooths the taste. Enriches the flavor. So effective—the imported briar bowl is guaranteed against burn-out. Available in a variety of shapes, \$2.50 to \$7.50.

Free Booklet shows how to smoke a pipe; styles, shapes.
YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 10022, Dept. N95
by the makers of KAYWOODIE

rooted of these is located in Big Sur, that spectacular California stretch of mountains and Pacific Ocean beach, where a young man named Michael Murphy has taken a run-down family hotel and lodge and transmogrified it into the Esalen Institute, "a center to explore those trends in religion, philosophy and the behavioral sciences which emphasize the potentialities of human existence." The guests—students? clients? patients?—participate in seminars on such subjects as "Meditative Techniques and Depth Imagery," "Alternative Views of Reality" and "God in the Secular City." Mike Murphy has found his cause—a nondrug expansion of consciousness through techniques gropingly and intuitively understood by creative people in all fields: medicine, engineering, architecture, the sciences and the arts. Having returned to this family property after long wanderings that included over a year in an Indian monastery, he has organized a rapidly growing institution that aims to conduct its program in major cities, to publish papers, to find a way to end loneliness and to come close to answering the ancient questions about the meaning of life.

The resident staff includes Dr. Frederick Perls, one of the last surviving pupils of Freud, who dispenses wisdom and probes anxieties—or sometimes dispenses anxieties and probes wisdom. Gia-Fu Feng, calligrapher, also conducts classes in Tai Chi Chuan (meditative movements) and smiles inscrutably. Bernard Gunther leads in "body sensitivity and nonverbal communication." Occasional visitors are such thinkers as Buckminster Fuller, who invented the geodesic dome and the Dymaxion House; S. I. Hayakawa, the semanticist; Bishop James A. Pike, Episcopal and controversial—scholars and innovators of all sorts.

The point lies in a communal search for an open, freer world. People massage each other; people take the hot baths together, frolicking over spectacular cliffs looking out to sea. The fog is lovely. The sun is bright. The visitors can look at the mountains or the ocean. Some of the contemplation is merely histrionic, designed to let others know—that pretty teeny bopper, say—that you are contemplating; but there is also a seriousness about the quest.

On one weekend at Esalen, Nelson Van Judah, a designer, led a large group of students in creating a "total environment experience." They constructed a geodesic dome and then filled it with delights and people. As the audience lay about inside, the students projected films and slides, played tapes of sounds and jazz and Handel, dripped projected colors, plugged in smells of eucalyptus and mint and ether. People giggled; people were moved and said Ooh and Ah; the claustrophobes and the rigid fled pell-mell. As with the drug experience, the

"total environment experience" kicks the radio; that is, either people are stimulated to start functioning or they crack into kindling.

On the outside of the geodesic dome, the total-environmentalists, mostly aged 18 to 25, leaped about like manic *maestros*, improvising sounds and smells and film projections. They had labored over the construction for days; they had practiced together like an orchestra; and then, when it was all over, that was it. They walked away from it. They left the dome to Esalen and went back to San Jose. While at the Hot Springs, they slept in cars and in sleeping bags; it made no difference about comfort. Said Kathy Sullivan, a sweet and pretty young girl who was one of the star improvisers of the group: "I'll never need to sleep again!"

This is the way these people feel at the pinnacle of their creative acts—marvelously alive, fully human, making waves.

• • •

TEENIES. The youthful tribes have found new camping grounds and new forms of peace to smoke in their pipes. The old families have shriveled up and blown away. Now Junior doesn't rebel so much as take off. The *Provos*, The *Diggers* and the teenies of the Sunset Strip or Macdougall Street find families without parents, houses with only other kids sleeping 20 or 30 on a similar number of mattresses.

The *Provos* of Holland go about in flowered trousers, long hair or shaved heads, 19th Century army dress tunics, anything they find or like. Even white jeans and white T-shirts. They live communally. They paint bicycles white and leave them about, hoping people will go where they want to go and then leave the bicycle for the next voyager. The police find them provoking. They are *provocateurs*. They seek peace, justice, power, fun, truth, beauty, fresh air and the freedom to smoke pot. They want their elders to be responsible to history. Who'd have thought these friendly anarchists would leap to prominence in Amsterdam, of all places, among the staid Dutch, of all people?

The *Diggers* of San Francisco seem more likely. They have named themselves after a sect that opened business in 1649, in Merry England, urging the abolition of private property and the sharing of, well, just about everything. Afternoons, *Diggers* feed the hungry in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. They beg, borrow and maybe even steal some of the food. They house the teeny runaways. They don't use too much "speed"—Benzedrine and other energizers. They are reasonably anonymous. They seek to do good without too much theory and to have some fun while doing it. The cops push them around a little,

but also admit they give some of the kids a place to sleep.

Late last year, there was a massive summit confrontation between the hard-line hippies (joy, drugs, dropping out) and the then-mysterious Diggers (joy, fewer drugs, taking control) on Haight Street, the Boulevard of Brotherly Love, in San Francisco. Rival Beatnik Bands Fight It Out! The Diggers versus the Acidheads! Two Hell's Angels were arrested by the fuzztrated fuzz—why? Drinking chocolate milk in a provoking fashion! Dangerous motorcycling. Harboring a wild look in the eye. But on the whole, the cops were watchful, confused and outwitted. There was a parade with candles, candies, children, flowers, fun. Peyote, the mongrel dog that had been mated with a coyote, was there, along with its pups. Buddha ambled amuck. Cops rode up, looking things over, and then rode away. Cheers.

On both sides of the street, men, women, children and in-betweens stood with incense and candles, and whistles in their mouths. A serious couple, one on each side of the street, began busily passing out leaflets. Trained in many demonstrations, the mob obediently took the sheets they were offered and gazed literately at the paper. The sheets were blank. Reams of blank proclamations, pure-white manifesto. More cheers.

A Negro bus driver got out, shook hands, grinned. Flags and flowers decorated his bus. The passengers frowned, giggled and prepared to try to tell the story at home. The Diggers passed out candy to the passengers, and flowers and kisses. Everyone unrioted. Teeth, smiles, cool. Buddha directed traffic and the bus moved on.

*We all live in a yellow submarine,
a yellow submarine,
a yellow submarine. . . .*

The song swept down the street. It was December 17. It was a merry Christmas coming. Love, love, love.

Well, the East Village and even Chelsea tend to be a bit more up tight than San Francisco. But surely the weirdest is that illegal stretch of up-tightness called the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles.

There, the teeny boppers tried to graduate to teenhood. The Sam Brownes killed it. What was gracious and sweet in San Francisco quickly became nervous and dead. A "White Watts" resulted in the destruction of a swift and neat reign by the kids. "Teen Power" is a slogan that has no future; what they called the "blue fascists" can easily bring up their big guns—curfews, hoses, clubs. And sighing, incompetent parents are obliged by the curfew laws to make bed checks.

Instead, the teenies will have to learn to *seep* into power. Orthopedic surgeons are reporting a mass influx of creaking adults who have tried to imitate the

teen dances. Teen clothes cause rapture and rupture in the middle-aged chicklets and Wall Street hippies who try to hang loose in those mind-hugging clothes that look so groovy on a 16-year-old. New kicks, such as smoking dried bananas, promise to catch on among those old folks, twennies, thirties and even fordies, who look to the cute Sharons and Kevins for guidance.

Deep thinkers for several generations now have poked and pried at the breakdown of the American family, the failure of paternal authority. The old conglomerations, stuck together in Mom's apple pie, have gone the way of some flesh: into myth and memory.

Slum gangs receive poverty funds and a certain amount of attention from sociologists, but have yet to receive their full due as models. And the new family, groupy, tribal agglomerations have gone back to a more primitive village culture. They seem to be merely camping out, but the need for meaningful structure is one of the most touching qualities of the teen rebellion. Fan clubs no longer satisfy their quest. That boy rapping on the mailbox at the corner may have Methedrine in his madness, but he could merely be trying to tell the post office something in Digger code. *Mom didn't love me wisely. Dad didn't tell me what to do. Where are we all going?*

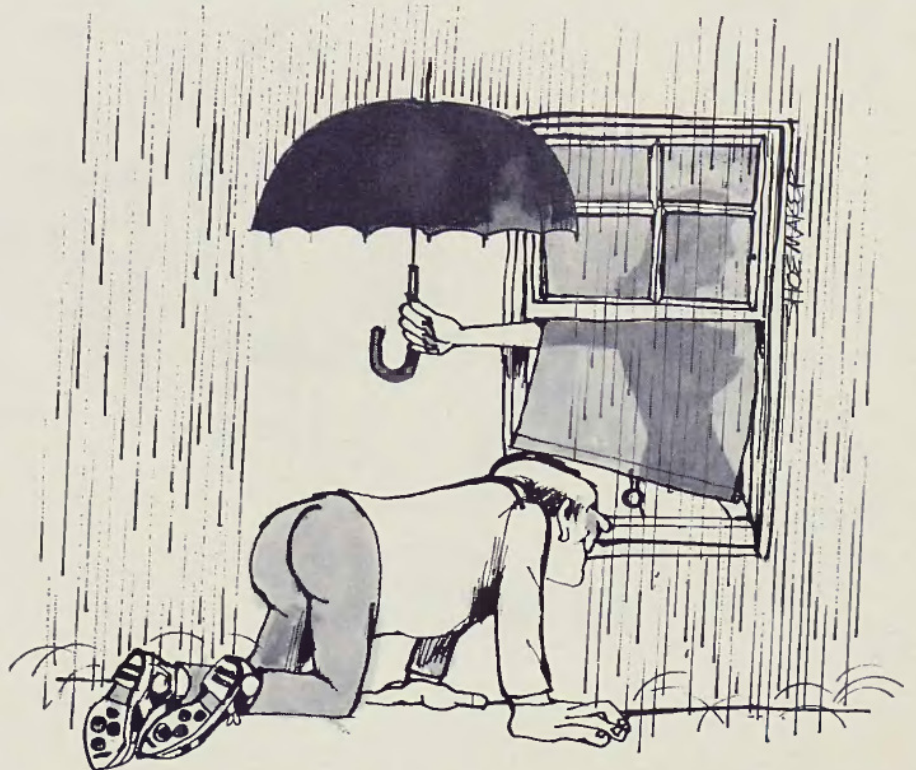
Soon, it seems, the last remaining suits and ties will be bought up for museum exhibit. And the stars above will hang loose and free and echo the faulty genius of earth. They have seen other wars

before the Children's Crusade. Some of those peculiar wars have changed history.

MUSIC AND ART AND CLOTHES. And money. The new permutations of Liverpool rhythm-and-blues country-and-western Dylan madrigal psychedelic ecstatic rock need more than a mighty flow of adjectival modifiers to be understood by someone who has not picked up on it. Perhaps Miss Susan Cox, former production manager and editor of *Tempo*, a newsletter that rates records for top-40 stations, has found the right language: "Vital . . . unbelievable . . . it's here. Pop music is pop music."

"Like man it don't have to be acid man if it's good it'll sell." This is an unpunctuated record producer talking. He works the dials, the globes, the speakers, the tapes, the mixers, the echoes, the overlays, the underlays, the rerecordings, the speed-up and slow-down levers. And if the guitarist (the wailer, the flutist, the combo) is good, it'll sell, he says. Of course, they shouldn't perform publicly, since so much is done in the studios.

A few years ago, it could be said that the kids didn't invent the music they didn't listen to, but they did influence it and they did do something to it—live by it, love by it, if not listen to it. As the leader of the band said, "Now we're going to play an oldie but a goodie, a dusty diamond, friends. Some of you may remember gettin' pregnant to this song, away back in 1964. . . ." Rock music came to life from a Negro tradition.



blues, jazz and rock 'n' roll, after a sea change in Liverpool before it was shipped back by the Beatles, who have now been canonized through a habit of the times of producing Instant Tradition.

Other groups have taken the torch passed by the Beatles and Bobby Dylan while these torchbearing wave makers are still in their middle 20s and still actively creating, but perhaps being made to feel a little like fathers and uncles. Initially, the new groups are attracted by the slogans of Zen and Leary; they want to see truly and do little; but then the pleasures of money and esteem come in and they feel they can change the world by making the millions listen, and so enter the managers and agents and echo chambers and the soaped-up lyrics. Climb On, Cash In, Cop Out.

At the higher levels of money, the designer John Bates, English partner in the firm of Jean Varon, suggests that men learn to wear a gold disk at the shirt throat or even a circle of pearls for evening. "It may sound effeminate," he boldly declares, "but it needn't look it. There are some pink suits being worn in London now that look great. They really do. If you don't look effeminate to begin with, nothing you wear will change you. Wait till men's pastel furs take hold."

The questing in clothing, like the questing in music, is partly a search for definition and partly a lust to live in the here and instant now. "Life is a game. I

want to be game-free." This is one of the philosophical statements that, in different forms, the wave makers will utter to explain themselves as they stand around digging one another's funny clothes, each other's funny sounds. They are seeking to discover the ultimate psychedelic—mankind—but in the meantime, they dig raga-rock from India, raga-soul from Motown in Detroit, Carnaby Street from Seventh Avenue, Salvation Army from that little *boutique* across the tracks that also sells old *Reader's Digests* and burned-out sofas.

The Fugs, shock troops in the Rise of the Uglys, are so ugly they have surely become pretty. From trouble with the fuzz they have risen to trouble with the charts. These children in the sand pile, working out their games with electronic amplification, began in the East Village and headed inexorably toward Broadway and, who knows, maybe Caesar's Palace in Vegas. "Kill, Kill, Kill for Peace" is tantrumantra; a song like *My Baby Done Left Me and I Feel Like Homemade Shit* has a perverse tender longing in it, beneath the nasal whine of electricity. The on-edge artist of the group, Tuli Kupferberg, poet, and Ed Sanders, a smiling Midwest American who edits *Fuck You / A Magazine of the Arts*, have found their little game turned into a commercial product with vast implications—money and air time. (See *The Underground Press*, PLAYBOY, August.)

The hippies will vote for the first candidate who promises pot in every chicken. They will lie in the park with a nude girl, reading *The Oracle*, because *The Oracle* gives the Word and every girl is nude under her clothes. Mouse and Wes Wilson, doing *Nouveau Frisco* posters, can thumb their wavy, psychedelic noses at the premises of poster art—be clear! punch hard!—in favor of fun and design and obscure play. People have leisure time now; they can figure out the words on the posters; and if they can't, who needs them?

The wave makers are ready to try anything that keeps them awake. *The Beard*, a play by the hip-and-beat poet Michael McClure, ends with cunninglingus committed by Billy the Kid (symbolic, stylized) on Jean Harlow (stylized, symbolic). The act, however, looks real in every way; and as the critic Grover Sales put it, "This play will go down on literary history." The police stalled awhile and ground their gears before arresting the actors and the writer. The American Civil Liberties Union entered the case, and now see how complicated it is: If they are really doing what they evidently are doing, then it is an obscene performance. But how can they really be doing it every night, in the identical way, with spoken lines? ("Star! Star! Star! Star! Star!" sobs Jean Harlow.) Then they must be imitating the action; that is, performing an act of art. But also the act they are imitating (or are they really doing it, plus lines?) is one that perhaps is inciting to some people. And it is illegal in many states to do it, even for married couples, though perhaps not to dramatize doing it for theatrical edification. And the police were confused and didn't move for a long time, but then they did (or imitated) their usual performance—they performed a bust. And now writers, critics and professors step forward to testify that the play is a moving, etc., symbolic, etc., testimony to the eternal, etc., dubieties. The poor police.

What is good and what is evil these days? Why should a poor cop have to think about such things, instead of helping Dick and Jane cross the street safely on the way to school? The fact is that *The Beard* is a black-comic fantasy with some touching moments in it. Since it deals directly with sadomasochistic fantasies, among others, it is as confusing as much of contemporary sexuality. It has found a partial means to control and master the confusion—laughter.

An English girl of the upper class, aged 16, recently wrote to her older sister in New York:

Men look so innocent and angelic in bed, don't they? Tell me, when did you first go to bed with anyone? How old were you? Mike and I really love each other. It's not just a mad infatuation—it's grown slowly.



"Ma, I want to talk to you about that part where the seed falls on fertile ground."

I knew him last holidays—not like Patrick, who was all glamor and titles, and also he was queer. He was really very fascinating, but my God he was so selfish. Mike's self-centered, but not selfish, so we make a good couple. We both need the same thing.

This touching girliness and innocence, and the total will to accept sex as a mutually helpful collaboration, must produce a faint quaver in the bellies of the older, romantic generation. Just as throwing flowers and kisses at the cops—one of the hippies' favorite techniques, except that they don't think of it as "technique"—confuses the veterans of class wars, racial wars, boss-and-worker wars.

In a colleegetown apartment in Ann Arbor recently, a girl glanced up from making love with her friend to find a pair of eyes peeking under the window shade. The eyes peered through three levels of glass—her window, the neighbor's window, the wearer's specs. She calmly met the eyes and then they retreated with shame and she continued what she was doing, a mutually helpful collaboration with her visitor.

"Actually," she commented, "I don't really blame him. But I don't like to give him the advantage over me."

The new mass family is replacing the father-mother-children small group of yore. The Army and mass transport, orgies and key parties, the electronic McLuhanite plugging in are all feeding a public straining out of encapsulated sex. A reporter doing a survey for a national news magazine explains: "I used to be afraid I was queer because I like to go to bed with my wife and another man at the same time. But now I know it's just I never had a brother and I want one. My wife, she's great—understands. I was a lonely only child. And now tell me: What's the mood of the country?"

Henry Fairlie, a fairly warmhearted English conservative, has protested the imitation of the young by the less young. He believes that it is for the benefit of the young that their opportunity for rebellion should be untainted by easy capitulation by adults. He writes:

Anxious not to be thought "square," they steal the music, imitate the dance, adopt the dress, of the young. Anxious to be thought "understanding," they anxiously follow all that the young do and, with a giggle, applaud it. This adult invasion of the world of the young is, committed against themselves, a banal act—committed against the young, almost criminal. It is as if the adults today are searching for some kind of reassurance from the young, which is exactly where they have no right to look for it. Generations should keep their fences in good repair.

Fair enough. What is more gluey to the taste than an aging hippie? But then he feels obliged to ridicule the new inventions, those magic carpets ridden by the young; and here he mixes sweet good sense with sour:

The only new factors which seem to me to introduce any real novelty into their situation are the scientific aids, from records to contraceptives, from travel to LSD, which provide both the temptation and the opportunity to satisfy, far more fully than before, the desire for immediate experience which is the source of the young's impatience.

The Psychedelic Rangers, riding drugs, riding kicks, may merely be satisfying "the desire for immediate experience." Fighting the fuzz may merely be a dramatic illustration of the blocked aggressivity noted by such writers as Robert Ardrey and Konrad Lorenz. But it is more likely that their new institutional forms will consolidate at least some of the kinky gains.

As the (original) Diggers Song, three centuries old, puts it:

*Gainst Lawyers and gainst Priests,
stand up now.*

*For tyrants they are both, even flat
against their oath,*

*To grant us they are loath, free
meat and drink and cloth.*

Stand up now, Diggers all!

*To conquer them by love, come in
now, come in now,*

*To conquer them by love, come in
now!*

No power is like to love.

Glory here, Diggers all!

And thanks to these boons of modern technology—records and contraceptives, jet airplanes and superproduction—the old dream of the Diggers seems at least possible in the hearts of these anonymous souls who provide shelter to runaways, meat in the parks and a disconcerting habit of burning the money they are handed by condescending squares.

THE ACID-TRUTH MUMBLE. "Sure I'm interested in those other things—politics, work, everything. But it's all a part of love. And love is all a part of acid."

Now, of course, there is that vexed matter of drugs, about which there are strong positions on all sides except perhaps the middle. This article provides no exception, but anyone should at least be suspicious of experimenting with his own chemistry. Blowing the mind is cool (art, fun, sex, work), but blowing out the

YOUR CO-PILOT FOR LIFE!



This super-watch is actually a chronograph. With its impressive dial divisions, it looks just like an instrument panel. A genuine competition model, it is, of course, destined for sportsmen and professional men in active occupations. Its name: the «NAVITIMER». What does it do? Equipped with an aviation computer, it performs all kinds of calculations, such as speed per hour, distance covered, conversion of miles into kilometers and knots. This superb 17 jewels chronograph with its revolving bezel, luminous dial, 30-minute and 12-hour recorders is made by the watch specialists BREITLING of Geneva. (For the record, a similar timepiece took part in the American world orbit of May 1962!)

For my information, please send me, free:

- the amazing world of chronographs
- the special catalogue of Breitling models
(Mark a cross where applicable)

Name: Christian name:

Profession:

Town: Country:

PBI-1967

G. Léon Breitling S.A., 26, rue Adrien-Lachenal, Geneva Switzerland

mind with the newest discovery is hard smack on the trail to El Rancho Tucked Out.

Lysergic acid diethylamide, the chief of the psychedelic drugs, has put its convoluted stamp on the style of the period. Its users are not dulled or woozy, as with alcohol and the other depressants; nor are they jittering, as with Dexedrine and Methedrine; rather, their minds are expanded. They see visions. They proclaim truths. They are the travelers of inner space.

One deep critic of the drug cult has said, "LSD is harmless unless talked about." Surely 1967 was not a vintage year, and 1968 promises to be worse. A lot of peculiar sugar got into circulation, and Dr. Timothy Leary got some contradictory ideas into the press. At times, he promises spectacular sexual achievements while on acid trips; at other times, he says that erotic pleasures are irrelevant; and then again, he reconciles these contradictory positions with further contradictions. He is too busy "organizing the energy" to be consistent. Leary says, "You have to go out of your mind to use your head," but going out of your mind is not necessarily a guarantee that you are using your head.

At Millbrook, New York, on an estate built in 1889, Timothy Leary dwells, when not on tour, in a mansion filled with mattresses and a shifting group of followers of the new religion, LSD, the League for Spiritual Discovery. Asked by a visitor if he is a guru, he answered, "I was the one to get the lucky script." At the regular ingestions of LSD, he appears in white dress to lead the faithful: "Now we are making this trip together. Now we are like spaceships in space. Now we are going to try to keep in formation. Now there might be voyagers who might want to leave this room, but spiritually we should want to stay together. . . ."

The little cubes of sugar are passed about. The celebrants look through prismatic glass together at a stone, at flowers, at the sky. Their spirits are elsewhere. Timothy Leary wears red socks, because he doesn't like his socks to be confused with others in the common laundry.

Out on the lawn, some children are playing. One ten-year-old asks a riddle: "What goes up and up and never comes down?"

"What?" asks the visitor.

"A guy on LSD with two boosters."

Mike, a merchant from one of the branch offices of the League for Spiritual Discovery, engages a visitor in discussion. The visitor says, "OK, maybe it's good for Leary, Alpert, Allen Ginsberg, people like that. Maybe it's a kind of fuel for a machine already in motion—gives them energy and insight, maybe, helps them power themselves. But what about some high school kid who thinks she'll

get to be like the poets, the gurus, the heroes of the movement?"

"Well, she's using it, isn't she?" Mike answers.

"I mean, she doesn't know who she is. She hasn't really got a self yet—she's a lonely adolescent. She gets a euphoric high and maybe a desperate bring-down or freak-out—"

"But she's using it, isn't she?" asks Mike.

"Yes, that's what I'm saying. She doesn't know herself at all. She just flips out into the drug—"

"But she's using it. Well, isn't she using it? Well, if she's using it, she's OK, isn't she? Isn't she using it? OK, then, she's OK."

Failure of communication. Dead stop. If she takes acid, then that defines OK.

Later, in an acid-pusher's pad—or shrine, as he would prefer to define it—I sat among the wall hangings, the Buddhas, the tapestries, the pillows, the teeny boppers, the smell of incense and pot and herb tea and the macrobiotic rice cooking on the stove. Blonde Honey, wearing nothing but a smock, her eyes shining with tenderness, looked into a visitor's face and said, "You're beautiful. There's so much sweetness and love in you. I want to look at you so much. I really dig you."

She is 19 years old. She worked as a hustler for a time in New York, but now she has found truth. She works only enough to buy her supply of acid. It's not very expensive, though the price continues to go up. She sleeps where a mattress is offered, and this week the mattress is offered here. She's nice to have around. She finds beauty everywhere, and especially in new men.

Another visitor to Mike's shrine is a former psychologist from Coral Gables, Florida. He wears a fuzzy-wuzzy sweater that makes him look like a cuddly favorite son. Jeans, tennis shoes. He explains what goes on during the acid voyage toward reality. "Inside it's truth and all true contemplation, feeling, meditation for peace of understanding type, man. Don't ask me to use words. What a drag. I been a word man all my life, consulting psychologist for industry, man. *Miami*, man. Jacksonville. Now I dig. That there Honey got the truth, man, right there where she keeps it. Ooh ah, there it went."

"Man," says the psychologist as Honey disappears to stir the rice, "suppose we could turn on . . . Johnson? Think of that. Lawrence Welk. The fuzz. Oh, I get a fine paranoia going for me. Ooh ah, there it went again. We could turn on everybody."

People have been tripping out in various rooms of the apartment. There is a quiet buzz in the air. A raga record plays over and over again, but when Ravi Shankar is tuning up and when he is playing—that's the beauty of it—the

Western ear judges only with great difficulty. He is at one with his instrument. The new audience is eager to catch up with his training, but without actually learning what Ravi Shankar knows.

The Italian-longshoreman husband of a lady painter is on a bad trip. He misses his wife. She is out dehexing a boarding-house. In addition to being a painter and a belly dancer, she is a witch.

The husband is sweating and flailing the air and panicky. "Come on, Professor," he wails, "you got to straighten my head around, someone got to straighten my head around, I mean turn it around, I don't care, Professor—"

He is grinning, but hysterical.

Mike, the organizer of this little cell, puts his arm around the man's shoulder and leads him onto the porch. He smiles back at the knot of concerned friends. I can take care of all this! his glance and grin seem to say. He listens to the flipped-out longshoreman. He pats his arm. The man is wailing for his wife. Mike calls to Honey to come and help listen, too.

Later the pusher, Mike, explains that he is a hero of our time. "Like, I'm a *hero*, man. I could go up for any amount of years now, them laws they got. Like, I'm putting my life on the line every time to make sure the people get blown out of their mind. Man, I'll turn on a cop, he wants it. I'm a true guru of our time."

"Guru means teacher, you know that?"

"That's what I said. I used to sell Meth, but it dries up the head, so I stopped that. I also sold pot. But, hell, grass is good—I'm really special. Now I found I have this mission, you know? To turn people on and make them OK. I'm the center here, you know, man? You know, man? You know, man?"

Meanwhile, Honey is giving truth to the former psychologist on a mattress while mildly curious visitors troop past them to look for grass, chat with friends, dip into the communal pot of rice. Honey's tenderness is real and it will be just as real for the next man in an hour or two. The psychologist feels that he is in touch with the universe, thanks to Honey, both of them meditated by acid. They know that acid is the magic carpet. It has transported them both to true love. They don't ask work, time, patience or sacrifice. Instant true love will suffice. It's not sex. They are opposed to mere sex. That's lust—square. It's love, love, love. Of course, they express it through sex. But that's only the means. It's not what you'd call square sex, like other people's. It's hip sex. It's special. It's theirs. And the psychologist says about his relationship with Honey: "In return, I give her the companionship of an exciting mind."

"What does she give you?"

He looked at me as if I were crazy,



"Say . . . how about an instant replay for us?"

blind or all three—that includes malevolent. Yes, it was evident. “Which has broken out of the establishment game,” he continued, diagraming his exciting mind for me.

In America, we now live in a drug culture. It is estimated that six dozen mood pills were consumed per person in 1966. Dracula is blurring chemicals into our blood streams, not sucking the blood out. Walter Mitty, wanting to be King Kong and finding himself married to Fay Wray for 40 years, escapes by taking a pill and dreaming he is James Thurber. It excites him. So he takes tranquilizers. It bores him. So he takes stimulants. He looks at the sky and doesn't see God, so he asks Mike what to take, and Mike is delighted to tell him.

A few years ago, the drugs of choice were Methedrine or Dexedrine compounds—speed, as they are called, or forwards. But now the glory trip of Dr. Leary has advertised the new psychedelics, everything from acid to morning-glory seeds. Even in Cleveland, Ohio, there was until recently a Headquarters (“Travel Accommodations for the Discriminating Smoker”), where books and The Fugs and girls with Berkeley-Radcliffe ironed hair could be found on friendly Euclid Avenue. CAN YOU PASS THE ACID TEST? asks the card illustrated with a recruiting-poster version of Uncle Sam. All over the country, the acid-culture people flash funny cards and prisms and pieces of glass at one another. They are recognized, they recognize their reality. They feel at home, even on Euclid Avenue.

In a psychedelic boardinghouse in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco—“Psychedelphia,” columnist Herb Caen has called it—the residents have taken an old building and made it pretty with bits of glass, collages, clippings pinned to the wall, antiwar and prolove posters, celebrations of dances, poetry readings, Happenings, plastic hangings, little objects, rugs, tapestries, *things* fill the rooms. A boy with a Brooklyn accent giggles and says, “Like, man, wow, I'm on a trip now.” The residents wear beads: the men and girls wear beaded headdresses, but without the feathers, because they are not quite Indians.

Joel, the boy from Brooklyn, explains about love. Acid helps people love. For example: “I love everyone, Johnson, Sheriff Clark in Alabama, Pat Boone—”

“Hitler?”

He turns thoughtful. “Well, I don't know much about him. But I love his soul. Course, I've been told some bad things about him. My parents are Jewish. So I don't love what he did, man.”

“You're the first person I've met who loves Hitler.”

Joel looks at me with pitying tenderness. “If you take off the ego,” he explains, “we're all the same, I'm me and

you and everybody. It's groovy.”

“Do you ever get sore at anybody?”

“Well, my wife, sort of. We got divorced. But I love her. But not using acid should be grounds for divorce.”

“She didn't use.”

He shook his head with shame for his former wife. “She ran off to her mother. Scared, when all I wanted to do was help her. I knew this other cat, he gave up his college degree two weeks before he had it, he wanted to go to India to learn this flute he heard on a trip.”

“What do you want out of life?”

He giggled and pulled the beads down tighter around his skull. “Travel around, see people, experience things, live in a cabin. . . .”

In the meantime, though, he lives in a boardinghouse with a lot of other people who want to live in a cabin, experiencing things. He likes to answer questions about what he is doing. He has a missionary intention. He is eager to please; like Polonius, eager to swell a progress and be of use.

Acid culture is similar to other drug cults, except that the mood is generally sweeter. There is much insistence on gentleness, smiles, love, the yeah-hey-groovy manner. A group living in Psychedelphia takes to the far-out taped music, to raga and other Eastern rhythms, to stained glass and dark rich colors. When their optical nerves are jangled by acid, this is what they like to see. Beaded and glowing, they abandon the self to use by the great organic and the great machine worlds. Peace. A groove.

At a special gathering, Ken Kesey's Halloween Acid Test Graduation Ceremony, Kesey, who was fighting convictions on narcotics charges, announced a graduation from drugs. Among the crowd present were some Hell's Angels, students, teeny boppers and Kesey's personal club, the Merry Pranksters, devoted to funny clothes, tape and film and grooving together. There was a band, costumes, an air of expectant reveling. There is a hip way to be square—the general idea of the meeting.

Taking a microphone, Kesey *segued* into an abstracted rhapsody about different spider webs. On speed, the spiders make lots and lots of lopsided webs. On marijuana, beautiful wild webs. On acid: one simple web and that's all.

Well, he implied, there might be a way to do it without acid.

This called for reverence. The ecstatic revelers, the psychedelic-ecstatic plus the reporters, the photographers, the TV cameramen, the girl from *Vogue* and Tom Wolfe all knelt with Kesey. The gifted novelist of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* was in trouble and knew it. He was trying to find his way back to society and to find it publicly. He was tired of

running to Mexico and Canada under Federal indictment. It was silly to be abused on mere marijuana charges. Now he was waiting for his inspiration to strike. The crowd kneeled, hushed. He asked for comments from the floor and a bit of quiet meditation. The Merry Pranksters were stilled. Ken's wife and children beamed upon him.

He waited and waited for something to say. It would come to him in a moment. He practiced calm as a few disgruntled and impatient ones peeled off and went home. Some of the Hell's Angels who had been turned on to acid were puzzled by their colleague. Why didn't Ken say it? What was he thinking? What was the word?

The drama of the drug culture is partly illusory, depending on the *ambiance* of conspiracy and illegality. Living out this romance is often like having a lovely and delicate girl's hearing aid, but without the girl. Like pop art, much of what is produced is mitigated trash—mitigated by its fair expression of a confused and frantic time. It submits to the mood-weariness; it says that the way out is chemical, as Huxley predicted in *Brave New World*, where he showed a sheepish population lining up for *soma*.

Ken Kesey held a candlelit press conference at a Twin Peaks pad to announce that he was returning from the lam in Mexico or someplace in order to straighten out the minds of everybody. “I feel an idea flying through my head like a bat,” he declared.

He chuckled about his lecture before a creative-writing seminar at Stanford. Wanted by the police, he was everywhere, if not like Batman, at least like Robin. How did he avoid arrest? “I just stand small and ooze along,” he explained. “The cops never see me.”

Relaxed now, Kesey sat hunched in a chair in his sheepskin coat while he imparted a few more of the ideas that came like bats to his head. Soon everyone was huddled closely about him as he called the signals: “No more acid! Turn on with other means—dance, clothes—it's time for a new thing in this country.”

His admirers admired the masked profile of courage that he turned toward the inept fuzz and the inept FBI. He would ooze along, blowing his mind in his own way.

A few days later, Kesey was arrested. After two mistrials on 18-month-old possession-of-marijuana charges, he was finally convicted of “knowingly being in a place where marijuana was kept.” On June 23, he began serving a six-month jail sentence.

A few months ago, Dr. Timothy Leary took his traveling show from New York to San Francisco and held a press conference.

Leary: “I am here on a religious

ORLY AIRPORT

or Kennedy or Fiumicino.

Waiting for take off
or just arrived.

They are young but well travelled, confident,

They linger over a glass of cognac:
Neat or "on the rocks"
it is light,relaxing

Demanding people,
they know the quality of

HENNESSY



and recognize its Trade Mark.



Cognac Hennessy Bras Armé
Cognac Hennessy VSOP Réserve



reconnaissance mission." While the reporters scribbled, the tape spools spun. He peddled his religion with fluent charm and eloquence, mixing the language of hippie and the language of Harvard and a certain *je sais quoi* of his own. He wore a red lei. "We want to distribute LSD only to our co-religionists, otherwise you get in a hassle. We don't want to engage in the game of power politics."

"Game" is one of the operative words for Leary. He continued, "You must be in a state of grace to take the sacrament, LSD. Of course, we don't have any formal routine—you're the best judge of that on your own internal chessboard."

"Chessboard," that day, was also one of his important words.

"We have witness of the divine process," he said slowly, keeping pace with the reporters' pencils.

His friend and colleague, Dr. Richard Alpert, warned the journalists: "If you write anything to do with drug, hippie, ex-professor, addiction, cult, you're wrong. It's all a metaphor, spiritual."

Leary: "We have celebrated the reincarnation of Jesus Christ in New York City. Now the people who go to the Fillmore to dance are doing it a different way. Everyone should start his own religion. We should examine our conscience. In ten years, I predict we'll have a psychedelic President."

"Who's gonna be the psychedelic

President in ten years?" someone asked the publicity girl.

"Sh," she said.

Leary was explaining about bad trips. "Are there bad trips?" he asked. "Well, you're asking me to go onto the checkerboard of the minds of people I don't know. The reason people don't take LSD is they're afraid to—afraid of the divine process, they can't face it."

"Does that satisfy you?" Leary asked. "Good! Ask me another."

Someone asked about kids taking LSD.

"Well, a sixteen-year-old chick taking acid on a motorcycle with her lover, say, OK, she might be in a state of grace. A psychiatrist doing research for a paper, on an ego trip of his own, is more frivolous. Does that satisfy you? Good."

"Do you agree with the existentialists that a person is what he does, his actions?" I asked Carlo, a former Madison Avenue art director who was with Leary.

"Yeah! I got a flash of that several times when I was on an acid trip! I believe it. No, it was a combination Methedrine high and acid trip. Yeah, I remember. You're right. You're absolutely right. If you do the right thing—take acid, see God—you're in the right bag. It's a glory trip. You're dropped out. You're nobody, you're everybody. Is that what you meant, man?"

Running through a cellular examination of themselves, the new druggies are content, peaceful, easy, unless they are

tormented and violent. They are checking out what they feel. From the outside, in New York, Boulder, San Francisco, Chicago, London, on so many campuses, in so many towns, they have dropped out of the race. They look as if the population explosion has exploded them. They have taken a rain check on money, status, power, wars, the "games," as Leary and Alpert call the traditional pursuits: the power game, the establishment game, the academic game, the suburb game. They call their boardinghouses "communes." They write messages to one another on the walls and doors. They share elaborate in-jokes, in-art—jargon, designs, ways of passing the time. The heroin addicts of an earlier period had a heart-rending explanation of the rush and anxiety and achievement and peace of the occupation of being an addict: "It's something to do, man." The answer to boredom and anxiety: something to do, find the connection, get the fix, something to do. The acidheads keep busy in ways that seem stimulated, disorganized and peaceful, at different times. And the "bad trip," the frights, the horrors, the freak-out is like the vengeance of the outraged cells. When does it happen? When has too much LSD gone through the body? When the soul is not prepared for the experience? On the third, the seventh, the twenty-sixth trip? When the guide is not the right one? When the body has taken all it can take? No one can tell for sure. Many end in hospitals, and their friends wonder why, since always before it had been "beautiful, just beautiful, loving, tender, beautiful." Electricity, aspirin, many medicines can be taken in small amounts; larger amounts act as poisons. The limits for lysergic acid are not known. They seem to vary in individuals. The long-term effects are also not determined.

One psychiatrist, initially enthusiastic about the possibilities of LSD, has offered a metaphor to explain its power. It loosens the glue that keeps a personality together. It's like soaking a glued toy in hot water. Things get jangled; there are new conjunctions. Then the glue hardens. But not as hard as before. Then a new dose, new loosening, a new hardening. But not as hard as before. And one day, depending on the quality of the glue, it doesn't harden enough and the toy goes jangling into bits. "It's too dangerous," he says. Institutions are filling up with people whose glue doesn't seem to harden enough to let them survive in the world.

"Well," said a delegate to the LSD conference in San Francisco last winter, "everything has risks. You cross the street, that's a risk. You get up in the morning. You take a pill." He shrugged. "It makes you loving."

This vague evocation of the highest virtues—love, creativity—can be called



"Achtung!, Mother. . . ."

the Acid-Truth Mumble. The lips move. The voices come out. The voices repeat. It is acid speaking.

CONCLUSION: THE ART OF POSITIVE NAYSAYING. In all this wave-making confusion of innovation, a perennial vision of history is likely to reappear—the vision of continuity and permanence. The wave makers want to be what they are, what they really *are*. The kids are blowing their whistles and the cops are speaking in the careful, precise language of panic. Up tight, freaking out or just mind-blown, those who have seized upon leisure as their booty are creating demons. Victorian lamps and perhaps a new way of life. "Some of them," as that storekeeper in the East Village said, "are artists in their own way. They don't shop-lift me so much anymore. They got a lot of love in 'em."

The young are leading the way to new forms of consuming and nonconsuming, setting the stage for the future with their smoky philosophies of Love and Express and Make Do with What You Have. Run far from America, cry these noble savages, and there you will find—America, America! They substitute for the beatnik's abstention a new complicity in the working out of things: You can't go into exile again. They look pretty good both in clothes and naked. When lost in storms, they force pills down their throats. They sneak glances at themselves in the mirror, but then they walk away. Like the Anabaptists and the Am-ish, the wave makers hate to bear arms, they believe in communal living, they have subtle rites of passage into adult life. They are cultural dropouts who see new cultures dropping in. They have extrasensory ignorances. They support themselves any way they can and sometimes get rich out of emulation of the rest of the world, which is seeking a better way, too.

The life you lead, they say, may be your own. They throw stones and live in glass houses because they like shimmering floors. They are careful to step on the splinters. They bear their wounds noisily.

In a manifest filled with questions, The Diggers asked: When will Timothy Leary stand on a street corner waiting for no one?

FRODO LIVES! COME TO MIDDLE EARTH! proclaim the buttons of the new Hobbit cult based on J. R. R. Tolkien's trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*. The Hobbits go along, they try to avoid danger, they don't like it, they don't want to get involved. But when the thing comes, they simply don't go under. This is the book of the wave-making age. Marshall McLuhan, Timothy Leary and Bobby Dylan are the foam of the wave. Tolkien's



"Pay no attention to him, Miss Johnson. He's here with some kind of sex problem. . . ."

Hobbits swim in the tides beneath.

At Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, a representative of the Esalen Institute at Big Sur declared: "The life of every man—the heart of it—is pure and holy joy." This is a religious statement; but while this vision takes the imagination of some, others think back on the beatniks, the holy barbarians of ten years ago, or back into history—so many cults and credos and revolutions that are now merely footnotes to cultural history. Another vision takes the skeptic:

TWO A.M. at the corner of Haight and Ashbury in San Francisco, or Bleecker and MacDougal in New York, or on Kings Road in London, or near Le Drugstore at St.-Germain-des-Prés in Paris. An ancient hipster of 40 is picking up a vinyl-clad teeny bopper with raga record under her arm. "Hey, man," he says, "you want to fall up to my pad and blow some music 'n' stuff?"

"Cool," says the fading teeny bopper with the copy of John Lennon, the clipping about Bobby Dylan's accident, the BAN THE BOMB sticker on her miniskirt.

As they leave, two strangers appear. They are wearing wire glasses and antique clothes. One, the girl, has a skirt hanging all the way below her knees. She is carrying the last remaining Tiffany lamp. The other, a boy, is wearing a zooty suit with wide lapels and is driving a green tricycle. "Good Lord," he says, staring after both the 40-year-old hipster and the 19-year-old fading teeny bopper, "look at those ricky-tick, worn-

out articles. Come on, miss, let's go get a milk shake and a hamburger at the drive-in."

For, indeed, there is a certain permanence in rebellion, in the generational conflict. And all through history, back to the conflicts of Alcibiades the Young Hippie and Socrates the Square Professor—the *Euthyphro* is a dialog in which Plato ravishes the problem of what sons owe to fathers—there has been this struggle for pre-eminence. The sage habits of the elderly have given way to the wild impatience of the young, which has given way to sageness.

But the wave makers have found their way back, through all their many experiments, violations, outrages, to an old and essential truth about not just innovation and fashion but about that essential ingredient of humanity—creation. It takes a great deal of will to do creative work, and some of the will must be used to relax the will—to let in the wildness. The wave makers are relaxing the puritan will and doing it with passion and determination. They are grokking and grooving, and with a moral passion to grok and groove. They are not Huck Finns merely floating on the river. When they float, they are trying to define the nature of rivers, the nature of man.

And, yes, they are also floating, too, and they ask the rest of the world: Come let us float and define together. Let us make waves.



A
**PETRI[®]
FLEX V6**



**will make
you
the envy
of
everyone!**



Sure thing! Because the PETRI FLEX V6 is for professionals. It boasts an unbeatable combination in SLR photography... razor-sharp Petri automatic 55mm f/1.8 lens, super-sensitive CdS exposure meter coupled to diaphragm, shutter and film speed, and Petri's unique "micromic-lens-focusing" system for instant and clear image focusing even under adverse lighting conditions. It's an all-weather, all-situation performer. Try it. You'll be surprised at the wonderful results!

PETRI
PETRI
CAMERA CO., INC.
7-25-12, Umeda, Adachi-ku,
Tokyo, Japan

COMPUTERS / THEIR SCOPE

(continued from page 120)

there's the rub—for even the best pilot in the world, trying to land this monster for the first time, will almost surely crack it up. Do you take the chance? Of course not. You use a computer to simulate the airplane's controls, its performance and the landing field and thus teach the pilot how to land safely and gracefully without ever taking to the air.

These are the obvious ways in which the system—and individual units of the system, such as the supersonic plane—has grown far too complex for human control. There is another way that, though hidden, is in fact even more important. What has made our modern scientific era possible is an information explosion; our whole society is based on a rapidly expanding new knowledge of physics, chemistry, medicine and engineering. Information pours out of the research laboratories too fast for any human brain to absorb. Around the world, 100,000 separate and different technical journals are published in 60-odd languages. The total amount of scientific data published each year runs to 250,000,000 pages. In the rush, there is even a good deal of information that never gets published at all. In the laboratories of a pharmaceutical company, for example, a new drug discovered by some ingenious researcher today may, in fact, be being "discovered" for the second or even the third time. Its original discovery may very well lie buried in the unread workbook of some earlier researcher who, knowing of no use for the drug at the time, did not pass his knowledge along.

Thus, the information explosion that produced the computer now needs the computer to keep up with it. A computer prints the weekly publication called *Chemical Titles*, listing the topics covered by new articles in 690 leading chemical journals. Another computer prints the monthly *Index Medicus*, which lists alphabetically, under subject matter, the new articles in some 2400 medical journals. Each issue of *Index Medicus* runs about 600 pages and nearly 2,000,000 words; without the computer it could never be printed in time to keep up with new developments. Drug companies are starting to store the workbooks of their researchers in a computer's infallible memory, to avoid the waste of new research that merely duplicates the old.

The biggest single user of computers today is the U. S. Government, which would otherwise be crushed under an impossible load of paperwork. Computers not only scan tax returns and keep Social Security records but also calculate census data, direct prospective employees to their Civil Service examinations and make out pay checks for something like

Dr. Grabow

The World's Only
PRE-SMOKED PIPES!

**NEED NO
BREAKING-IN**

Your favorite blend never had it so smooth, right from the very first puff... because: the world's only pre-smoked pipe needs no breaking in! Rich and full-flavored, without a trace of bite. What curing does for tobacco, pre-smoking does for your Dr. Grabow.

**WORLO'S FINEST
IMPORTED BRIAR**

Starfire\$5.95
Viscount.....\$6.95
Commodore..\$7.95
Eldorado...\$10.00



The Dr. Grabow
Symbol of
Quality

For FREE Information Booklet, Write to:
DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C.

America's Greatest Values!



Above: Clipper Ship *Great Republic*: 20" L x 13 1/2" h. Complete kit with carved wood hull, sewn sails, all fittings and mounting board. Complete \$19.95 p.p.

SHIP MODELS

Putting together a Model Ship is an absorbing hobby — and your finished model endows a room with a charm that nothing else quite duplicates.

In our new 112 page catalog the Clipper Ships "Red Jacket," "Cutty Sark" and a host of other historic Sailing Ships are shown. All are available in kit form, and some as finished models. Our fully illustrated catalog also shows over 100 pictures of Ships and Sea, and many unusual Nautical Gift Items. Price 25¢. Send check or M.O. to

PRESTON'S

108 Main St. Wharf, Greenport, L. I., N. Y.
SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.



2,000,000 Federal workers and more than 500,000 others who are retired and living on pensions. The Air Force uses one of the most intricate of all computer systems to control its world-wide inventory of equipment and supplies, which is worth well over ten billion dollars at any given moment. It uses another complex system to keep track of every single airplane in the skies above the U.S. and Canada, second by second, around the clock. The space program—the control and tracking of 20,000-mph satellites and spaceships—would be impossible without computers.

The second biggest user is, of course, American business; and there are experts who will argue that it has been the computer in industry, rather than the new economics or sheer luck, that has permitted our nation to remain so prosperous over so long a period. This is because one of the uses to which the computer has been put by business as well as by the Air Force is the control of inventory, at which it has been exceptionally effective. Industries that get a constant flow of computerized information about their supplies and sales can get by with a much smaller inventory than in the past; they do not get stuck with large and unmovable supplies of goods and then have to cut back on production until the supplies have been whittled down. A decade or so ago, the inventories of the manufacturers of durable goods used to fluctuate by an average of four billion dollars a year, causing corresponding changes in production and employment. Now, the average fluctuation is cut in half and the peaks and valleys of production have been evened out. No one would argue that the computer has made recessions impossible—but it has certainly reduced the danger from one of the frequent causes of recessions in the past.

Other business applications of the computer are legion. Schlitz uses it to make predictions of the sales of beer and to help decide where and when to build new breweries. International Harvester uses it to make simulated runs of new trucks and to predict their life span. Ford has a computer controlling a production run that will operate nonstop for three years and at the end of that time will have turned out a 9000-mile strip of windshield glass; this computer gets a constant flow of information on how the process is going from 700 sensing devices and makes the necessary readjustments at 80 control points. Mobil Oil has a computer-controlled refining unit that automatically analyzes market prices and then turns out whatever combination of products will be most profitable. Pillsbury has a machine that provides its executives, at eight o'clock in the morning, with a complete analysis of the company's sales and inventory position as of closing time the previous day. Execu-



"... He should never have stopped to pick those blueberries. ..."

tives at Woodward & Lothrop, a Washington department store, get a similar early-morning report on the previous day's sales in each department of nine separate stores, along with a running account of this year's trend compared with last year's at this date. Clothing manufacturers feed a new dress design into the machine and let the computer draw up the many individual patterns needed to produce it in all sizes from 6 to 46.

The stock exchanges have computers that talk. If you want to know what is happening today to U.S. Steel or Syntex, you simply call the computer on your touch-tone phone, touch three more buttons to give the code number of your stock, then listen. Stored in the computer are sound tracks such as those on a movie film. The computer picks out the correct combination of voice sounds to give you the quotation on the last sale, the current bid and offered price and, in fact, the figure at which the stock opened and its high and low for the day. Several times a day and immediately after the close of the markets, the Associated Press uses its own computers to rush the stock tables to newspapers around the nation.

In medicine, the computer already has many uses. A computerized dummy of a human being, with a heart that beats and throat muscles that twitch, is used to train anesthesiologists at the University of Southern California; the dummy, which sometimes has heart failure or vomiting attacks, enables the trainees to learn in a few days what used to take several months to master. At Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City, a computer is used for rapid analysis of electrocardiograms made at the patient's bedside. In fact, electrocardiogram signals have been sent from France to the U.S. via satellite, have been expertly analyzed by a computer and the results have then been sent back to France, all within 30 seconds. In many medical centers, computers make and report on blood tests much faster than the tests can be made by human technicians. In Mayo Clinic, a computer keeps constant track of the blood pressure, body temperature, heart rate and breathing rate of patients undergoing neurosurgery and flashes its findings onto a television screen in the operating room. At Presbyterian Medical Center in San Francisco, a computer keeps watch over patients recovering

from open-heart surgery and flashes an immediate alarm if complications develop. In Brooklyn, nine hospitals are hooked into a computer system that keeps a second-by-second census of the beds available or occupied in their children's wards; a child brought to a hospital that is already filled can be sent without delay to the nearest place where space is available. At Sara Mayo Hospital in New Orleans, a computer plans menus that provide a balanced diet and the proper calorie count at lowest possible prices; the computer takes full account of the preferences and dislikes expressed by patients in the past and also the need for variety in the color and consistency of the foods served at each meal.

The miscellaneous uses of the computer would require a catalog of their own. It has been used by modern versions of the old-fashioned lonely-hearts clubs in an attempt to help college men and women, and older people as well, find dates who share their interests and tastes. (Computerized dating may be just a fad and no better than older methods of matching cards showing personality traits—but conceivably, if applied to thousands of people on a city-wide scale, it could be a standard part of romance in the future.) It is used in printing plants to set type, on airplanes and ships as a sort of supernavigator, in engineering to solve previously insoluble problems and to draw up working blueprints, at the race track to calculate the parimutuel odds and pay-offs. It is being used to analyze and to plan ways of combating air pollution and water pollution and, experimentally, to relieve big-city traffic jams and to improve weather forecasting. It provides pathways through the vast confusion of the nation's laws, for the benefit of lawyers and legislators and, in fact, augments the grasping power of the long arm of the law. In Chicago, it is used to enforce payment of 2,500,000 parking tickets issued each year. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has set up a nationwide computer system that will eventually enable any local policeman, when he sees a suspicious automobile, to phone his headquarters and learn almost immediately, while still keeping the automobile in view, whether it has been stolen or is wanted in connection with some crime. The computer is even used to design and help manufacture better computers—an indication that it may someday, like living creatures, be capable of reproduction.

If the nation's computers went dead this very moment, all of us would know it at once—and to our sorrow. Our telephones would go silent. Our self-service elevators would stop. It would be impossible to make an airplane reservation. A

great many industrial plants would shut down. The nation's banks would stagger under an avalanche of checks impossible to sort by hand. Yet most of the current uses of the computer—however marvelous, however essential to the day-by-day operation of a civilization as complicated as ours—are somewhat remote from your and my personal experience. Most Americans have never seen a computer, except possibly on television on election night. Except for our contacts with telephones and elevators, most of us have never operated one or even dreamed of using one in any intensive way. As a matter of fact, there are very few executives in Government or business, those two great customers of the computer industry, who have ever had any direct personal contact with a machine. Most executives do not understand computers or know how to use them; they deal with the machines through a group of rather mysterious middlemen called programmers, who use a new kind of language, full of code words and mathematical symbols, to tell the machines what to do.

Thus, the computer age, in many ways, has so far been a disappointment. The computer was supposed to revolutionize our lives; it was supposed to put marvels of new technology at our finger tips; there were even some dark but fascinating hints that it might out-think us and take us over. But where are all these fabulous new machines and what are they doing for us?

"Computers," admits one of their manufacturers, "have been flagrantly misrepresented. They haven't been useful to people at all—except to the few people who run them." But that day is ending. "In the past," says this manufacturer, "computers have been like railroads, great for the businessman who wants to ship a heavy load of freight across the country, no good at all to the individual who wants to get from his home to his office. Now we're moving into a new stage, where the computer will be like a passenger automobile, available to take anybody wherever he wants to go, whenever he wants to go there."

There are many scientists now at work trying to adapt the machines to handle the complications, not of civilization as a whole but of life for the individual man; these scientists are thinking not of the mass problems of society but of the personal problems that you and I encounter every day of our lives in this intricate, difficult, baffling and often exasperating world. This is the special goal, for example, of Dr. Fano and the MAC Project (for Machine Aided Cognition) that he directs at MIT. Says Dr. Fano, "We're all faced with daily problems that are rapidly getting much too complex to solve. We don't have enough time, information or experience to keep up with the growing difficulties that surround us

when we try to budget our incomes, pay our bills, balance our checkbooks, make out our tax returns, save and invest for our old age, decide whether to buy or rent a house, evaluate a new job offer, contemplate a move to California, keep track of family anniversaries, draw up a will or even plan a sensible work schedule for tomorrow. Somehow we have to break through this ceiling of complexity."

The kind of computer use that Dr. Fano and his colleagues have in mind is typified by an experimental program already under way in California, where high school students get a highly expert form of guidance from a machine. In planning his next year's program, the student goes to the machine and learns what courses are available. The machine asks him if he is planning to go to college and, if so, what kind of college; it then advises him what kind of courses to take to meet that college's entrance requirements as well as his high school's requirements for graduation. It tells him how well students with his kind of record have done at that kind of college—how many of them have managed to be A students or how many have flunked out—and may suggest that he is aiming his sights either too high or too low. It refers all special problems to the school's guidance counselor, while freeing him from the routine questions.

A similar sort of program, Dr. Fano has pointed out, could be devised for helping people make out their income-tax returns; it would be superior to any conceivable book on taxes. One trouble with the tax laws is that they have to be written to cover every possible situation; they must therefore be extremely complicated. The trouble with the books that try to explain the laws is that they can do so only by citing examples—which often turn out to be slightly different from our own problems, in ways whose importance or unimportance we find hard to judge. A computer could be programmed to listen to any kind of tax problem, even the most unusual, and work out the logical applications of the law to that particular case. Dr. Fano has even suggested that the income-tax laws of the future might be programed directly into the machine instead of printed on paper.

One computer scientist, partly for fun but partly in earnest, has been thinking about a computer program that would give advice on restaurants in New York or other big cities; it would ask the user questions such as, "Do you like Chinese food?"; "Do you prefer a small place or a large one?"; "Do you want music?"; "How much do you want to spend?"; "Does the restaurant have to be near some particular theater?" From what it learned about the user's tastes and budget, it would then give him a list of



"Something weird in a high-heel pump. I'm going out with a foot fetishist."



*"Perhaps madam would like something
a teensy bit smaller?"*

places he might like. Afterward, by finding out how well he actually enjoyed the meal, the machine would learn even more about him and be able to supply even better advice the next time. The same program could be enlarged to suggest ways of spending an evening or a weekend. ("People who live in cities have a fantastic array of choices of how to spend their time," says this scientist, "but at the moment, they don't take much advantage of the choices. They need help.") It could even be made into a sort of super travel bureau, with a full array of up-to-the-minute information such as no travel bureau now possesses. Conceivably, you could call up the computer and say, "I've got from four o'clock Friday afternoon to nine o'clock Tuesday morning; where shall I go?" The machine would ask some questions, such as, "Would you be willing to spend as much as \$300?" and "Do you like to fish?" and would then come up with a suggestion: "I can give you a suite in the Americana Hotel in Miami Beach for \$75; you can have a seat on Eastern's Flight 123 at

six P.M. Friday and return on Flight 321 arriving Monday midnight; Captain Harry Brown and his fishing boat will be waiting for you at seven o'clock Saturday morning."

The possibilities are almost endless. It is perfectly feasible to program a computer to help the baffled householder; he could be instructed how to repair a leaky faucet or get squirrels out of his chimney. Dr. Spock's wisdom about babies could be put into a computer, in much more detail, to help meet individual crises, than is possible within the covers of a book. Excellent medical and legal advice could be dispensed by a computer, if the medical and legal professions permitted. It is even possible that people will someday take to the computer the kind of problems they now take to psychiatrists, psychologists and marriage counselors. A computer program has already been developed, in fact, that actually sounds quite a bit like some types of psychotherapists; it has had the following typewritten conversation with a make-believe woman "patient":

PATIENT: Men are all alike.

MACHINE: In what way?

PATIENT: They're always bugging us about something or other.

MACHINE: Can you think of a specific example?

PATIENT: Well, my boyfriend made me come here.

MACHINE: Your boyfriend made you come here?

PATIENT: He noticed that I'm depressed much of the time.

MACHINE: I'm sorry to hear you are depressed. . . .

And so on, through what sounds very much like a 50-minute session with a therapist.

Another use of the machine that is prominent in the thinking of computer scientists is in shopping. The Sears, Roebuck type of printed catalog, expensive to publish and distribute, will probably vanish. Instead, the shopper will call up the computer at Sears, Roebuck or his favorite department store, ask what is available, see pictures of it on a television screen, ask questions and get more intelligent and complete answers than he is likely to get in person from most of today's salesclerks. He will probably pay for his purchase with computerized money, by direct transfer from his own bank account to the account of the store, without writing or mailing a check. This kind of financial transaction is already taking place successfully in an experimental program set up by the Bank of Delaware and a chain of shoe stores; when a customer buys a pair of shoes, the clerk uses a touch-tone telephone to call the bank's computer, enters the customer's identification number and presses buttons showing the amount of the sale. The method is bound to spread, because the volume of checks written in the nation, about 70,000,000 a day, is rapidly getting out of hand, despite the computerized sorting of checks. It costs the banks more than three billion dollars a year just to move the checks through the clearing system and eventually back to the people who made them out.

The physical barriers to setting up an intellectual public utility are not very serious. As a matter of fact, there already is such a system, designed to help scientists, in operation under the MAC Project. It has 160 "outlets" in the form of teletypewriters scattered around the MIT campus and in the homes of professors; these typewriters are connected to two separate computers, each of which can serve 30 users simultaneously under a time-sharing program developed by the MAC scientists and the computer manufacturers. The MIT faculty and students use the system constantly, particularly to help with the complicated mathematical calculations involved in advanced research. One engineering

professor says that he has not used his slide rule, once the badge of his profession, in three years.

The same kind of time-sharing computer system could rather easily be set up to serve an entire community; each home would have its own console, preferably including not only a teletypewriter but also a viewing screen of some kind, connected to a computer center just as every home is now connected to electric power and telephone centers. The machine might even communicate to the user by speaking, although it probably would not understand human speech. (It is much more difficult to build a machine that listens than one that speaks, and opinion among scientists as to how soon, if ever, a listening machine will be available is sharply divided.)

Although the physical problems are easy to solve, there are other problems more sticky. One of them is that most of us would hardly care to spend two years learning how to program a computer for our own special uses; the experts will have to find ways of making computers easier for the average man to use. In the words of Dr. Fano, "The user should be able to talk to the machine as easily as a businessman now talks to an assistant who knows the business well. In fact, that is what the machine should be—a skillful and knowledgeable assistant." But progress in this direction is being made all the time. Computer scientists like to point out that, when the automobile was introduced, a man had to be an expert mechanic to own and drive one. Now, they say, the computer is rapidly getting to the stage where anyone can learn to operate it, as the automobile did long ago.

What will the intellectual public utility of the future bring into our homes? Dr. Fano foresees a day when the computer will have a giant mass memory containing all the knowledge of its particular community—all the knowledge now found in the books and journals of the very best library, plus everybody's daily work reports, financial records, tax returns, medical histories and what have you. Storing as much information in a computer as can be put on a page with single-spaced typewriting now costs as little as ten cents a month in some systems; eventually, it will probably be cheaper to store everything in a computer than in a book or a filing cabinet. When that day comes, the computer will put all the accumulated knowledge and skills of the world to our own personal service. A man will be able to produce the solutions to problems in calculus without ever studying calculus, to design a new house without ever taking an architecture course.

Far from depersonalizing life, the computer of the future will probably create a great deal more individual

variety. Indeed, it has already won some battles against mass conformity. It makes possible the manufacture of more different models of automobiles with more available options; and in Los Angeles, it enables a customer to walk into any of 75 Dodge showrooms and immediately select exactly what he wants from a pooled and computer-controlled inventory of 6500 cars. Computerized teaching machines have provided considerably more individualized instruction for elementary school pupils, geared to their own backgrounds and ability to progress, than is otherwise possible in a large class. The computer has even brought back at least a faint echo of that delightful bygone day when the village librarian knew every patron so well that she could suggest new books that she knew would interest him. At the big technical libraries of IBM, profiles of staff members have been fed into a machine that automatically sends them abstracts of new books and articles they might want to see. In the future, the computer will very likely print out a morning newsletter or even an entire newspaper designed specifically to meet the needs of the man reading it. It could tailor-make individualized magazines and television programs and permit a man to design his own special kind of furniture or even a new automobile. On an even more important level, it may free us from the restrictions of what has been called the creeping bureaucracy of our recent past—for many of today's rules, regulations, inspections and permits are designed simply to prevent a densely populated society from falling into chaos. In a society where information circulated freely and almost instantaneously, many of the restrictions would probably be unnecessary.

Which brings us to the question: Just how brainy, in actual fact, are these machines? Can they learn? Can they think? Can they create? Will they ever reach the stage assumed in a joke popular among computer scientists, in which one machine asks another, "Do you believe in man?"

The answer to most of these questions is that, at the moment, nobody really knows. The phrase used by the scientists in this connection is "artificial intelligence"; some think the machine has it, others that it does not.

Certainly the machine can learn. The machine that counsels the California high school students asks questions, learns from the answers what each student is like, then gives him not just general advice but guidance intelligently molded to his special needs. The University of Virginia has developed a computer system that learns to solve problems by trial and error. Part of the MAC Project is a language program called ELIZA because, like Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion* and *My Fair Lady*, it can be taught

Authentic
Family
Arms



Direct from England...



Choice of 4 sizes.

7"x6" . . . \$10.00 12"x10" . . \$22.00
14"x12" . . \$28.00 22"x18" . . \$45.00

All postpaid. Each shield is made to individual order. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc. similarly reproduced. Write directly to Britain's leading heraldic craftsmen.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND



● TALL or BIG MEN ONLY ●

McGregor Jackets, Slacks, Sweaters . . . all extra long. Dress, Sport Shirts with bodies 4" longer, sleeves to 38. Also 80 SMART SHOE STYLES in Sizes 10 AAA to 16 EEE. Hush Puppies, Boots, Dress, Sport, Casual shoes. Mail only. 100% Guaranteed. Send for FREE 80 Page CATALOG. KING-SIZE, INC. 8207 King-Size Bldg., Brockton, Mass.

PLAYBOY® CHANGE OF ADDRESS FORM

Moving? Use this form to advise PLAYBOY 30 days in advance. Important! To effect change quickly, be sure and attach mailing label from magazine wrapper to this form and include both old and new address.



OLD ADDRESS

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

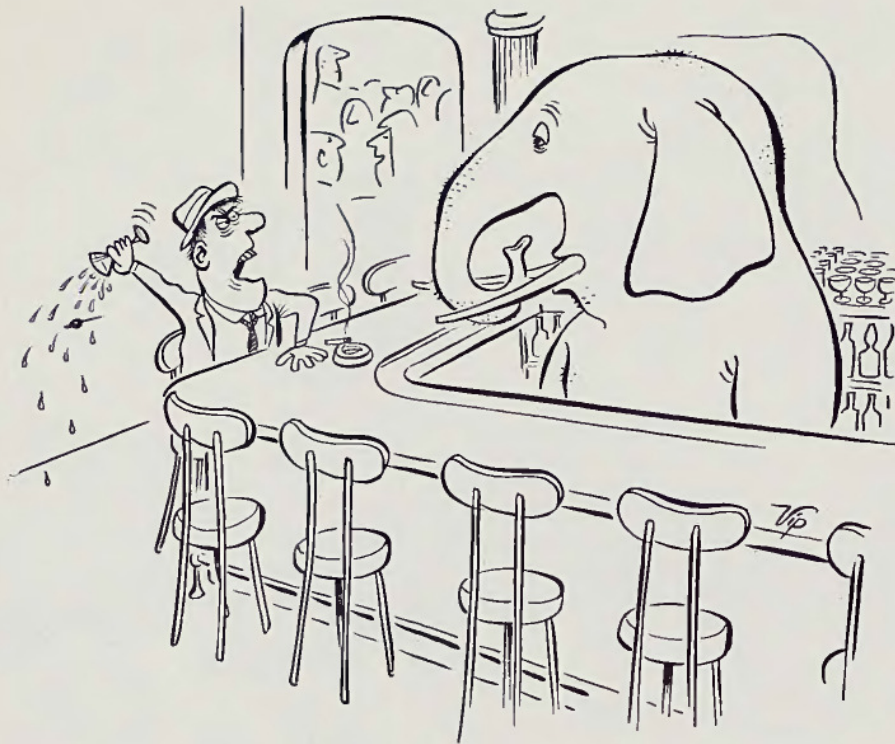
NEW ADDRESS

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Mail to: **PLAYBOY**
919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611



"You call yourself a bartender?"

to use language increasingly well. Indeed, once ELIZA has been taught English phrases, it can also learn the German equivalents; the operator need merely tell it, "When I say *Ich sage*, I mean I say"—and the machine remembers this.

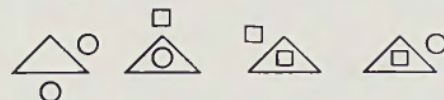
As anyone who has ever taken a psych-I course knows, however, the human brain solves problems in strange and marvelous ways. All of us possess a large memory bank of facts, mathematical rules and knowledge about relationships. In our thinking, we sometimes manipulate this knowledge through the rules of logic; we know that since all mammals nurse their young and since a whale is a mammal, whales must nurse their young. At other times, we manipulate it through our own individual kind of something like free association. To a minister, the word "angel" may set off a train of thought such as angel—heaven—God—Holy Ghost—Virgin Mary—Sermon on the Mount. To an athlete, the associations might go angel—fly—fly ball—baseball—Willie Mays. If the machine is ever to be truly creative, it must learn to think in this random, freewheeling, rather haphazard but richly productive kind of way. Can it? Maybe, maybe not. Nobody has yet tried to make the machine think in this fashion.

There have been only about 20 experiments in artificial intelligence, most of them conducted by graduate students working on Ph.D.s. The students have tried what seemed most promising, random thinking not included. They have,

however, produced some truly amazing results. One MIT student taught a computer to solve algebra problems stated not in mathematical terms, which is easy for the machine, but in plain ordinary English—such as, "Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. If Mary is 24 years old, how old is Ann?" (Unless you can figure out quickly that Ann is 18, something that few people can do, the computer is a lot better at this kind of problem than you are.) Another student taught a machine to solve the kind of problems in geometrical analogies often included in intelligence tests, such as:



is to which of the following:



The machine can do as well on this part of an intelligence test—even with geometric figures it has never seen before—as the average ten-year-old. And now another student at MIT, this time just an undergraduate, has taught a machine to solve the verbal analogies of intelligence tests, such as dog is to bark as saw is to blade, wood, cut, whine or tool?

There is a popular saying, of course,

that the machine can do only what it is programmed to do—and a human being must do the programming. This is reassuring to human pride and has become the cliché response to every new accomplishment by the machine. But the scientists who believe in artificial intelligence point out that the human brain must also be programmed; our thinking processes are the end result of all the information and instruction ever received by our input devices, notably our eyes and ears, from birth. Moreover, programming a computer is by no means so exact a science as has been advertised. It had to be very precise at first. Now, in the words of MIT's Professor Marvin Minsky, "Programmers don't have to know exactly what they are doing; they can be very sloppy, as a matter of fact." They do not always understand how or why their programs work. And, as the programs get revised and enlarged through dialog between man and machine, they become increasingly versatile. Says Professor Minsky, "People claim that programs are all right for special purposes but aren't flexible. Well, a typewriter or a violin isn't flexible, either—until you learn to use it." In the computers of the information public utilities of the future, which will be conversing with all kinds of people, learning all kinds of new facts and getting instructions to perform many different tasks, the user may be able to present a brand-new kind of problem and get it solved simply by telling the machine, "Which of the problems you've solved in the past is most like this one? Try that method." And quite possibly, Professor Minsky believes, the machine may reach the solution through a method that would never have occurred to the man himself. No one individual will know everything that is in the machine and what may therefore come out. Very little special training will be needed to operate the machine, but probably some users will have better luck with the computer than others. "Some people will be just naturally good at it," says Professor Minsky, "the way some people are good at skiing."

Eventually, Professor Minsky believes, the machines will be programmed for self-improvement; they will get better and better of their own accord; then they will unquestionably display the traits we refer to as intelligence, intuition and consciousness, and the world will never again be the same. Will they be man's equal or even his superior? Dr. George Feeney of General Electric says, "I think we'll get to the point where that question won't really matter. The humanists, if optimists, will say that the machine is an extension of man—and the realists, if pessimists, will say that man is an extension of the machine."



THE CRAZY ONE (continued from page 112)

and the boy and the cape sailed into the air and came down together in such a way that when the boy rolled over, the cape wrapped around him like a *tortilla*, and one wit sitting in *sol*, full of the harsh wine of Mexico's harsh grapes, yelled out, "*Suerte des enchiladas.*" The young bullfighter was named The Pass of the Enchiladas. His career could never be the same. He went on to fight that bull, did a decent honorable job—the crowd never stopped laughing. El Suerte des Enchiladas. He was branded. He walked off in disgrace. The one thing you cannot be in any land where Spanish is spoken is a clown. I laughed with the rest. The bullfight is nine tenths cruelty. The bullfight brews one's cruelty out of one's pores—it makes an elixir of cruelty. But it does something else. It reflects the proportions of life in Latin lands. For in Mexico it does not seem unreasonable that a man spend years learning a dangerous trade, be rapped once by a bull and end up ruined, a Suerte des Enchiladas. It is unfair, but then life is monstrously unfair, one knows that, one of the few gleams in the muck of all this dubious Mexican majesty called existence is that one can on occasion laugh bitterly with the gods. In the Spanish-Indian blood, the substance of one's dignity is found in sharing the cruel vision of the gods. In fact, dignity can be found nowhere else. For courage is seen as the servant of the gods' cruel vision.

On to Beloved Remington. He arrived in Mexico City at the end of the beginning of the *novillada* several years back. He was there, I think, on the next to last of the early Sundays when six bulls were there for six *novilleros*. (In the full season of the *novillada*, when the best new young men have been chosen, there are six bulls for only three *toreros*—each kid then has two bulls, two chances.) I was not yet in Mexico for Amado Ramírez' first Sunday, but I heard nothing else from my bullfighting friends from the day I got in. He had appeared as the last of six *novilleros*. It had been a terrible day. All of the *novilleros* had been bad. He apparently had been the last and the worst, and had looked so clumsy that the crowd in derision had begun to applaud him. There is no sign of displeasure greater among the Mexican bullfighting public than to turn their ovations upside down. But Ramírez had taken bows. Serious solemn bows. He had bowed so much he hardly fought the bull. The Plaza Mexico rang with merriment. It took him forever to kill the beast—he received a tumultuous ovation. He gave a turn of the ring. A wit shouted "*Olé, El Loco.*" He was named. When they cheer incompetence, they are ready to set fire to the stadium.

El Loco was the sensation of the week. A clown had fought a bull in the Plaza Mexico and gotten out alive. The promoters put him on the following week as a seventh bullfighter, an extra added attraction. He was not considered worth the dignity of appearing on the regular card. For the first time that season, the Plaza was sold out.

Six young *novilleros* fought six mediocre bulls that day, and gave six mediocre fights. The crowd grew more and more sullen. When there is no good bullfight, there is no catharsis. One's money has been spent, the drinks are wearing down, and there has been no illumination, no moment to burn away all that spiritual sewer gas from the horrors of the week. Dull violence breeds, and with it, contempt for all bullfighters.

Out came the clown, El Loco. The special seventh bullfighter. He was an apparition. He had a skinny body and a funny ugly face with little eyes set close together, a big nose and a little mouth. He had very black Indian hair and a tuft

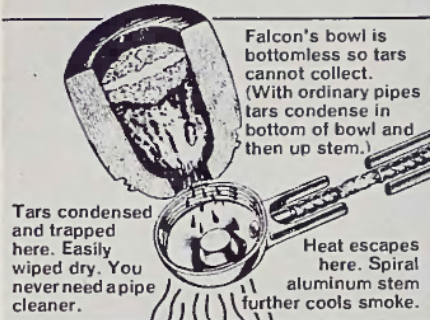
in the rear of his head stood up like the spike of an antenna. He had very skinny legs and they were bent at the knee so that he gave the impression of trudging along with a lunch box in his hand. He had a ludicrous butt. It went straight back like a duck's tail feathers. His suit fit poorly. He was some sort of grafting between Ray Bolger and Charlie Chaplin. And he had the sense of self-importance to come out before the bull, he was indeed given a turn of the ring before he even saw the bull. An honor granted him for his appearance the week before. He was altogether solemn. It did not seem comic to him. He had the kind of somber extravagant ceremoniousness of a village mayor in a mountain town come out to greet the highest officials of the government. His knees stuck out in front and his buttocks in back. The Plaza rocked and rocked. Much applause followed by circulating zephyrs of laughter. And under it all, like a croaking of frogs, the beginnings of the biggest thickest Bronx raspberry anybody ever heard.

Amado Ramírez went out to receive the bull. His first pass was a yard away



"Have you heard? He's dead."

Anatomy of a sweet pipeful



Imported interchangeable briar bowls are available in all popular shapes and sizes. At your smoking counter. Enjoy a pipeful!



We are happy to be able to offer our Satin Bedsheet and Pillowcase Sets at these astonishing low prices. We are doing so to introduce this product to you who have never before enjoyed them! This famous Celanese acetate satin is easy to wash and may be commercially laundered, too! Colors: GOLD, BLACK, PINK, BLUE, WHITE, LILAC, ORCHID, MINT. (As used in the Imperial and Bridal Suites of the Conrad Hilton.)

SATIN SHEET SETS (2 sheets, 2 cases)	ONLY
Dbl. Bed Set (90x108)	\$15.90
Twin Bed Set (72x108)	15.90
Queen Bed Set (90x122½)	19.45
King Bed Set (108x122½)	21.45
3 letter monogram on cases	1.50

(If you desire fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.25 to double or twin set price; \$3.00 to queen set price; \$4.00 to king set price. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.)

SCINTILLA, INC. 4802 N. Broadway PL-14
Chicago, Illinois 60640

POSTERS OF THE PAST

Rare American posters, exact reproduction. New look for home, office, den & school. Exceptional values.

K4-Lincoln Campaign poster	85¢
K6-Negro Slave Sale poster	50¢
P2-Stagecoach Travel poster	50¢
P11-Jesse James Reward	25¢
P39-Barnum Circus program	50¢
C63-Civil War Recruiting	35¢
R1-Amer. Revolution Recruiting	50¢
P1-Amer. Rev. British Recruiting	65¢
Complete catalog	10¢

Minimum order \$2. Add 15¢ for mailing. Pioneer Hist. Society, Dept. PB, Harriman, Tenn. 37748.

THE GOLD PLAYBOY PIN



Of mellow gold finish.
Perfect for playboys and
playmates. \$5. p.p.d.

Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**
919 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.

from the animal, his second was six feet. He looked like a 55-year-old peon ready to retire. The third pass caught his cape, and as it flew away on the horns, El Loco loped over to the *barrera* with a gait like a kangaroo. A thunderstorm of boos was on its way! He held out his arm horizontally, an injunction to the crowd, fingers spread, palm down, a mild deprecatory pleasant gesture, as if to say, "Wait, you have seen nothing yet." The lip-farters began to smack. Amado went back out. He botched one pass, looked poor on a basic *verónica*. Boos, laughter, even the cops in every aisle were laughing. ¡Que payaso!

Then, it happened. His next pass had a name, but few even of the *afición* knew it, for it was an old-fashioned pass of great intricacy which spoke of the era of Belmonte and El Gallo and Joselito. It was a pass of considerable danger, plus much formal content (for a flash it looked like he was inclining to kiss a lady's hand, his cape draped over his back, while the bull went roaring by his unprotected ass). If I remember, it was called a *Gallecina*, and no one had seen it in five years. It consisted of whirling in a reverse *serpentina* counterclockwise into the bull so that the cape was wrapped around your body just like the *Suerte des Enchiladas*, except you were vertical, but the timing was such that the bull went by at the moment your back was to him and you could not see his horns. Then the whirling continued, and the cape flared out again. Amado was clumsy in his approach and stepped on his cape when he was done, but there was one moment of lightning in the middle when you saw clear sky after days of fog and smelled the ozone, there was an instant of heaven—finest thing I had yet seen in the bullfight—and in a sob of torture and release, "¡Olé!" came in a panic of disbelief from one parched Mexican throat near to me. El Loco did the same pass one more time and then again. On the second pass, a thousand cried ¡Olé! And on the third, the Plaza exploded and 50,000 men and women gave up the word at the same time. Something merry and corny as a gypsy violin flowed out of his cape.

After that, nothing but comedy again. He tried a dozen fancy passes, none worked well. They were all wild, solemn, courtly, and he was there with his peasant bump of an ass and his knobby knees. The crowd laughed with tears in their eyes. With the *muleta* he looked absurd, a man about to miss a train and so running with his suitcase. It took him forever to kill and he stood out like an old lady talking to a barking dog, but he could do no wrong now for this crowd—they laughed, they applauded, they gave him a tour of the ring. For something had happened in those three passes

which no one could comprehend. It was as if someone like me had gotten in the ring with Cassius Clay and for 20 seconds had clearly outboxed him. The only explanation was divine intervention. So El Loco was back to fight two bulls next week.

He did little with either bull, and killed the second one just before the third *aviso*. In a good season, his career would have been over. But it was a dreadful season. A couple of weeks of uneventful bullfights and El Loco was invited back. He looked awful in his first fight, green of face, timid, unbelievably awkward with the cape, morose and abominably prudent with the *muleta*. He killed badly. So badly in fact that he was still killing the bull when the third *aviso* sounded. The bull was let out alive. A dull sullen silence riddled with Mexican whistles. The crowd had had a bellyful of laughs with him. They were now getting very bored with the joke.

But the second bull he liked. Those crazy formal courtly passes, the *Gallecinas*, whirled out again, and the horns went by his back six inches away. ¡Olé! He went to put the *bandevillas* in himself and botched the job, had to run very fast on the last pair to escape the bull and looked like a chicken as he ran. The catcalls tuned up again. The crowd was like a bored lion uncertain whether to eat entrails or lick a face. Then he came out with the *muleta* and did a fine series of *derechazos*, the best seen in several weeks, and to everyone's amazement, he killed on the first *estocada*. They gave him an ear. He was the *triumfador* of the day.

This was the afternoon which confirmed the beginning of a career. After that, most of the fights are mixed in memory because he had so many, and they were never without incident. All through that summer, he fought just about every week, and every week something happened which shattered the comprehension of the most veteran bullfighting critic. They decided after this first triumph that he was a mediocre *novillero* with nothing particular to recommend him except a mysterious flair for the *Gallecina*, and a competence with the *derechazo*. Otherwise, he was uninspired with the cape and weak with the *muleta*. So the following week he gave an exhibition with the *muleta*. He did four *pasos de pecho* so close and luminous (a pass is luminous when your body seems to lift with breath as it goes by) that the horns flirted with his heart. He did *derechazos* better than the week before, and finished with *manoletinas*. Again he killed well. They gave him two ears. Then his second bull went out alive. A *fracaso*.

Now the critics said he was promising with the *muleta* but weak with the cape. He could not do a *verónica* of any value.

So in one of the following weeks he gave five of the slowest, most luminous, most soaring *verónicas* anyone had ever seen.

Yet, for three weeks in a row, if he had cut ears on one bull, he let the other go out alive. A bullfighter is not supposed to let his animal outlive three *avisos*. Indeed, if the animal is not killed before the first *aviso*, the *torero* is in disgrace already. Two *avisos* is like the sound of the knell of the bell in the poorhouse, and a bullfighter who hears the third *aviso* and has to let his bull go out alive is properly ready to commit a Mexican variety of *hara-kiri*. No sight, you see, is worse. It takes something like three to five minutes from the first *aviso* to the last, and in that time, the kill becomes a pigsticking. Because the *torero* has tried two, three, four, five times, even more, to go in over the horns, and he has hit bone, and he has left the sword half in but in some abominable place like the middle of the back or the flank, or he has had a perfect thrust and the bull does not die and minutes go by waiting for it to die and the peons run up with their capes and try to flick the sword out by swirling cloth around theommel guard and giving a crude Latin yank—nothing is cruder than a peon in a sweat for his boss. Sometimes they kick the bull in the nuts in the hope it will go down, and the crowd hoots. Sometimes the bull sinks to its knees and the *puntillero* comes in to sever its neck with a thrust of his dagger, but the stab is off-center, the spinal cord is not severed. Instead, it is stimulated by the shock, and the dying bull gets up and wanders all over the ring looking for its *querencia* while blood drains and drips from its wounds and the bullfighter, looking ready to cry, trots along like a farmer accompanying his mule down the road. And the next *aviso* blows. Such scenes are a nightmare for the *torero*. The average *torero* can afford less than one occasion a year when three *avisos* are heard. El Loco was allowing an average of one bull a week to go out unkilld.

For a period, criticism of El Loco solidified. He had brilliant details, he was able on occasion to kill with inspiration, he had huge talent, but he lacked the indispensable ingredient of the bullfighter, he did not know how to get a good performance out of a bad bull. He lacked tenacity. So Ramírez created the most bizarre *faena* in anyone's memory, a fight which came near to shattering the rules of bullfighting. For on a given Sunday, he fought a very bad bull and worked with him in all the dull, technical, unaesthetic ways a bullfighter has to work with an unpromising beast, and chopped him to left and to right, and kept going into the bull's *querencia* and coaxing him out, and this went on for minutes, while the public demonstrated its displeasure. And El Loco paid no attention and kept working with the bull,



"Well, Betsy, I think it's about time to move on to sky diving."

and then finally got the bull to charge and he made a few fine passes. But then the first *aviso* sounded and everyone groaned. Because finally the bull was going good, and yet Amado would have to kill him now. But Amado had his bull in shape and he was not going to give him up yet, and so with everyone on the scent of the loss of each second, he made *derechazos* and the pass with the *muleta* which looks like the *gaonera* with the cape, and he did a deliberate *adorno* or two and the second *aviso* sounded and he made an effort to kill and failed, but stayed very cool and built up the crowd again by taking the bull through a series of *naturales*, and with 20 seconds left before the third *aviso* and the Plaza in pandemonium he went in to kill and had a perfect *estocada* and the bull moved around softly and with dignity and died about ten seconds after the third *aviso*, but no one could hear the trumpet for the crowd was in a delirium of thunder, and every white handker-

chief in the place was out. And Amado was smiling, which is why you could love him, because his pinched ugly little peasant face was full of a kid's decent happiness when he smiled. And a minute later there was almost a riot against the judges, for they were not going to give him the tail or two ears or even an ear—how could they if the bull had died after the third *aviso*? And yet the tension of fighting the bull on the very edge of his time had given a quality to this fight which had more than a hint of the historic, for new emotions had been felt.

Amado was simply unlike any bullfighter who had ever come along. When he had a great fight, or even a great pass, it was unlike the passes of other fine *novilleros*—the passes of El Loco were better than anything you had ever seen. It was as if you were looking at the sky and suddenly a bird materialized in the air. And a moment later disappeared again. His work was frightening. It was simple, lyrical, light,

illuminated, but it came from nowhere and then was gone. When El Loco was bad, he was not mediocre or dull, he was simply the worst, most inept and most comical bullfighter anyone had ever seen. He seemed to have no technique to fall back on. He would hold his cape like a shroud, his legs would bend at the knees, his sad ass seemed to have an eye for the exit, his expression was morose as Fandandel and his feet kept tripping. And when he was afraid, he had a nerveless incapacity to kill which was so hopeless that the moment he stepped out to face his animal you knew he could not go near this particular bull. Yet when he was good, the comic body suddenly straightened, the back took on the camber of the best back any Spanish aristocrat ever chose to display, the buttocks retired into themselves like a masterpiece of poise, and the cape and the *muleta* moved slowly as full sails, or whirled like the wing of that mysterious bird. It was as if El Loco came to be every comic Mexican who ever breathed the finest Spanish grace into his pores. For five odd minutes he was as completely transformed as Charlie Chaplin's tramp doing a consummate impersonation of the one and only Valentino, the long-lost Rudolph.

Let me tell then of Amado's best fight. It came past the middle of that fine summer when he had an adventure every week in the Plaza and we had adventures watching him, for he had fights so mysterious that the gods of the bulls and the ghosts of dead matadors must have come with the mothers and the witches of the centuries, homage to Lorca!, to see the miracles he performed. Listen! One day he had a sweet little bull with nice horns, regular, pleasantly curved, and the bull ran with gaiety, even abandon. Now we have to stop off here for an imperative explanation: It is essential to discuss the attitude of *afición* to the *natural*. To them the *natural* is the equivalent of the full parallel turn in skiing or a scrambling T-formation quarterback or a hook off a jab—it cannot be done well by all athletes, no matter how good they are in other ways, and the *natural* is a dangerous pass, perhaps the most dangerous there is. The cloth of the *muleta* has no sword to extend its width. Now the cloth is held in the left hand, the sword in the right, and so the target of the *muleta* which is presented for the bull's attraction is half as large as it was before and the bullfighter's body is thus so much bigger and so much more worthy of curiosity to the beast—besides the bull is wiser now, he may be ready to suspect it is the man who torments him and not the swirling sinister chaos of the cloth in which he would bury his head. Moreover—and here is the mystique of the *natural*—the bullfighter has a psychic communion with the bull. People who are not psychic do not conceive of

fighting bulls. So the *torero* fights the bull from his psyche first. And with the *muleta* he fights him usually with his right hand from a position of authority. Switching the cloth to the left hand exposes his psyche as well as his body. He feels less authority—in compensation his instinct plays closer to the bull. But he is so vulnerable! So a *natural* inspires a bullfighting public to hold their breath, for danger and beauty come closest to meeting right here.

It was *naturales* Amado chose to perform with this bull. He had not done many this season. The last refuge of his detractors was that he could not do *naturales* well. So here on this day he gave his demonstration. Watch if you can.

He began his *faena* by making no exploratory pass, no *pase de la muerte*, no *derechazos*, he never chopped, no, he went up to this sweet bull and started his *faena* with a series of *naturales*, with a series of five *naturales* which were all linked and all beautiful and had the Plaza in pandemonium because where could he go from there—how does Jack E. Leonard top himself?—and Amado came up sweetly to the bull, and did five more *naturales* as good as the first five, and then did five more without moving from his spot—they were superb—and then furled his *muleta* until it was the size of this page, and he passed the bull five more times in the same way, the horns going around his left wrist. The man and the bull looked in love with each other. And then after these 20 *naturales*, Amado did five more with almost no *muleta* at all, five series of five *naturales* had he performed. It is not much easier than making love 25 times in a row, and then he knelt and kissed the bull on the forehead he was so happy, and got up delicately, and went to the *barrera* for his sword, came back, profiled to get ready for the kill. Everyone was waiting on a fuse. If he managed to kill on the first *estocada* this could well be the best *faena* anyone had ever seen a *novillero* perform, who knew, it was all near to unbelievable, and then just as he profiled, the bull charged prematurely, and Amado, determined to get the kill, did not skip away but held ground, received the charge, stood there with the sword, turned the bull's head with the *muleta*, and the bull impaled himself on the point of the *torero's* blade which went right into the proper space between the shoulders, and the bull ran right up on it into his death, took several steps to the side, gave a toss of his head at heaven, and fell. Amado had killed *recibiendo*. He had killed standing still, receiving the bull while the bull charged. No one had seen that in years. So they gave him everything that day, ears, tail, *vueltas* without limit—they were ready to give him the bull.

He concluded the summer in a burst

of honors. He had great fights. Afterward they gave him a day where he fought six bulls all by himself, and he went on to take his *alternativa* and become a full-fledged matador. But he was a Mexican down to the bones. The honors all turned damp for him. I was not there the day he fought six bulls, I had had to go back to America and never saw him fight again. I heard about him only in letters and in bullfighting newspapers. But the day he took on the six bulls, I was told, he did not have a single good fight, and the day he took his *alternativa* to become a matador, both his bulls went out alive, a disgrace too great even for Amado. He fought a seventh bull. Gypsy magic might save him again. But the bull was big and dull and El Loco had no luck and no magic and just succeeded in killing him in a bad difficult dull fight. It was obvious he was afraid of the big bulls. So he relinquished his *alternativa* and went back to the provinces to try to regain his reputation and his nerve. And no one ever heard much of him again. Or at least I never did, but then I have not been back to Mexico. Now I suspect I'm one of the very few who remember the happiness of seeing him fight. He was so bad when he was bad that he gave the impression you could fight a bull yourself and do no worse. So when he was good, you felt as if you were good, too, and that was something no other *torero* ever gave me, for when they were good they looked impenetrable, they were like gods, but when Beloved Remington was good, the whole human race was good—he spoke of the great distance a man can go from the worst in himself to the best, and that finally is what the bullfight could be all about, for in dark bloody tropical lands possessed of poverty and desert and swamp, filth and treachery, slovenliness, and the fat lizards of all the worst lust, the excretory lust to shove one's own poison into others, the one thing which can keep the sweet nerve of life alive, is the knowledge that a man cannot be judged by what he is every day, but only in his greatest moment, for that is the moment when he shows what he was intended to be. It is a romantic self-pitying impractical approach to the 20th Century's demand for predictable ethics, high production, dependability of function and categorization of impulse, but it is the Latin approach. Their allegiance is to the genius of the blood. So they judge a man by what he is at his best. By that logic, I will always have love for El Loco because he taught me how to love the bullfight, which is to say he taught me something about the mystery of form. And where is a writer or a lover without a knowledge of what goes on behind that cloth where shapes are born? *Olé*, Amadol





"Once more and then we'll run for it!"

A SPECIAL INVITATION TO PLAYBOY'S FRIENDS WORLD WIDE

Subscribe to PLAYBOY Now and SAVE 20% Off the Single-Copy Price. 12 BIG ISSUES.

The wonderful world of PLAYBOY, the great reading, the crisp and crackling humor, the world's most fabulous faces and figures, the interviews with men and women who make the headlines—PLUS—all the other regular features that make PLAYBOY the only magazine of its kind await YOU.

Enjoy the convenience of home or office delivery.

PLAYBOY'S OVERSEAS RATES

Europe \$12.60 U.S. or in equivalent funds for:	Other Countries \$15.60 U.S. or in equivalent funds for:
British Isles	Switzerland
Belgium, Luxembourg	Austria
Denmark	British Possessions
Finland	Egypt
France	French Possessions
Greece	Germany
Ireland	Iraq
Netherlands	Israel
Norway	Japan
Portugal	Lebanon
Spain	Saudi Arabia
Sweden	Turkey
Other Countries \$16.50 U.S. or equivalent funds.	
U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, Pan-Am Union, APO & FPO \$8.	

FILL IN THE HANDY ORDER FORM BELOW

PLAYBOY
Please enter my one-year subscription to PLAYBOY. I am enclosing cheque, postal draft, money order or currency in equivalent funds for my country. I understand that credit orders may not be accepted.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State or Province _____

Country _____

Complete Here:
 I have enclosed the correct amount in equivalent funds.
 Please send information on joining the London Playboy Club.
 Send PLAYBOY Binder. Now available in the U.K. & Europe for 25/- postpaid. Holds six months' issues. From London office only.

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO: PLAYBOY
 c/o The Playboy Club
 45 Park Lane
 London W. 1, England
 or
 The Playboy Building
 919 N. Michigan Ave.
 Chicago, Ill. 60611 U.S.A.

NEXT MONTH:



YACHT PARTY



NEW THING



THE SHARERS



PSYCHEDELIC SEX

"SEX, ECSTASY AND THE PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS"—A SCIENTIFIC APPRAISAL OF THE JOYS AND HAZARDS OF CHEMICALLY INDUCED OR ENHANCED EROTICISM—BY **R. E. L. MASTERS**

"THE SHARERS"—A PROBING STORY OF TENSION BENEATH THE AMENITIES OF AN INTEGRATED EXURB—BY **EVAN HUNTER**

"MY FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM"—PLAYBOY'S FAVORITE MINI-COMIC HARVESTS A BUMPER CROP OF ROTTEN APPLES FROM HIS FAMILIAL TREE—BY **WOODY ALLEN**

MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI, THE AVANT-GARDE DIRECTOR OF *LA NOTTE*, *RED DESERT* AND *BLOW-UP*, TALKS OF LIFE, LOVE, HIS ART AND HIS ANOMIE IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE HIGH COST OF BEING A CONGRESSMAN"—AN INSIDER TELLS WHY PUBLIC OFFICE IS A BANK ROLL-BREAKING CAREER—BY **U.S. REPRESENTATIVE MORRIS K. UDALL**

"CHARTER YACHTING IN THE WINDWARDS"—MATCHLESS CARIBBEAN HOLIDAYS MIDST THE SPICE ISLES—BY **A. C. SPECTORSKY**; PLUS A SEVEN-PAGE PICTORIAL ON THE SWINGINGEST **CHARTER YACHT PARTY** EVER THROWN

"LONG WAY UP, SHORT WAY DOWN"—A CHILLING TALE IN WHICH A LIEUTENANT LEARNS THAT HIS LOVELY PARAMOUR POSSESSES A DISQUIETING IDIOSYNCRASY—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"THE NEW THING"—THE "INS" OF FAR-OUT JAZZ: THEIR MUSIC AND THEIR INFLUENCE—BY **MICHAEL ZWERIN**

"SPEED TRAP"—A SCI-FI STUNNER WHEREIN A SCIENTIST DISCOVERS THE MEANS TO OPTIMUM EFFICIENCY AND WINDS UP WISHING HE HADN'T—BY **FREDERIK POHL**

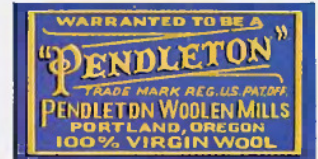
"THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA"—STAG FILMS: A DEFINITIVE SURVEY OF THE SCREEN'S HARD-CORE EROTICA—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT** AND **HOLLIS ALPERT**

"FAMILIARITY CAN BREED CONTENT"—IN TODAY'S CORPORATE COMPLEX, THE JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES HAS A GOOD CHANCE OF WINDING UP THE MASTER—BY **J. PAUL GETTY**

"THAT DAY"—A SCARIFYING STORY ABOUT ONE FATEFUL DAY IN THE NATION'S HISTORY THAT BROUGHT ANGUISH TO MANY AND GLEE TO A VINDICTIVE FEW—BY **ROBIE MACAULEY**

POSITIVELY PENDLETON®

Lambswool...cashmere...Pendleton...alpaca...shetland...mohair...all virgin wool terms that conjure an array of good-looking sweaters. Specially knit in the Pendleton tradition, their style and color complement and coordinate handsomely through Pendleton's entire range of sportswear. Whether you're starting or adding to a sweater collection, remember: a Pendleton is the mark of lively good taste.



SPORTSWEAR BY THE WOOL PEOPLE

...the imaginative way to spark a sweater collection

Cable Cardigan \$21; V-Neck Pullover \$21; Knit Shirt \$14; Irish Knit Cardigan \$23; Knit Shirt \$14; Slacks \$21-\$25.



We'll gladly answer any questions on Pendleton sportswear. Write Dept. P-77, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201. © 1967 PWM

With The 7 Minute Cigarette you always finish last.

If someone challenges you to a cigarette race, be warned. With The 7 Minute Cigarette you'll finish last. Every time.

Because it's longer. So it takes longer to smoke. But it has a taste you'll enjoy staying with to the end.

So that even though you'll lose, you'll win.

Pall Mall Gold 100's
Mild taste in a longer length

