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NOVEMBER 1967 • 75 CENTS

# M C \* \* \* PLAYBOY



SEX AND PSYCHEDELICS

CHARTER YACHTING IN THE  
CARIBBEAN WITH A  
NINE-PAGE PICTORIAL ON  
A SWINGING YACHT PARTY

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH  
MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

A HISTORY OF STAG FILMS

PLUS WOODY ALLEN, EVAN  
HUNTER AND KEN W. PURDY



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**PLAYBILL** CRUISING THROUGH 14 color pages inside this shipshape November issue is a yachting double feature designed to ease your escape from the wintertime vicissitudes of Stateside life. In *Charter Yachting in the Caribbean*, PLAYBOY's Associate Publisher and Editorial Director, A. C. Spector, details the ins and outs of charting and chartering a Caribbean cruise. "Having cruised on my own and chartered yachts in various parts of the world for more years than I care to remember," Spec says, "I consider my most memorable marine vacations those spent in the Caribbean, most specifically that part of the spice-isles chain that lies between Antigua and Grenada, where few American yachtsmen take their own boats (takes too long, costs too much) and the charter fleet is as salty as the sailing and scenery are superb." Once launched, the PLAYBOY sailor will want to make the proper sybaritic use of his ship and its tropic setting, as lavishly illustrated in the color pictorial on *Playboy's Charter Yacht Party*.

In *Sex, Ecstasy and the Psychedelic Drugs*, Dr. R. E. L. Masters authoritatively assesses the aphrodisiacal effects—real and reputed—of hallucinogens, and the dangers and disappointments that may attend their use. Currently one of the directors of the Foundation for Mind Research, Masters is also the author (with his wife, Dr. Jean Houston) of *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*, the most comprehensive study of the effects of psychedelics ever attempted. "For the future," the young, neatly bearded writer-researcher told us, "my wife and I have long-range plans for comparative studies on the psychedelic experience of different national and ethnic groups throughout the world. We would hope to learn from these what is basic and universal in the human mind and what is racially or culturally determined."

Both basic and universal is the heretofore *sub rosa* subject explored by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert in this month's installment of *The History of Sex in Cinema*—the first definitive analysis of stag films ever written for a major magazine. In the 77 years since Edison invented the motion-picture camera, as our film historians point out, this deepest-underground genre of the movies has served as a uniquely revealing barometer of the changing moral climate of the times. In their sociological context—despite their outlaw status—stag films are thus an integral and pivotal part of the authors' continuing survey of erotica on the screen.

Our lead short story this month, Evan Hunter's *The Shavers*, illuminates America's black-and-white agony in the context of upper-middle-class suburbia. The theme and setting of the story are worlds apart from *A Horse's Head*, the Hunter wild-adventure novel that PLAYBOY ran last July and August, and also from his memorable best seller, *The Blackboard Jungle*. But stylistic legerdemain is a Hunter trademark. Last summer, he signed a \$400,000 contract with Doubleday for the publication of nine books, six of them "87th Precinct" mysteries signed with his pseudonym, Ed McBain. November's fictional fare also includes Ken W. Purdy's 50th PLAYBOY contribution (*Long Way Up, Short Way Down*), Frederik Pohl's fifth (*Speed Trap*) and Robie Macauley's first (*That Day*). Since April 1957, when *The Compleat Sports Car Stable* appeared here, Purdy has chronicled the car world in more than a score of articles and the no-less-peripatetic world of his imagination in an almost equal number of short stories. The current tale centers on the lethal theories of a pretty *Parisienne* anesthesiologist. Death also plays a hand in Pohl's *Speed Trap*, leading its efficiency-crazed protagonist to a mother lode of time-waste; while *That Day* describes a celebration whose motivation is more than macabre. Author Robie Macauley—former editor of the prestigious *Kenyon Review* and Fiction Editor of PLAYBOY since the summer of 1966—has published a novel (*The Disguises of Love*), a collection of stories (*The End of Pity*) and a book of criticism (*Technique in Fiction*).

Remarkable extraliterary success, combined with considerable literary skill, characterizes several other contributors to this well-stocked frost-on-the-pumpkin issue. One of the keys to winning in politics, for good or ill, according to *The High Cost of Being a Congressman*, by U. S. Representative Morris K. Udall (Democrat, Arizona), is money. Congressman Udall was one of the first to urge creation of a Congressional ethics committee and to publish a full disclosure of his financial affairs in the *Congressional Record*. J. Paul Getty, our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, argues in *Familiarity Can Breed Content* that informed concern for all areas of a corporation's dealings is the fastest way to the top in business. *The New Thing*—a cogent report on the unstructured, rule-breaking new directions in jazz—comes to us from Michael Zwerin, the only man in existence who can list the presidency of the Capitol Steel Corporation, jazz criticism for *The Village Voice* and trombone duty with Miles Davis and Earl "Fatha" Hines on his biographical data sheet. High and ribald humor highlights *My Family Photo Album*, which comedian-turned-genealogist Woody Allen calls "a fictitious family album of mine depicting the various Allens who made history and each other. It is fictitious. The real Allen family tree first appeared in Darwin's *Origin of Species* and later in the Warren Report." A *Playboy Interview* with director Michelangelo Antonioni and artist LeRoy Neiman's *Man at His Leisure* look at Madison Square Garden's National Horse Show are other stop-offs on this pleasure-filled PLAYBOY cruise. Happy sailing!



HUNTER



NEIMAN



UDALL



POHL



MACAULEY



SPECTORSKY



ALLEN



GETTY



ZWERIN



MASTERS



PURDY



# PLAYBOY®



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PLAYBOY, NOVEMBER, 1967, VOL. 14, NO. 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM 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.





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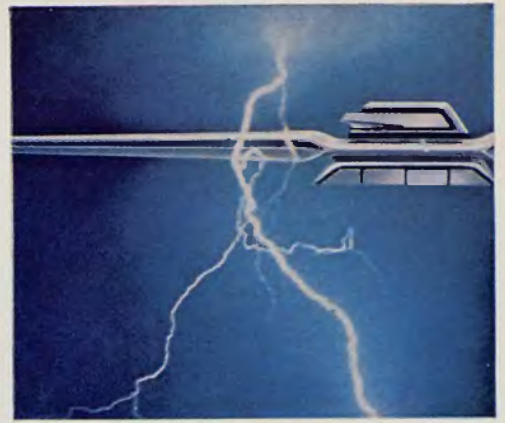
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### BAILEY VERDICT

After reading your excellent August *Interview*, I must agree with your introductory statement that "Francis Lee Bailey is a giant." Most people don't realize the agony that an attorney must go through in defending a client, the pain he must endure in doing his best. Bailey is undeniably a genius; he makes me proud to be a member of the bar.

James E. Nelson  
Attorney at Law  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Your conversation with Bailey was truly remarkable. I learned more about him from your columns than I did from the whole barrage of newspaper and magazine articles to which we've been subjected in the past several years.

Art E. Smith  
Bay Village, Ohio

F. Lee Bailey is one of the few attorneys who have guts enough to admit openly that a private investigator can make or break a case. Your *Interview* gave me a tremendous lift. I hope it will help the general public see private investigators in a more realistic light. We bear little resemblance to the TV shamuses who spend most of their time slinking after someone's errant spouse.

Edward C. Dydo, Jr.  
Whittier, California

Congratulations on your *Interview*. Bailey emerged as a warm and rich human being.

John Moyers  
Department of Admissions  
Wartburg College  
Waverly, Iowa

Your *Interview* with F. Lee Bailey was one of the best things I've ever read in your magazine. The all-too-prevalent assumption that recent Supreme Court decisions are intended to coddle criminals annoys me greatly, and I think that Bailey indirectly suggested the genesis of this idea when he implied that the American people are biased toward guilt. This is very true. The general public has little regard for the possible

innocence of a defendant. I hope that Bailey's continuing national prominence will remedy the layman's deplorable notion of defense attorneys as "smart lawyers getting guilty men out of the chair" and place the focus where it properly belongs—upon a defendant's possible innocence.

Dean M. Smith  
Waterville, Maine

Lee Bailey is a friend of mine and, knowing him as well as I do, I can predict that the day will soon arrive when he will have no competitors.

J. W. Ehrlich  
Attorney at Law  
San Francisco, California

Your *Interview* has greatly increased my respect for F. Lee Bailey. It is, indeed, refreshing to find a lawyer sincerely seeking and defending the truth. His suggestions for postgraduate training of law students and emulation of the British trial system would be giant steps toward raising the standards of our courts and our laws. By training our future lawyers in a system that emphasizes truth and obviates corruption, we might possibly create a new breed of lawmakers who could save us from ourselves.

Dr. James K. Bouzoukis  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

In a passive and apathetic society, Bailey's courage, intelligence and compassion make him a man to be admired.

Richard Robins  
New York, New York

Every now and then in the arts and professions comes a new, ebullient, deserving personality who brings renewed vigor to his particular discipline. In the legal profession today, that's Lee Bailey. You have captured all of this, what he stands for and how he's helping develop a new law. It was a hell of a good interview and Bailey is a hell of a lawyer. There's been a law revolt, not just an evolution; and while Lee's a front-runner, the laymen won't know about it unless interviews such as yours continue to tell the people just what's going on in



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the law. The laymen will never learn of it from the American Bar Association; that I can assure you.

Melvin Belli  
Attorney at Law  
San Francisco, California

Bailey is to the legal profession what Saint Paul was to Christianity. He is far and away the greatest source of stimulation to law enforcement that has come along in years. Almost everything he says in your August *Interview*—which was so admirably handled by Nat Hentoff—is correct, with one possible exception: Bailey said that politics still plays a part in the prosecution of defendants. That is not true today, at least here in Los Angeles County. We have a Criminal Courts Bar genuinely interested in seeing that justice is done. Before trial, defense attorneys have complete access to the prosecution's file.

The day is coming when an impartial panel of investigators, automatically appointed by the court—without cost to the defendant—will operate as a matter of right in all felony cases. The panel's report will be available to both sides. This practice alone will save thousands of dollars and hundreds of court hours; it will make trials speedier and results more accurate.

Al Matthews  
Attorney at Law  
Los Angeles, California

Bailey would have the Government subsidize law students and law internships, and then assign trial positions. Yet he admits the general superiority of his private investigators over public investigators (the police). He clearly feels that "public servants" too often have political ends in mind and only infrequently concern themselves with the case at hand. We are left with a contradiction. In order to improve the legal process, we must remake lawyers into public officials—who, by Bailey's own admission, don't function as well as private ones.

Marilynn Machan  
Santa Barbara, California

When the Constitution was written, the purpose of a trial was to determine guilt or innocence. I think a lot of lawyers, judges and laymen have since lost sight of this fact. For example: Millions of people witnessed—on live TV—the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald by Jack Ruby. So Ruby's lawyer insisted he couldn't get a fair trial—because everyone was prejudiced. Surely, the question is not whether prospective jurors are prejudiced but whether Ruby committed the murder. The fact that millions of people watched him do it should have helped convict him. Instead, it almost got him off. No wonder people get aggravated at overzealous attorneys. Bailey mentioned being threatened by any-

mous crackpots. It must be somewhat disheartening for Bailey to realize that if one such crackpot turned a threat into reality, he could retain a sharp lawyer of the Bailey stripe—and stand a good chance of going free.

Darrell Landrum  
Beaverton, Oregon

#### ROADS SCHOLARSHIP

In his August article, *The GT*, Ken W. Purdy did a wonderful job of examining the intricacies of the truly ultimate automobiles. Thanks for a fine article.

John O'Neal  
Wheaton, Maryland

Ken W. Purdy has done it again. After his excellent May article on the Grand Prix, I didn't expect to see another of equal quality so soon. Your photography was superb and Purdy's text on the *gran turismo* cars surpassed anything I've ever read about fine automobiles.

James W. Mathes, Jr.  
Charleston, West Virginia

#### DE DE-LIGHT

Why didn't somebody tell me that girl in my eighth-grade math class would grow up to be a Playmate? Thanks for the nostalgia—and for your August Playmate, DeDe Lind.

A/2C Robert Bauman  
APO New York, New York

If DeDe Lind doesn't show the world what you mean by "the girl next door," no one ever will. I just wish she lived next door to me.

Gene Smith  
O'Fallon, Illinois

Miss August gets my vote for 1968 Playmate of the Year—and for any other office she might run for.

Denny Meddinga  
Bethany, Ohio

#### MILITARY COUP

Gerald Green's frighteningly funny story about the Army infiltrating civilian society (*The Dispatcher*, PLAYBOY, August) made me laugh and cry alternately—but most of all, it scared the hell out of me.

Michael Beacham  
APO New York, New York

I would like to congratulate PLAYBOY and Gerald Green for *The Dispatcher*. It is the scariest horror story I have encountered since I enlisted.

Sp/5 Paul R. Guyatte  
APO New York, New York

*The Dispatcher* was right on target. Green's insights into the way the Army operates are perhaps more factual than even he knows. I enjoyed the story very much; though, as a dispatcher myself, I must take exception to Green's descrip-

tion of one of our profession reading a *Captain Marvel* comic while on the job. Any respectable dispatcher would be reading PLAYBOY.

Sp/4 W. K. Krogfoss  
APO San Francisco, California

#### NOTES ON THE UNDERGROUND

I was delighted with Jacob Brackman's article, *The Underground Press*, in the August PLAYBOY. I was pleased with its accuracy, although there were a few mistakes, but I was even more pleased with the objectivity and good judgment shown by Brackman in his assessment of the whole underground-press movement. His historical analysis was thorough and important. I hope PLAYBOY will now publish articles on the entire underground phenomenon, because the underground press is just one facet of what's happening in this country. We are its voice, but its heart has yet to be discovered.

Allan Katzman, Editor  
*The East Village Other*  
New York, New York

Although I've been reading the underground press for a good many years, I encountered much new information in Brackman's article—and I enjoyed it.

Albert Ellis, Ph. D.  
Executive Director  
Institute for Rational Living  
New York, New York

Brackman's article *The Underground Press* was really good. I am glad it avoided concentrating on the more sensational aspects of the underground press and, instead, discussed its real function—as the voice of the antibullshit refugees from the wars and soft sells of the Great Society.

Liza Williams  
Santa Barbara, California

*The Underground Press* was an illuminating look at the radical newspapers—which are as familiar as the back side of the moon to the average establishment-newspaper reader. As a journalism major, I occasionally read various underground papers and find them interesting—if not always rational. But perhaps our society needs more irrationality, more outrageous opinions and—something that the underground press is certainly providing—more sex. With the establishment press serving us page after page of sterile pap crowded among the Pepsi-generation advertisements, the need for the likes of the underground press becomes ever more apparent.

Kenton E. Lymons  
San Diego State College  
Spring Valley, California

Extensive traveling has made me aware of the strong international nature of the underground movement. In fact, the influence of the underground press, which





*Thank you, Van Heusen,  
for a blue shirt with red blood.*

*That shirt really gets to me.  
Maybe it's the arrogant way that  
collar rolls. Or the way that  
lean taper sort of slithers.  
That shirt does a lot for a man.*

*And even more for a red-blooded girl.  
But if you want me to believe  
it was permanently pressed the  
day it was made...and never needs  
pressing again. You'll have to prove it.  
And I'm waiting.*

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A rousing new fragrance  
that stays with you.

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

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Brackman described so accurately, can be felt as far as Prague, Buenos Aires, Stockholm or Tokyo. Such publications as *Ramstadt* (Amsterdam), *Mandala* (Paris), *Icterus* (Newcastle), *Plastika* (Warsaw), *Decollage* (Cologne) and many others are broadcasting on the same wave length, dynamiting the same taboos and making the same breakthroughs.

There is a tradition behind the underground press that probably goes back to the 19th Century anarchist newspapers; but the importance of *The East Village Other*, *The Oracle* and the *Los Angeles Free Press* comes not simply from their political stance but from the radical change in human consciousness they are helping bring about. The intelligent use of mind-expanding substances, participation in an enduring sexual revolution and an effort to modify the structure of society—these are the common denominators of the underground movement. It is presently developing into a tremendous international force. Brackman and *PLAYBOY* must be thanked for their perceptive appraisal—as well as for stressing that the news most mass-circulation papers find “fit to print” reflects only the establishment mentality and has little to do with what’s actually happening. There are quite a few of us in France today who enjoy *PLAYBOY* precisely for such courageous and well-informed articles. Bravo!

Jean-Jacques Lebel  
Paris, France

We think Brackman and *PLAYBOY* should know that the underground high school newspaper movement comprises much more than just the *South Hampton Illustrated Times*. Through our activities on *The Student Voice*, we have come in contact with at least 40 underground high school papers—and we’re sure this is only a fraction of the total. Most of these papers have sprung up independently in the past year or so. Yet they show striking similarities in spirit. Taken as a whole, their unanimity is a significant comment on the state of American culture from that very place where culture is transmitted—the American high school.

Bruce Gardner  
Lyn Altomare  
*The Student Voice*  
Oakland, California

Words should move you to feeling . . . words should move you to feeling. That is my only criticism of the article by Jacob Brackman on the underground press. It’s well written, very factual, it tells the story clearly and cleanly; yet something is missing. It is exactly this lack of feeling in journalism that created the underground press.

Mel Lyman, Columnist  
*Avatar*  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

You’ve been had by Jacob Brackman. What you printed was a good history of the New York underground-press scene, with slapdash bits of hearsay stuck on the edges. Although his rambling history of *The Village Voice* was mildly interesting and the sexual manifestoes of Tuli Kupferberg were fun, I was soured by Brackman’s lighthearted trot through the rest of the world at one paragraph per paper. Just another instance of a New Yorker who thinks he is standing at the center of the universe.

Lee Felsenstein  
*Berkeley Barb*  
Berkeley, California

## SHINING ARMOUR

I quite enjoyed Richard Armour’s amusing piece, *Science Marches On*, in the August *PLAYBOY*. Armour’s notes on the history of science made good reading, lightening the atmosphere of this relatively new area of historical study. I was especially glad to see the name of that pioneering Englishman Robert Grosseteste emerge from the obscurity that up to now has prevented scholars from recognizing his monumental achievements. I hope you will continue to publish fine and provocative humor such as this.

Richard W. Story  
Department of Philosophy  
University of Massachusetts  
Amherst, Massachusetts

Richard Armour’s *Science Marches On* was priceless. My husband is studying for a Ph.D. in the history of science and, believe me, it was a relief to see that there’s a lighter side to the subject.

Laura Neal Rock  
Norman, Oklahoma

## WAR CORRESPONDENCE

Having spent the past year as a helicopter pilot with the U. S. Marine Corps in Vietnam, much of the time in direct support of the R. O. K. marines, I feel particularly well qualified to congratulate Tom Mayer for his outstanding memoir, *Anson’s Last Assignment*, in your August issue. Mayer has done a better job than any American I know of painting a true picture of the frustrations of war.

Lt. E. P. Sachs  
FPO San Francisco, California

Congratulations to Tom Mayer and to *PLAYBOY* for *Anson’s Last Assignment*. It told a lot that needed telling about the war. I hope you will continue to publish such excellent works.

Will Griffith  
Rodeo, California

Reading Tom Mayer’s *Anson’s Last Assignment* left me with renewed respect for the reporters and photographers in Vietnam. Until recently, I was a gunner in an H-34 there. I still wonder



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The Super Sports Wide Oval. Another first in tire safety engineering—from Firestone.



Nearly two inches wider  
than your present tire.

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Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox outfielder, uses Dep for Men.

## Yastrzemski just had his hair styled. Funny, we don't hear any snickers.

Nobody calls Yaz a sissy. Like a lot of guys, he's simply graduated from ordinary hair cuts to the great look you get only with a professional styling job. Yaz's stylist first shampoos his hair, shapes it wet, then uses a clear styling gel called Dep for Men as a hair dressing. When every hair's in place, a shot of Dep for Men Hair Spray keeps it that way, all day. In between stylings, Carl uses Dep for Men products at home to keep looking just the way you see him here. Get that great natural look yourself. Get your hair styled, instead of cut. And don't forget Dep for Men styling Gel and hair spray.

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



how many critics of the war would have the guts to go into battle armed only with a 35mm camera. Witnessing a friend killed is a terrible experience, and Mayer's memoir of the loss of his companion was poignant, indeed. I salute them both.

Sgt. Patrick G. Hayes. USMC  
Aerial Photo Interpreter Unit  
El Toro, California

Mayer certainly made me feel that I was back in the heat and mud again. He obviously spent a good deal of time in Vietnam; he showed a fine sensitivity for the land—and for the war.

Doug Watkins  
Lake Oswego, Oregon

### FANNY LETTER

The August *Little Annie Fanny* is absolutely perfect. After living in Paris for a year and a half, I can tell you that many tourists see the city from precisely the ethnocentric worm's-eye view so deservedly lampooned by Annie's creators. Everyone here in the City of Light requests an encore.

Stewart M. Hurtt  
Paris, France

### BRIGHT FUTURES

My compliments to PLAYBOY and to writer Michael Laurence for the superb article, *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market*, in your August issue. There is little doubt that commodities represent the last great frontier of speculative opportunity. That such opportunity is still plentiful in commodities is amply illustrated by the recent action in silver futures. A \$700 investment in a single silver contract in mid-May would have yielded a profit—as of late July—of \$5200. The chart that accompanied your article was also excellent—and a big help to anyone who trades commodities.

Richard R. Walsh  
Manager, Commodity Department  
Bache & Co.  
Beverly Hills, California

Thanks to Michael Laurence's *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market*, this loser has become a winner. It was an intriguing and exciting article.

James B. Druffel  
Cincinnati, Ohio

The dolls, the jokes, the cartoons—all are certainly fabulous in PLAYBOY. But the articles! The information contained in *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market* would have cost many times your cover price from any other source. Thanks a million.

R. S. Proctor  
Huntington Beach, California

Since 1920, I have been buying and selling stocks almost daily. Though I have never speculated in commodities, I read Laurence's article on the Pit with





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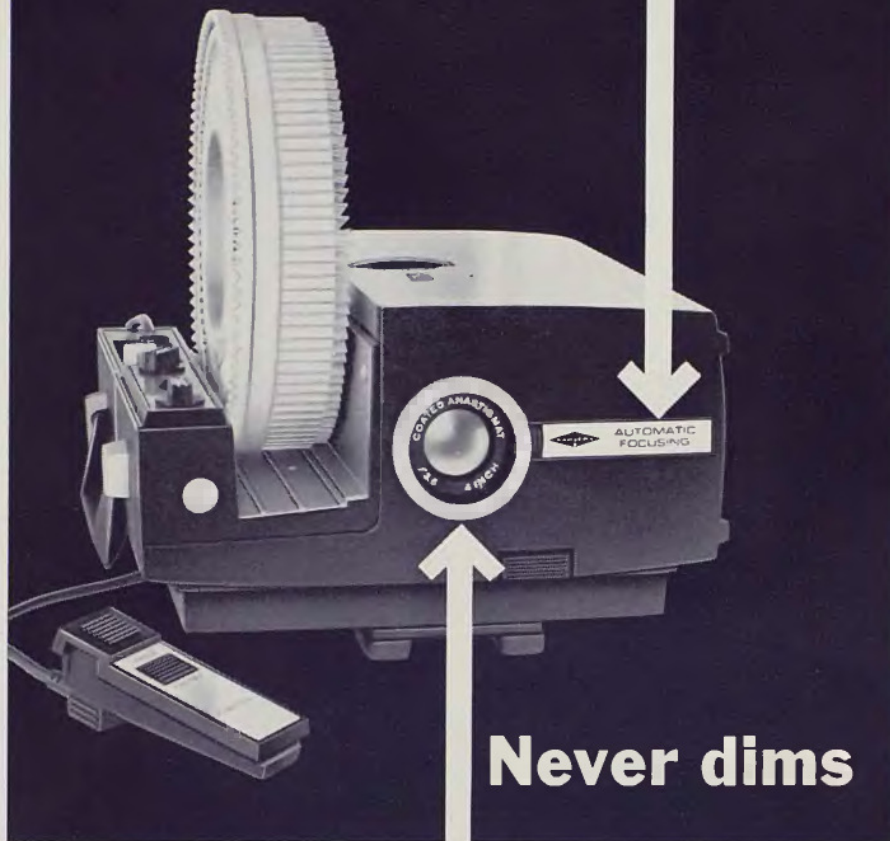
Juice of ½ lemon. Teaspoon of sugar. Shake and strain over cracked ice or on-the-rocks. Garnish with slices of orange and cherry. Now you've got a sweetheart of a drink. The Smirnoff Sour. It may become your theme song.

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great interest and marked over a dozen statements investors in any market could assimilate with profit. This article is the best primer on commodity speculation I have ever come across. It should increase participation in the commodity markets more than the efforts of any number of brokers. If you make reprints, you should sell thousands of them.

Gerald M. Loeb

E. F. Hutton and Company  
San Francisco, California

*As usual, the market instincts of writer Loeb—a syndicated financial columnist and author of several best-selling books on personal investment—are right on target. We did indeed receive many requests for reprints of Laurence's article and, so far, have sent out some 10,000 of them.*

Laurence's article, while intelligent and well written, failed to mention one important point: that the exchanges dealing in lightly traded commodities are subject to cornering and wild fluctuations. Three years ago, one particular buyer went in and bought all the Maine potatoes contracts on the New York exchange. He ran the price up from 90 cents a hundred pounds to more than five dollars, reputedly making about \$3,000,000 in the process. Both the consumers and the producers of potatoes were injured in this operation. Past experience has also shown that futures trading in onions was inadvisable—because the market was too easily controlled. The same may well be true of pork bellies today. Part of the extremely high price of bacon 18 months ago was the direct result of speculation in frozen-pork-belly futures. However, for those commodities traded in large enough volume to establish a real market through competitive bidding, the function of futures trading is legitimate, desirable and highly effective in helping producers, handlers and consumers alike.

Harry L. Graham

Legislative Representative  
National Grange  
Washington, D. C.

### HORSEMEN

I've been an Evan Hunter fan ever since the days of *The Blackboard Jungle*, but his *A Horse's Head*—which ran in your July and August issues—now tops my list. His range is fantastic—now he's added a rollicking comedy-mystery to his other accomplishments. I can't wait to see the movie.

Joe Rollins

Detroit, Michigan

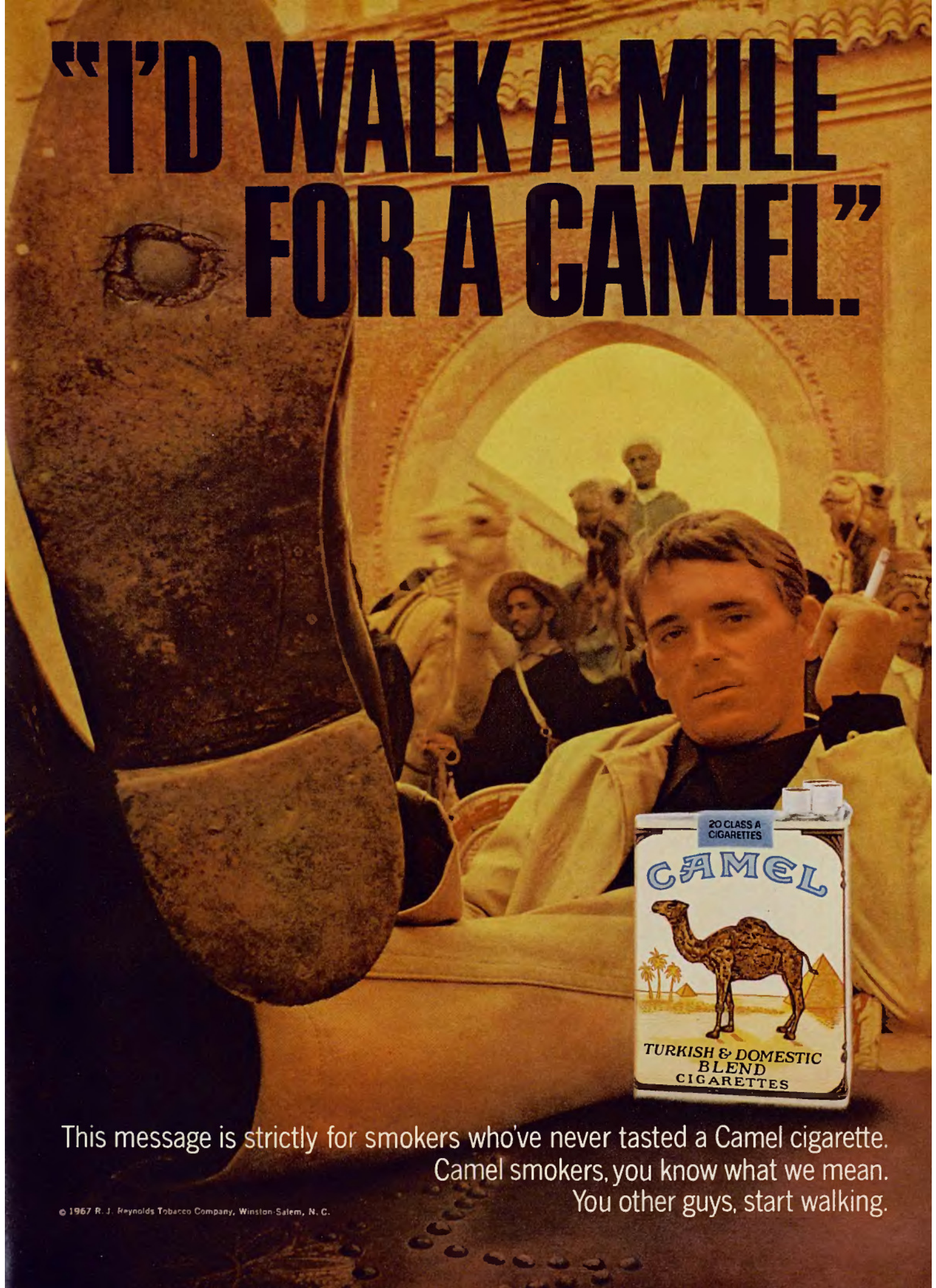
I've just finished Evan Hunter's *A Horse's Head*. I think it's the best piece of fiction you've published yet. Keep up the great work.

Dennis Royer

Miami, Florida



**“I’D WALK A MILE  
FOR A CAMEL”**



This message is strictly for smokers who've never tasted a Camel cigarette.  
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**Don't be vague... ask for Haig.**



## PLAYBOY HATH CHARMS

You might be interested in an incident that occurred on my recent tour of Israel, while I was doing a series of articles on the aftermath of the war. One day I drove from Jerusalem to Jericho, in the occupied West Bank area. I did not have a correspondent's pass. I wanted to go to the Allenby Bridge, where the refugees cross over. About five miles from the Jordan, I was turned back at a check point. I thereupon went to the command post in Jericho and said that I was a writer and wanted permission to pass. The commander, a young Israeli from a kibbutz, asked: "What magazines have you been in recently?"

I replied: "PLAYBOY."

He took a copy of your July issue out of his desk drawer, noted my article [*Judaism and the Death of God*] in it and said that PLAYBOY is a great favorite with the Israeli army. One of the walls of his office was covered with your gate-folds. Of course, I got my permission to pass—and a guard to escort me. I now carry a copy of the July issue of PLAYBOY with me wherever I go. It's better than a correspondent's pass; it gets me everywhere.

Rabbi Richard Rubenstein  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I thought you might be interested in this photo, taken in Canton at the height of the Red Guard rioting. The PLAYBOY fan is David Robertson, a young Englishman who is employed by the Hong



Kong government as a veterinarian. I took the photo in front of Canton's Anti-Revisionist Building, while we were touring the city with a group of foreign sight-seers. Throughout our tour, whenever the Red Guards became too frisky, Mr. Robertson would show them his PLAYBOY, in hopes of "cheering up the poor blokes." It seemed to work.

Mrs. Suzanne Gayn  
Kowloon, Hong Kong







**T**HE MOPLESS MARTIANS EPISODE. Desperate at having to shave their heads because they couldn't do anything with their tresses, Martians were abducting Earth's finest hairdressers.

And so, posing as Mr. Finesse, Hair-stylist, The Fog allowed himself to be captured and attached to their fiendish electro de-materializer, with which they beamed victims back to Mars.

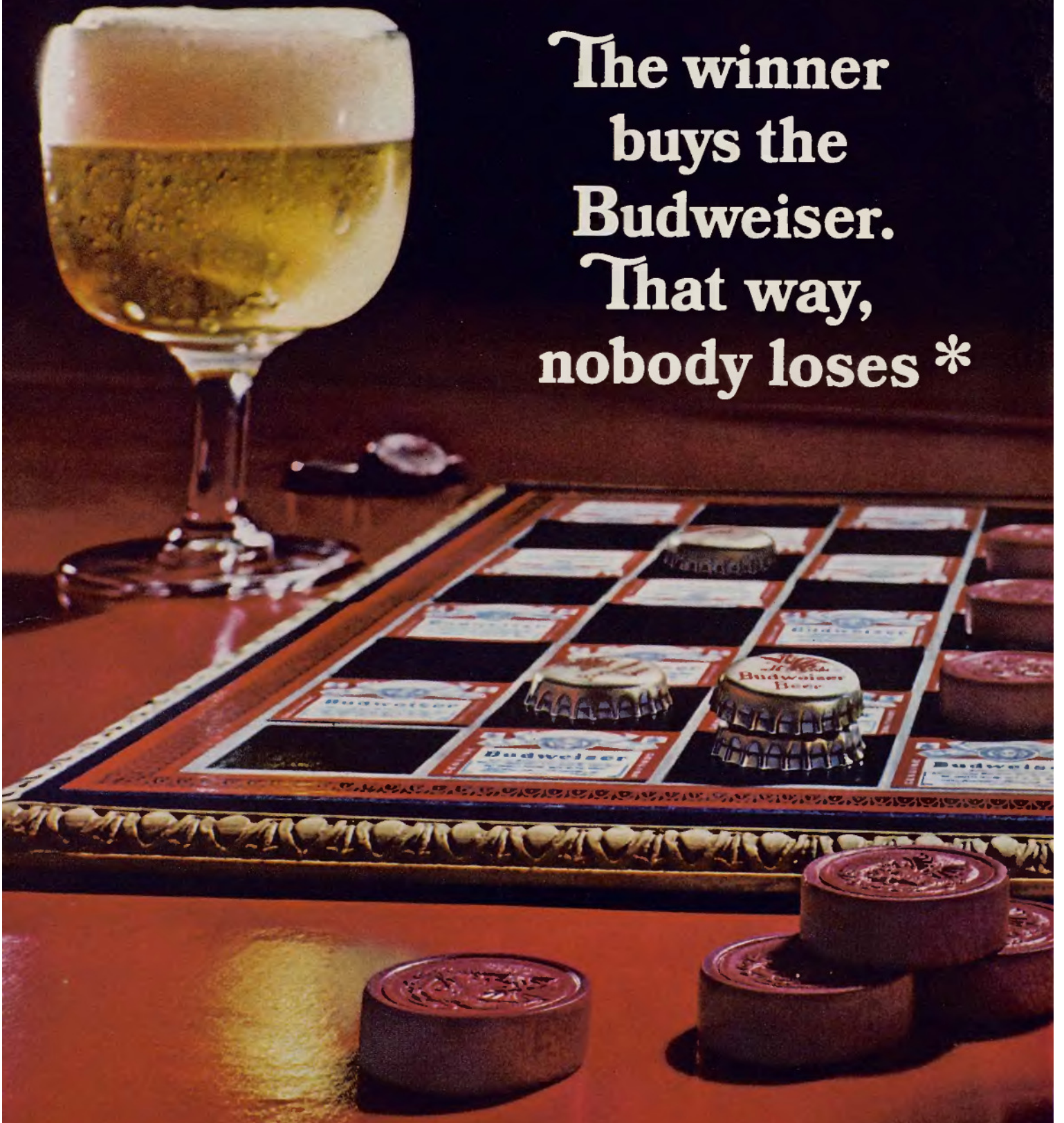
At the last second, however, he executed an Immelmann handstand and short-circuited them all by deftly touching their antennae with the metal taps on his shoes. Uttering as he did, "Ladies first."

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That way,  
nobody loses \*







Exclusive Beechwood Ageing  
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It started a movement, a momentum,  
a beat.**

**This is the 1968 Plymouth Fury.**

**It's still long. And low. And wide.**

**But now, it's even more beautiful.**

**The front end is more massive.**

**So is the back end.**

**And in profile, no car in its class looks  
anywhere near as luxurious. Because  
of good, clean design.**

**And the beat goes on.**

**Inside, our stylists kept Fury's options  
from looking "added on."**

**The new automatic speed control  
is on the turn signal lever.**

**The new air conditioning outlets are  
integrated with the instrument panel.**

**The new stereo tape system is blended  
with the radio.**

**To us, neatness counts.**

**And the beat goes on.**

**Fury has the biggest standard V-8  
in its class.**

**And the biggest brakes.**

**And the biggest trunk.**

**It's also the heaviest. And the  
most solid.**

**And the beat goes on.**



**Plymouth**



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MOTORS CORPORATION**

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



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Amid the censorship furor about *Ulysses*, nobody seemed to notice that the modern vocabulary of profane, obscene and abusive expressions, as revealed by that movie, is actually rather tame, compared with the fire and brimstone that was unleashed when our ancestors lost their tempers. In Shakespeare's day, a gentleman was practically illiterate if he couldn't hurl curses and threats for three quarters of an hour without repeating himself. Today, on the other hand, we have only a few all-wool obscenities and even fewer truly vivid profanities in common usage, and we repeat them endlessly. Where are the oaths of yesteryear? How has our language allowed itself to atrophy and abandon such stinging apt insults as "admiral of the windward passage" (for a homosexual) and such stereophonic crescendos of blasphemy as "Jesus Christ and his brother Harry," "by the double-barreled jumping jiminetty" and "by the sacred chamber pot of the Virgin"? Alas, the great days of billingsgate are long gone; we no longer even possess such fine insults as "Captain Cork" (a gentleman who habitually dallies too long over the bottle and neglects to pass it on to his companions), "Domine Do-Little" (an impotent male) and "fire ship" (a girl with a social disease).

Most of us call a woman a "bitch" when we're angry with her and let it go at that; but our more imaginative ancestors would have called her "a down buttock" (a common whore), a "buttock and file" (a whore and a pickpocket to boot) or a "threepenny upright" (one who sells her wares, at the wholesale price mentioned, while standing against a wall). We have even allowed "son of a bitch" to replace the more vivid Shakespearean "whoreson." We employ one terse Anglo-Saxonism, or scientisms like coitus or copulation, to describe that kinetic sport that our forefathers called "dighting," "docking," "rogering," "giving a girl the green gown," "Jack in the orchard," "Moll Peatley's jig," "lap-clap," "edifying her merkin," "handy-dandy," "having a

banana with Lady Diana" and (from the distaff view) "praying with her knees upward." Who in this antiseptic age speaks of pregnancy in such colorful terms as "She has an Irish toothache" or "She's got Jack in the cellar"? Is it not a loss to speak of the emotional afflictions of old maids as "hysterical neuroses" instead of the 18th Century's more vivid "green sickness"? Alas, we no longer even refer to love's little infections by saying, "He went out by Haddem and came back by Clappam." And another venereal parasite, known as a "gentleman's companion" to our grandfathers and dignified as "mechanized dandruff" in the last War, is now nought but a humble crab. And "She was unfaithful" is assuredly less lively than "She put the horns on him" or "She capricornified him."

Certainly, the language has declined markedly when we speak of "premarital relations" in alluding to the act our ancestors called "cuckolding the parson"; when we use the Latin name "clitoris" for that orgasmic trigger known in Tom Jefferson's day as "the little man in the boat"; and when our own penis is separated from us by its clinically impersonal name instead of being familiarly and cozily called "old Adam," "the rector" or "Polyphemus." Sad, too, is the substitution of "autoeroticism" for "boxing the Jesuit," and of "the female-superior position" for "riding Saint George" or "making a bishop." Gone as well are such quaint Old Englishisms as "standing Moses" (having another man's bastard child borne by your wife), "making a duchess" (enjoying a woman with your boots on) and "keeping cully" (maintaining a mistress you think is exclusively yours but who actually serves as a public accommodation). And who with a touch of poetry in his soul can think without sorrow of our loss of "the monosyllable" (the female genitalia), "the money-maker" (the same) and "the mother of all saints" (again the same)? We have also lost "Russian socks" (no socks at all—shades of the Polish jokes), "He'd suck whiskey off a wounded leg" (a gentleman somewhat too often inebriated),

"the parson's mousetrap" (marriage) and the blunt 19th Century Cockney suggestion, "P. O. Q." ("Piss Off Quick"—get out of here before we set the dogs on you). We no longer even predict a death on the gallows by telling our enemies, "You'll climb up a ladder to bed," "You'll die of the hemp fever" or "You'll dangle in the sheriff's picture frame." We don't even have "You'll die of barrel fever" for "The booze will get you someday."

By the year 2067, if this deplorable tendency toward colorless cursing is allowed to continue, the worst one will be able to say of a man is that he's "latently antisocial," to which he would probably reply that his accuser was "semantically abusive." The Arabs, may their tribes increase, have kept the poetry of invective alive in their language, uncontaminated by stodgy affectation, and are still capable of telling a man that he is "the offspring of 33 generations of jackals." They must pity us, indeed.

The last word in San Francisco poster art is a photograph of General Moshe Dayan with the caption "HIRE THE HAND-CAPPED."

Human Interest Story of the Month, from a classified ad in the American University's student newspaper, *The Eagle*: "For sale: one white maternity dress, size 8. Never used, false alarm. Call Betty, 244-6800, after curfew."

Citizens in Plymouth, England, were understandably confused when two nearby church notices simultaneously advised, "Strong drink is your worst enemy" and "Make your worst enemy your best friend."

In a brilliantly insightful encapsulation of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, the *New York Post's* TV listings described the movie version as "the adventures of a determined fisherman."

"My wife's too fat! You can have a 1965 Volkswagen reasonable" read a classified ad in the *Wilmington* (North



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Carolina) *Morning Star*. Next day, the same column carried the following: "For sale, cheap: 1965 Volkswagen and 1929 husband—both slightly dented."

A sign on the main floor of New York's Hayden Planetarium—pointing downstairs—announces: TO SOLAR SYSTEM AND REST ROOMS.

*Mysterious East Department*: French purchasers of a Hong Kong-made alarm clock found this enclosed note: "Thank you to perfection of alarming mechanism, you are never awake when you are sleeping."

If one can believe the Orlando, Florida, *Sentinel*, Czech scientists have perfected a new secret weapon for use in the Sexual Counterrevolution: "a powerful insecticide, one gram of which can destroy one billion incests."

*Insider's Newsletter* commiserates with a Buenos Aires fortuneteller who predicted that a client would soon come into a large sum of money. The client thereupon held up and relieved the omniscient soothsayer of \$3500.

In a thumbnail biography of the "Wac of the Week," the *Army Times* reported that "In the Pentagon, you'll find her in the Distribution and Readiness Division section under the Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel."

In a recent municipal election, an Ecuadorian foot-deodorant firm named Pulvapies circulated this inventive slogan: "Vote for any candidate, but if you want well-being and hygiene, vote for Pulvapies." On election eve, the company followed up with nationwide distribution of a leaflet the same size and color as the official ballot, reading, "FOR MAYOR: HONORABLE PULVAPIES." When the votes were counted, the 4100-resident coastal town of Picoaza had elected Pulvapies by a clear majority.

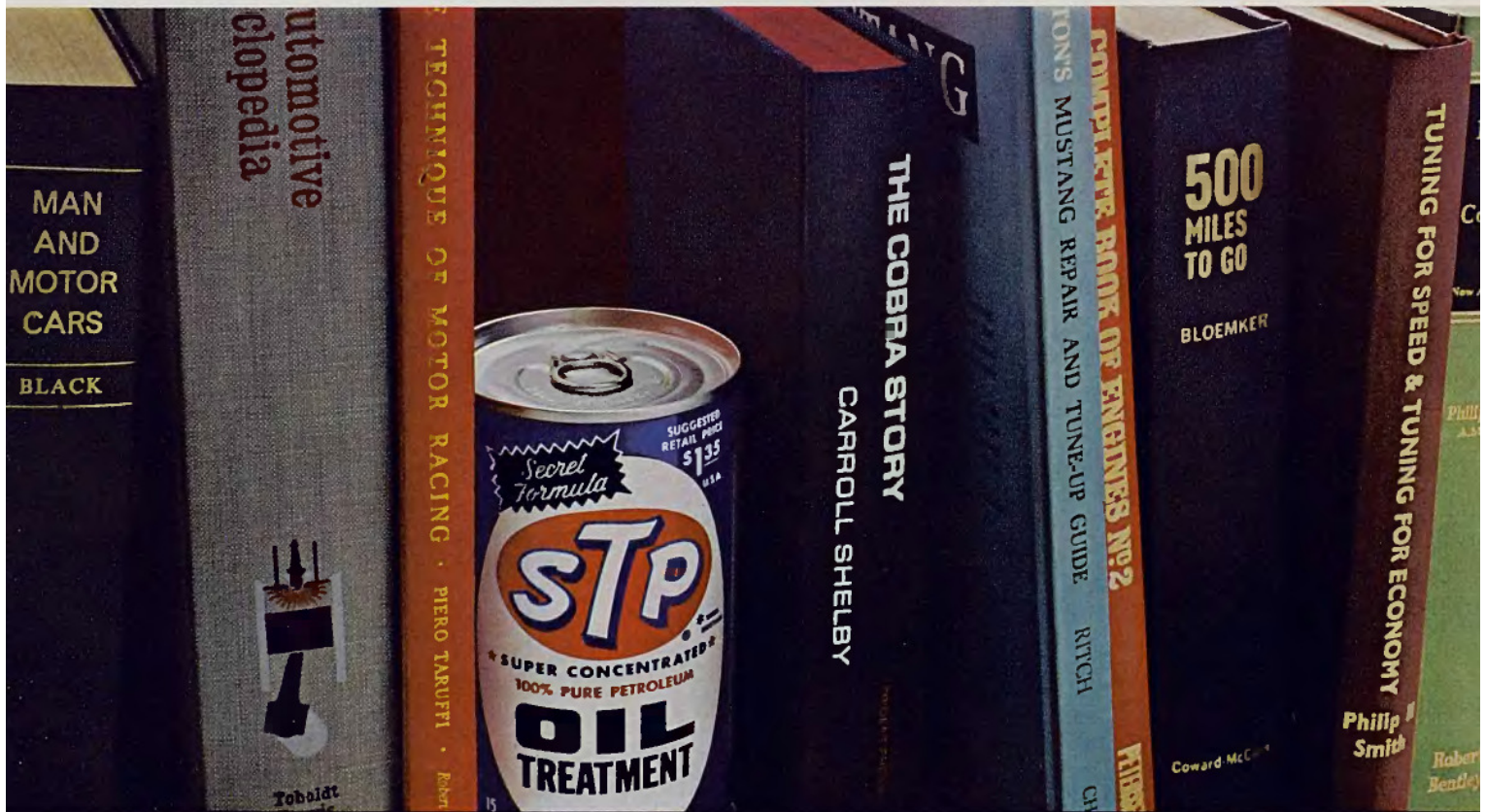
Academic Freedom, Abuse of: The University of New Mexico has awarded a master of fine arts degree to a student whose thesis is titled "The Sexual Morphology of the Ice Cream Cone: Its Structural Development and Transformation."

During the week of the Detroit riots, the nation's top-selling record, according to *Billboard*, was *Light My Fire*.

*Sputnik* magazine, Russia's answer to the *Reader's Digest*, printed the following story, presumably because it sheds light on the capitalist publishing world. Karl Marx, while living in London,



# NON-FRICTION BEST SELLER



Automotive experts know it. The engine of your new 1968 car is subject to more friction and wear in the first 1,000 miles than it is in the 10,000 miles that follow.

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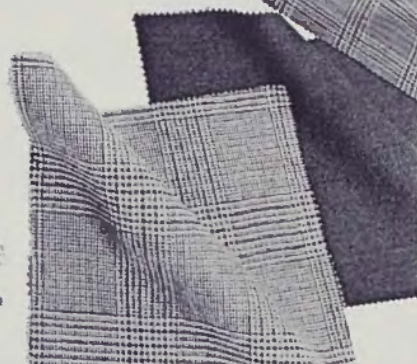
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**BAUER**  
the serious Super 8



supposedly received a letter from his Leipzig publisher that read: "Dear Herr Doctor: You are already 18 months behind time with the manuscript of *Das Kapital* which you have agreed to write for us. If we do not receive the manuscript within six months, we shall be obliged to commission another author to do this work."

A campus correspondent informs us that a Columbia University professor called for a student ballot to resolve the question of whether to retain the honor system. The yeas exceeded the nays, but the number of ballots cast exceeded the number of students.

A London bakery, reports the *Sunday Mirror*, wraps its cakes in paper bearing the inscription, "Contents sufficient for four persons or 12 little tarts."

## BOOKS

Books about the junior Senator from New York are becoming a subindustry of the publishing business. A virtue of both Dick Schaap's *R.F.K.* (New American Library) and William Shannon's *The Heir Apparent* (Macmillan) is that they add to neither the demonology nor the hagiology concerning their intriguing subject. The Schaap volume, which attempts to illuminate Bobby through pictures (250 of them) as well as text, is a crisp mixture of distilled biography and anecdotal reportage. There is little new in the book for a moderately assiduous newspaper reader, but Schaap does balance the Robert Kennedy accounts. That balance, he concludes, "leans perceptibly, but not completely, toward trust." The weakness of the book stems from Schaap's disinclination to analyze the Kennedy record. He is more a descriptive than a probing journalist. For example, although we are shown the textures and rhythms of a characteristic day with Kennedy—the day in March 1967 on which he delivered his ambitious speech on Vietnam—there is little indication of how ambiguous that speech actually was. Similarly, other Kennedy programs, both domestic and foreign, are enumerated but not examined. There are also errors. During Kennedy's term as Attorney General, the Justice Department, Schaap notwithstanding, did not reach new peaks of productivity in antitrust suits. Nor by any means is Bobby always "obviously eager to rock the political boat." But the restless, imperious yet fatalistic character of R. F. K. does come through with sharp clarity. In *The Heir Apparent*, William Shannon, a member of the editorial board of *The New York Times*, tries harder than most observers to get at the essence of the man. Though a less felicitous writer than Schaap, Shannon is





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**ROBERT GOULET**  
THIS CHRISTMAS I SPEND WITH YOU  
Whole Christmas  
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9 MORE

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Merry Christmas  
**ANDY WILLIAMS**  
MY FAVORITE THINGS  
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4404. Plus: Old Brush Arbers, My Favorite Lies, Take Me, etc.

3711. Also: Rainy Day In June, Party Line, 12 in all

3751. Also: Work Song, I'll Be Around, 11 in all

4788. Plus: I'll Get By, Ballerina, Peg O' My Heart, etc.

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

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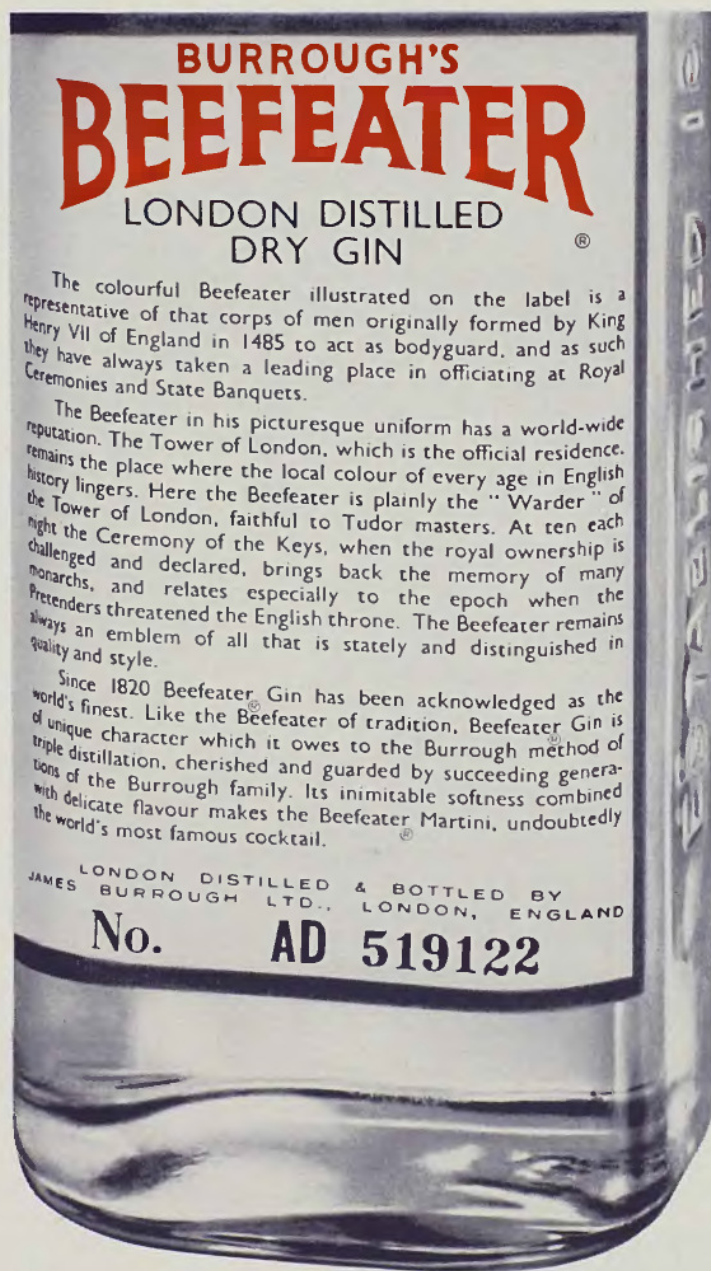


a more dogged researcher and a more tough-minded hewer of conclusions. Accordingly, his book, subtitled "Robert Kennedy and the Struggle for Power," provides more than familiar biography. A searching survey of Kennedy's evolution, *The Heir Apparent* digs into the substance as well as the style of Kennedy, past and present. And Shannon finds that the essence of the man is elusive because "he is capable of calculation but not of conceptualization. Large ideas bore him. . . . Unlike his brother John, who became an inveterate reader in the course of his many illnesses, Robert Kennedy has never found a private world of the imagination. He is a doer who lives by events." Therefore, "he is overextended and overscheduled; he is advising on Bedford-Stuyvesant, advising on the New York State constitutional convention, jousting with the Rockefeller administration in state affairs, flying to Paris to confer with French officials, flying to Chicago to speak to a conference on China policy, issuing statements disagreeing with President Johnson on Vietnam, and by means of all these activities but also in addition to them, he is running for the Presidency." Like Schaap, Shannon makes the judgment that Kennedy continues to grow, but he, too, is unable to find and define the inner core of that growth. By 1972, the electorate ought to have a better idea of what makes Bobby run—that is, if it can keep up with all the books about him.

We've had so many antiheroes in recent fiction that some critics have been calling for an antidote. Well, they won't find it in *Dirty Story* (Atheneum), except that Eric Ambler has developed his protagonist to such a fine degree of antiness that he's almost a new type. This comic thriller is subtitled "A Further Account of the Life and Adventures of Arthur Abdel Simpson." Simpson is the sleazy hero introduced in Ambler's *The Light of Day*, which was made into the movie *Topkapi*. He is a bastard (Egyptian mother, British-soldier father), a coward, a liar, a cheat and a very small-potatoes guide-chauffeur hustling for a living in Athens. A blue-movie production company arrives in town to film a real orgy in a genuine Grecian setting. They need someone to line up local talent and, of course, Arthur Abdel Simpson is their man. Only he doesn't quite manage to avoid the notice of the local law, so he and a French thug who had been the producer's bodyguard ship out in a hurry and end up more or less marooned (their passports cannot stand scrutiny) in an African hellhole. There they are recruited for the caper that takes up most of the book. A German named Kinck, representing an international consortium called SMMAC, is planning a small border war on behalf of the Republic of Mahindi against the Republic of Ugazi. The



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prize is a stretch of land rich in a rare earth called niobium. A motley group of mercenaries is assembled, and while they are rehearsing their tactics, Simpson is approached by another mercenary. Is Simpson willing to send a coded message tipping off the attack over the radio, which is in his charge? (Seems there's another consortium, UMAD, working the other side of the street.) Certainly, Simpson is willing. This way, he has a foot in either camp, and no matter who loses, he wins. He thinks. We leave you to discover on your own the fate of this feckless gent. Not top-drawer Ambler, but it has its moments.

In August of 1831, in southeastern Virginia, six dozen Negro slaves, under the leadership of Nat Turner, brutally killed 55 whites. Out of that incident, William Styron has fashioned the literary event of the year. In his new novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner* (Random House), Styron uses the past to argue that the inhumanity of brutish subjugation can only lead to senseless massacre; that, ultimately, only terror can evoke the consciousness necessary for dealing with a national guilt so long repressed that it becomes institutionalized. Nat Turner, in Styron's hands, is a kind of black Christ: He hears divine voices, he practices asceticism, he even comes to possess a carpenter's skills. An exceptionally gifted house Negro, Nat at first seems exempt from the most extreme hardships of negritude, as a sensitive but ineffectual master, treating him as a noble experiment, sparks the dream of freedom within him. But in the pinch of a depression, he is shunted from master to master, and the spirit of hate begins to gnaw at him, along with a dedication to a rebellion that he perceives as divinely ordained. Climactically, he unleashes a night of terror—hoping to spark a Negro uprising throughout the South. Of course, the rebellion fails and, without remorse but with great gallantry, Nat Turner goes to a gallows death. As a novel, *The Confessions of Nat Turner* has obvious weaknesses: It is a one-character book; its arguments sometimes verge on the simplistic; and it is occasionally dull. But even with these faults, there has been no better book of fiction this year. It is an eloquent reminder that there will be a war for Negroes to wage as long as there is a peace for whites to effect.

Thomas Berger, whose memorable *Little Big Man* was a scalp-tingling, lusty comedy of frontier violence, has now tried his hand at a comedy of contemporary violence, a new kind of frontier threatened by psychos rather than badmen, terrorized by fast-drawn ids rather than Colt .45s, brought under

control by psychiatric evaluation rather than vigilantes. But *Killing Time* (Dial) soon becomes one of those philosophical murder stories in which the third degree reads like a Ph.D. On Christmas Eve, without evident motive or emotion, Joseph Detweiler strangles his former landlady and her cheesecake daughter, then plunges a screwdriver into the temple of an unfortunate boarder who stumbles onto the scene. The method of Berger's madness is to explore the metaphysics of Detweiler's madness. For Detweiler has elaborate theories about murder, reality, being and, especially, time, which in his corkscrew mind gets twisted out of joint. "Matter and mind, their connection is Time," he expostulates affably to the homicide squad. Or, "inevitability conditioned by chance: That was Time." Or, "Time is ever on the move. Try to catch it in one place, it flees to another." Detweiler's pretentious theory that murder is a means of literally killing time (and that "to kill Time is to know God") fascinates Berger's characters; but after a couple hundred pages, it seems aimed at boring his readers to death. Although Berger retains his deft comic touch in characterizing the relatives of the victims as moral gargoyles, in describing newspapermen and lawyers as vultures preying on crime, his insistence that Detweiler is an "ultimate murderer," a "scientist of the soul," is so much hot air pumped into Detweiler's bubblehead. Berger's novel fails not because its subject is "unlaughable" but, oddly enough, because he takes it too seriously.

*Portraits from a Shooting Gallery* (Harper & Row), by Seymour Fiddle, consists in part of virtually unedited transcripts of interviews with drug addicts and in part of the author's theorizing about the nature of the addict and the world in which he lives. Thus, the book swings wildly between extremes of language. Fiddle, a sociologist with psychiatric proclivities, writes prose that cries out for intelligent pruning ("In the scene in which Manny describes a remeeting with his father, and then failing to experience what he thought he should and rightfully should have experienced from a father, we see a symbol of the promise and the failure of the authoritative frames of reference that he thought he needed and sought"). For the reader who can work his way through such stretches, this book contains much of value. It conveys the chilling awareness that the addict, in most respects, is not a special breed of cat—he is, instead, a human being suffering from familiar symptoms—boredom, aimlessness, alienation, disgust with life. Beyond this is the realization that these recognizable human beings who are hooked on heroin and who think of themselves as an elite group are close to being zombies in reverse. They are alive,



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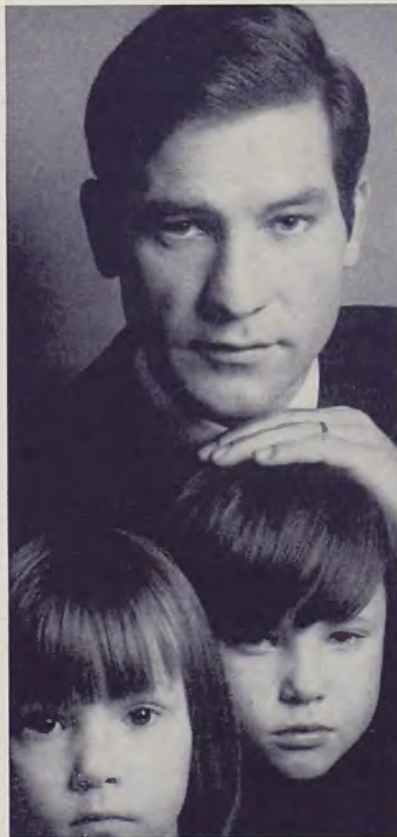
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but they often act as though they were dead, silently suffering from physical and emotional agonies that nonaddicts cannot comprehend. Fiddle deserves credit for modesty; he is not trying to solve the problem of addiction—he is only trying to state it. He calls on the sciences of pharmacology, physiology, psychology and sociology to begin to study the black malady of drug addiction, to undertake the long-overdue research without which no solution is possible. But in the end, it is not Fiddle's voice that cries most urgently for a solution—it's Billie's voice, and Justis', and Manny's, as each man, in turn, tries to tell the reader what it is like to be damned.

In an age of black humor, of books in which writers cut up pages of prose and paste them together at random, the classic novel is energetically and intelligently pursued by Seymour Epstein. His new book, *Caught in That Music* (Viking), is written with the combination of wisdom and refreshing naïveté possible only to a man who writes as if the novel had just been invented. Epstein's book has characters with full dimension, realistic dialog with the sharp edge of revelation—and lyricism without sentimentality. This last is fortunate, because Epstein is telling a somewhat familiar tale of youth—a youth named Jonas Gould, in particular, growing up in the late Thirties and early Forties. Jonas works at a printing concern, has a troubled but close relationship with his sister Debbie (their mother died long before), engages in an affair with Ruth, a married woman, and is haunted by his driven, doomed friend, Ira. In the background, subtly set, is the growing domestic and international tension that preceded World War Two. Jonas loves, lives, develops, hurts—yet all this does not adequately describe the special quality of Epstein's prose. From the opening handball game through the painstakingly described adultery, there is a kind of super-reality about the writing. He can even take something as unpromising as fat old Mr. Ackerman's desire to have young Jonas share his sexual experiences (verbally) and turn it into something of a human illumination. *Caught in That Music* embodies the best kind of music, the kind that lurks between the lines and far, far behind the words themselves.

Put an artist and a fan in the same room and, often, all you can hear is the applause; but put Alfred Hitchcock and François Truffaut in the same room (with a tape recorder and translator Helen Scott) and what results is a minor masterpiece. The difference, obviously, is that Truffaut, in addition to being an admirer of Hitchcock, is himself a director of the first magnitude, a serious man of the cinema and a former film critic. Truffaut's *Hitchcock* (Simon & Schuster)

is an appreciation, a critical biography, an exhaustive examination of a career and a guide to the techniques of movie-making. "To reproach Hitchcock for specializing in suspense is to accuse him of being the least boring of film makers," says Truffaut. He is the "most complete film maker," who "masterminds the construction of the screenplay as well as the photography, the cutting and the sound track." And he does it all in purely cinematic terms, visually, "without resorting to explanatory dialog." Movie by movie, Truffaut leads Hitchcock through analysis, relating one film to another, dissecting frame by frame, criticizing and elucidating. They discuss Hitchcock's prevailing theme, "a man accused of crime of which he's innocent," his erotic and his playful side, his often arbitrary cinematic logic, his rules of order (e.g., "the more successful the villain, the more successful the picture"), how he directs the audience toward a desired reaction, how he uses film "to achieve something of a mass emotion." Occasionally, Truffaut gets swept away by his own cinenthusiasm. "Wasn't that a track-out combined with a forward zoom?" he asks about a scene in *Vertigo*; and as Hitchcock answers in the affirmative, one can almost hear Truffaut's purr of satisfaction. But Truffaut is inquisitive, attentive and immensely knowledgeable about Hitchcock and Hitchcock is wise, witty and completely responsive—an exact matching of author and subject.

A determination to be funny at all costs has been the ruin of more than one promising humorist who, operating in a sort of echo chamber, has been misled by the reverberations of his own laughter. So it is with *The Ecstasy Business* (Dial) by Richard Condon, another spoof on movies by somebody who knows all about the biz. There never was a business more relentlessly and self-consciously hammered at by men of letters than the film trade; and never, in all literature, did hammering ring more false. For by the time a writer has learned enough of the racket to hate it, he is making a fat living by all that he pretends to detest. What Condon would have you believe to be a rending indictment of movies and everybody connected with them is seldom more than a self-inflicted love bite. His "unzipped fly caught in forever amber" is an overblown pastiche, a whipping up of mad grotesqueries and gimmicked sight gags. The plot—something to do with murder and madness under the klieg lights—does not bear summary. Condon is a perceptive man, a man of talent; but he has a buffoon in his attic who is apt to come down and barge in, messing up *The Oldest Confession*, slipping cream pies into the machinery of *The Manchurian Candidate*, upstaging *Some Angry Angel* and, by sheer excess of misplaced exuberance,



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lousing up burlesque itself in *A Talent for Loving*. Perhaps this is the author's way of saying over his shoulder to some invisible chief of production, "I'm not really writing, I'm only kidding."

It would be ironic, wouldn't it, if W. A. Swanberg, who was jobbed out of a Pulitzer Prize for his excellent biography of William Randolph Hearst, should win one for his excellent biography of the man in whose name the awards are given? *Pulitzer* (Scribner's) is an enormously detailed, richly colored life of a giant of American journalism. The wonder of Pulitzer was that he could publish his powerful newspapers, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *New York World*, while a helpless invalid. From the age of 43 to his death 20 years later, he was beset with a host of ailments—asthma, diabetes, insomnia, rheumatism, almost total blindness. Moreover, he was a manic-depressive. He spent his life traveling the world in an endless quest for serenity. Yet he continued to direct the destiny of his papers. He set the policy (liberal); he shaped the tone (lively). In the last two decades of the 19th Century and the first years of the 20th, he was, Swanberg writes, "the most powerful progressive force in journalism, educating the people, dropping boulders rather than pebbles into the pool of public opinion." Pulitzer called the steady beat of his crusades "the red thread of continuous policy"; and if the thread was sometimes stained yellow, he never lost his crusading zeal. Only in the Cuban episode, when he was engaged in a vicious circulation war with Hearst, did he violate his journalistic principles; he, almost as much as Hearst, was responsible for our jingoistic war with Spain. With Pulitzer, as Swanberg notes, it was always the reformer warring with the salesman. And for most of his life, this prodigal personality was true to himself. It was one of his secretaries who said, when leaving Pulitzer's employ, "I thank you for the privilege of knowing you." Our thanks to W. A. Swanberg for allowing us to share that privilege.

Key West and East Village, harpies and hippies, ouija boards and revenants. Closing your eyes and tasting, you would swear to a good handful of Eudora Welty, plus a generous dash of early Capote, and more than a pinch of Carson McCullers. Opening your eyes, you wouldn't be too surprised to learn that it's a collection of James Leo Herlihy's short stories, *A Story That Ends with a Scream and Eight Others* (Simon & Schuster). These nine stories reveal the author's predilection for the twilight zone, where reason walks a tightrope and things not quite human appear and disappear. Herlihy's sense of the macabre, however, is conditioned by his palpable fondness for his fellow creatures. The spooks are, for





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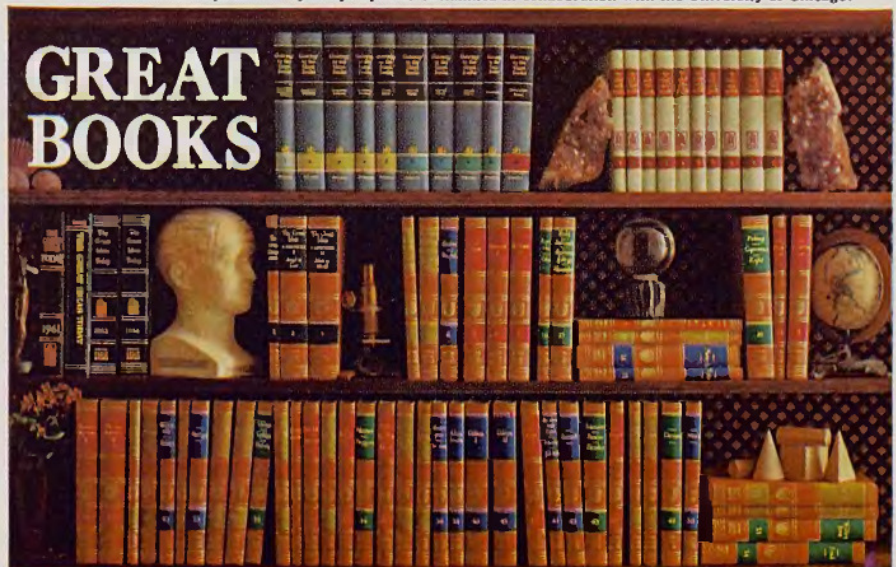
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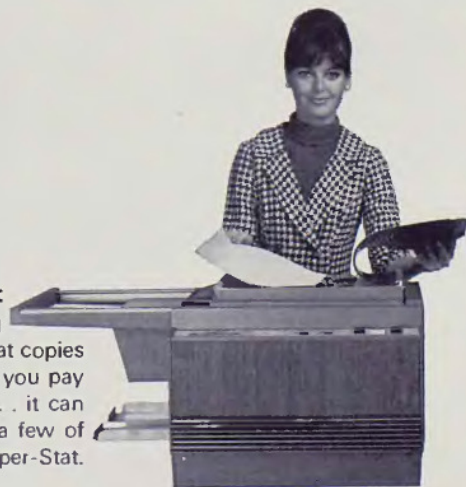






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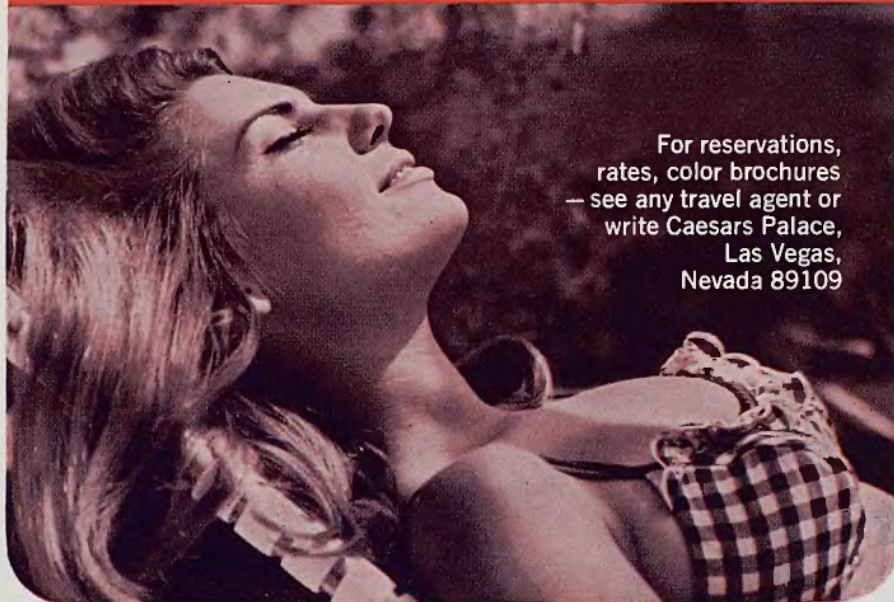


the most part, benevolent; and love, it is strongly hinted, is a fine exorcism. Sentimentality tends to get the better of several of these tales; but when Herlihy does his carving on something more substantial than soft soap, the characters are memorable. Such as Mary Ellen and Ivy in the title story, two ladies with a touch of genuine evil in their souls. Or, better yet, the acid-etched portrait of Gloria in *Laughs, Etc.*, which appeared first in *PLAYBOY*. What makes this story work so well is that it portrays not bitchery for its own sake (usually a bravura exercise for the writer) but bitchery as the cop-out of a bad conscience. Gloria likes to warm her cold heart at youth's fires, but she makes damn sure to pull away when there's a risk of getting singed. Dialog, of course, is Herlihy's forte; and even when a story doesn't come off completely, there are whole sections that do, with verve and credibility; and that, taking all in all, gives the author a high rating in an extremely tough league.

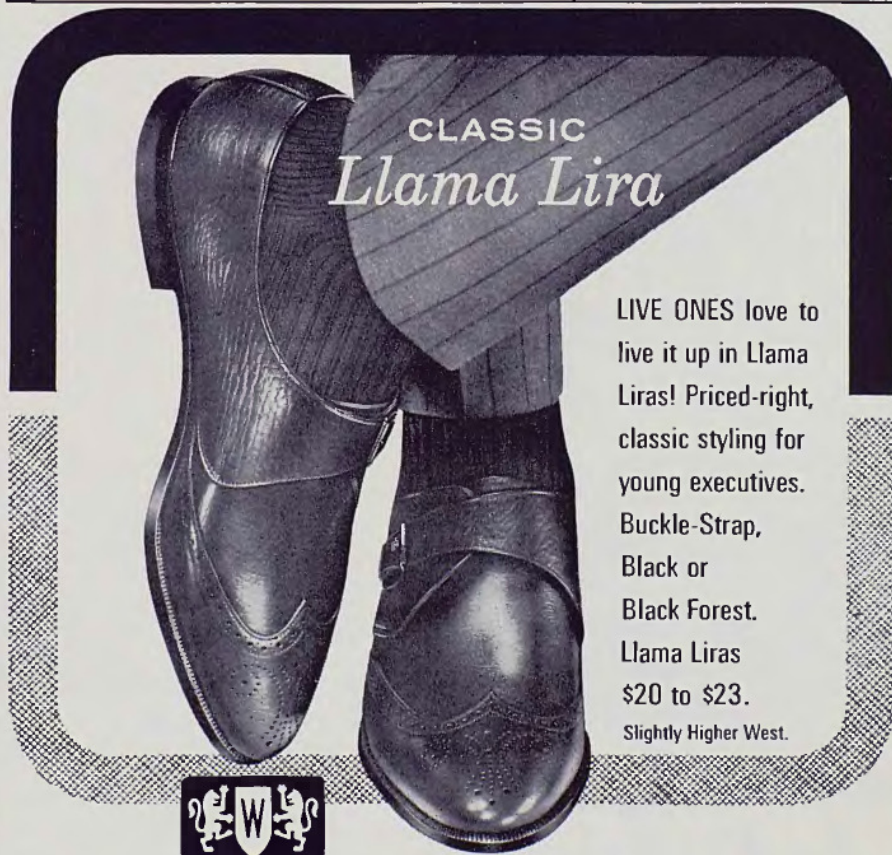
#### ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

A generation sated by an overabundance of sensations, courtesy of the electronic age, is constantly searching for new avenues of titillation. The latest Gotham route is via *The Electric Circus* (23 St. Marks Place). Converted from an old Polish meeting hall in what was once one of the scruffier parts of the East Village, it now artfully and intelligently surrounds you with light and sound that moves, pounds, pulsates and assaults and then allows you, at your own pace, to withdraw from it in a quiet room called, fittingly, the Think Tank. There, fresh fruit is sold along with soft drinks and coffee. (Liquor is *verboten*, which seems to disturb the electronically uplifted clientele not at all.) After a suitable Think Tank pause to regain your equilibrium, you plunge back into the swirl of music and light patterns, pulsating simultaneously under and on a tent within the hall. The music, when it isn't good, new-fashioned rock, is especially designed for electronic performance by composer Morton Subotnick. It does such things as flow from speakers, one by one in programed sequence, around the room's periphery. Just outside the have-a-ballroom, in the dark entranceway, the mood is established by a wall on which is projected a flowing and exciting polarized-light mural. During our visit, the finishing touches were being put on a cubicle for a resident astrologist. Producers Jerry Brandt and Stanton J. Freeman have thought of everything from floor to ceiling. On the main dance floor are painted iridescent butterflies. Other parts of the Circus are floored with astroturf, the artificial grass

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that grows under nobody's feet. This is important, because, out of deference to the East Village hippie community, bare-foot folk are admitted at a 50-cent discount. And when their bare feet are not rhythmically caressing the butterflies, it's because the circus is on—real circus acts: a trapeze artist under rapidly changing lights; a juggler; a dancer who performs a *Happening* under stroboscopic lights that add a new and exciting dimension. It all works as it's supposed to. The Electric Circus vibrates seven nights a week, from 8:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. Admission Sunday through Thursday is \$3.50; \$4.50 on Friday and Saturday. With shoes. Be the first on your wave length to go.

### RECORDINGS

Carmen McRae, a singer for all seasons, has abandoned the standards that fill her songbook for a go at some lesser-known entries as she debuts on Atlantic with *For Once in My Life*. It was a master stroke. Eminent English clefter Johnny Keating handles the arranging and conducting for Carmen as she concentrates on such *au courant* attractions as Bully St. Marie's *Until It's Time for You to Go*, Lennon and McCartney's *Got to Get You into My Life* and the Brian Wilson-Tony Asher gem *I Just Wasn't Made for These Times*. Everything's Carmen up roses.

*Jaunty-Jolly!* (Capitol) is loose, baby. The Howard Roberts Quartet, a group drawing sustenance from the fount of funk, digs in free-and-easy fashion through the likes of *So Nice*, *Music to Watch Girls By*, *A Man and a Woman* and *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*. Aiding guitarist-leader Roberts with musical matters are luminaries Shelly Manne, Chuck Berghofer, Dave Grusin and Larry Bunker. You say that makes more than a quartet? Well, that's how loose the session is.

The *Invitation to the Movies* (Capitol) extended by singer Matt Monro is too good to pass up. On the bill are *Alfie*, *Georgy Girl* and the theme from *The Sand Pebbles* (*And We Were Lovers*). Matt gives a four-star performance throughout.

As Otis Redding's protégé, young Arthur Conley has it made; and *Shake, Rattle & Roll* (Atco) is a tribute to Redding's skill as a producer. In addition to the title ditty, *Keep On Talking*, *You Don't Have to See Me* and *Hand and Glove* are standouts. The master himself takes to the stage on *Otis Redding / Live in Europe* (Volt). Not much of a raconteur, and threatened by a thunderous crowd,

Otis yet manages to stay in command from start to finish. The program features his first hit, *These Arms of Mine*, the Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction* and the oldie *Try a Little Tenderness*. Carla Thomas, Eddie Floyd and Sam and Dave help Redding out on the two volumes of *The Stax-Volt Revue / Live in London and Paris* (Stax). Each LP is a complete show well worth the price.

Ubiquitous reed man Phil Woods is the master chef on *Greek Cooking* (Impulse!). Phil has surrounded himself with a passel of Peloponnesian confreres who supply the *Never on Sunday* sound that makes this album such a joy. Oud, dumbeg and bouzouki (the last played with fiery intensity by Iordanis Tsomidis) provide the Greek backgrounds for Woods' strictly-from-jazz alto. Among the tunes: *Zorba the Greek*, *A Taste of Honey* and the themes from *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Samson and Delilah*.

*Chris Connor Now!* (ABC) finds the long-time songstress in a decidedly contemporary bag as she turns her attentions to tone poems of today—*Goin' Out of My Head*, *I'm Telling You Now*, *Nowhere Man* and *Carnival*. The husky throb in Miss Connor's voice is, we are happy to report, as evocative as ever.

Known as a nihilistic performer who burns his guitar onstage, Jimi Hendrix the *composer* displays much method in his madness. *The Jimi Hendrix Experience / Are You Experienced?* (Reprise) is a powerful synthesis of modern music from Chuck Berry to Edgar Varese. Some tracks (*Purple Haze*, *Foxy Lady*) are electronically augmented rhythm and blues; *Third Stone from the Sun* is a semiabstract composition, and *The Wind Cries Mary* contains more than a touch of lyricism.

Erroll Garner, whose sound is always Garner, has an interesting new backing going for him on *That's My Kick* (MGM). Bass, drums, guitar and bongos add up to a driving rhythm section that keeps pushing Erroll to inspired heights. Six of the items are Garner originals; the rest include Rodgers and Hart's *Blue Moon* and the Gershwins' *It Ain't Necessarily So*. All in all, an electrifying display.

*The Sound of Wilson Pickett* (Atlantic) is deservedly familiar; this volume showcases all but Pickett's dancing, as Wilson wails on the Gospel-flavored *I Found a Love*, shatters the sound barrier on *Mojo Mamma* and *Funky Broadway*, and slips into the down-home *Something Within Me*.

The Hollies and The Association are two groups—one imported, one domestic—that have never been satisfied to rest




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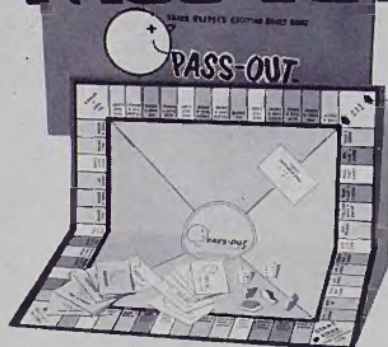
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on their laurels. On *Insight Out* (Warner Bros.), the American sextet experiments with a variety of vocal and instrumental combinations on their smash *Windy* and the swinging cuts *Wasn't It a Bit Like Now*, Tim Hardin's *Reputation* and *Wantin' Ain't Gettin'*. The Hollies' *Evolution* (Epic) takes the quintet another step forward, as it reveals Beatles- and Stones-type *chutzpah* in assured handling of such tough ditties as *Carrie-Anne* and *Rain on the Window*. Good fun is what best characterizes the sounds on *New Directions* (Liberty) by Gary Lewis and the Playboys and *The Innocence* (Kama Sutra), the latter featuring *Muirzy Doats*, their first hit, and a collection of good-time numbers; to wit, *All I Ask*, *There's Got to Be a Word* and *Whence I Make Thee Mine*. (Our only gripe is with the mere 10 minutes and 41 seconds of music on the second side.) Despite his sojourn in Uncle Sam's Army, Lewis the younger manages to keep producing happy tunes on the order of *Girls in Love*, *Double Good Feeling* and *Keepin' Company*.

The material isn't up to the performer on *Frank Sinatra* (Reprise). Outside of *Don't Sleep in the Subway*, *This Town* (which is superb) and Johnny Mercer's splendid lyrics for *Drinking Again*, there isn't much on tap that the Chairman of the Board can really sink his tonsils into. There is *Born Free*, but Frank's subdued approach is not what the song needs. Oh, yes; included on the LP is the hit single *Somethin' Stupid*, done with daughter Nancy.

*The Beat Goes On* (Atlantic) and so does the indefatigable Herbie Mann, who continues to take his flute into territories where the natives are always friendly. Mann's amalgam of bossa nova, Afro-Cuban and funk-rock is difficult to fault. On this outing, he has the assistance of stalwarts Clark Terry, Attila Zoller, King Curtis and Don Friedman. Along with the title tune, there's *The Honeydripper*, *Swingin' Shepherd Blues*, *Is Paris Burning?* and the Alka-Seltzer theme, *No Matter What Shape*, which, you should pardon the expression, is a gas.

*Della Reese / One More Time* (ABC) was recorded live at the Los Angeles Playboy Club and it is "live" in every sense of the word. Della, backed by the Bobby Bryant Quintet (two tenors, trumpet, organ and drums), is a perpetual-motion dynamo as she intersperses her vocalizing on the winning *Sunny*, *That's Life* and *It Was a Very Good Year* with snappy patter that should make Lou Rawls sit up and take notice.

Praise be that Mahler and Ives have been "discovered" by the recording companies. Today, it's only a question of choosing from the wealth of discs available. One we've chosen recently is

Charles Ives' *Holidays Symphony* (Turnabout), performed by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, with Donald Johanos as conductor. The orchestra under Johanos displays a youthful exuberance perfectly suited to the unalloyed joy abounding in the "George Washington's Birthday," "Decoration Day" and "Fourth of July" movements, and a mature understanding of Ives' somber reflections in his "Thanksgiving and/or Forefathers' Day" movement.

*Indo-Jazz Fusions* (Atlantic) is about as exciting an LP as we've heard in a long while. On it, the Joe Harriott-John Mayer Double Quintet accomplishes just what the title implies—blending Indian and jazz instruments and musical forms—with amazing facility. Sitar, tambura, alto and trumpet aid and abet one another in a fascinating tour de force.

*Ode to Billie Joe* (Capitol) merits an ode to Bobbie Gentry, a young lady whose songs sparkle with down-home (Mississippi) imagery and whose haunting voice makes it all seem real. Besides the top-selling title ballad, prize tracks on the LP—which is enriched by Jimmie Haskell's inventive arrangements—include a jazzy waltz, *Papa, Won't You Take Me to Town with You*, the humorous *Bugs* and *Sunday Best*, a love song in a lovely groove.

## MOVIES

*The Birds, the Bees and the Italians* is another savagely comic essay from director Pietro Germi, whose jibes at the mating habits of his countrymen (*Divorce—Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned*) are one part hilarity, one part horror. Here, Germi zeroes in on a slew of adulterers in the town of Treviso, carefully separating those whose transgressions society will not tolerate from those whose hanky-panky is protected by law, church, Mother and a Mafia of bourgeois wives. A tandem tale of true love vanquished and lust triumphant, *Birds . . . Bees* first settles the fate of a goodhearted young bank clerk (brilliantly played by Gastone Moschin) whose only offense is his impossible honesty. While the prominent businessmen he knows move in a relentless chain of marital infidelities, the banker falls helplessly in love with the giggly, gorgeous cashier (Virna Lisi) at a café in the piazza. He leaves his gorgon mate, his unattractive children, his sham respectability, in order to Live a Little, only to have the entire sociolegal establishment descend upon him. As a police officer explains, "To a man with his pants off, the law is merciless." The picture might have ended right there, except that Germi wraps up his indictment with an episode



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Unfair, because Mustang isn't nearly so generous.

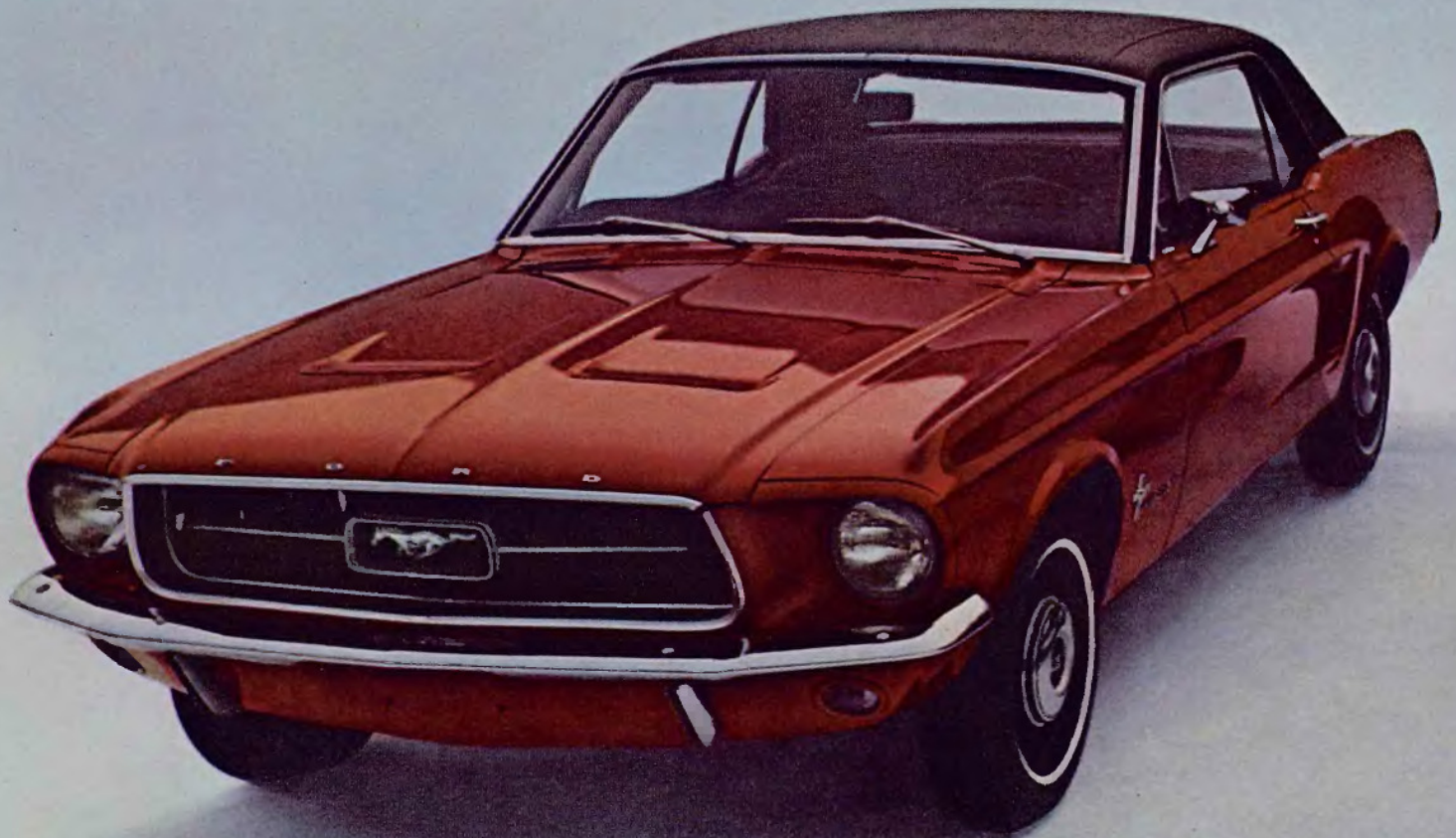
Our Javelin has a richer, more polished look. Roof joints are hand-finished.

Unfair, because it is cheaper to make roof joints by machine.

Our Javelin has a bigger displacement and more horsepower in its standard 6-cylinder engine, bigger displacement in its standard V-8.

Unfair.

Our Javelin has more leg room, more



The 1967 Mustang



# the Mustang and the Javelin.

head room, the backseat is a good 5 inches wider.

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in which six of the banker's acquaintances are brought to trial for their futile enjoyment of a voluptuous peasant girl (Patrizia Valturri) who spends one very busy day in town. Before Treviso can return to normal, a cardinal phones Rome, newspaper stories are suppressed and the farm girl's father is rewarded with a handsome bribe, not to mention a tumble in the hay with one defendant's anxious wife. A tale so tinged with undertones of stag night at the zoo could become thoroughly unpleasant in the wrong hands. The measure of Germi's skill lies in his ability to wrest prickly truths from an altogether human comedy. He coaxes up the breath of life and chokes it off with laughter.

Now that surfing films have proved their box-office potency, it's a safe prediction that, sooner or later, some entrepreneur will decide that an eager public awaits movies spelling out the delights of donkey baseball and tournament chess. Meanwhile, *Ski on the Wild Side*, which might be subtitled "The Endless Winter," chases staves for a couple of sparkling, snowy hours. Producer-director-photographer Warren Miller has caught a number of the world's flashiest skiers (Jean Claude Killy, Nancy Greene, Art Furrer) in graceful passage through heaps of the most awesome scenery on the planet. To the uninitiated, a white, sloping hillside of the Tasmanian Glacier in New Zealand may look very much like a white, sloping hillside of Courchevel, France, or Mount Zoa in Japan. But Miller, whose film unreefs mostly in slow motion and oftentimes comes to a dead stop, conquers the sameness with a razzle-dazzle display of trick skiing, high-jumping techniques, slalom races and frequent spills—the latter his cue for adding quips to the commentary and, inevitably, funny noises to the sound track. If a wintry landscape makes you think of Currier and Ives rather than Abercrombie & Fitch, *Wild Side* offers a heavy dose of schussing. If, on the other hand, three feet of new powder snow under a cloudless blue sky and temperatures near zero is your definition of the good life, Miller can treat you to lift after lift after lift.

Barbara and Bruce, a pretty shopgirl and a smarmy real-estate agent, are pleasantly shackled up in *The Penthouse* of a brand-new high-rise apartment building on the industrial outskirts of a large English city. It's an extraordinarily "safe" nest, because the rest of the building is still empty. Bruce, you see, is married, but not to Barbara. Into their idyl, early one morning, comes "The Meter Man"; and thus begins the movie version of the English play of that title by C. Scott Forbes. The young British movie-maker, Peter Collinson, who did the screen adaptation and direction, has

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recruited some superb British actors to perform the five roles: Suzy Kendall and Terence Morgan as Barbara and Bruce, and Tony Beckley, Norman Rodway and Martine Beswick as their psychosexual tormentors, Tom, Dick and Harry. If you sense a neat morality play coming up, you're dead right—and in danger of being bored to death as well, unless torture, satyriasis, faggotry, bondage and discipline are all part of your bag. For, once Tom and his playmate Dick have gained entrance, they subject their victims to a 24-hour "party" rife with flashing knives and verbal menace. Bruce is tied up like a package in a gay assortment of satin ribbons while Barbara is forced to drink large quantities of whiskey and smoke pot like crazy. These ingredients induce her to submit willingly to a gang bang while Bruce screams for help. The camera omits few details of this disagreeable orgy. All phallic clichés are brandished wildly: Tom and Dick refresh themselves, between sweaty bouts with Barbara, by cutting slices from a long, thick salami. If things are not yet sick enough for you, hold on for Harry, the female keeper of Tom and Dick. She makes her entrance late but impactfully, ready for more games just when we think we've run the gamut. *The Penthouse* is liable to set degeneracy back a hundred years.

A wordless sequence near the end of *Beach Red* pleads for humanity more eloquently than has any American war film since Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory*. In the climactic scene, a boyish Marine (Patrick Wolfe) lies badly torn up near his dead buddy (Burr DeBenning) and gapes silently at a Japanese foot soldier who is writhing in his own gore an arm's length away. The two attempt to trade a swallow of water for a smoke, until an American patrol puts an end to their awful, mutual recognition of the bond between them—the knowledge that they are the fine young fodder chosen for sacrifice in war. The choice of ideas may seem a little corny, but making it work is hard. And by hewing to a clean, hell-for-leather dramatic line, producer-director and star Cornel Wilde imbues *Beach Red* with paralyzing force. Survival is the film's dominant theme. Its plot is merely to dump a company of men off a landing craft as the first wave of a GI assault on an enemy-held atoll during World War Two. The troops curse, pray, kill, crawl, cry, leave bits of their souls and bodies behind and move ahead inch by bloody inch. Soon the viewer, perhaps recoiling at first—and still detached enough to note where fresh film has been spliced into grainy combat footage—finds himself helpless against a deluge of evidence that this, by God, must have been how it was to fight. A few of Wilde's notions seem ingenuous, despite Modish photography that gives flashbulb



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glimpses into the minds of Jap and GI alike, suggesting that men on both sides desire their women, love their children and see beauty in blades of grass. But there is still cogency in a reminder that on the revolving stage of world politics, the perilous yellow men of 25 years ago are currently recast as experts in origami. Filmed in the Philippines for a modest \$831,000, with a cast of 2300 sweating out every dollar, *Beach Red* has all the action of a minor-budget movie with major aspirations. Count this a winner among the Wilde ones.

Not that anybody cares much one way or the other, but Raquel Welch is showing some slight improvement as an actress. She talks rather a lot in *Fathom* and is often audible. When she isn't, it's sometimes the fault of the noisy planes, powerboats and helicopters in which she spends most of her time fleeing from probable disaster. As a full-time dental technician in St. Louis and a part-time sky diver doing exhibitions in Spain, Raquel (here called Fathom for the purpose of a lot of dumb puns) is snatched miraculously and incessantly from the jaws of one certain death by the very jaws of another certain death. Surrounding her are three competitive *apparats*, one or all of which are working for Red China to regain a stolen art treasure. There are some teddibly nice British chaps (Richard Briers and Ronald Fraser); an awfully sordid pair of international adventurers (Tony Franciosa and Greta Chi); and the fabulously wealthy art collector, Serapkin (Clive Revill). Everybody, including Raquel, is guilty of leering at Raquel's widely bared epidermis when they ought to be getting on with things. But she is not promiscuous, just narcissistic; and if she keeps rubbing her lovely body and tossing her cunning little head and licking her ruby-red lips, it's certainly not because she'd welcome the lascivious attentions of all those kinky hoods. A girl with more savvy would scarcely hang around with Franciosa—he has dyed his hair blond and wears his shirts open to the navel. And Clive Revill is hardly the boy next door: Absurdly Falstaffian, with a red beard and a body temperature ten degrees below everybody else's, he's always freezing cold in the hot Mediterranean sun. The dialog supports the mad-camp drive of the make-up and costumes, tending toward limp epigrams and languid put-downs. The plot is unfathomable but the terrain—both geographical and anatomical—is nice and, in terms of gimmicks, *Fathom* stoops to anything.

*The Exterminating Angel*, Luis Buñuel's strange parable of societal corruption, is preceded by a neat little statement from the director warning that there will be any number of inexplicable repetitions throughout the forthcoming narrative,

about which the audience should not unduly distress itself. The story concerns a bunch of very wealthy people in evening dress, who arrive from the opera for a late-evening party at a palatial residence on "Providence Street" in a large Spanish town. Then they arrive all over again. An elegant dinner party ensues. At one point, the hostess goes into the kitchen and notices several sheep and a bear milling around in the pantry. Everybody retires to the drawing room. A woman plays a piano sonata; the guests then prepare to leave. But they do not leave. They have another cigarette, they renew a conversation and, ultimately, they stretch out on sofas and the floor and go to sleep. Next morning, they talk about what a ball it is to stay out all night, how funny, how original. But it soon becomes clear that they *cannot* leave. Days and nights pass. They have drunk the water out of the flowerpots. They are starving, they are stinking and one of the guests has died of a heart attack and is noisomely putrefying in a closet. Another closet full of Chinese vases has become the local comfort station. A pair of lovers conclude a suicide pact with a letter opener and contribute materially to the sanitation gap. All the beautiful people have become filthy and bestial, save a few noble souls who keep arguing for decency. One night, when the more savage victims are trying to kill the hapless host in the conviction that it is all his fault, a woman notices that they are all standing and sitting just where they were when the sonata was being played. By great effort of will, they reenact that scene and then, shouting hysterically about how late it is and how tired they are, rush out of the house. But they end up, in the last scene, in an identical situation in a somewhat larger trap, suggesting the cosmic trap that is man's fate. At least, that *may* be the message. The movie can also be read as anti-Church, anticapitalist or antiperspirant.

Senta Berger, wearing a nun's habit to conceal her crimson scanties and \$7,000,000 worth of jewels, is one of the brighter images contrived for *Operation San Gennaro*. This formula comedy displays even better form elsewhere, particularly when director Dino Risi lays aside his slapstick to scoop up color in the streets of Naples. Accompanied by an American-style thief (Harry Guardino), Senta arrives in the city with a blueprint for stealing San Gennaro's priceless treasures from a crypt beneath the patron saint's cathedral. Forget the heist. It's a felony played as fiasco in the usual manner; but while felons are being recruited for the caper, Risi's camera records a lot of rare Neapolitan gamesmanship. In one of his last roles, the late Toto exudes Italian warmth as a crook so celebrated that he virtually rules the town from a prison cell. And Nino Manfredi, whose cool,





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underwhelming style bolsters a high percentage of the movies made in Italy these days, all but steals the show as a younger scoundrel held in high regard by the populace. The wry, rollicking spirits at large in *San Gennaro* make any sort of mischief seem plausible in a city where law and order lose even token support during the TV play-offs of a Neapolitan song festival.

Had someone other than India's Satyajit Ray (the *Apu* trilogy) made it, *The Big City* might well be the dullest sentimental comedy in many a moon. Set in Calcutta, the story dwells on the problems encountered by a placid young wife and mother, Arati, who decides to supplement her husband's meager income by selling knitting machines door to door. Arati's teenaged daughter thinks a career as a film star would be preferable. Her bank-clerk husband grits his teeth and looks the other way. Her father-in-law won't speak to her after this outrage against the ancient traditions of Indian family life. Such commonplace tribulations brim with warmth, humor and compassion, because director Ray, in his most lightsome film to date, still displays one of the unique attributes of genius: He can see the world in a raindrop, make the smallest detail sparkle with intimations of universal truth. *The Big City* unfolds at a leisurely, almost Chekhovian pace. Behind every scene, a symphony of sounds—temple bells, a barking dog, peddlers crying in the street, a radio blaring Western music next door—plays back the film's major conflict in a minor key. The old ways and the new are clashing everywhere; and before long, the emergence of a strong 20th Century woman begins to seem a significant act of courage. Sensitive played by Madhabi Mukherjee, Arati is a piquant heroine as she changes, ever so subtly, from household drudge to breadwinning butterfly. With her first pay clutched in her hand, her first furtive splash of lipstick still moist on her lips, she stares at her reflection in a ladies'-room mirror, startled by a small fresh gleam of economic power that says that nothing, Lord help us all, will ever be quite the same again.

Making the New York scene ought to be easier than sorting out the artifacts of primitive New Guinea, but *Round Trip* piles up plenty of evidence to the contrary. Pierre Dominique Gaisseau, director of *The Sky Above—the Mud Below*, almost never gets Manhattan's restless natives to do anything quite right. Clumsily mixing fact with fiction, he has artist Larry Rivers at hand to blow his saxophone and proffer advice to the lovelorn. He has brief, uncredited appearances by artist Marisol and poet Allen Ginsberg. He takes some long side glances at Harlem, hipsters and Happenings; but he is largely hung up on an interracial

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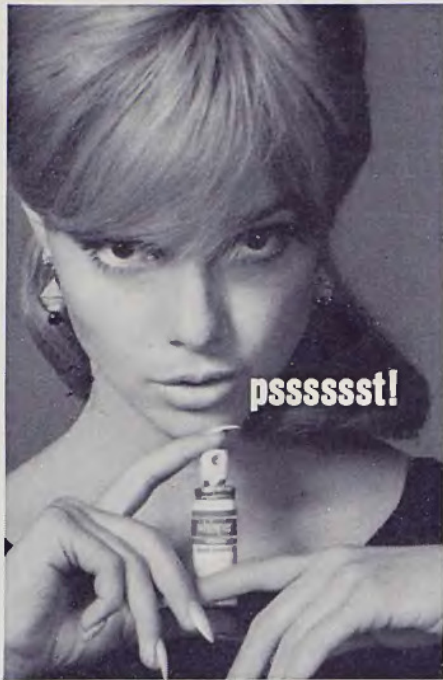
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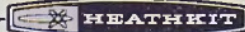
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romance between an eye-stopping Negro model (Ellen Faison) and a visiting Parisian painter (Venantino Venantini), who discuss their differences in front of every local landmark that might strike an ace photographer's fancy, from the Janis Gallery to Lincoln Center to the Statue of Liberty. Though Gaiseau's shots are splendidly placed, he breathes the merest shadow of life into his lovers. "I want a mink coat, travel, a real Chanel," says Ellen, whose Frenchman, perhaps more interested in her color than in her class, wants a Cook's tour of Harlem to hear all the Gospel singing. Soon enough, sexual tension is dissipated by the tight schedule of sight-seeing.

In *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, Italian director Pier Paolo Pasolini starkly set forth an image of Jesus Christ as a fanatic revolutionary. In his verbose, vibrant film parable *The Hawks and the Sparrows*, Pasolini puts words and more words into the beak of a talking crow, who obviously expresses some of the director's own thoughts about communism, capitalism and Catholicism. Humanity is represented in the film most winningly by Toto, cast as a sort of Everyman who ambles along the highway of life accompanied by his son (Ninnetto Davoli) and that cheeky, loquacious bird. Toto discovers the drawbacks of Christianity by means of a flashback to the 13th Century, when Saint Francis sends him and the boy—transformed into low-comedy friars—out to proselytize their feathered friends for the love of God. The friars learn just enough bird song to get their message through, only to discover that the hawks go right on killing sparrows. Man's nature is studied with similar results. Continuing their journey, Toto and son tyrannize a family of impoverished peasants, later are tyrannized in turn by a wealthy landowner. Meanwhile, the crow, who has introduced himself as "a leftist intellectual," exhorts them with Marxist slogans and philosophical catch phrases. They ultimately eat the crow (literally, not figuratively) out of sheer exasperation, and the scene progresses—with some striking documentary footage—to the 1964 funeral of Italian Communist chieftain Palmiro Togliatti. Thus do dreams die; but mankind somehow digests dreams, gods and ideologies and plods right along, not at all certain where he is going.

*A Rose for Everyone* will be remembered as the comedy in which Claudia Cardinale upstaged Brazil. Down in the carnival city of Rio, Claudia, in the title role, portrays a girl who flings away her favors like so much bright confetti. "I like to love," says she. "There are many ways to love, and they're all nice." Few men choose to argue the point until she meets a strait-laced doctor (Nino Man-

fredi) who sternly reminds her, "You're running a cooperative—socializing yourself." Among the workers signed up for benefits are a waiter, a bus driver, a TV singer, a student, a bookdealer, a bartender and a lout. The majority seem perfectly satisfied with their share of Claudia, and the movie spends itself explaining why. In a bikini, on horseback, through gauze, under water, in a parked airplane or on an examination table, she is a photogenic marvel. Though *Rose* isn't for anyone who would rather follow a plot than ogle a form, Cardinale watchers will queue up without quibbling.

When you find yourself screaming advice to a movie heroine in peril, you know you're seeing one hell of a scary movie. It's like being ten years old at the Saturday matinee again, except that *Wait Until Dark* is a lot better fare than we needed when we were ten. This is a horror show for grownups, based on Frederick Knott's Broadway play, cleverly directed by Terence Young for maximum low-key effect. Everybody involved is rather nice, rather likable—even the psychopathic murderer who kills with a smile. The only really disagreeable character, a selfish, dope-smuggling model played by Samantha Jones, is dead before the credits are off the screen. In a taut little pantomime sequence, this beautiful minipusher has an antique doll stuffed with heroin in Montreal, then takes the next plane for Kennedy. On arrival, noticing a certain dark-jacketed greeter in the crowd, she persuades a fellow passenger (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.) to take the doll off her hands. Next thing we know, it's zipped up in a plastic garment bag in Zimbalist's Greenwich Village apartment. Who was the guy in the black jacket? Of all people, Alan Arkin—a very dangerous comic. Arkin hires a couple of nice-guy bad guys, Richard Crenna and Jack Weston, to help him put the snatch on the doll. They *know* it's in Zimbalist's apartment, but they can't find it. Suddenly, who should come home but Audrey Hepburn, Zimbalist's blind wife—and the three hoods commence a series of diabolical games designed to get Zimbalist out of town and to persuade Audrey to surrender the doll. The gimmick of the title is, of course, that when the blind girl gets wise to the menace, she resorts to an obvious equalizer—total darkness—a world in which she has more maneuverability than the bad guys. Why doesn't this silly lady call the cops, while she still has the chance? For the same reason that movie heroes, when we were ten, always said to movie heroines in the haunted castle, "Now, you wait here while I go for help."





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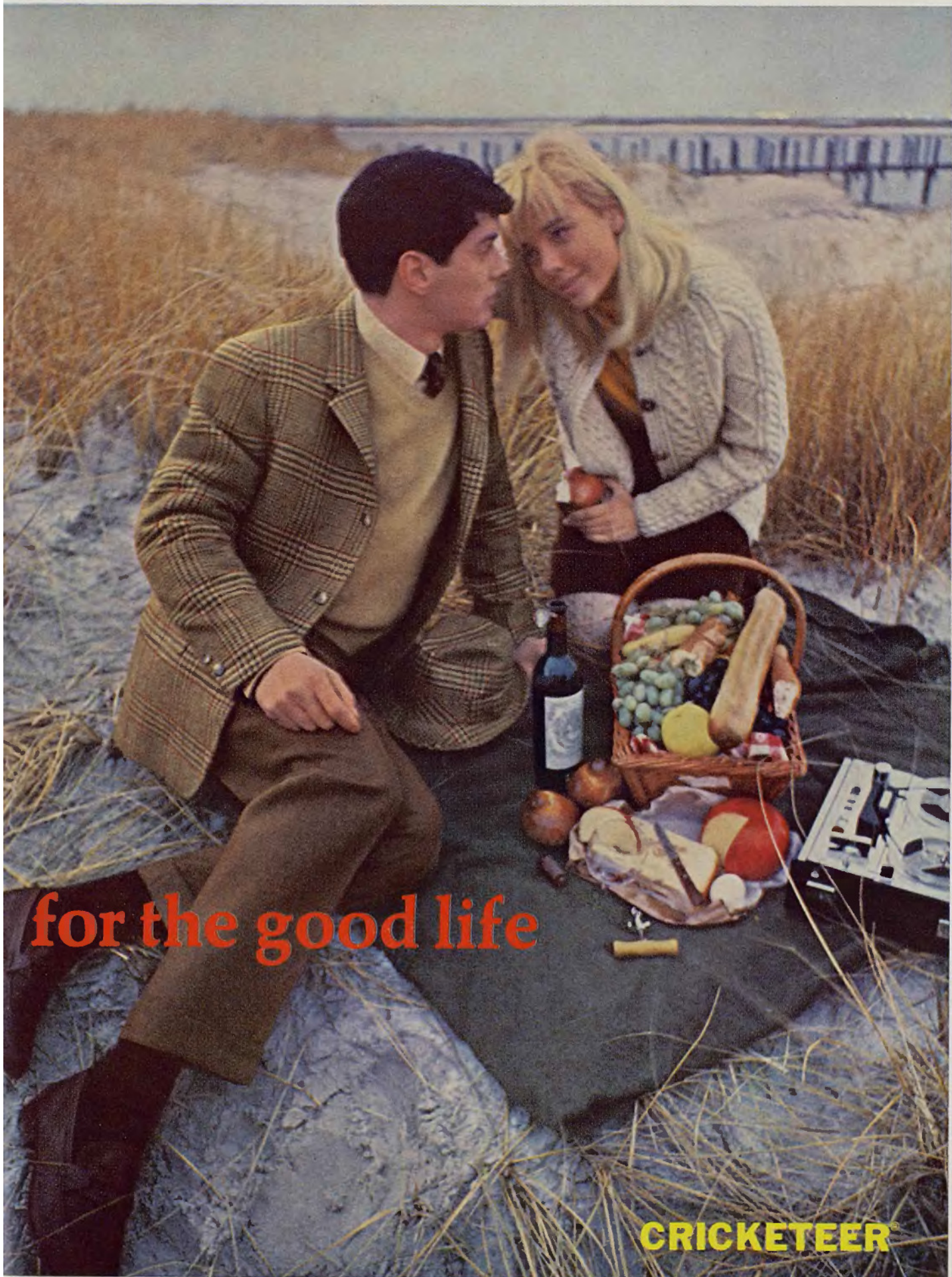
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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**W**hen I am visiting a restaurant with a young lady, should I escort her to the ladies' room and then wait to escort her back to the table?—R. M., Concord, California.

*Not unless the young lady is under six years of age.*

**M**y girlfriend's father, a dynamic businessman and absolute ruler of his household, tries to run her life and is seriously interfering with our relationship. He gets baby-sitting jobs for her without consulting her, which break up our date plans. What's worse, he has made long-range plans for her to take a job in another city that completely disregard the marriage plans my girl and I have made. He behaves like an exalted potentate whose word is law. This is ridiculous, because my girl is 20 years old, has a responsible job and is capable of making her own decisions. How can I put an end to this interference?—D. M., Toledo, Ohio.

*You can try to negotiate a peaceful settlement with Dad; but if your description of him is accurate, we suspect parleying will prove futile in the long run. Encourage your girl to leave home and move into a place of her own; this will be a first (and necessary) step in weaning her away from a family situation that she is currently handling ineptly and that could ultimately prove destructive of your marriage. Keeping her own apartment in shape will also provide good experience for your upcoming nuptials.*

**I**'m confused as to the meaning of the terms *brut*, *extra sec*, *sec* and *demi-sec* that appear on the labels of various champagnes. Can you define them?—Miss B. N., Rochester, New York.

*They are all French terms that indicate the amount of sweetener added to champagne and other sparkling wines. Brut is the least sweet (or driest); demi-sec, the sweetest. Extra sec and sec indicate variations in between. When tipping your way from brut to demi-sec, remember that the dosage of sweetener varies from company to company and that one firm's brut may be bone-dry, while another's may not be dry enough.*

**M**y roommate and I have been debating the effects of sexual abstinence. Is it bad for one's health?—T. M., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

*Abstinence, as such, is neither good nor bad for the health. What does affect the individual's well-being are the circumstances of, and the motivations for,*

*his abstinence. Kinsey pointed out that men who are physically incapacitated, natively low in sex drive, sexually unawakened in their early years or separated from their usual sources of sexual stimulation can abstain indefinitely without appreciable harm. Even when these conditions do not prevail, if the motivation for abstinence is conscious and rational, no harm will be done. If, on the other hand, the motivation is based on guilt or fear, then strong conflicts, feelings of frustration and intense anxiety will ensue. The individual who suffers from these emotions will be a candidate for a wide variety of personality problems; and, since a person's psychological state has a great effect on his physical health, he may suffer from psychosomatic disorders as well.*

**A**t present I am in the U. S. Air Force, stationed in England, and expect to be here for at least two more years. During that time, I'd like to see more of the country and, in order to do so, I'm planning to buy a British sports car with right-hand drive. However, when my hitch in the Air Force is up, I hope to take the car back to the States. Can you tell me which states do not permit the use of right-hand-drive automobiles?—P. F., APO New York, New York.

*Cars equipped with right-hand drive are legal in all states.*

**A** wonderful young Catholic girl and I have had the bad luck to fall in love with each other. I say bad luck because I am divorced. I have been baptized, though not as a Catholic; and, as I understand it, this means that in the eyes of the Catholic Church, my previous marriage was indissoluble. I cannot believe that if God is truly forgiving and just, as I believe He is, and will forgive murder or rape, He would not forgive a mistaken teenage marriage. My fiancée wants very much to be married in her own Church. Do you know of any way this could be arranged, under the circumstances, or will we have to go elsewhere for the ceremony?—K. R., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

*Don't jump to hasty conclusions about the Church's view of your previous marriage. The only way to find out for certain is to go to the chancery office of your local archdiocese and give a priest qualified in canon law all the facts about your previous marriage and divorce. (Even many parish priests are not fully conversant with the regulations in this matter.) A qualified priest might conceivably discover a reason the Church*

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would not consider your previous marriage permanently binding, or he might discern grounds for your having it annulled by the Church. If not, you will have to have the marriage performed by a clergyman or a civil official whose view of God is more in line with your own.

**A**fter many years of hard work, I've finally arrived at the position of executive vice-president in a small but growing and dynamic corporation. Working closely with the president has been most instructive and rewarding, but lately our relationship has developed overtones I neither wanted nor encouraged. Frankly, this guy—though married—is as gay as a tree full of chickadees. In order to get me, he has gone so far as to offer his wife as an inducement. Do I quit and throw away a great future or do I stand firm?—F. N., New York, New York.

If your boss' position as president of a growing dynamic corporation is any indication, he's a man who gets what he wants. Obviously, if he wants you, he's not going to be put off by polite evasions. You'll have to put your future in his company on the line by firmly drawing one and politely counseling him not to cross it. If he still insists that you've got to play for your pay, look for another job.

**C**an you recommend any schools that offer programs in the art of film making?—C. B., Lansing, Michigan.

The best such courses available in the United States are at New York University, the University of Southern California and UCLA. You should also investigate the European cinematography schools, notably L'Institut des Hautes Etudes Cinématographiques in Paris and the Centro Esperimentale in Rome; the most prestigious of all is the Lodz in Poland, but its entrance requirements are forbiddingly strict.

**N**ot long ago, I found myself in the highly embarrassing position of having insufficient funds to meet a dinner bill. I borrowed two dollars from the girl I was with. My question is: Was I right to borrow from my date?—R. B., Santa Ana, California.

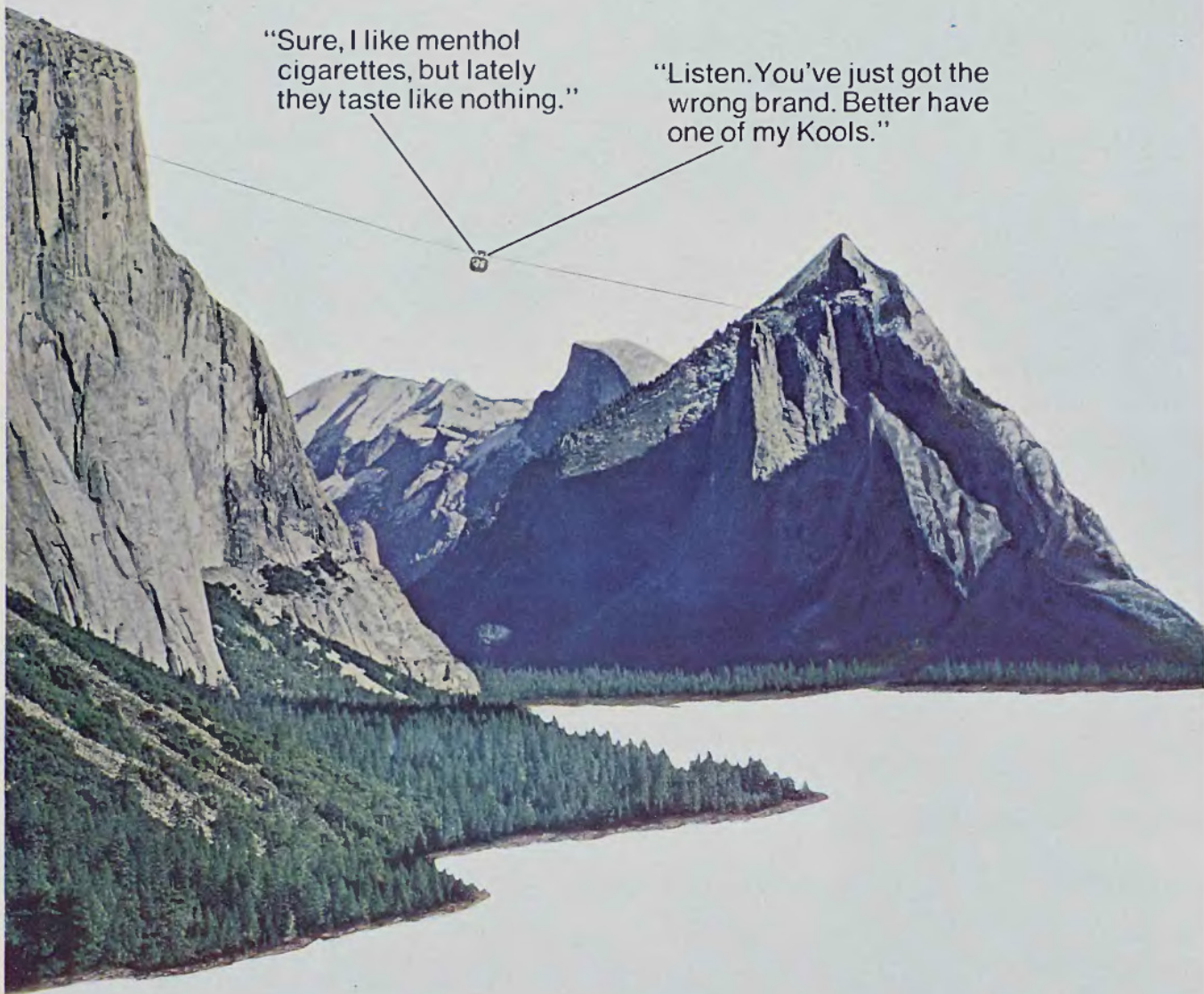
Since you were short only a couple of dollars, it was OK to request a small loan. If the amount had been more, you should have excused yourself and quietly made arrangements with the manager of the maitre de. For the future, permanently tuck an extra \$10 or \$20 in a corner of your wallet as insurance. In addition, you should carry at least one widely accepted credit card.

**A**bout two years ago I began an affair with a single girl and it has ripened into a deep and mutual love. I'm a married



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man in my late 30s, with three children. I am not considering a divorce, and my girl and I have been very careful to keep our relationship secret. But now the girl wants to bear my child. Physically and emotionally, I would delight in having a child with her more than I can say, and I don't think I'm just feeding my ego. But I see many drawbacks. She could not provide very well for the child, nor could I see them very often. If anything happened to her, the child might be adopted, and I'd never see it again. Not only would the child be illegitimate but my girl would be looked down upon by many. Her family would probably try to help her, but they would be deeply hurt. She might, as an unwed mother, have trouble getting a job, and I couldn't help her financially without risking exposure. Worse, perhaps, the child might be warped by growing up fatherless. There is no doubt that the girl truly wants my child and would love and care for it, despite the anticipated hardships. Can you help me resolve my problem of wanting, and not wanting, to give this girl my child, when she wants it so intensely?—M. K., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*You've pretty much resolved it yourself, by weighing the cons so heavily against the pros. A larger problem, we think, is the double life you are leading, which is bound to hurt everyone involved (including, perhaps, your children). If your love for this girl is so great and your affection for your wife so limited that you can't bear to break up the affair, we suggest that you seriously reconsider your attitude toward a divorce. Since you're so filled with conflicting emotions, a psychiatrist may be the one to help you make up your mind.*

**R**ealizing that the girl I'd been dating for two years had many attractive friends, and wanting to date some of them, I broke off with her. But now, since all of these girls are extremely close, none of them will go out with me. I ended the dating relationship with my ex-girl in the nicest possible way, with no hurt feelings; but, out of loyalty to her, the others won't date me. What should I do?—W. B., Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Start dating girls who don't belong to your former girlfriend's group. This will convince her chums that your old affair is past history, and they won't feel disloyal in dating you.*

**I** have heard rumors that anyone can purchase an Italian title—such as count or even prince—providing he is wealthy enough. Are these titles considered legitimate?—G. B., Norfolk, Virginia.

*No. Legitimate titles are bestowed,*

*not bought—although affluent social climbers have been known to use their wealth to influence the bestowal of titles. The situation in Italy is described by Lanfranco Rasponi, in his book "The International Nomads": "Following the fall of the monarchy soon after the Second World War, false titles have been sprouting like mushrooms after the rain (some of them, one hears, are now registered in the tiny republic of San Marino, which makes a tidy profit from this nebulous commerce). The various telephone books in Italian cities burst with marvelously imaginative invented knighthoods."*

**S**hould a double-breasted (four-button) blazer be worn with the bottom closure buttoned or unbuttoned?—R. S., Omaha, Nebraska.

*Buttoned looks better, if you have the figure for it, but either way is correct.*

**T**wice recently I have been unable to achieve an erection while attempting to make love, in both cases with girls who attracted me but whom I had known for only a brief time. Until these two incidents, I had enjoyed a rewarding sex life, though only with girls whom I was dating regularly and with whom I enjoyed a rapport in areas other than sex. I have also since been successful in making love with a girl I know well and of whom I am quite fond. Should I seek medical advice?—J. L., Chicago, Illinois.

*If it will reassure you, see a doctor, by all means. But since you have had satisfactory relations with girls you know well, there is apparently nothing wrong with your equipment. The inability of men to perform with strangers is more common than you might imagine and usually stems from nothing more serious than nervousness. The tricky thing about this type of temporary impotence is that the failure caused by nervousness often leads to fear of failure the next time, and fear of failure in intercourse will frequently cause precisely what is feared. In view of your particular inhibition, the best advice we can offer is, "Know thy bedmate."*

*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.*





# Starts where beer leaves off.

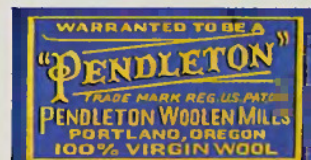
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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF AN APPETITE-WHETTING PERUSAL of this issue's *Charter Yachting* article (which starts on page 128) has whetted your desire for a vacation afloat or on seagirt isles, we can also recommend those still-idyllic lands that dot the South Pacific. Begin your search for an endless summer in Sydney, Australia's most modern metropolis and headquarters for the growing set of surfers down under. Almost all of the 30 beaches in and around the city are meccas for microbikined college coeds—on vacation in January—who flock to the shore lines in wave-worshipping droves. Americans are still enough of a novelty in Sydney to be tendered hearty welcomes; when you meet up with a saucy Aussie, she'll be genuinely pleased to squire you around her town.


Australians rival Americans as the world's biggest meat eaters, and at dinnertime your new-found friend is apt to introduce you to "carpet-bag" (oyster-stuffed) steak in such elegant establishments as the Caprice, overlooking Sydney Harbor in suburban Rose Bay. Dinner done, you can next choose from a wide variety of evening amusements. Among offbeat bets is The Music Hall, where old-time melodramas are enacted before an audience armed (by the management) with eggs and tomatoes—and encouraged to use them. To top off your evening on the town, take in the late show at Chequers—perhaps Sydney's number-one night spot—which regularly imports big-name American and English entertainers.

To continue your Australian idyl far from the gladdening crowds of Sydney, fly 1200 miles north to the Great Barrier Reef—where hundreds of tiny isles offer spectacular scenery and pristine privacy. Ample accommodation is available only on the most frequented few: Hayman, Heron (where the nation's skindiving championships are held in November), Lindeman and Brampton. On all the islands, the night life is friendly and informal; any evening you care to, linger at a bar long enough and you'll probably be invited to take part in one—or both—of the area's two most satiating sports: beer-drinking bouts and oyster-eating contests. Throughout January, low tides lay bare great stretches of coral off several of the islands' shore lines; for a day of exploratory adventure amid these eye-dazzling formations and spectrum-stained sea shells, ask a beachmate to take you "fossicking" (reef wading). Proper attire for the activity is a swimsuit and sneakers; walking on coral is no treat for bare feet. You'll sample the South Seas in a picturesque Polynesian setting by flying east

from the Great Barrier Reef to New Caledonia and putting up at the golden-sanded resort of Château Royal just outside Nouméa, the island's capital. Mornings at Anse Vata, a large bay nearby, are best spent skindiving and line fishing from a launch. At noon, your launch will stop off at an uninhabited island for a barbecued lunch of freshly caught fish and coconut-milk-and-rum cocktails. From Nouméa, a short flight will take you to the Isle of Pines, named for the 200-foot-high columnar pines that make it one of the most serenely secluded islands in the entire South Pacific. If you'd like to try exotic lodgings in the Melanesian mode, put up in one of the grass-roofed huts at Relais de Kanuméra, a sprawling hostelry set on a spit of land between two beaches.

Following an eastern route back toward the U. S., you might next opt for a stay in the Fiji Islands. From the port of Lautoka, on the main island of Viti Levu, two launch lines run cruises through Fiji's limpid lagoons; passengers are supplied with skindiving equipment for a closer look at the teeming marine life. A glass-bottomed-boat fleet based at Suva, Fiji's capital, also allows visitors to view the lagoons' underwater activity. Of the many Fiji Islands that bid for the traveler's attention, two of the more exotic are Yanuca, graced by the new Fijian Hotel (which holds native feasts two nights a week), and Bequa, where Fijians painlessly demonstrate the arcane art of walking barefoot over red-hot coals.

After stopping off at Samoa and Tahiti, you'll have completed your island-hopping tour of the South Pacific. American Samoa's best-known village, Pago Pago, spends its days quietly immersed in aquatic occupations and retires early. Tahiti, whose atmosphere is still as romantic as when Gauguin immortalized it, has always been the most legendary land in Polynesia. This once-Elysian isle has undergone rapid westernization in the past decade, but even the collision of cultures—vividly apparent when quartered at such a contemporary caravansary as the Royal Tahitien Hotel—intrigues the onlooker. Be sure you sample at least two of the island's gustatorial gifts before departing: sweetwater prawn and *poisson cru*, small fish served raw, marinated in lime juice. Getting home to the U. S. presents no problems: Board a jet at Tahiti's airport and in 6½ hours you'll be in Los Angeles.

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

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## "THE PHALIC FALLACY"

Congratulations on your answer to Neal P. Anthony's August *Playboy Forum* letter concerning the size (and effectiveness) of the male sex organ. A recent cigarette advertisement states the case almost as well as PLAYBOY did: "It's not how long you make it—it's how you make it long."

Brian McNaulty  
Newton, Massachusetts

I read with interest the discussion of the myths about a large penis. I am married to a man with a small wand but a lot of magic. In the past, I conducted many experiments of my own and discovered that the man with the large penis will often not think it necessary to develop any technique. But the man whom nature has not blessed so grandiosely will conscientiously develop other talents to make himself desirable. Need I add that such application is rewarded?

(Name withheld by request)  
El Segundo, California

If PLAYBOY were to take a poll of women who have had sexual experiences with more than one man, I'm sure you would learn that we derive more pleasure from a penis that fills us adequately than from one (as the French lady put it) "groping in darkness in search of something to lean against." All I can say is: Before I'll play, show me!

(Name withheld by request)  
Westwood, Massachusetts

I have been married for 20 years and during that time have worked in whorehouses and as a callgirl in Atlantic City and New York City. I have performed at stag shows and have made eight stag films. My experience has been very diversified with respect to techniques and partners. I have had white men, Negroes, American Indians, Orientals and members of many other ethnic groups. I am familiar with penises of all types and sizes. In my experience, the size of the penis has no bearing whatsoever on the ultimate pleasures of either party in the sexual act. With the right attitude and appropriate technique, both partners can reach orgasm.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

In the August *Playboy Forum* you discussed various fallacious beliefs about penis size. I am a young married woman,

but before settling down, I sampled quite a few different beds. As a result, I am familiar with various penis sizes. The variation in size is actually only slight. Most erect penises are approximately the same length and circumference (with certain extremes being exceptions); yet I never met a man who did not think that his was terribly small. Myths about the effectiveness of a large penis seem to spring from a very common but completely unfounded insecurity.

(Name withheld by request)  
Detroit, Michigan

In refuting Neal P. Anthony, you quoted Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response* anent the "involuntary accommodative reactions of the vagina" (its contraction around the penis in the plateau stage of copulation). You should have added that this action can also be voluntary—as well as rhythmic and delightful—if a woman trains herself. This was mentioned as early as the *Kama Sutra* (circa 400 A.D.) and is well known among prostitutes, as "the Cleopatra."

Lee Gerner  
New York, New York

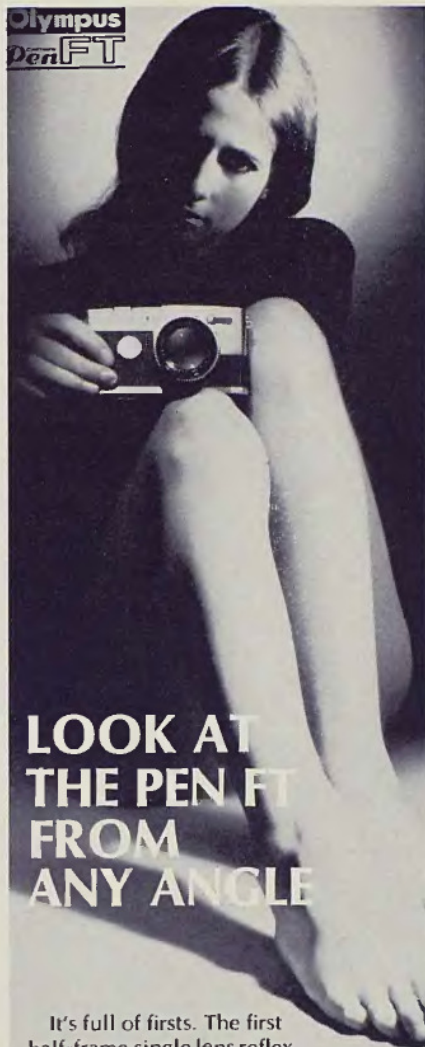
## EJACULATION AND ORGASM

Your August *Playboy Forum* reply to the letter entitled "The Phallic Fallacy" touched upon a matter of the utmost importance to me. You quote Professor Steven Marcus as saying that the idea that women ejaculate is merely a widespread male fantasy. It happens that my husband has been deriding me for seven years because of my inability to ejaculate.

Now, it happens that I have on occasion experienced a climax of sensation—with my skin all pins and needles—followed by a feeling of being dizzy and floating. But this is not what my husband expects of me. He feels that the fact that I do not emit a sudden stream of liquid as a man does indicates that I am frigid. I have shown him the pertinent passage in PLAYBOY, and there is some hope that he will be convinced. But just to clarify matters further for us, is there a distinction between orgasm and ejaculation?

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

*Yes. Orgasm is the climax of excitement that can be experienced by both*



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male and female participants in sexual relations. Ejaculation is the sudden discharge of semen that accompanies orgasm only in the male.

#### HELPFUL PLAYBOY

I credit PLAYBOY with nothing less than helping me keep my sanity. In my early teens, I had the notion that I was a sex maniac. I masturbated and was ashamed. Thoughts of sex dominated my mind. I had never been told anything about sex and I thought I was peculiar. Then I started reading PLAYBOY, and the ideas I encountered therein stimulated me to further reading. I was especially struck by the notion that it is the sexually deprived who think most about sex, not those who are "getting it." I came to see that my obsession with sex was nothing but an expression of my frustration, that I wasn't a maniac of any kind, that there was nothing wrong with the way I felt.

I must confess that I still have sexual inhibitions. In the future, it will be sexual experience, rather than reading PLAYBOY, that will be of most help to me. Yet I will always be grateful to PLAYBOY for introducing me to a world of sane ideas about sex.

(Name withheld by request)  
Bethesda, Maryland

#### PLAYBOY SEX EDUCATION

I have been reading and pondering your June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*; it bears much close study. I think it is a stunning contribution to contemporary theological discussion. As far as I am concerned, it was like the Bible and Shakespeare: a source of many quotations. In addition to being valuable in its own right, the *Panel* accurately reflects ideas currently being evolved in many settings.

My own organization, the Sex Information and Education Council of the U.S., represents an extremely broad spectrum of interests: yet I feel that all sexual-freedom groups have the same fundamental goal. Our aim, as the Reverend Joseph L. Walsh, Catholic chaplain of Brandeis University, said in an article in *Commonweal*, is to learn how to be human sexually.

PLAYBOY is contributing mightily to this work.

Mary S. Calderone, M. D.  
Executive Director  
Sex Information and Education  
Council of the U. S.  
New York, New York

My wife and I have concluded that the June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality* is one of the best and most exciting things we have ever read. As a consequence, I have recommended it as must reading to a group of 50

girls who are preparing to teach sex education in the public schools.

The Rev. H. Richard Rasmusson  
Director, All-Student Church  
Purdue University  
West Lafayette, Indiana

#### THEOLOGICAL PLAYBOY

The June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality* indicates that PLAYBOY is taking very seriously its self-assumed responsibility to present and examine contemporary issues. The church press, with a few notable exceptions, carefully avoids involvement in real problems. Until ecclesiastical editors are willing to tackle a fair share of significant questions, PLAYBOY will stand as the most important (certainly the most read) theological journal on the market.

The Rev. Timothy Hallett  
The Episcopal Church at  
Mankato State College  
Mankato, Minnesota

#### HAREBRAINED CLERGY

The June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality* was not completely fair, since it presented only the liberal view. These men do not speak for the entire church. PLAYBOY's "bunny" people seem, appropriately enough, to have picked the most harebrained theologians of the day to endorse Hefner's philosophy.

The Rev. Cyril Wismar  
The Lutheran Church of  
the Covenant  
Maple Heights, Ohio

#### PERCEPTIVE CLERGY

Let me commend the June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*. A number of today's most pertinent human problems (which churchmen generally ignore) were discussed by nine of the nation's most prominent liberal theologians. Their witness confirms that the "liberal" emphasis is not confined to any one denomination but transcends sectarian boundaries. It is a spirit within all faiths.

The panelists are to be praised, also, for use of personal perceptions (gained through professional counseling) as the source of their opinions; this is far better than a mere parroting of meaningless traditional guidelines, which became questionable the moment the pill was developed.

The Rev. Daniel Ross Chandler  
University of Southern California  
Los Angeles, California

#### CATHOLICS AND PLAYBOY

I thought you might find this reaction to my November 1966 *Dear Playboy* letter both interesting and informative. Also enclosed with this note is my response to the writer of the letter. For obvious reasons, I have not included the writer's name and address.

I have tried for most of my life to lead the life of a good Catholic—by this I mean to attend Mass regularly, to be honest, helpful, compassionate, etc. I try to govern my reading in accordance with the Church's desire. I try to avoid "skin" books, since they are an occasion of sin "for me."

Recently, when I was visiting a bachelor friend, I picked up an issue of PLAYBOY and inside was a letter from a Catholic priest. I have no doubt that the *Death of God* article you discuss must have been well written and thought-provoking. I'm sorry that I was not able to read it. However, I would like to ask you the following questions:

1. Do you condone the reading of PLAYBOY for your fellow Catholics?

2. If you read PLAYBOY regularly, are you aroused sexually, as I am and as many men I know are? If so, is this an occasion of sin?

3. Would your letter published in PLAYBOY seem to indicate to a vast Catholic population that such publications are desirable, since even Catholic priests read them?

I'm totally confused. Can you enlighten me?

I answered this letter as follows:

Thank you for your recent letter of inquiry concerning my thoughts on PLAYBOY magazine. You are to be congratulated for taking time out to ask for the other party's side before writing him off the list of "good souls." I say this sincerely!

Now to get to the three questions you pose to me:

1. I neither condone nor condemn the reading of PLAYBOY for my fellow Christians, be they Catholic or non-Catholic. Each of us has his own individual nature, including a unique nervous system and sexual make-up. Not to read a magazine like PLAYBOY for the wrong reason would, in my opinion, be as inconsistent as reading it for the wrong reason. This is a decision each mature person must make for himself.

2. I do not read PLAYBOY regularly. I would be insincere if I did not say that there are times when I decide that I do not care to read a particular issue of such a magazine. Personally, I do not think the experience of being exposed to PLAYBOY is necessarily an "occasion of sin" for a mature person.

3. Whether my letter would indicate to a vast Catholic population that such publications are desirable would depend on how many Catholics are unthinking, without minds of their own. There are people to



# You don't marry the first girl that comes along.

## The Facts of Life for new cigar smokers

**F**inding the cigar meant for you is no different than finding the girl meant for you. It pays to shop around a little before you settle down.

After all, there are 15 million cigar smokers in this country. Do you think all of them hit it off with the first cigar they tried?

Cigars, like women, come in all sizes, shapes and blends.

Try a slim cigar for a while. Then try a more curvaceous one. You and the cigar should look good together.

Then try different priced cigars. As with love, money won't necessarily buy happiness. A truly satisfying cigar doesn't have to be a costly cigar.

Go forth, then. Play the field.

The cigar you can carry close to your heart is right around the corner.

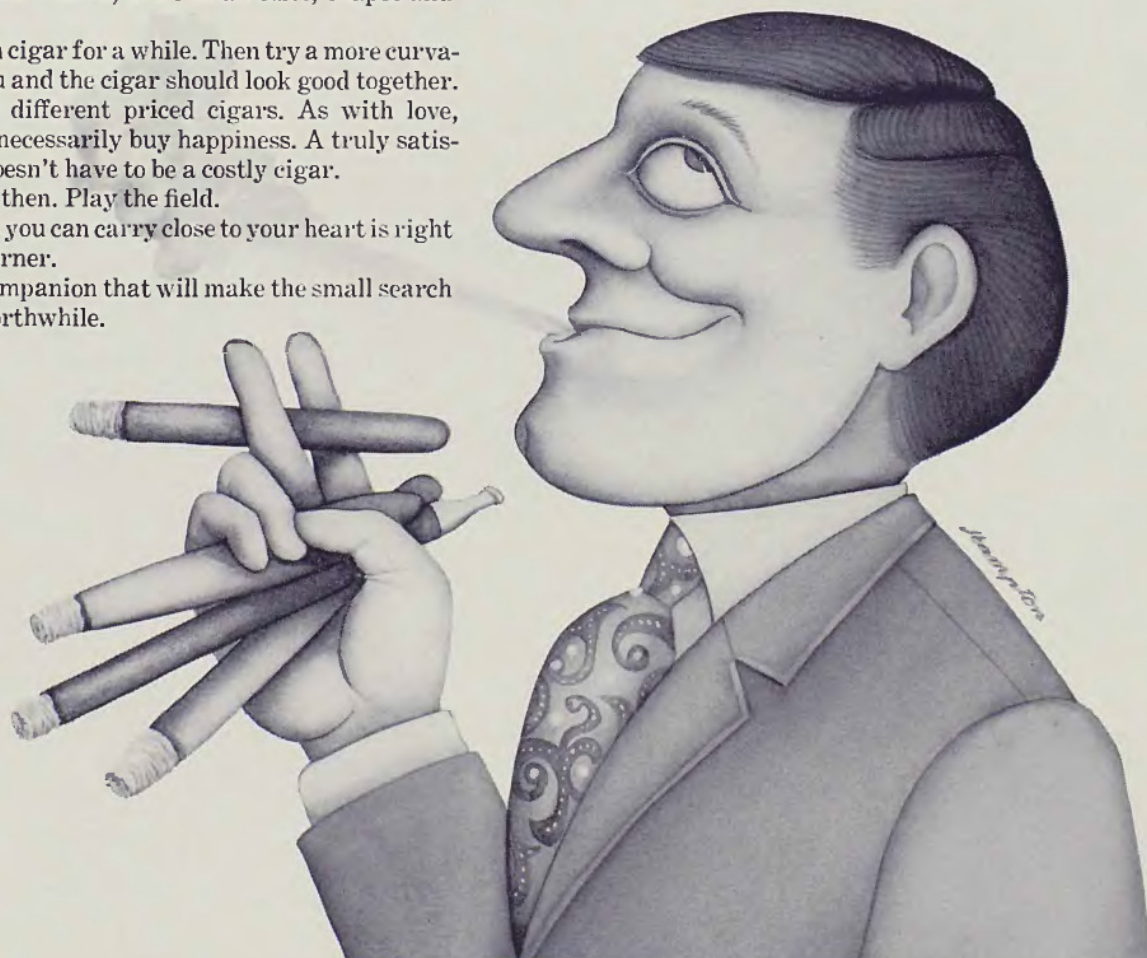
A boon companion that will make the small search more than worthwhile.

A smoke that will comfort you when you're feeling low, relax you when you're tense.

Cigars never argue with you. Never lose their shape. Do not pack up and go home to mother. And are not economically ruinous.

Of course, finding the right cigar isn't quite as rewarding as finding the right woman.

But then again, what is? Cigar Institute of America





whom I would recommend PLAYBOY for professional reasons. There are those who have no interests other than enjoyment and leisure, and if they like the magazine and it doesn't present problems of a personal nature for them, I would not discourage them. Again, the person should have enough maturity and self-trust to decide for himself.

These ideas are my own, not those of the Roman Catholic Church nor those of the priesthood. Like you, I do not know the answers to all the riddles that come up in my life and ministry, but with God's presence and power, I try to be honest and mature.

Father John Sheehan, S. M.  
Marianists  
Chester, Pennsylvania

#### CHURCH TAX ON PROSTITUTES

You are to be commended for your crusade on behalf of church-state separation and, especially, for printing Bishop Pike's *Tax Organized Religion* (PLAYBOY, April). As he points out, your Government exempts organized religion from taxation and forces everyone else to make up the difference, whether they are church members or not. The situation is even worse here in Germany. We must pay a direct tax to the churches that is regularly withheld from our salaries. Only by sacrificing one's privacy to the extent of making a public declaration of atheism before a registrar can one avoid the tax. No German politician—not even Hitler—has ever dared challenge this exploitation of the people by the churches.

Amusingly enough, there was a small controversy on this score recently, when it was ruled that prostitutes along with other workers are subject to income taxes. Several people protested the church's living off the earnings of prostitutes, saying that this is pimping, without even performing the services that pimps traditionally perform for their girls. In only a few states has the church refused to accept taxes from prostitutes. The furor has died down, however, and throughout most of our Federal Republic, the church goes on dipping into everybody's salary, including that of the whores.

Heinrich Baum  
Munich, Germany

#### THE SPICE OF VARIETY

My husband and I have had experiences similar to those of the Allentown woman (*The Playboy Forum*, July) and we, too, have found them helpful in adding life to a tired marriage.

I was a 16-year-old virgin when I married, and my husband was 29. After two years of marriage, we both realized that we were not really enjoying sex. On

holiday, we met an older couple and, after my husband confided our problem to them, we swapped partners for the night. It was my first experience of being desired and taken without love and of surrendering fully to sexual passion. My partner was far from disappointed with my enthusiastic participation.

After the holiday, my husband and I settled down happily with a new understanding of each other and fewer inhibitions. We met with the other couple on several subsequent occasions, but we began to be afraid that our attraction to them might cause our own marriage to break up. We both agreed that the solution to our need to enliven our marriage was occasional sex without involvement.

With my husband's permission, I now frequently pick up a partner for the night. It is not difficult in London, of course. I choose a plush hotel bar, pick out someone nice and encourage him. A drink, a chat and an exciting mutual seduction follow. After these adventures, I go home a new girl, eager to repay my husband for his liberality and looking forward to another episode soon. We have openly discussed my surrenders to strangers, and my husband's ardor and consideration are noticeably greater. I, of course, have encouraged him to seek a one-night bedmate when he feels the need.

We agree with you that this solution would not work for most marriages; but it has been perfect for us.

(Name withheld by request)  
London, England

#### DIVORCE: AMERICAN STYLE

Perhaps Frank Bemus' enlightening August *Playboy Forum* letter advocating divorce reform will spur both victimized clients and fair-minded lawyers to action. The present legal concept that requires that one of the parties be proved at fault compels everyone seeking a divorce to rig some sort of grounds, based on half-truths and evasions. This plays into the hands of vindictive spouses and sours even amicable divorces.

Whether or not one believes that divorce is moral, it nonetheless occurs. It is a sad reflection on our judicial system that the laws governing divorce continue to be unjust and unrealistic.

Judith Shellabarger  
Red Bluff, California

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT DIVORCE

There is a mixture of good sense and naïveté in Frank Bemus' letter entitled "Divorce: American Style." I agree that a court battle is the worst possible method of resolving the many issues involved in a marital breakup. It is true, too, that some lawyers will encourage litigation in order to earn high fees, without considering the potential damage to the families involved in the suits.

However, most good divorce lawyers try to achieve a reasonable settlement. But when husbands and wives will not voluntarily compromise, even the good divorce lawyer must take the case to court. The divorce manual recommended by Mr. Bemus, which would point out that peaceful settlements are wiser than court battles, might be helpful—but how does one get people to read and follow such a manual? I know how difficult it is, since I am the author of the well-reviewed and rarely read *The Truth About Divorce*.

Mr. Bemus recommends state-operated family arbitration centers as a way of keeping marital disputes out of court. This would be an unnecessary burden on the taxpayer, since, in most cases in which it is possible, these disputes are already settled outside of court, with lawyers as mediators. The disputes that cannot be settled by lawyers will not be settled by arbitration, either: These are hard-core cases of unreasonable, embittered spouses, who will not compromise the settlement terms to which they think they are entitled, or the small minority who take the view, "Over my dead body will I grant a divorce."

Changes in divorce laws are certainly necessary. Under most present laws, couples cannot settle issues such as support, custody, visitation privileges and property rights between themselves. They must establish *in court* that one of them is guilty of some marital fault. This ritual is thoroughly unrealistic. If a husband and wife have decided upon a divorce and have settled their differences by way of a separation agreement or property settlement, a divorce should follow as a matter of course upon application of both parties, through a consent decree granted by a court. If the court has some doubt with respect to the wisdom of a marital breakup, it should call upon experts such as those recommended by Mr. Bemus (psychiatrists, marriage counselors, social workers and the like). But if, despite the efforts of the experts, husband and wife are firm in their decision to dissolve the marriage, the court should accept the inevitable and grant the divorce.

Only in embittered situations is the destructive and expensive divorce proceeding criticized by Mr. Bemus necessary. While unsatisfactory, in such situations it is the best that can be done. The human mind has not yet invented a means of satisfying two people whose desires are mutually exclusive.

Morris Ploscowe  
Attorney at Law  
New York, New York

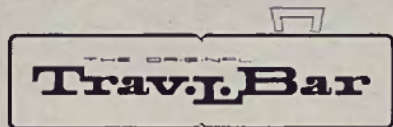
*A former New York City magistrate, Morris Ploscowe is presently in private practice and teaches family law at New York University. He is also the author of "Sex and the Law" and "Crime and Criminal Law."*



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**THE NONMARRYING KIND**

Much of current premarital-sex discussion misses the mark. To discuss this question in terms of "before marriage" assumes that marriage is planned for some future date. In many relationships, this is not the case.

Our society is based on marriage and the family unit; yet for many individuals, these time-honored institutions do not provide a suitable framework for happy and productive lives. This fact will have to be recognized before any really fruitful weighing of the pros and cons of non-marital intercourse can take place.

Dan Mabbutt  
Price, Utah

**THE HETEROSEXUAL MENACE**

I have just read the June *Playboy Forum* letter condemning J. Edgar Hoover's firing of an FBI agent for having a girl in his apartment overnight. It is clear to me that Mr. Hoover's action was in the interest of security, not morality, and that, therefore, it was entirely justified.

Patrick Cunningham  
Atlanta, Georgia

*It may be clear to you that Mr. Hoover's firing of the FBI clerk (he wasn't an agent, as you assert) was in the interest of security, but it doesn't seem to be clear to Mr. Hoover. An editorial in The Nation had this comment to make on the case: "This has nothing to do with security; it is solely a question of morality. A spokesman for the Bureau says: 'We have hundreds of young men and women coming to work for the FBI in Washington. We must be sure that their parents can be confident that they and their colleagues are living under exemplary conditions.' . . . A letter signed by Mr. Hoover was handed to Mr. Carter dismissing him for 'conduct unbecoming an employee of this Bureau.'"*

**CALIFORNIA SEX REFORM**

While prudes try to distort Hefner's words by accusing him of "shallowness," "hedonism," "materialism," etc., the basic common-sense foundation of *The Playboy Philosophy* is, step by step, changing our society for the better.

Here in California, a panel of experts has been busy drawing up a revised sexual penal code to be submitted to the state legislature. The primary intent of the code is to restrict criminal penalties to forcible acts and seduction of children, leaving all acts of consenting adults outside police jurisdiction. Arthur H. Sherry, former assistant attorney general and now professor of law and criminology at the University of California at Berkeley, is the project director, and he explained the thinking behind this new code in a recent *San Francisco Chronicle* story:

Private consensual sexual conduct between adults is, in fact, almost never [prosecuted] under current criminal law.

The extreme difficulty of detecting such conduct conduces to undesirable police practices on the rare occasions when the law is invoked.

Rarity of enforcement creates an acute problem of arbitrary and discriminatory police and prosecutory discretion.

Widespread knowledge that the law is violated with impunity by thousands every day creates disrespect for law generally.

There is substantial evidence that the moral sense of the community no longer exerts strong pressure for the use of criminal sanctions in this area.

The theoretical availability of criminal sanctions creates a situation in which extortion and, on occasion, police corruption may take place.

There is no evidence that any of the accepted goals of criminal punishment are served by proscribing such conduct.

All of these arguments were presented in *The Playboy Philosophy* when Hefner discussed our sex laws. I don't know to what extent Professor Sherry and the others on this panel are consciously influenced by Hefner, but I am convinced that such plain talk on a previously taboo subject would have been delayed 20 (or, perhaps, 50) years longer if PLAYBOY did not exist.

Andrew Wacker  
San Francisco, California

**GROSS INDECENCY**

In line with PLAYBOY's crusade to have the sexual behavior of consenting adults legalized, you will be interested to hear that we had a precedent-making case here in Manitoba. A husband and wife were dragged before Magistrate Ian Dubiński, charged with "gross indecency." It appears that four policemen had gone to the home of the couple in question to execute a liquor warrant. Peering through the small front-door window, the four stalwart defenders of law and order were horrified to observe a crime against the state occurring in the kitchen—the wife was performing fellatio upon the husband.

Magistrate Dubiński cleared the accused, saying that there was no real crime, because both partners had agreed to the act, and they were not exhibitionistic, since they "could not have anticipated the peering detectives."

Sanity, obviously, is finally beginning to appear in the interpretation of our sexual laws. Perhaps the day will arrive when any prurient detective who admits that he peeped through a window at the private acts of husband and wife will himself, quite properly, be arrested for "gross indecency."

Timothy Shea  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

**ENDING SODOMY FACTORIES**

In view of PLAYBOY's interest in prison reform, we thought you might like to know about a pioneering project planned by the Saskatchewan provincial government. Families of prison inmates will be integrated into a program to rehabilitate convicts and will be allowed to stay overnight with prisoners. Special facilities will provide privacy for normal conjugal relations between the prisoner and his wife. In the pilot phase of this family-therapy scheme, a special structure will be built at one of the province's correctional institutions. Initially, the facility will consist of two self-contained suites that will provide living accommodations for two families at a time.

This pilot program will, it is hoped, develop into an entirely new approach to the treatment of prisoners and will become an integral part of all of Saskatchewan's penal rehabilitation programs, since its benefits would be manifold: Such a program would improve prison morale and lessen tensions, decrease the incidence of sexual abnormality in prison and help the inmate maintain his status as a family member.

Doug Ewart  
Byron Howard  
Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan

*A program permitting married prisoners to visit with their wives twice a month in private quarters has been in effect for many years in the Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman. The program works smoothly and is thought by prison officials to alleviate sexual problems for at least some of the inmates and to contribute to rehabilitation and good morale.*

**OBSCENE ATROCITIES**

For your collection of imbecilic censorship actions: Vice-squad policemen in Melbourne recently seized 85 copies of a pacifist pamphlet, "American Atrocities in Vietnam," alleging that the descriptions of some atrocities were obscene.

George Wallace  
Melbourne, Australia

**AUTHORITY AND BRUTALITY**

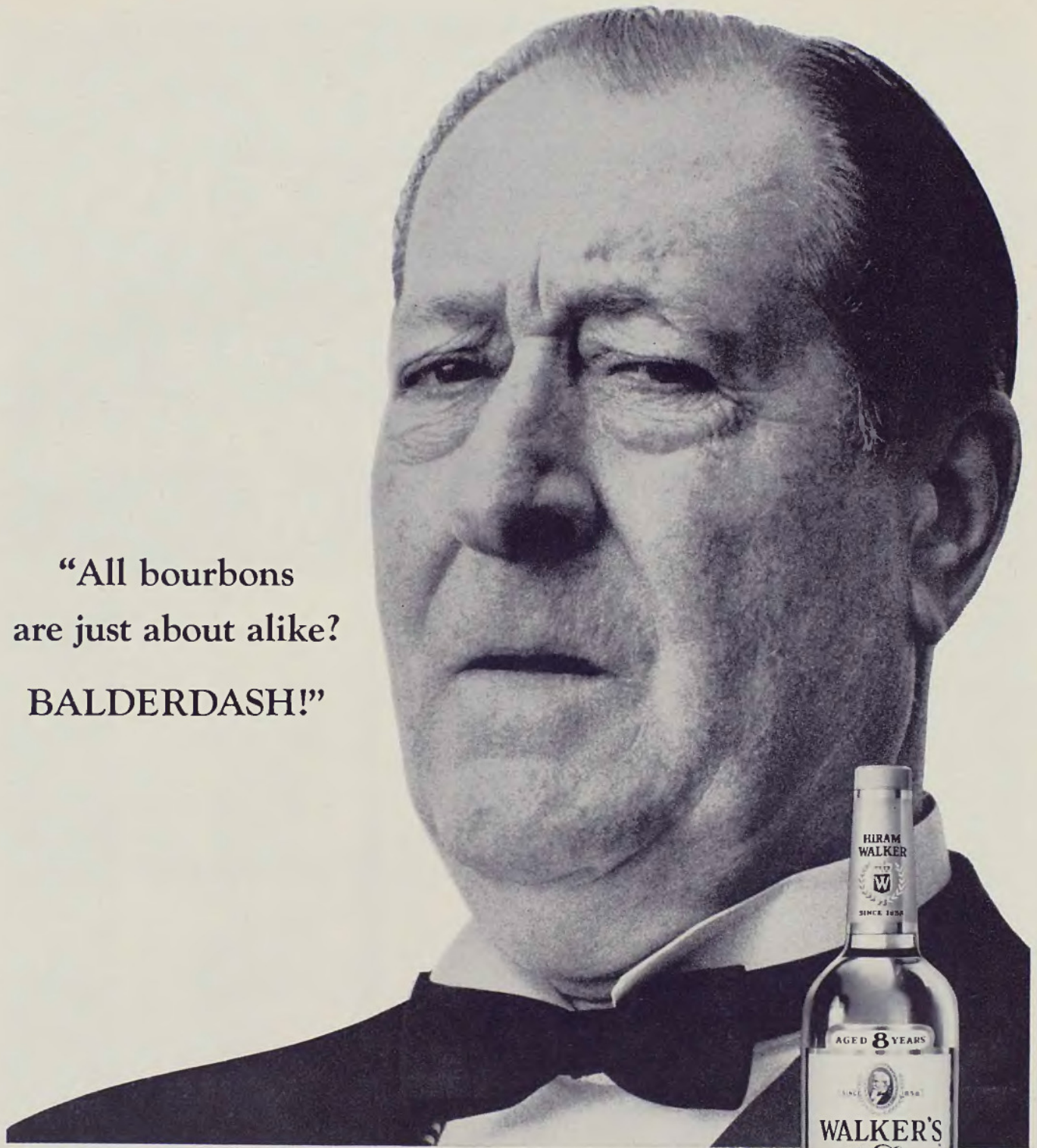
Some time ago, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* ran an item about a North Ridgeville High School girl who was paddled by a male teacher while being held by three other teachers. A subsequent news item confirmed the paddling and said that the principal of the school had "approved the action of four teachers who paddled a 16-year-old girl last Friday" because "the girl had been a disciplinary problem numerous times."

Within a month, the same newspaper published a story noting that a local Negro civil-rights leader had called off threatened marches into several suburban white communities because such marches would only result in violence.

(continued on page 160)



“All bourbons  
are just about alike?  
BALDERDASH!”



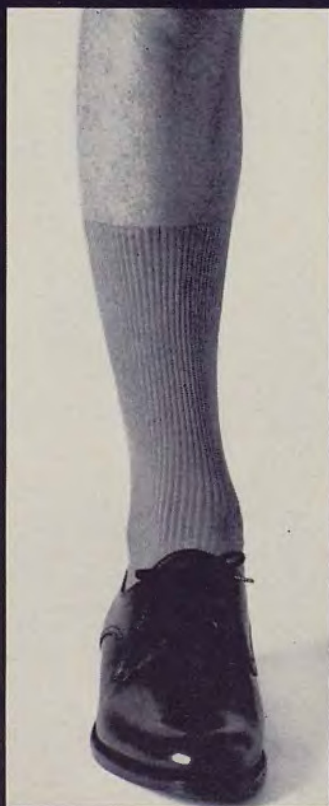
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If you're a person who hates to stay indoors watching television on a bright sunny day, we've got the perfect set for you. Because with the all-transistor Sony Sun Set, you can go outdoors and watch

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The secret is the screen. Instead of a conventional white screen, the Sun Set has a special black screen that cuts down the glare. Which means that the picture

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## The Sun Set





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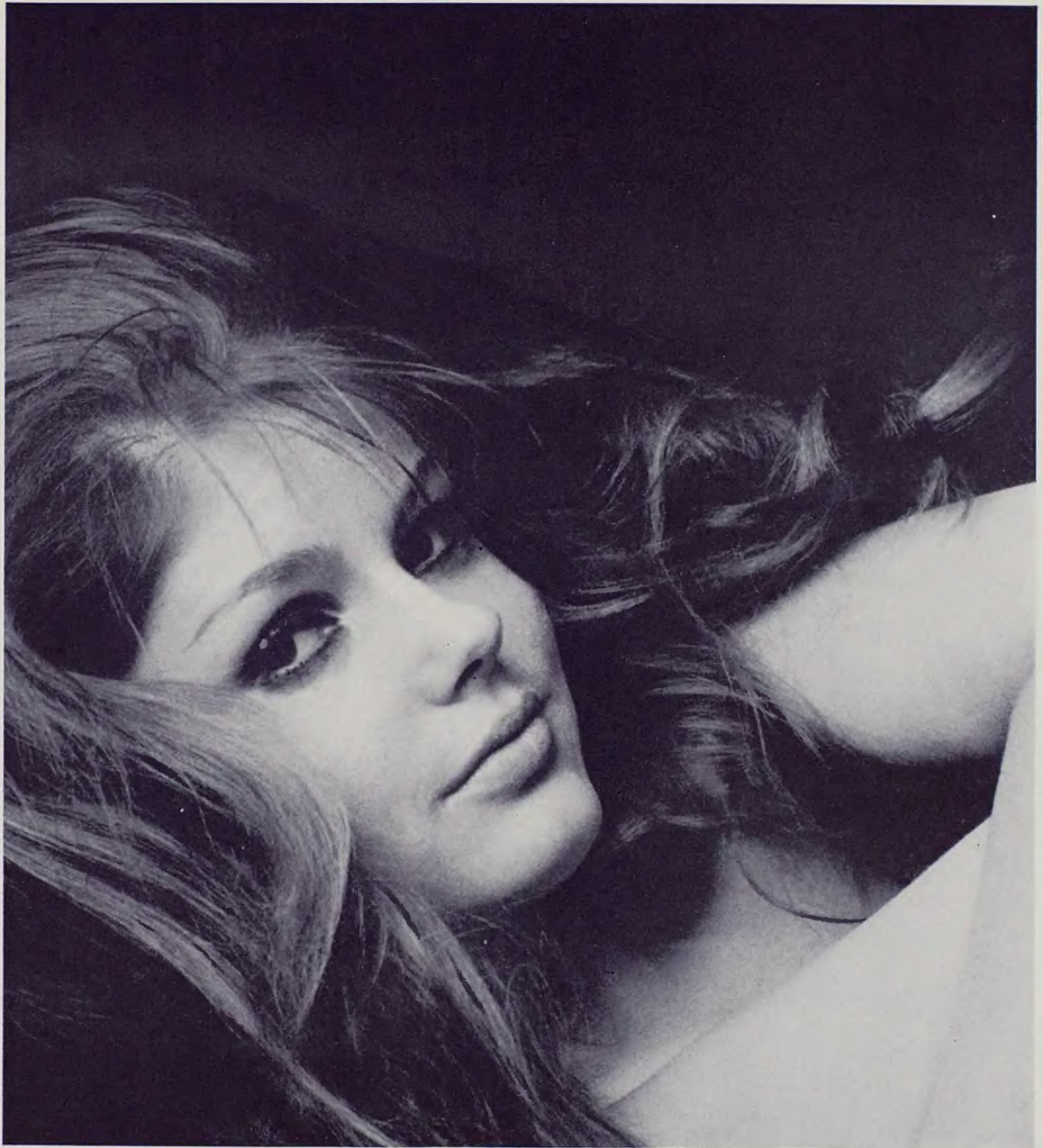
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

*a candid conversation with italy's master of cinematic anomie*

As the creator of such meticulously crafted and psychologically penetrating films as "L'Avventura," "Red Desert" and "Blow-Up," 55-year-old Michelangelo Antonioni has earned a lofty but controversial niche among cinematic chroniclers of the problems that beset modern man. With an intellectual's detachment and a prophet's conviction, he has explored the alienation of man in a depersonalized world, the fragility and ambivalence of his emotions and, above all, the impermanence of his love. Gaunt as a Giacometti sculpture, Antonioni himself presents a mask to the world. He claims to have little interest in material rewards, still less in critical acclaim or abuse; but he is no stranger to affluence—nor to the world of spiritually bankrupt overprivileged inhabitants by his lonely characters.

The son of a successful industrialist, he grew up in the quiet Po Valley city of Ferrara, winning regional tennis championships and earning a degree in economics and commerce. But he was already incubating a personal rebellion against provincial, middle-class merchant life and a passion for the cinema that inspired a pilgrimage to Rome. After gaining some experience as a film critic, he attended the Rome Experimental Film Center, selling his tennis trophies to keep from starving, until finally he began to meet and work with the directors who were making names for themselves—Roberto ("Open City") Rossellini, Giuseppe ("Bitter Rice") De Santis and Federico ("The White Sheik") Fellini, among others. After a term of military service, abbreviated by the liberation of Rome, Antonioni launched his career as

a director with a series of striking documentaries, which led to his first feature, "Cronaca di un Amore," in 1950. Dissatisfied with the earthy sociological approach of neorealism, Antonioni here preoccupied himself with the ways in which external reality shapes—and warps—the psyche, producing a haunting and poetic film that the critics promptly characterized as "interior neorealism." Set amid post-War Milanese high society, it detailed the collapse of an extramarital romance, destroyed by guilt after the woman's husband—who had been marked for murder by the conniving couple—unexpectedly dies.

Thus began Antonioni's somber psychoanalysis of 20th Century life, in all its complexity and anonymity. His succeeding films were suffused with a deepening fatalism. Self-destruction was the theme and denouement of both "Le Amiche," which Antonioni made in 1955, and "Il Grido," completed two years later. Against the background of industrial Turin, "Le Amiche" illuminated the stilted and superficial lives of a clique of wealthy women who toy with one another's deepest emotions until one of them finally commits suicide. In "Il Grido," an itinerant mechanic fathers a child by a married woman; when she rejects him after the death of her husband, he searches, with his daughter, for a new life; frustrated at every turn, he eventually throws himself off a water tower. The film paints an insightful but desolate picture of man in the Machine Age, rendered weak and rootless by the impersonality of his environment.

But the film that marks Antonioni's

coming of age as a director is "L'Avventura" (1960), the first of a cynical series about love among the affluent. It begins with the disappearance of a wealthy Roman girl whose lover, Sandro, and best friend, Claudia, begin a frenzied search for her. Soon they are lovers, however, and the missing girl is forgotten. But as they wander through the pleasure-filled world of Riviera resorts, Sandro pauses to accept the wares of a prostitute. Discovered by Claudia, he can only protest his frailty; to absolve herself of guilt for her own betrayal—of her lost friend—she resignedly forgives him. Thus fidelity and love itself have succumbed to ennui.

The next film in the series, "La Notte," covers a day in the life of a long-married and still affectionate—but loveless—couple. Giovanni, a successful novelist, circulates in the world of Milanese culture; Lidia, disillusioned by his ebbing spiritual resources, accompanies him on a visit to a dying friend, to a publication-day cocktail party, then takes a lonely walk through the places where they once lived, searching for time past. That evening, they go—separately—to a marathon party given by a wealthy industrialist, where Giovanni makes a halfhearted attempt to seduce the host's beautiful daughter. Toward dawn, Lidia scornfully confronts him with a passionate letter he had written to her years before. Ignoring the letter's implication—that he has since become emotionally, if not sexually, impotent—he makes love to her, but with a chilling new realization of his own psychic isolation. Marriage has kept them united in body but not



"We are loaded down with stale stuff—habits, customs, attitudes already dead and gone. The strength of the young Englishmen in 'Blow-Up' lies in their ability to throw out all such rubbish."



"When I look into the sky, the color of insects, snow crystals, I don't need God. Perhaps when I can no longer look and wonder, when I believe in nothing—then I might need something else."



"The public buys 'art'—but the word is drained of meaning. The old instruments of judgment, the old aesthetics, are no longer of any use to us—so much so that we no longer know what's beautiful."



in spirit, and their only reason for staying together is knowledge of each other's needs.

If lovers are doomed to infidelity and if marriage must lose its meaning, is there value in any human contact? "L'Eclisse," Antonioni's next film, answered this question with a sobering portrayal of a young woman's melancholy conclusion, after two unsatisfactory affairs, that men are islands and that true communication is impossible; attempts at constancy in love only hasten its demise. Antonioni ended the picture with a remarkable silent sequence, seven minutes long, in which the camera explores the streets and buildings of a futuristic Roman suburb—a stark symbol of a bleak and sterile hereafter.

Antonioni's first color film, the subtly shaded "Red Desert," concerns the futile search of a woman, whose husband is too preoccupied to care about her, for reassurance in the arms of another man. After this self-diminishing transgression, she wanders aboard a ship and explains to a sailor she happens to encounter, in an extended soliloquy, that she must return to face the responsibilities of her life. Despite the tragic tone of the ending, Antonioni seemed to be saying that acceptance and flexibility are the keys to survival in a shallow, shifting world.

Having dissected—and interred—Italy's "decadent" middle class, Antonioni was restless for a change of scene. A visit with Monica Vitti in England two years ago exposed him to "swinging London," where youth was radically recasting Britain's stuffy pipe-and-slippers image. The result was "Blow-Up," a film that dazzled and shocked both critics and audiences around the world. The protagonist is a successful young fashion photographer who occasionally sallies from the pop-op fantasy world of his studio to go slumming for socially pertinent candid shots in the "real" world. While enlarging prints of a couple in a public park, he suddenly discovers that he has recorded what seems to be evidence of a murder. But when he seeks counsel from his pot-smoking friends, he finds that to them the murder of a stranger is totally insignificant. Dejectedly wandering through the park—after discovering that the body has been spirited away—the photographer meets a group of students, their faces painted white, who are playing tennis with an imaginary ball. He joins their game. Moral: Reality is what one chooses to believe is real.

In projecting this personal reality on the screen, Antonioni has discarded the standard film clichés, striving instead for the sleek, uncluttered look, the unfettered flow of action, the almost

ascetically understated dialog and emotions that are essential to his cerebral cinematic style. While this unique "grammar" of the cinema, like his dark thematic preoccupations, has always been controversial, critical debate has never been more animated—or divided—than over the "meaning" of "Blow-Up." Why he chose to shoot it in English and in London and why its mood of passionless abandon is in such sharp contrast to his earlier, more somber works.

In the hope of learning the answers to these and many other questions about him, his art and his anomie, we decided to approach the elusive Il Dottore with our request for an exclusive interview. His reluctance to see the press and his monosyllabic evasiveness when cornered, are legend; but after more than a month of pursuit by telephone, cable and mail, he finally consented to talk to interviewer Curtis Pepper in Rome—but only subject to the most stringent stipulations. He insisted on approving not only the manuscript but the pictures as well: "I have no desire to have monstrous photographs of me floating around," he wired. Of 176 shots we took of him, he rejected all but 25, most of which showed him with his mouth shut, with his hand significantly covering his mouth or with his face wreathed in a mirthless, inappropriate smile.

Our conversations with him took place in his modest, book-strewn apartment on the periphery of Rome, across the river from the elegant Parioli district that has spawned the prototypes for many of his world-weary characters. On the floor above, not coincidentally, lives Monica Vitti, the coolly seductive blonde actress who has long been the maestro's leading lady in private life as well as on the screen. Antonioni answered our questions with veiled restraint, inadvertently punctuating his remarks with the facial tic he has been afflicted with since youth. The first version of the interview, which we sent to him for corrections, was a spare, impressionistic yet compelling portrait of this enigmatic man; although it was far from a revealing document, he felt he had confessed "too much" and wired that he was unhappy with the interview and needed time to correct it. The "corrected" copy was cut to three quarters of its original length, and what remained was severely modified. In subtly shaded tones of gray, Antonioni had succeeded in communicating how non-communicative he really is—but this veil of mystery is both Antonioni's public image and his chosen reality, in his life as in his films. In his assiduous effort to remain hidden behind it, we feel that he may have drawn it aside; but one can't be sure, for the man glimpsed behind it

—like the "inner meaning" divined by critics in his multileveled films—may simply be another mask. The reader, like the viewer, must decide for himself.

**PLAYBOY:** Your last film, *Blow-Up*, was shot in London. Were you trying to avoid censorship troubles in Italy because of its erotic scenes?

**ANTONIONI:** The eroticism has nothing to do with *Blow-Up*. There are some scenes where you see nudes, but these are not what's important in the film. Italian censors have passed it with very little cutting.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it intentional, in the scene where the photographer has an orgy with the two girls in his studio, that pubic hairs appear visible?

**ANTONIONI:** I didn't notice. If you can tell me where, I'll go and look.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that moviemakers should be free to depict total nudity on the screen?

**ANTONIONI:** I don't think it's necessary. The most important scenes between a man and a woman don't happen when they are naked.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything you think shouldn't be shown on the screen?

**ANTONIONI:** There can be no censorship better than one's own conscience.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you choose London as the setting for *Blow-Up*?

**ANTONIONI:** I happened to be there by chance, to see Monica Vitti while she was working in *Modesty Blaise*. I liked the happy, irreverent atmosphere of the city. People seemed less bound by prejudice.

**PLAYBOY:** In what sense?

**ANTONIONI:** They seemed much freer; I felt at home. In some way, I was impressed. Perhaps something changed inside me.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**ANTONIONI:** I'm no good at understanding myself. But those things I knew before that interested me now seem too limited. I feel I need other experiences, to see other people, learn new things.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it difficult working in a foreign country?

**ANTONIONI:** *Blow-Up* had a rather special story, about a photographer, and I followed the work of some of the more important ones, which made it easier. Also, he moved through a limited environment in London—a minority but elite group of swingers.

**PLAYBOY:** Apart from its setting, how does *Blow-Up* differ from your previous films?

**ANTONIONI:** Radically. In my other films, I have tried to probe the relationship between one person and another—most often, their love relationship, the fragility of their feelings, and so on. But in this film, none of these themes matters. Here.



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the relationship is between an individual and reality—those things that are around him. There are no love stories in this film, even though we see relations between men and women. The experience of the protagonist is not a sentimental nor an amorous one but, rather, one regarding his relationship with the world, with the things he finds in front of him. He is a photographer. One day, he photographs two people in a park, an element of reality that appears real. And it is. But reality has a quality of freedom about it that is hard to explain. This film, perhaps, is like Zen; the moment you explain it, you betray it. I mean, a film you can explain in words is not a real film.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you call *Blow-Up*, like so many of your others, a pessimistic film?

**ANTONIONI:** Not at all, because at the end, the photographer has understood a lot of things, including how to play with an imaginary ball—which is quite an achievement.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you feel that the photographer's decision to join the game and forget about the murder is a positive solution. Do you think this speaks well of the way youth deals with its problems?

**ANTONIONI:** Certainly. There's much talk about the problems of youth, but young people are not a problem. It's a natural evolution of things. We, who have known only how to make war and slaughter people, have no right to judge them, nor can we teach them anything.

**PLAYBOY:** Some people over 30 seem to feel that today's youth is a lost generation, withdrawn not only from commitment but, in the case of the hippies, from reality. Do you disagree?

**ANTONIONI:** I don't think they're lost at all. I'm not a sociologist nor a psychologist, but it seems to me they are seeking a new way to be happy. They are committed, but in a different way—and the right way, I think. The American hippies, for example, are against the war in Vietnam and against Johnson—but they combat the warmongers with love and peace. They demonstrate against police by embracing them and throwing flowers. How can you club a girl who comes to give you a kiss? That, too, is a form of protest. In California's "loving parties," there is an atmosphere of absolute calm, tranquillity. That, too, is a form of protest, a way of being committed. It shows that violence is not the only means of persuasion. It's a complicated subject—more so than it seems—and I can't handle it, because I don't know the hippies well enough.

**PLAYBOY:** Sometimes that tranquillity you spoke of is induced by hallucinogenic drugs. Does the use of such drugs alarm you?

**ANTONIONI:** No; some people have negative reactions or can't stand hallucinations, but others stand them extremely well. One of the problems of the future world will be the use of leisure time. How will it be filled up? Maybe drugs will be distributed free of charge by the government.

**PLAYBOY:** You've always emphasized both the importance and the difficulty of communication between people in your films. But doesn't the psychedelic experience tend to make people withdraw into an inner-directed mysticism, even drop out of society altogether? And doesn't this tend to destroy communication?

**ANTONIONI:** There are many ways of communicating. Some hold the theory that new forms of communication between people can be obtained through hallucinogenic drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you want to try some yourself?

**ANTONIONI:** You can't go to an LSD or pot party unless you take it yourself. If I want to go, I must take drugs myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you?

**ANTONIONI:** That's my business. But to show you the new mentality: I visited St. Mark's in Venice with a young woman who smokes pot, as do most young people in her environment. When we were above the gilded mosaics—St. Mark's is small and intimate—she exclaimed, "How I'd like to smoke here!" You see how new that reaction is? We don't even suspect it. There was nothing profane in her desire to smoke; she merely wanted to make her aesthetic emotions more intense. She wanted to make her pleasure giant-size before the beauty of St. Mark's.

**PLAYBOY:** Does this mean you believe that the old means of communicating have become masks, as you seem to suggest in your films, that obscure communication?

**ANTONIONI:** I think they become masks yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Is alienation, then—from one's self and from others—the subject of your films?

**ANTONIONI:** I never think in terms of alienation; it's the others who do. Alienation means one thing to Hegel, another to Marx and yet another to Freud; so it is not possible to give a single definition, one that will exhaust the subject. It is a question bordering on philosophy, and I'm not a philosopher nor a sociologist. My business is to tell stories, to narrate with images—nothing else. If I do make films about alienation—to use that word that is so ambiguous—they are about characters, not about me.

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difficulty communicating. The industrial landscape in *Red Desert*, for example, seems to leave little room for human emotion. It seems to dehumanize the characters.

**ANTONIONI:** Nothing regarding man is ever inhuman. That's why I make films, not iceboxes. I shot some of *Red Desert* along a road where half the horizon was filled with the pine trees that still surround Ravenna—though they are vanishing fast—while the other half of the skyline was taken up with a long line of factories, chimneys, tanks, grain silos, buildings, machinery. I felt that the skyline filled with things made by man, with those colors, was more beautiful and richer and more exciting for me than the long, green, uniform line of pinewoods, behind which I still sensed empty nature.

**PLAYBOY:** Most of the men in your films seem to cope very easily with this new technological reality, as far as their work relationships are concerned. But in their love relationships, they tend to be incapable of achieving or sustaining an emotional involvement. Compared with your female characters, they seem weak, lacking in initiative.

**ANTONIONI:** What do you mean—that there exists an ideal relationship between man and woman? Do you really think a man must be strong, masculine, dominating, and the woman frail, obedient and sensitive? This is a conventional idea. Reality is quite different.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that what you meant when you said once that women are the first to adapt themselves to an epoch, that they are closer to nature and thus stronger?

**ANTONIONI:** I said women were a finer filter of reality. They can sniff things.

**PLAYBOY:** You also said that you understand them better than men. Why?

**ANTONIONI:** It's only natural. I've had intimate relations with women but not with men.

**PLAYBOY:** Are the Italian women you've known different from those of other nationalities?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes, of course.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**ANTONIONI:** This is becoming frivolous. It leads to such platitudes as that French women are calculating; Italian women, instinctive; English women, hot. The women I like, no matter what nationality, all seem to have more or less the same qualities. Perhaps this is because one goes looking for them—that is, you like that type of woman and then look for her. I've always dreamed of getting to know the women of other countries better. When I was a boy, I remember, I used to get angry at the thought that I did not know German or American or Swedish women. I hope the women in

my films have at least a minimal common denominator with the women of other countries, because, after all, the problems are more or less the same.

**PLAYBOY:** Your heroines tend to be mature in years. Do you find older women more attractive than young girls?

**ANTONIONI:** It depends upon the age of the woman you're in love with.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you find most attractive sexually in a woman?

**ANTONIONI:** A woman's sex appeal is an inner matter. It stems from her mental make-up, basically. It's an attitude, not just a question of her physical features—that arrogant quality in a woman's femininity. Otherwise, all beautiful women would have sex appeal, which is not so.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think there can be love without eroticism between a man and a woman?

**ANTONIONI:** I believe it's all the same thing. I can't imagine love without a sexual charge.

**PLAYBOY:** In your films, though, you imply that love is more complex, that even when two people are attracted to each other, they have to struggle to keep their love alive. Why?

**ANTONIONI:** That love is a conflict seems to me obvious and natural. There isn't a single worthwhile work in world literature based on love that is *only* about the conquest of happiness, the effort to arrive at what we call love. It's the *struggle* that has always interested those who produce works of art—literature, cinema or poetry. But I can't give any absolute definition of what love is, or even whether it ought to exist.

**PLAYBOY:** Love seems to bring little happiness to your characters. Has this been true of your own life?

**ANTONIONI:** I read somewhere that happiness is like the bluebird of Maeterlinck: Try to catch it and it loses its color. It's like trying to hold water in your hands. The more you squeeze it, the more the water runs away. Personally, I know very little about love.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about marriage?

**ANTONIONI:** I'm more or less skeptical about marriage, because of family ties, relations between children and parents—it's all so depressing. The family today counts for less and less. Why? Who knows—the growth of science, the Cold War, the atomic bomb, the world war we've made, the new philosophies we've created: certainly something is happening to man, so why go against it, why oblige this new man to live by the mechanisms and regulations of the past?

**PLAYBOY:** What about religion? Do you agree with those who say God is dead?

**ANTONIONI:** I remember a character in a

Hemingway story who was asked, "Do you believe in God?" And he answered, "Sometimes, at night." When I see nature, when I look into the sky, the dawn, the sun, the colors of insects, snow crystals, the night stars, I don't feel a need for God. Perhaps when I can no longer look and wonder, when I believe in nothing—then, perhaps, I might need something else. But I don't know what. All I know is that we are loaded down with old and stale stuff—habits, customs, old attitudes already dead and gone. The strength of the young Englishmen in *Blow-Up* lies in their ability to throw out all such rubbish.

**PLAYBOY:** What besides marriage and religion would you throw out?

**ANTONIONI:** The sense of nation, "good breeding," certain forms and ceremonies that govern relationships—perhaps even jealousy. We're not aware of all of them yet, though we suffer from them. And they mislead us not only about ethics but also about aesthetics. The public buys "art"—but the word is drained of its meaning. Today we no longer know what to call art, what its function is and even less what function it will have in the future. We know only that it is something dynamic—unlike many ideas that have governed us.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of ideas?

**ANTONIONI:** Take Einstein; wasn't he looking for something stable and changeless in this enormous, constantly changing melting pot that is the universe? He sought fixed rules. Today, instead, it would be helpful to find all those rules that show how and why the universe is *not* fixed—how this dynamism develops and acts. Then maybe we will be able to explain many things, perhaps even art, because the old instruments of judgment, the old aesthetics, are no longer of any use to us—so much so that we no longer know what's beautiful and what isn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Many critics have called you one of the foremost directors in the search for a new aesthetic, in changing the "grammar" of the cinema. Do you feel you've brought any innovations to the screen?

**ANTONIONI:** Innovation comes spontaneously. I don't know if I've done anything new. If I have, it's just because I had begun to feel for some time that I couldn't stand certain films, certain modes, certain ways of telling a story, certain tricks of plot development, all of it predictable and useless.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it the old techniques that bothered you—or simply the old story lines?

**ANTONIONI:** Both, I think. The basic divergence was in substance, in what was being filmed—and this had been determined by the insecurity of our lives. A



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particular type of film emerged from World War Two, with the Italian neo-realist school. It was perfectly right for its time, which was as exceptional as the reality around us. Our major interest focused on that and on how we could relate to it. Later, when the situation normalized and post-War life returned to what it had been in peacetime, it became important to see the intimate, interior consequences of all that had happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't your own interest in the interior of external events, in man's reaction to reality, date back to before the War? Your first film venture, a documentary, was shot in a mental hospital in Ferrara. Why did you choose that subject?

**ANTONIONI:** As I suffer from nervous tics, I had gone for consultation to a neurologist who was in charge of this mental home. Sometimes I had to wait, and found myself in contact with the insane, and I liked the atmosphere. I found it full of poetic potential. But the film was a disaster.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**ANTONIONI:** I wanted to do it with real schizophrenics, and the director of this hospital agreed. He was a bit mad himself—a very tall man who demonstrated reactions of mad people to pain by rolling about on the floor with the rest of them. But he provided me with some schizophrenics and I chatted with them, explaining how they were supposed to move in the first scene. They were amazingly docile and they did everything in rehearsal as I asked them. Everything was fine—until we lit the klieg lights and they came under a glare that they'd never seen before. All hell broke loose. They threw themselves on the ground; they began to howl—it was ghastly. We were in a sea of them and I was absolutely petrified. I hadn't even the strength to shout "Stop!" So we didn't shoot the documentary; but I've never forgotten that scene.

**PLAYBOY:** You left Ferrara to attend the University of Bologna. What made you decide not to return to Ferrara? Didn't you like it there?

**ANTONIONI:** I enjoyed myself tremendously in Ferrara. The troubles began later. But I didn't like university life much at Bologna. The subjects I studied—economics and business administration—didn't interest me. I wanted to make films. I was glad when I was graduated. Yet it's odd: on graduation day, I was overcome with a terrible sadness. I realized that my youth was over and now the struggle had begun.

**PLAYBOY:** And you went to Rome?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes; and the early years there were very hard. I wrote reviews for a film magazine; and when they fired me, I was penniless for days. I even stole a steak from a restaurant. Someone had

ordered it but was away from the table when it came, so I put it in a newspaper and ran out. My father had money—he was then a small industrialist—and he wanted me back in Ferrara. But I refused and lived by selling tennis trophies; I had boxes full of them that I'd won in tournaments during college days. I pawned and sold them all. I was miserable, since I'd won them myself.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you switch from film criticism to film directing?

**ANTONIONI:** I went to the Experimental Film Center in Rome, but stayed only three months. The technical aspect of films—by itself alone—has never interested me very much. After you've learned two or three basic rules of cinema grammar, you can do what you like—including breaking those rules.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you began to direct?

**ANTONIONI:** No, it wasn't that easy. At first I wrote filmscripts. I did one with Rossellini, called *Un Pilota Ritorna*. I'll never forget Roberto. In those days, he lived in a big empty house he'd found in Rome and was almost always in bed, because it was the only piece of furniture he had. We worked on his bed, with him in it. From this I moved on to other things, until I was drafted into the army. The hell began then.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of army life?

**ANTONIONI:** No, the nightmare was to work on the set of a film I had helped write—*I Due Foscari*, with Enrico Fulchignoni directing—and still show up as a soldier. I used to sneak out of camp at night and crawl back at dawn, over a wall or sometimes through a hole under a hedge. It was freezing and I was paralyzed from this and from sheer exhaustion.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you keep going back over the wall?

**ANTONIONI:** Because of the excitement of working on a film, although only in a small way as an assistant. They let me experiment and I learned a lot, especially about camera movement and how to relate the movement of actors to the field of your lens.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you work on any other films while you were in the army?

**ANTONIONI:** Michele Scalera [head of Scalera Films] called me in one day and asked me if I'd like to go to France to work with Marcel Carné—as his co-director—on a picture being co-produced by Scalera. I couldn't believe it—co-direct with this man who was the greatest of his day—and said yes. I had to pull strings all over Rome to get leave from the army. Then, when I got it, I was stopped at the French border. It was maddening. When I finally got to Paris, it was Sunday and I found Carné shooting in the suburbs. He looked at me like I had brought the plague. Finally, he said, "You've got eyes, my friend. Look." After that, he said nothing more to me. I

didn't dare tell him I was supposed to be the co-director. I merely said I was to be his assistant; but I was never even that. We went to Nice for some exteriors and the train was so crowded I rode on the car steps, hanging on for my life. Carné spoke to me again, then—obviously scared I'd get hurt and he'd have to pay for it. At Nice we stayed at the Negresco, where I began to enjoy myself a bit. I met the nursemaid of a rich family and made some notes for a film on the life of a great hotel, seen from the back rooms. Somewhere along the line, I eventually lost the notes, but I'll never forget Carné. Scalera had wanted me to stay on in France and work with Gremillion and Cocteau, but my leave ran out and I had to hurry back to the army in Italy.

**PLAYBOY:** Mussolini's regime collapsed shortly afterward. How did this affect you?

**ANTONIONI:** It forced me into a hand-to-mouth existence. During the German Occupation of Rome, cinema didn't exist. I earned a little money by doing translations—Gide's *La Porte Etroite*, Morand's *Monsieur Zero*. But then I became involved with the Action party and the Germans looked for me. I escaped to the Abruzzi hills, but they followed me there and I had to escape once more. Finally, when the Allies took Rome, we could begin again.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that lean period color the political or social outlook of your later films?

**ANTONIONI:** That had already begun, long before. When I was a boy, we often went with friends to swim in the Po, which flows near Ferrara. There were *barconi*, great river boats towed by men dragging them from the towpath. Men pulling five or six boats, against a river's current, made a tremendous impression on me. I returned time and again to stare at them and at the people who lived on them, with their families and chickens, and washing hung out; the boat was their home. It was here that I got my first glimpse of the bad distribution of wealth. Later, I began to make *Gente del Po* [*People of the Po*]. It was my first documentary and the first time I ever handled a cinecamera.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet your first feature—*Cronaca di un Amore*, in 1950—caused a sensation by breaking with the neorealist school's penchant for portraying the working class. This film and most of those you've made since then are about the affluent middle class. Why?

**ANTONIONI:** I've made films about the middle classes because I know them best. Everyone talks about what he knows best. The struggle for life is not only the material and economic one. Comfort is no protection from anxiety. In any case, the idea of giving "all" of reality is overly simple and absurd. I take a subject and analyze it, as in a






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laboratory. The deeper I can go in the analysis, the smaller the subject becomes—and the better I know it. This doesn't prevent a return from the particular subject to the general, from the isolated character to the entire society. But in *Cronaca di un Amore*, I was interested in seeing what the War had done more to the mind and spirit of individuals than to their place in the framework of society. That's why I began to make films that the French critics described as "interior neorealism." The aim was to put the camera inside the characters—not outside. *The Bicycle Thief* was a great film in which the camera remained always outside the characters. Neorealism also taught us to follow the characters with the camera, allowing each shot its own real interior time. Well, I became tired of all this; I could no longer stand real time. In order to function, a shot must show only what is useful.

**PLAYBOY:** Why couldn't you stand real time?

**ANTONIONI:** Because there are too many useless moments. It's pointless to describe them.

**PLAYBOY:** Your insistence on paring the superfluous from your films is also reflected in the sparseness of your dialog. Is that why you prefer to establish the dark, cold mood of your films with a background of gray, cloudy skies?

**ANTONIONI:** In the early days, the films I shot in black and white were fairly dramatic, so the gray sky helped create an atmosphere. *Cronaca di un Amore*, for example, was set in Milan in winter—which was correct for climate and mood. But the sun also limits movements. At that time, I used very long shots, turning through 180 degrees; it's obvious that the sun will stop you from doing that sort of thing. So, with a gray sky you move ahead faster, without problems of camera position.

**PLAYBOY:** In your last two films, you've switched to color. You've kept the gray skies, but you've been known to change the colors of roads and buildings for effect. What don't you like about real colors?

**ANTONIONI:** Wouldn't it be ridiculous if you asked a painter that same question? It's untrue to say the colors I use are not those of reality. They *are* real: The red I use is red; the green, green; blue, blue; and yellow, yellow. It's a matter of arranging them differently from the way I find them, but they are always real colors. So it's not true that when I tint a road or a wall, they become unreal. They stay real, though colored differently for my scene. I'm forced to modify or eliminate colors as I find them in order to make an acceptable composition. Let's suppose we have a blue sky. Who knows if it's going to work; or, if I don't need it, where can I put it? So I pick a gray day for a neutral back-

ground, where I can insert all the color elements I need—a tree, a house, a ship, a car, a telegraph pole. It's like having a white paper on which to apply colors. If I begin with a blue sky, half the picture is already painted blue. But what if I don't happen to need blue? Color forces you to invent. It's more than just a challenge, though. There are practical reasons for working in it today. Reality itself is steadily becoming more colored. Think of what factories were like, especially in Italy at the beginning of the 19th Century, when industrialization was just beginning: gray, brown and smoky. Color didn't exist. Today, instead, most everything is colored. The pipe running from the basement to the 12th floor is green because it carries steam. The one carrying electricity is red, and that with water is purple. Also, plastic colors have filled our homes, even revolutionized our taste. Pop art grew out of that and was possible because of this change in taste. Another reason for switching to color is world television. In a few years, it will all be in color, and you can't compete against that with black-and-white films.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides the switch to color, have your methods of filming a picture changed much from the early days?

**ANTONIONI:** I've never had a method of working. I change according to circumstances; I don't employ any particular technique or style. I make films instinctively, more with my belly than with my brain.

**PLAYBOY:** How does the process begin?

**ANTONIONI:** With a theme, a small idea that develops within me. The idea for the next film, which I want to make in America, came to me from something I can't tell you about fully, because it would mean telling the story of the film. But someone told me of an absurd little episode, saying, "Just think what happened to me today. I couldn't come for this and that reason." I went home and thought about it—and upon that small episode I began to build, until I found I had a story, growing out of a small event. You put in everything that accumulates inside you. And it's an enormous quantity of stuff—mostly from watching and observing. The way I relax, what I like doing most, is watching. That's why I like traveling, to have new things before my eyes—even a new face. I enjoy myself like that and can stay for hours, looking at things, people, scenery. Do you know, when I was a boy, I always had bumps on my head from running into mailboxes because I was always turning around to stare at people. I also used to climb onto window sills to look into houses—yes, I was crazy—to peek at someone I'd seen in the window. So around the kernel of an idea or an episode, you instinctively add all you have accumulated by watching, talking, living, observing.

**PLAYBOY:** And then you begin to write a script?

**ANTONIONI:** No, that's the last thing I do. When I'm sure I have a story, I call my collaborators and we begin to discuss it. And we conduct studies of certain subjects to make sure of our terrain. Then, finally, in the last month or two, I write the story.

**PLAYBOY:** How long does this gestation period last?

**ANTONIONI:** Perhaps six months. Then I start shooting.

**PLAYBOY:** When do you pick your actors?

**ANTONIONI:** When you work on a character, you form in your mind an image of what he ought to look like. Then you go and find one who resembles him. For *Blow-Up*, I began with photographs sent by agents, throwing them out one by one. Then I went around looking into theaters. I found David Hemmings in a small London production.

**PLAYBOY:** Once you've cast the film and begin to shoot, do you stick to your script or ignore it?

**ANTONIONI:** The script is a starting point, not a fixed highway. I must look through the camera to see if what I've written on the page is right or not. In the script, you describe imagined scenes, but it's all suspended in mid-air. Often, an actor viewed against a wall or a landscape, or seen through a window, is much more eloquent than the lines you've given him. So then you take out the lines. This happens often to me and I end up saying what I want with a movement or a gesture.

**PLAYBOY:** At what point does this take place?

**ANTONIONI:** When I have the actor there, beginning to move, I notice what is useful and what is superfluous and eliminate the superfluous—but only then, at that moment. That's why they call it improvisation, but it's not; it's just making the film. Everything you do before consists of notes; the script is simply a series of notes for the film.

**PLAYBOY:** How closely do your scripts conform to the final product?

**ANTONIONI:** I rewrite the scenarios afterward, when I've already made the film and I know what I wanted to do.

**PLAYBOY:** It's said that you insist on being left alone on the set for 15 or 20 minutes before beginning to shoot. True?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes. Before each new setup, I chase everyone off the set in order to be alone and look through the camera. In that moment, the film seems quite easy. But then the others come in and everything becomes difficult.

**PLAYBOY:** If you go on changing scenes right through to the last stroke of the clapstick, it must be rough on the actors, too. Do you think that's why some of them say it's difficult to work for you?

**ANTONIONI:** Who says so? I really don't believe that's true. I simply know what the actor's attitude should be and what





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he should say. He doesn't, because he can't see the relationship that begins to exist between his body and the other things in the scene.

**PLAYBOY:** But shouldn't he understand what you have in mind?

**ANTONIONI:** He simply must *be*. If he tries to understand too much, he will act in an intellectual and unnatural manner.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you prefer, then, not to talk to the actor about his role?

**ANTONIONI:** No, it's obvious that I must explain what I want from him, but I don't want to discuss everything I ask him to do, because often my requests are completely instinctive and there are things I can't explain. It's like painting: You don't know why you use pink instead of blue. You simply feel that's how it should be—pink. Then the phone rings and you answer it. When you come back, you don't want pink anymore and you use blue—without knowing why. You can't help it; that's just the way it is.

**PLAYBOY:** So you want your actors to do what you tell them without asking questions and without trying to understand why?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes. I want an actor to try to give me what I ask in the best and most exact way possible. He mustn't try to find out more, because then there's the danger that he'll become his own director. It's only human and natural that he should see the film in terms of his own part, but I have to see the film as a whole. He must therefore collaborate selflessly, totally. I've worked marvelously with Monica [Vitti] and Vanessa [Redgrave] because they always tried to follow me. It's never important for me if they don't understand, but it is important that I should have recognized what I wanted in what they gave me—or in what they proposed.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you sometimes deliberately misdirect actors, giving them a false motivation to produce the reaction you really want from them?

**ANTONIONI:** Of course, I tell them something different, to arrive at certain results. Or I run the camera without telling them. And sometimes their mistakes give me ideas I can use, because mistakes are always sincere, absolutely sincere.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever worked with Method actors?

**ANTONIONI:** They're absolutely terrible. They want to direct themselves, and it's a disaster. Their idea is to reach a certain emotional charge; actors are always a little high at work. Acting is their drug. So when you put the brakes on, they're naturally a little disappointed. And I've always played down the drama in my films. In my main scenes, there's never an opportunity for an actor to let go of everything he's got inside. I always try to tone down the acting, because my stories demand it, to the point where I

might change a script so that an actor has no opportunity to come out well. I say this for Monica, too. I'm sure that she has never given all she could in my films, because the scenes just weren't there. Take a film like *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* It offers an actress every possibility. If she's really good and has qualities like Liz Taylor, it comes out. But Liz Taylor never displayed these qualities in other films, because she never had a part like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Some directors claim it's difficult to direct a woman they love. Is this true with Monica Vitti?

**ANTONIONI:** I have no difficulty, because I forget about the relationship between myself and any actress when working with her.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you number Monica among the most gifted actresses you've ever seen?

**ANTONIONI:** Monica is certainly the first who comes to my mind. I can't think of another as good as Vanessa, as strong as Liz Taylor, as true as Sophia Loren or as modern as Monica. Monica is astonishingly mobile. Few actresses have such mobile features. She has her own personal and original way of acting.

**PLAYBOY:** What about directors? Have you any favorites?

**ANTONIONI:** They change, like favorite authors. I had a passion for Gide and Stein and Faulkner. But now they're no use to me anymore. I've assimilated them—so, enough, they are a closed chapter. This also applies to film directors. Also, when I see a good film, it's like a whiplash. I run away, in order not to be influenced. Thus, the films I liked most are those I think least about.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you an admirer of Ingmar Bergman?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes; he's a long way from me, but I admire him. He, too, concentrates a great deal on individuals; and although the individual is what interests him most, we are very far apart. His individuals are very different from mine; his problems are different from mine—but he's a great director. So is Fellini, for that matter.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do between films? Do you feel the same emptiness as Fellini when you're not working?

**ANTONIONI:** I don't know how it is with Fellini. I never feel empty. I travel a lot and I think about other films.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you ever bored?

**ANTONIONI:** I don't know. I never look at myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever known anyone who has understood you?

**ANTONIONI:** Everyone has understood me in his own way. But I would have to understand myself first in order to judge—and so far, I haven't.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you many friends?

**ANTONIONI:** The close friends remain

fairly fixed. The older I get, the more I like people whom we call *mezzi matti*—half crazy. I like them best because they fit into my conviction that life should be taken ironically; otherwise, it becomes a tragedy. Fitzgerald said a very interesting thing in his diary: that human life proceeds from the good to the less good—that is, it's always worse as you go on. That's true.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said your films always leave you unsatisfied. Isn't that true of the work of most creative artists?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes, but especially for me, since I've always worked under fairly disastrous conditions economically.

**PLAYBOY:** Have all the lost years—the time wasted fighting against incomprehension from producers—left you bitter?

**ANTONIONI:** I try not to think about it. I dislike judging myself, but I will say I would be wealthy today if I had accepted all the films that have been offered to me with large sums of money. But I've always refused, in order to do what I felt like doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been tempted?

**ANTONIONI:** Yes, often.

**PLAYBOY:** As far as wealth goes, didn't the success of *Blow-Up* make you rich?

**ANTONIONI:** I'm not rich and maybe I'll never be rich. Money is useful—yes—but I don't worship it.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your next film? Do you intend to continue working outside Italy?

**ANTONIONI:** Quite frankly, I'd like to, but don't know if I'll have the strength. It isn't easy to understand the lives of people different from your own. I'm thinking about doing a film in the United States, as I mentioned earlier, but I don't know if it will come off.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever considered making an autobiographical film, like some of Fellini's?

**ANTONIONI:** My films have always had an element of immediate autobiography, in that I shoot any particular scene according to the mood I'm in that day, according to the little daily experiences I've had and am having—but I don't tell what has happened to me. I would like to do something more strictly autobiographical, but perhaps I never will, because it isn't interesting enough, or I won't have the courage to do it. No, that's nonsense, because it isn't a question of courage. It's simply that I believe in the autobiographical concept only to the degree that I am able to put onto film all that's passing through my head at the moment of shooting.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever thought about retiring?

**ANTONIONI:** I'll go on making films until I make one that pleases me from the first to the last frame. Then I'll quit.







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# THE SHARERS



MY WIFE ADELE says that if I had ever really made peace with myself, as I keep telling her I have, I would not refer to myself as "colored." Instead, I would say, "I'm black" or "I'm a Negro," but never "I'm colored." This reasoning stems from the fact that her father was a very light Jamaican who, when he came to this country, referred to himself constantly as "a person of color." Adele is very conscious of any such attempt at masquerade, though I have never heard her refer to herself as a "Negress," which term she finds derogatory. She also goes to the beauty parlor once a week to have her hair straightened, but she says this is only to make it more manageable, and disavows any suggestion that she does it to look more like a white woman. She, like her father, is very light.

For Adele's benefit and to correct any possible misunderstanding, I hereby state that I am a colored black Negro. I was born and raised in a little town near Saint Petersburg, Florida, and the only racial discomfort I ever experienced was when I was still coming along and was walking with my sister over a little wooden bridge leading somewhere, I didn't know where, and a gang of white kids attacked me. They did not touch my sister. They beat me up and sent me home crying. When my grandmother asked me why I had been so foolish as to attempt walking over that particular bridge, I said, "I wanted to see what was on the other side."

I left home in 1946 to attend Fordham University in New York, where I majored in accounting. I got my degree in June of 1950 and was immediately shipped to Korea. I met a lot of different people there, black and white, Northerner and Southerner, and the only problems I had were trying to stay warm and fed and alive. I will tell you more about that later. I met Adele in 1953, when I was discharged; and shortly after that, I got the job with Goldman, Fish and Rutherford. I still work there. Adele and I were married in October of 1954, and we now have one child, a daughter named Marcia, who is 11 years old and is having orthodontic work done. I tell you all this merely to provide some sort of background for what happened with Harry Pryor.

I have always thought of myself as a reasonable man, you see. I am 38 years old; and whereas it infuriates me whenever I hear a racial slur, I still don't think I would go to the South to do civil rights work. I'm very content with what I have: a good marriage, a good job, a daughter who is going to be a beauty, once she gets rid of her braces, a house in North Stamford and many many friends, some of whom are white.

In fact, everyone in my train group is white. I usually catch the 8:01 express from Stamford, which arrives at 125th Street in New York at 8:38. That's where I get off. The train continues on down to Grand Central, but I get off at 125th Street, because Goldman, Fish and Rutherford has its offices on 86th and Madison and it would be silly for me to go all the way downtown only to head back in the other direction again. There are generally six or seven fellows in the train group, depending on who has missed the train on any given morning. We always meet on the platform. I don't know where the 8:01 makes up, but when it reaches Stamford, there are still seats, and we generally grab the first eight on either side of the aisle coming into the last car. We carry containers of coffee with us, and doughnuts or coffecake, and we have a grand time eating our breakfast, chatting and joking all the way to New York.

The morning I met Harry Pryor, I spilled coffee on his leg.

He is white, a tall person with very long legs. He has a mustache and he wears thick-lensed glasses that magnify his pale-blue eyes. He is about my age, I would guess, 38 or 39, something like that. What happened was that I tripped over his foot as I was taking my seat and spilled half a container of coffee on him, which is not exactly a good way to begin a relationship. I apologized profusely, of course, and offered him my clean handkerchief, which he refused, and then I sat down with the fellows. None of them seemed to mind Harry being there among us. I, myself, figured he was a friend of one of the other fellows. He didn't say anything that first morning, just listened and smiled every now and then when somebody told a joke. I got off at 125th Street, as usual, and took a taxi down to 86th Street.

You may think it strange that a fellow who earns only \$200 a week, and who has a \$20,000 mortgage on his house and a daughter who is costing a fortune to have her teeth straightened, would be so foolish as to squander hard-earned money on a taxicab to and from work when the Lexington Avenue subway is only a block away from the New York Central tracks and only a single express stop from 86th Street. Why, you may ask, would a workingman allow himself the luxury of a taxi ride every morning and every night, which ride costs a dollar plus a 25-cent tip each way, when the subway costs only 20 cents? I'll tell you why.

When I was a soldier in Korea, I was very hungry and very cold most of the time. Also, I almost got shot. So I decided if ever I was lucky enough to become a civilian again, I would not deny myself any little luxuries that might make life more comfortable or more interesting or even just more bearable. The first luxury I did not deny myself was buying Adele a two-carat

*fiction* By EVAN HUNTER on the train he was just like the rest of them, but man to man in a taxi, it was a disturbingly familiar story



engagement ring that cost me \$3500, which was every penny I had managed to save during the War. Anyway, that's why I take a taxicab every morning. And every night, too. I like to pamper myself. When you've almost been shot once or twice, you begin to realize you'd better enjoy whatever time you have left on this good sweet earth of ours.

The next time I saw Harry, he was carrying a container of coffee and he looked exactly like the rest of us. He took one of the seats we usually reserved for the group and made a little joke about my not spilling coffee on him this morning, please. I laughed, because I still thought he was somebody's friend. In fact, we all laughed. This encouraged him to tell a joke about two guys in the men's room, which was really a pretty good joke. I got off, as usual, at 125th, and Harry said goodbye to me when all the other fellows did. I took my taxicab downtown, smoked a cigar and read my newspaper.

The next morning, Harry got off at 125th Street, too.

Now, I don't know whether or not you're familiar with this particular section of New York City. It is Harlem. On one corner, there's a big red-brick building that must have been an armory at one time, but which now houses a gymnasium and an association trying to combat drug addiction, and another association soliciting clothing and food for the people down South. There's a luncheonette on the opposite corner and a newsstand and a Loft's on one side under the overhead tracks, and a hot-dog stand on the other side. If you come straight out onto 125th Street and stand on Park Avenue waiting for a taxicab, you're out of luck. Every commuter who was on the train comes rushing down the steps to grab for cabs with both hands; it's a regular mob scene. So what I usually do is walk a block north, up to 126th Street, and I wait on the corner there, which is similar to shortstopping the chow line, an old trick I learned in Korea, where I was hungry all the time.

Harry and I came down the steps together that morning, but I immediately started for 126th Street, not asking him where he was going, because I figured it was none of my business. He usually rode the train in to Grand Central, but here he was, getting off at 125th, and I didn't know what to think. Maybe he had a girl up there in Harlem or something, I didn't know and I wasn't asking. All I was interested in doing was getting a taxicab, because it can get pretty chilly standing on 126th Street and Park Avenue in January. I got my taxi within five minutes and I sat back and lit my cigar; but as I passed the next corner, I noticed that Harry was still standing there trying to get a cab for himself. I didn't ask the driver to stop for him, but I made a mental note of it, which I

forgot soon enough, because Harry didn't get off at 125th again until maybe two or three weeks later.

This was already the beginning of February, and Park Avenue up there in Harlem looked pretty bleak. It is not like Park Avenue down around 80th Street, if that's what you thought. Harlem is a ghetto, you see, with crumbling tenements and garbage-strewn back yards. I have even seen rats the size of alley cats leaping across the railroad tracks on 125th Street, bigger than the ones I saw in Korea. But in the winter, in addition to everything else, the place gets a bleak, forbidding look. You just know, in the winter, that there are people shivering inside those crumbly buildings, afraid to come out, because it's even colder in the streets. You can stand a ghetto in the spring, I guess, because you can walk outside and look up at the sky. In New York, there is a sky above the building tops and it is often a beautiful blue sky, even in a ghetto. But in the winter, you are trapped. There is only you and the four walls and the extra heat you can maybe get from a kerosene burner. I never go through Harlem in the winter without thinking how lucky I am.

I was standing on the corner of 126th and Park when Harry Pryor walked up to me and said, "Are you taking a cab downtown?"

"Yes," I said, "I take one every morning."

"To where?" he asked.

"To Eighty-sixth and Madison."

"Well," he said, "I'm going down to Eighty-fourth and Park. Shall we share a cab?"

"Why not?" I said—first big mistake.

We got into the taxi together and I asked him if he minded if I smoked a cigar, explaining that it was my habit to have a cigar on the way down to work each morning. He said he didn't mind at all; in fact, he liked the smell of a good cigar; so I offered him the cigar I would have smoked after lunch and, thank God, he refused it.

"What sort of work do you do, Howard?" he asked, and I told him I was an accountant, stop in sometime and I'll figure out your income tax for you. He laughed and then coughed politely when I lit my cigar. He opened the window a little, which I really didn't need, as it was probably 80 degrees below zero outside, with Harlem looking gray and bleak and barren as the taxi sped past the market on Park Avenue, the pushcarts on our right, the sidewalk shopkeepers bundled in mufflers and heavy overcoats, salesgirls wearing galoshes, little school kids rushing across the avenue to disappear under the stone arches that hold up the New York Central tracks.

"What sort of work do you do?" I asked, beginning to feel the breeze from

the window and wanting to ask him to close it, but also wondering whether he might not then choke on my cigar. As you can see, my troubles had already started.

"I'm in the travel business," he said. "I'm a partner in a travel agency." I didn't say anything. I had never met a travel agent before. The one time I took Adele to Bermuda, I had made all the reservations myself. Adele had said it was a luxury we could not afford. I told Adele there are certain luxuries you *have* to afford or you wither away and die. This was before Marcia's monumental dentalwork had begun, of course. I sometimes think that child will have braces on her teeth the day she gets married.

"Yessir," Harry said, "we've got two offices, one on Forty-fifth and Lex and the other up here on Eighty-fourth. I spend my time shuttling between the two of them."

"Well, that must be very interesting work," I said, "being a travel agent."

"Oh, yes, it's very stimulating," Harry said. "Do you mind if I open this window?" The window, it seemed to me, was *already* open; but without waiting for my answer, Harry rolled it all the way down. I thought I would freeze to death. It was plain to see that he had never been to Korea.

"Listen," I said, "would you like me to put out this cigar?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I enjoy the smell of a good cigar."

Then why are you freezing us out of this cab, I thought, with the window open, I thought, like an icebox in here. I thought, but did not say. I was very happy to see the New York Central tracks disappear underground, because that meant we had already reached 98th Street and I could get out of the cab very soon and run upstairs to the office, where I knew it was warm, because Dave Goldman always kept the heat at 80 degrees and wore a sweater under his jacket besides. The driver, whose head was hunched down into his shoulders now because he, too, was beginning to feel the wintry blast, made a right turn on 86th and pulled to a stop on the corner of Madison Avenue. I told him to hold his flag and then I took out my wallet and handed Harry \$1.25, which is exactly what the ride cost me every morning and which I was, of course, more than willing to pay for having had the pleasure of being frozen solid.

Harry said, "Please."

"No, take it," I said. "I ride a cab every morning and this is what it costs me, so you might—"

"No, no," Harry said.

"Look, we agreed to *share* a taxi. I can't let you pay—"

"Traveling is my business," Harry said. "I'll charge it to the agency." He

(continued on page 206)

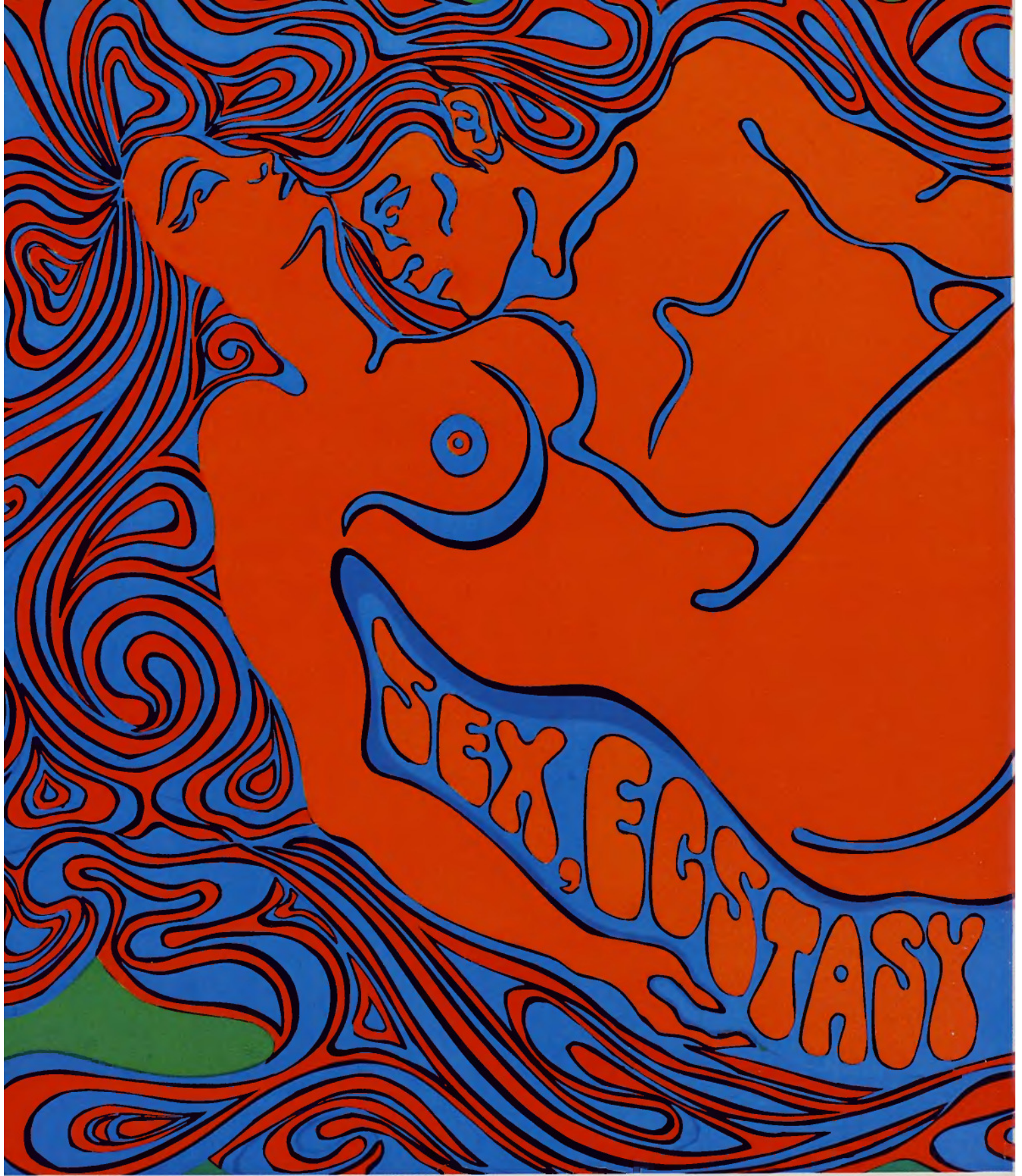


T. Crispin



*"How about it? Are we going to stick to old worn-out ideas  
or are we going to reach out for bold new concepts?"*





*a scientific appraisal of the delights and hazards of chemically induced or enhanced eroticism*

article By R. E. L. MASTERS HISTORY records few human quests as unremitting or as widespread as the search for a harmless, effective sex stimulant. Recent claims—such as

those made by Timothy Leary—that LSD is the greatest aphrodisiac known to man have excited much interest in the sexual potential of psychedelic drugs. Sober discussion of psychedelic substances was difficult enough before sex entered the picture; now it is close to impossible. But bearing in mind that there is a great deal more to psychedelics than sex, it might clear the air to examine the effects of lysergic acid diethylamide—and





several other psychedelic drugs—on human sexual behavior.

Along with the comparatively new synthetic psychedelics, including LSD and psilocybin, there are similar mind-altering substances present in many forms of plant life. Some of these have been used for hundreds and even thousands of years. Examples are the peyote cactus, the Cannabis hemp plant, the opium poppy and several varieties of mushrooms and

morning-glory plants. Most have been linked in one way or another with sex.

Whether opium—probably Homer's nepenthe—should be considered a psychedelic drug is largely a matter of semantics. Some would-be authorities exclude *all* addictive drugs, including opium, from the class of psychedelics. However, opium *does* produce effects similar to those produced by nonaddictive



psychedelics, and among these are sexual effects that merit consideration.

Prolonged use of opium results in mental and physical deterioration, including impotence. However, before it takes its toll, the drug can powerfully and pleasurably enhance sexual experience. No one has described the specific sexual effects of opium as well as the 19th Century French Army surgeon and anthropologist Jacobus Sutor, who authored numerous sexological studies under the pseudonym Jacobus X. "According to my personal experience," wrote Jacobus, "and from avowals made to me by many women, both Europeans and Asiatics, the effects produced by opium in moderate doses, say from 10 to 20 pipes, are as follows: Under the influence of erotic excitement, either direct or merely mental, an erection is quickly produced, if you want to copulate. But—and this has never been remarked by any other author—although the penis is in a stiff erection, its nerves, and more particularly those of the glans, are anesthetized by the effects of opium, and though the erection is strong, the emission, on the contrary, is much retarded and takes place only after prolonged copulation. This anesthetic effect is also produced in the nerves of the vulva, the vagina and the rectum of the woman, and the 'physiological moment' arrives slowly. The constrictor muscles of the vagina, and especially those of the rectum, undergo a kind of relaxation." He goes on to say that, with larger doses, more than 15 or 20 pipes, erection becomes incomplete; and with 30 or 40 pipes, it is absent altogether.

Jacobus' remarks also apply to peyote, to the LSD-type synthetics and, to a lesser degree, to marijuana. Those under the influence of these drugs describe the mild surface anesthesia, if that is what it is, as a feeling of "rubberiness" that affects the penis, the female genitals and also sometimes the mouth, the breasts, the fingers and other body areas. It is by no means an unpleasant sensation; often it is described as heightening feelings of voluptuousness. Along with this rubbery sensation, the genitals, if excited, are felt to be engorged to an unusual degree.

At least as ancient as opium is the hemp plant (*Cannabis sativa* or *Cannabis indica*). When used as a drug, it is called marijuana, hashish and a great many other names. Scientific reports on the sexual effects of marijuana are conflicting. For example, the toxicologist Erich Hesse (*Narcotics and Drug Addiction*) tells us that marijuana and hashish produce no sexual stimulation whatever; but another physician-author, Bernard Finch (*Passport to Paradise*), declares that "After several inhalations, a feeling of sexual excitement develops and the smoker is able to improve his sexual performance, in that erection is stronger and more persistent, but orgasm is depressed

and usually does not take place."

I could provide a great many more conflicting "authoritative" statements on this matter, although Finch is the only writer I know who suggests that marijuana by itself produces a condition of sexual excitation. He also is the only one to say that orgasm "usually" does not take place.

From many other times and places, we also have claims that hemp is an aphrodisiac—and other claims that it is an anaphrodisiac, an inhibitor of desire or of potency. But whichever way they lean, the authors of these claims are relying on personal predilection, on very limited interview data or on the verdict of some favorite "authority" who has already made similar errors. We find the same conflicting evidence from "experts" writing about the sexual effects of peyote or LSD.

Anyone who has carefully studied psychoactive drugs should know that many different effects are possible, depending on personal, cultural or immediate situational factors—which are often crucial in determining drug-state behavior. With marijuana and other psychedelics, people who are sexually stimulated may find that their stimulation is greater than usual and that their capacity to respond has been heightened. Others find themselves totally indifferent, such as the writer Théophile Gautier, who took some hashish and generalized that "a hashish user would not lift a finger for the most beautiful maiden in Verona." The same individual may find that he is greatly aroused on one occasion and unexcited on the next. Or his mind may experience desire while his body is unable to act in concert with it.

Some cultures place great faith in the aphrodisiacal effects of hemp; and in those cultures, the drug often does function as an aphrodisiac—producing sexual excitation, enhancing potency and pleasure and prolonging sexual intercourse. Among Arabs, for example, there is a vast lore of the effectiveness of hemp in maintaining an erection—the prolongation of the sex act being almost an obsession with some Moslems. A famous poem on this subject begins:

*The member of Abu'l-Hayluh  
remained*

*In erection for 30 days, sustained  
By smoking hashish.*

*Abu'l-Hayjeh deflowered in one  
night*

*Eighty virgins in a rigid rite  
After smoking hashish.*

The poem goes on to describe still more impressive feats of sexual athleticism; but underlying its characteristic Arab hyperbole is some solid fact—hemp can, indeed, prolong an erection. Besides the mild anesthesia described by Jacobus,

the male, with marijuana, may feel that his erect organ is bigger and more rigid than ordinarily. Sometimes, as happens with LSD and peyote, too, orgasm does not occur at all, which causes him no great distress, since he feels that this is a small price to pay for the pleasure he has enjoyed and the impression he has made on his partner. She is similarly affected by the drug and may be especially aware of the engorgement of her clitoris. When copulation does not lead to orgasm, both partners still may achieve it by vigorous masturbation.

My own data regarding the contemporary use of marijuana in this country—in terms of its sexual effects—reflect the conflict in the literature. Individual testimonials describe both sexual successes and sexual failures. Overall, it appears that up to now, marijuana has been about as likely to impair as to improve sexual performance. However, growing acceptance of the drug may be making the latter effect the more common. Much can depend on the user's intention. Some prostitutes smoke marijuana to eliminate genital sensation—while at the same time they give the weed to a customer to help him become more stimulated. In this case, it probably works for the male because it makes him more responsive to the suggestion that he will be potent—and simultaneously it may reduce his inhibitions or anxieties.

It should also be noted, however, that sexual effects may relate to the potency of the drug. The strength of hemp products can depend on many things—where the hemp is grown, how it is harvested and prepared and how it is consumed. From one country to the next, or among regions of a country, there are great differences in the potency of the plants. As to consumption, it is believed that smoking gives the strongest effect, by altering the chemical composition of the drug. Research in these areas is now under way, but results are still inconclusive. The eventual findings may explain to some extent the different responses among marijuana smokers. But individual psychology will still be a major factor.

At its best, most marijuana consumed in the U. S. is a mild psychedelic drug, affording what is rarely more than a pallid approximation of the experiences possible with LSD and peyote. The effects of these two on sexual intercourse are virtually identical, and a statement about LSD may be understood to apply just as well to peyote—and probably to other LSD-type psychochemicals, such as mescaline and psilocybin.

I compiled my data on the sexual effects of psychedelic drugs in a series of interviews, mostly "in depth," beginning in 1954 and continuing today. My information is based on more than 300 drug-state sexual experiences on the part of 94

(continued on page 148)



WHAT DOES IT TAKE TODAY TO succeed in politics? Speaking ability, personality, a willingness to work long and hard, certainly. Leadership ability, a quick mind, television showmanship—these qualities still count, too. But as one who has been down that political road, I must sadly report that there is something rapidly becoming more important than all of them: The name of the game is *money* and the ability to raise it.

In case you don't know it already, the subject of campaign money, who gives it, who gets it and the preposterous bundle of laws that "control" it is approaching a national outrage. These laws and practices, in the judgment of one who has to live with them, are shot full of hypocrisy, threatening to corrupt many good men in public life, giving unnecessary influence and power to special-interest groups and lobbies and posing a serious threat to the integrity of American political institutions.

Hardly a newspaper of recent years has been without headlines about Senator Thomas Dodd and his financial problems, Representative Adam Clayton Powell and his use of taxpayers' money, ex-Senate Majority Secretary Bobby Baker and his reported fund-raising exploits, the \$1000 President's Club, testimonial dinners, corporate ads in political program books, etc. As I see them, these are all symptoms of a basic illness—our dismal and archaic system of financing and conducting elections. It's a mess that no amount of patchwork will *(continued on page 106)*

*getting elected and staying in office, a distinguished legislator asserts, is a bank roll-breaking ordeal—but there is a remedy*     article By U.S. REPRESENTATIVE MORRIS K. UDALL







# HOT AND SPIRITED

drink **By THOMAS MARIO**

*playboy creates a cheery profusion of chill-chasing libations to keep the quaffers warm as toasts*

ALTHOUGH the ideal accompaniments for a hot-toddy party have long been a heavy snowfall and a hearth-warming open fireplace, these days, any cool evening in the fall or winter is reason enough for filling the punch cups to the brim with grogs and nogs. Thanks for this are due the Irish and, specifically, Irish coffee laced with whiskey and billowing with cream. But even more important in the modern renaissance of hot wassailry is the ski explosion with its attendant proliferation of slopes, lodges—and parties. And any fall or winter gathering of a picnicky nature—a tail-gate party outside a





football or soccer field, a caravan to or from the ski country—is perfect for tapping the felicitous pleasures of the Thermos.

In the genealogy of great drinks, there were mulled wines long before there were martinis. The advantage of looking back upon the older forms of warm tippling, particularly those in England, is that they provide today's drinking host with some of the best possible clues to rich entertainment. One of the oldest hot drinks, for instance, is the bishop. It was an Oxford specialty, and while you didn't have to *be* a bishop to appreciate it, the bowl was used for honoring many

visiting church dignitaries who came to Oxford. It was a hot punch of port, lemons studded with cloves slowly roasted and then combined with sugar and spices. Just before serving, it was flambéed at the glowing fireplace. For an archbishop, oranges replaced the lemons. For a cardinal, red claret, naturally, took the place of the port. But in any case, the great flowing bowl was Oxford's way of saying, "This is the special warm libation for the special pleasure of your company." In modern times, hot drinks offer the host a way to dispense a far more luxurious hospitality than guests receive



in the highballs and cocktails routinely drunk around a cocktail table. The mere sight of a man at the dinner board preparing *café diable* in a silver chafing dish, with its cognac, two liqueurs and spices, makes a party out of a group of people who would otherwise just be sipping demitasse.

A barman who masters his hot drinks must also be something of a spiceman. The cinnamon stick replaces the cocktail stirrer, and the gusto of allspice and cloves vies with the liquor itself. Herrick, in his *Twelfth Night*, told specifically in rhyme how the hot drink called lamb's wool had to be flavored. "Add sugar, nutmeg and ginger/With store of ale too/And thus ye must doe/To make the wassail a swinger." Modern swingers must, above all, remember that the fragrances—the genii—of ground spices begin to escape when you first open the spice jar. Such spices as ground ginger or ground cloves will keep a rich aroma during one winter's drinking session. But for wassailing a year hence, the old jars should be tossed out and fresh ones put in their places on the spice shelf. Whole spices, on the other hand, such as whole cloves and whole allspice, live to a much riper age. Whole nutmeg should be freshly grated atop the hot drink in the cup.

In old English castles, a hot drink of wine or spirits was always offered with the bed candles. The job of carrying a hot toddy and a candle up a steep flight of circular stone steps was a balancing act now fortunately outmoded. But the warm nightcap is still a cherished institution for both hosts and their overnight guests. A demitasse cup filled with a blend of warm blackberry liqueur, cognac and lemon is a pleasant prelude to an unbroken night's sleep.

Whatever one may think of the Chinese, their sense of taste, balance and fitness at the dining table has destined them for a special gastronomic heaven. Foreigners in China were always served cold drinks when they asked for them. But the Chinese themselves drank their native brandy warm—not burning hot against the lips but just warm enough so that the flavors seemed to float like the soft clouds on a silk painting. Which brings up an excellent guideline: Hot drinks in the saucepan or chafing dish should be brought to the boiling point but not boiled. Then there should be a measured pause during which they're allowed to cool somewhat before they're served.

Like Chinese brandy, warm Western drinks fit into a colorful variety of meals. At a smorgasbord party or the special sandwichcraft the Danes call *smørrebrød*, a warm Danish toddy of aquavit and cherry heering will kindle a perfect mood for exploring the subtleties of Scandinavian herring or Swedish meatballs. In the wee hours, when an irresisti-

ble craving for something sweet suddenly overtakes you—and the nearby patisserie is shuttered for the night—try a warm crème de cacao nightcap topped with cream. And for launching any festive holiday party, a warm punch bowl exerts that special form of magnetism that lures men and women of all tastes to a single sumptuous drink.

There are still some Tories whose drinking proclivities rebel at the thought of heating a 12-year-old Scotch or of pouring a rich port into a warm chafing dish. There are several ways of breaking down their prejudice. You may remind them of such people as Colette, hardly an alien among the joys of fine eating and drinking. Colette told how she had to wait till the mature age of three before she tasted her first wine, but that shortly thereafter, "I learned to quaff my glass of mulled wine, aromatic with cinnamon and cloves, to a dinner of boiled chestnuts." Another approach is to have your unreconstructed bibbers experimentally heat a fine tawny port or a sturdy 12-year-old Scotch and then carefully taste the heated and the unheated versions. Heat *does* change the flavor of liquor, just as it changes a fresh tomato into a grilled tomato—a process that isn't destructive. When Scotch is heated—not boiled, of course—it doesn't have quite the bite of Scotch from the bottle; but it does convey a warm patina that, to many Scotsmen themselves, is ecstatically smooth. Port, on the other hand, when heated seems to be, if anything, more porty than before. Flavor overtones seem more, not less, assertive.

One of the oldest bar tools for making hot drinks hot is the loggerhead—a long iron tool with a cup or a ball at one end. Originally, the cup was used, among other purposes, for melting pitch to be poured upon the crews of attacking naval vessels. Those were the days when men at loggerheads weren't kidding. It's now remembered as a device used in fireplaces for the much more advanced purpose of heating rum flips. In time, the loggerhead was succeeded by the poker. But the hot poker's potential for good depends upon its being ash-free. Old pokers with the soot of ages upon them aren't nearly as practical as clean pokers that have never seen a fireplace and are made glowing hot in a normal gas flame. We recommend the poker for reviving drinks that have become coolish when kept standing. Keep at least three inches of the poker in the gas flame three minutes before plunging it into a mug.

In the natural history of drinking, the question of whether the wassail preceded the wassail bowl or the other way around is like the chicken and the egg. One thing is certain: What preceded *both* of them were wassail recipes. The hot drinks that follow are designed not only for bowls but for punch cups, mugs, silver tankards, sturdy goblets, coffee

cups or demitasse cups. Some of the drinking vessels can be interchanged. All contain warm contentment.

#### SHERRIED SCOTCH (Serves four)

- 6 ozs. Scotch
- 6 ozs. oloroso or cream sherry
- 4 teaspoons heather honey
- 4 ozs. orange juice
- 4 dashes Angostura bitters
- 4 cinnamon sticks
- 4 slices orange

Heat Scotch, sherry, honey and orange juice until very hot but not boiling. Stir well to dissolve honey. Add bitters. Pour into 4 old fashioned glasses or glass punch cups. Add a cinnamon stick and an orange slice to each glass.

#### BUTTERED APPLE GROG (Serves four)

- 4 ozs. apple brandy
- 4 ozs. dry vermouth
- 8 ozs. apple juice
- 8 whole cloves
- 1 baked apple, fresh or canned, cut into quarters
- 4 teaspoons sweet butter
- 4 slices lemon
- Sugar

Heat apple brandy, vermouth, apple juice and cloves until hot but not boiling. Into each of 4 old fashioned glasses or coffee cups, place 1 quarter of baked apple, 1 teaspoon butter and a slice of lemon. Pour apple-brandy mixture into the 4 glasses. Add 1 tablespoon syrup to each glass, if canned baked apples are used, or add sugar to taste. Stir until butter dissolves.

#### MULLED MADEIRA AND BOURBON (Serves four)

- 10 ozs. madeira
- 4 ozs. bourbon
- 4 ozs. Lillet
- 1 teaspoon orange bitters
- 16 ozs. (1 pint) water
- 4 tablespoons brown sugar
- 4 cinnamon sticks
- 8 whole cloves
- 2 slices lemon, each cut in half
- 4 pieces orange peel

Heat madeira, bourbon, Lillet, orange bitters, water and brown sugar until hot but not boiling. Into each of 4 10-oz. mugs or metal tankards, place 1 cinnamon stick, 2 cloves and 1/2 slice lemon. Fill mugs with madeira mixture. Twist a piece of orange peel above each drink and drop into mug.

#### SOUTHERN BLAZER (Serves two)

- 1 1/2 ozs. Southern Comfort
- 1 1/2 ozs. coffee liqueur
- 2 dashes Angostura bitters
- 3 ozs. boiling water
- 2 pieces lemon peel
- 2 pieces orange peel

(continued on page 221)



# MY FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM



a pictorial record capturing the memorable moments and noteworthy achievements of a renowned american family's most illustrious members

By WOODY ALLEN

Insanely jealous over an article I read about the Jukes family and unable to reach my analyst, who had parlayed my fees into a round-the-world cruise, I recently found a need to research my own relatives' past in order to prove the natural superiority of the Allens' degeneracy. I scurried to the nearest genealogist, who managed, with great effort, to trace my provenance back to a farmer named Ezekiel and a sheep (who shall remain nameless) and who then laid a bill on me that could finance the building of an aircraft carrier. Dejected, dissatisfied and considerably poorer, I went home and brooded. Then, as luck would have it, I was rummaging through the attic of my palatial mansion in Secaucus, New Jersey, in an effort to find a spot to do it to the maid, when I came across a number of pictures—several of them in focus—of my progenitors and quickly assembled them in this album. While not complete, the album does provide rare glimpses of some of the more sensationally sere branches of the Allen tree and can also be used as a cretin's *Who's Who*, or as a smart-ass' *Who's Whom*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULSMAN





These are my great-great-grandparents at their wedding. My great-great-grandmother gave birth to twins when the flash gun went off. Great-great-grandfather's compulsion to pinch women is a family characteristic, as are other perversions, such as the craving to be trapped by muscular women, held down and breaded like a veal cutlet.



In the top hat is great-great-uncle George, one of the earliest civil rights workers. Here he is shown breaking the news gently to an uninformed friend that he is colored. Hooded, at left, is George's brother, a confused Southern Jew who founded an organization known as the B'nai Klam. His other brother, Ralph, hooded at right, lost his sheet in a laundry and never lived down the ribbing he got because of his unusual build.



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STEREOSCOPIC GEMS OF  
AMERICAN and FOREIGN SCENERY

Above are great-uncle Jason and his daughters. The girls were formerly Siamese triplets who were joined at the hip until someone thought to tear along the dotted line, separating them. They were the only Allens in show business besides myself and did a wonderful act that later made Cuban history. If you'll notice, Jason's psychopathic son, Harold, is also on stage. For years he was convinced he was a large-wheeled bicycle.

Here my uncle Phil is about to go to war. Notice how carefully he packs his survival kit. Uncle Abe (in center with mustache and glasses) distinguished himself as a hero by an unusual act of bravery. He called the Kaiser up in the middle of the night and hung up. Uncle Paul (on the right) was the most decorated American in World War One. Unfortunately, it was with women's jewelry and he was discharged dishonorably.







My grandparents celebrating their lead wedding anniversary. Cousin Morris (second from left) is about to present grandfather with a lead gift, which was lodged for the better part of a week in the old man's frontal lobe. As a result, he cut off Morris' allowance. Also his windpipe.

Here are my parents about to play Lone Ranger. Dad had to act out the daring exploits of the masked man. The climax occurred when he brought his faithful Indian friend out of the closet to aid him in restoring law and order. As father got older, two Indians were required.





Here are cousins Tom and David hard at work on a very successful World War Two enterprise. The Ethical Products Corporation of Cicero dissolved with the electrocution of the board of directors by the state. Tom and David escaped only to become part of a New Jersey highway after a misunderstanding with a demented landscape architect.

Below is cousin Jake indulging in the ancient Hebrew marriage custom of grabbing a go-go girl by the behind. At Jake's side is his wife, dressed for an LSD trip that ended abruptly for her when she got off in Cleveland. She is holding the exhausted winner of the Four-Month-Old-Baby Frug Marathon Contest.





correct. Your lawmakers—state and Federal—are partly to blame for this deplorable situation, but the public shares a heavy responsibility, too. All of us should join in insisting that fundamental changes are made, and made *now*.

One might counter that we've always had unsavory things in political finance—so what's new? Well, escalation is new, for one thing. It's not news that campaigns cost money, but the explosion in costs over the past 15 years is dramatic and dangerous. It adds a whole new dimension to the problem. Jackson, Lincoln or even Grover Cleveland could campaign on a small budget and stand a good chance of success. Lincoln was elected President without leaving Springfield, and the major parties spent less than \$200,000 *total*. But by 1960, John F. Kennedy had to travel 44,000 miles and the two parties had to spend more than \$40,000,000. And just four years later, Johnson and Goldwater found themselves pouring more than \$55,000,000 into their pursuit of the same office.

My brother, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall, was elected to Congress in 1960 from the Congressional district I now represent—with an expenditure of under \$13,000. His partisans charged his Republican opponent, who reportedly spent \$35,000, with a "blatant attempt to buy the election." Just four years later, when I ran for re-election in the same district, I was opposed by an able and well-financed candidate—and I had to step up my spending, too. I can imagine that 1960 loser laughing when I reported spending \$35,000 and my opponent \$5000 more than that. Even these figures, however, pale beside those of the hard-fought race in Virginia's Tenth District last year—between Congressman Joel T. Broyhill and his unsuccessful challenger, Clive DuVal. Total spending: \$220,000. Or the 1964 race in New York where Representative Richard L. Ottinger spent \$193,000 *all by himself!* Such examples are becoming more common every year and threaten to become the general rule.

Take the case of Milton Shapp. In 1966, this wealthy but obscure Pennsylvanian decided to run for governor. Into a successful primary against the "organization" candidate, he poured \$1,400,000 (all but \$3000 of it his own). He reported spending another \$2,400,000 *of his money* in his losing effort in November. (With all due respect to a fellow Democrat who may have made a good governor, I find his *losing* the one ray of hope in an otherwise forlorn picture. However, Shapp's campaign manager says the Republicans spent \$5,400,000, and that hardly lightens my gloom.) Nelson Rockefeller spent at least this much in his successful 1966 re-election effort. More and more men of great wealth are

going into politics, and this is not all bad: the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Kennedys and Scrantons have given distinguished public service, just as I suspect Shapp might have. But we are approaching the point where *only* the wealthy, or those financed by special interests, will be able to serve.

From these case histories, it can be seen that a candidate's decision on his campaign finance arrangements may be the most important one he makes—unless it's the selection of his public-relations firm. For the era of the political PR man has dawned with a vengeance. The best-known invention of this new breed of political expert is the "packaged candidate," sold with the same Madison Avenue expertise that works so well for a new laxative or detergent. And, as you can imagine, this new political technology has no place for a Lincoln with principles, strong views and a desire to talk tough issues. ("Oppose slavery? Hell, man, there goes half the electorate.") Today's PR man would laugh Honest Abe all the way to the elevator.

The new technique eliminates risk taking. Before a single thing is done, the PR firm conducts a market survey to find out not what the country *needs* but what a majority of voters at this fleeting moment think they *want*. Then the candidate is presented with a carefully selected list of positions he is supposed to take. Thereafter, an appropriate "image" is sold to the public with slogans, jingles, billboards and all the rest. As one commentator said, this is like polling high school students to find out which courses are easiest and most fun, then drafting the curriculum accordingly.

An important part of this package technique is to avoid all debates and all but the blandest speeches. Hal Evry, a highly successful Los Angeles PR man, says: "Clients who campaign least win the most votes." Last year, he boasted about one client, a political unknown with no organized support, who was elected without making a single speech or shaking a single hand. His entire campaign consisted of billboard posters, newspaper ads, telegrams and handbills proclaiming, *THREE CHEERS FOR PAT MILLIGAN*. He had enough money, and he won.

The major Federal law governing elections, the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, is a farce. Despite regular violations of its letter and spirit, there has never been a candidate or a political committee prosecuted under its provisions. The Justice Department isn't about to start, either. This law limits spending in Congressional elections to \$5000 for each candidate. As my able colleague Representative Jim Wright of Texas wrote recently: "If I told you I

had never spent more than \$5000 in a House race, I'd be a hypocrite. And if I actually had spent so little in my first race, I'd never have been elected."

The ineffectiveness of this law is apparent by noting three gigantic loopholes: First, it doesn't cover primaries—the real fights in many states. In primaries, the sky is the limit. Second, the \$5000 limit doesn't apply to expenditures for such "extraneous" items as printing, postage, telephone and telegraph expenses, travel or speechwriting. This is like telling your wife that her use of the department-store charge account is limited to \$100 per month except for hats, dresses, fur coats and shoes—on which there is no limit. As if these loopholes weren't big enough, there is an even bigger one. It relieves me of any duty to report—or to have anyone else report—expenditures of a Udall for Congress Campaign Committee. The phony explanation, of course, is that I don't really know what my committee is up to. And there is no Federal law limiting what it may spend.

Congressmen, aspirants to unseat them, lobbyists, businessmen, ordinary citizens—all of us are caught up in a financial web. Suppose you are a freshman member of Congress. It's 1968. You have worked hard at your job, studied issues, tried in every way to represent your district fairly and diligently. You've learned the ropes and you would like to continue. What must you do? If your district is anything like mine (and not beset with even higher costs), you've got to lay your hands on something like \$25,000 to \$40,000. Either that or your new political career will go down the drain.

Or suppose a young lawyer or businessman, equally sincere and honest, decides to run against you. He's a prisoner, too. He may believe he can do a better job. He may think your policies are bad for the country. What must he do? For him, money is even more important. He needs "name identification," because he's a newcomer. But he might as well save his money, shoes and breath unless he can raise \$30,000 to \$50,000. My question to you is: Where would *you* go to get this kind of money? Seriously.

Of course, even these amounts are small potatoes in some Congressional districts. And if you want to be a Senator from New York or the governor of California, the cause is almost hopeless without a kitty of literally millions. Which brings us to the great new phenomenon in American politics—the superstar candidate. Because it costs so much to create name identification, particularly in the big races with large constituencies, someone figured out that there would be inherent advantages to fielding candidates who had already achieved

(continued on page 228)





*the colonel was in love  
with the fascinating french girl,  
so—for the moment  
—her odd ideas about death  
didn't seem to matter*

*fiction* By KEN W. PURDY

## LONG WAY UP, SHORT WAY DOWN

HE WAS CARRIED in *Burke's* and *Who's Who* as Colonel Sir Albert Charles Lancehugh, Bart., C. B. E., D. S. O., D. F. C., and he preferred that close friends call him Charlie. There were not many of the old crowd in his circle now; indeed, only one or two of those who would sometimes put a "Cheerful" before the Charlie, usually at Boodle's or some such place, and late at night. It was a reference to an old R. A. F. joke. Charles Lancehugh had been a bomber pilot in Lancasters in the Hitler War. Indeed, his name had been on the roster of 617 Squadron, he had been of the select company that had breached the Möhne and the Eder dams. He had known Hughie Edwards and Mickey Martin and he had more than once seen Guy Gibson plain; (continued on page 112) 107





*'My wife says I'm a great lover. But I'd like to get a professional opinion.'*



ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

# FAMILIARITY CAN BREED CONTENT

IN TODAY'S CORPORATE COMPLEX,  
THE JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES HAS A GOOD CHANCE  
OF WINDING UP THE MASTER

SOME YEARS AGO, a company in which I held a substantial interest was about to embark on an extensive plant-modernization and expansion program. A key portion of the program called for a very large investment in a particular type of production machinery.

Machinery manufacturers had been contacted. They had submitted information and specifications on all their available models. Appropriate executives, engineers and technical experts of the company had made the customary studies and comparisons and had determined which was the best among the models offered. Orders for the equipment finally selected were about to be placed.

Luckily for the company, one of its executives—a young man I shall call Howard Tracy—took it upon himself to voice objections at the last moment. Somewhat timorously—for he was a very junior executive—Tracy went to his superiors and told them he'd learned of an obscure machine-manufacturing firm that had developed, and was even then testing, a vastly improved model, one that was many years ahead of all existing types.

Howard Tracy reasonably argued that if the equipment under test by the manufacturer proved out, it would make all comparable machinery—including that which the company was about to order—woefully obsolete and inadequate.

Tracy's superiors listened but were rather skeptical. They'd never heard of the manufacturer in question and found it difficult to believe the apparently extravagant claims being made for the machinery. Nonetheless, they finally agreed to postpone ordering new equipment until they made the necessary inquiries and investigations of the machine-manufacturing firm.

In the end, the new model did, indeed, live up to all the claims that had been made for it and proved far superior to anything of its kind on the market. Naturally, company plans were immediately revised. The radically improved model—rather than the type previously contemplated for purchase—was ordered, eventually received and placed into highly profitable operation.

Thanks to Howard Tracy's last-minute entry onto the scene, the company was prevented from making a large capital outlay for machinery that would have been soon rendered obsolete. Instead, the company obtained the very latest and finest equipment well ahead of its competitors and was able to greatly increase output even while lowering production costs and, consequently, prices.

Now, as good an example as this is of an individual executive's alertness and enterprise, it is not yet the full story. You see, Howard Tracy was not a technical expert or an engineer. He was not even a production-side executive. Odd as it may sound, he was actually employed in the company's marketing division. His duties were concerned with sales, not with production.

When the incidents I've just described were brought to my attention, I determined to find out more about Howard Tracy. I learned that he did his own work extremely well—even brilliantly. He had a fine record with the company and was already marked as a "comer." I made arrangements to have lunch with him one day.

"You've probably saved the company quite a bit of money—and you've certainly been instrumental in placing it in an excellent position productionwise," I told him when we met. Then I asked: "But how is it that you know so much about machinery?"

"I actually know very little about it," the young man confessed amiably. "You see, I was present at several meetings where the plant-modernization program was discussed. I figured it would be a good idea to familiarize myself with the production end and did some reading up on the subject. That's how I ran across the item about the new machinery."

In the course of his "reading up," Tracy had come across a small machine-manufacturers' trade journal that had a very limited circulation. It was from a story in this publication that he first learned about the newly developed equipment. Realizing its potentials and implications, he'd done some additional research on his own time—and had then gone to his superiors with the information he had gathered.

Further conversation with young Tracy demonstrated that he had a keen interest in the company and just about everything that could affect it, its operations or its future. He was not just another marketing-department executive. He obviously had a remarkably clear understanding of all phases of the company's activities and was eager to increase his knowledge wherever possible.

I recognized that this was no narrowly limited specialist with a strait-jacketed imagination. He was not burdened with any built-in blinders that prevented him from seeing anything but the



comparatively restricted horizons of his own particular job and department.

Before our luncheon meeting was over, I knew that Howard Tracy was an exceptional young executive and felt that he was very probably headed for the top. My judgment was fully borne out in the next few years, during which time Tracy moved with remarkable rapidity into the uppermost echelons of corporate management. Since 1962, he has been the head of a large and steadily growing company—and he has not yet reached his 36th birthday.

Granted that Howard Tracy had all the basic equipment to make him an intelligent and able executive. However, I'm inclined to believe that his spectacular rise can be attributed in no small degree to his drive to acquaint himself with all aspects of the business in which he chose to make his career. His desire to be familiar with the requirements, operations and problems of departments other than his own, of the company and the industry as a whole, did much to help boost him to the top of the heap.

There is an old adage that holds that "familiarity breeds contempt." I'll agree that this is true in some instances and under certain conditions—when the word "familiarity" is used to connote *undue* intimacy.

But the word has other meanings as well. It is also defined as meaning a close or full acquaintance with something. When used in this sense, it can be postulated that familiarity is quite likely to breed content rather than contempt.

Nowhere is this more evident or valid than in business and among businessmen.

All else being equal, the company whose executives are most familiar with the multitudinous facets of its operation is the company most likely to survive and thrive, even in the face of the heaviest competition and under the most trying economic conditions.

Again assuming other considerations to be equal, the executive who most thoroughly familiarizes himself with the diverse factors that could involve or affect the company for which he works is the executive most likely to achieve success in his business career.

The ideal businessman, the one with the 100-percent-plus assurance of attaining success, would, of course, be the man who was completely familiar with everything that had even the remotest conceivable connection with or influence on his business. Needless to say, there can be no such ideal businessman, for the complexity of modern business precludes any mortal from grasping and following every detail of the constantly changing present-day business picture.

Nevertheless, the man who hopes to rise above the lower-middle echelons of

business management must be familiar with countless facets of his company's operation, the field or industry in which it is engaged and general economic trends and conditions.

It is by no means enough for the executive to know his own job thoroughly. If that is all he knows, the job he holds is the only one for which he is at all suited. And, even then, unless the position is one that requires no imagination or enterprise, he will not be able to perform the job well. A man with narrowly limited perspectives cannot move beyond those limits, and the course of his career is charted for him—to a dead end.

What, then, are the matters with which an able and ambitious executive should familiarize himself?

Precise answers to this question are difficult to provide, for they would necessarily differ greatly from one instance to the next. Nonetheless, there are certain basics, certain areas with which every executive should be familiar if he aspires to reach the top brackets.

I have listed some of these basics below. While their relative importance will vary with each individual case, they are all valid and, to a greater or lesser extent, all universally applicable.

1. *One's own self.* The business executive must be able to honestly appraise his own capabilities and limitations. He should form the habit of periodically making an objective inventory of himself—doing it, if necessary, literally, using pencil and paper. The debits and credits should be noted and taken into account. Traits, qualities and characteristics on the plus side should be exploited to the full, while every effort should be made to correct those that appear on the minus side of the real or imaginary ledger.

One extremely successful businessman I know tells me that he has been rating himself every six months for the past 20 years. His method is simple: He uses a standard personnel evaluation sheet—and grades himself in the same manner as he would a subordinate employee. He claims this private system of self-evaluation has enabled him to recognize and capitalize on his strong points and to identify and thus try to correct his deficiencies. He declares the system has worked wonders and has contributed in no small degree to his success.

Whether or not an executive actually writes his personal inventory down on paper isn't important. It is important only that he know himself well enough to be able to plan a logical and attainable program for his own development. The plan may be flexible; it can be revised as the individual re-evaluates his potential in the light of additional knowledge or experience he has gained. But he must have a plan that charts his

course. If he does not have one, if the executive is not totally familiar with his own strengths and weaknesses, his capabilities and shortcomings, he is very likely to flounder aimlessly and his career will be mediocre, because it has no direction or ordered, rational basis.

2. *Job.* It hardly need be said that an executive must know his own job thoroughly. But it is not sufficient for him to know his own duties and responsibilities. He must be familiar with their significance in relation to the company's over-all policies and operations. Furthermore, there should be nothing passive about his familiarity with his job. He must never be satisfied with things as they are, but must be constantly alert and seeking ways by which he can do his work more efficiently.

3. *Department or section.* What holds for the executive's own job also holds for the section or department in which he is employed. He must be familiar with the operations of his department and understand clearly how they function within the company and in relation to other departments and to suppliers and customers.

4. *The company.* It is difficult—and not infrequently impossible—to make an integral part of a complicated machine function properly unless one is familiar with the workings of the entire machine. I doubt seriously if an automobile mechanic could do a very good job of tuning a carburetor unless he was acquainted with the principles of the internal-combustion engine.

And so it is with the business executive. The business firm, the company, is a complex functioning apparatus made up of many interdependent and interacting parts. In order to perform his duties properly, the executive must be completely familiar with the company as a whole—with its history, organization, policies and operations. The more he knows about these things, the better he will be equipped to accept increased responsibility and to direct larger segments of the whole—and, eventually, the whole itself.

5. *Personnel.* In a sense, every executive is a personnel manager. He must deal constantly with personnel on three separate levels—his subordinates, individuals who are his equals on the organization chart and, finally, his superiors.

The good executive makes it his business to be conversant with the responsibilities and problems of those under him. He will even take a personal interest in the welfare of his subordinates. Nothing builds employee morale faster than a boss who remembers that the janitor's wife had a baby a week ago and takes the trouble to ask the proud father how mother and child are coming along. Such

(concluded on page 212)





# FRENCH REVOLUTION

*for the boulevardier—a winning winter duo by pierre cardin*

REVOLVING through the Playboy Building's portals, our well-dressed man with an eye for beauty goes around in the best of fashion circles elegantly garbed in two of Pierre Cardin's latest offerings: a wool cavalry-twill coat with deep inverted center pleat, action back and coachman's collar, \$200, and a rakishly shaped velour-finish felt chapeau, \$35, both by Cardin for Bonwit Teller.

*attire* By ROBERT L. GREEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE



indeed, he had eaten and drunk and flown with him.

Lancehugh didn't often think of the years of the War. His mind didn't run that way; he was not of a reminiscent nature. His conscience hurt, too. Guy Gibson, now, probably the greatest bomber pilot who ever flew, did not live to see the end of it, while he, Charles Lancehugh, not only had survived the War but never had had a scratch in it. It was held an actuarial impossibility significantly to exceed 90 bomber missions, but Lancehugh had done 108 when they took him off ops. He had once brought a Lancaster back from Bremen holed in 117 places, and he the only man in her not dead or dying. A ground crewman said the plane looked like a slaughterhouse in which the animals had been winning.

Lancehugh knew, too, that he had been instrumental in the killing of many thousands of people, most of them old men, women and children, the bombers' inevitable victims in that War, and the maiming of many more. He did not accept the ultimate responsibility, arguing half seriously that it properly went to the bomb aimer. Still, it was he who had brought the bomb aimer over the rooftops and had held him there while he did his deadly work—for these deeds, Lancehugh sometimes thought, They, or He, or Whoever, might exact retribution; but if such were the cosmic intention, it was slow in coming. The prospect, if it were a prospect, caused Lancehugh small concern. He was not an introspective man. He didn't often worry. He knew the old-fashioned kind of security: One had been in the right places all one's life, in the company of the right people; one had done the things properly expected of one and, of course, one had enough money, one was quite beyond any possibility of financial embarrassment. Security is the absence of the other thing, and there was nothing in life of which Charles Lancehugh was afraid. And beyond, certainly nothing. And not death. The manner of it, well, possibly, possibly. The idea of combined age, pain and helplessness did not enchant him. Whom does it enchant? He was reminded of a harsh gray day in officers' training, a howler out of the southeast flinging rain like broken glass, a bayonet instructor screaming, Give it to them in the belly, lads, they don't like the cold steel in the belly and somebody in the rear rank shouting, Who does, you? and the sergeant, raging, Who said that? Who said that?

So, wrapped in small thoughts, Charles Lancehugh walked across Green Park. It was his favorite park, as civilized a place, he considered, as was to be found in the most civilized of cities. He had been making for the In and Out

club, but it was a fine bright day, and at the last moment, he decided he would walk along Piccadilly to Scott's instead. He spun slowly through 90 degrees on one heel and set off, looking not quite what he was. He was lean and moved well; he had an air about him, an elegance. Wyser & Bryant cut his suits—formed waist, slanted pockets, slit and cuffless trousers, a mode one would have thought meant for a man 20 years younger. He wore his bowler in the manner of a Guardsman, tipped in front.

It was still early when he came to Scott's, not 12:15. He took a table in the Window Room and asked for a pint of Taittinger. Four others had been seated, all men. Two of them, together, had something to do with films, Lancehugh decided. The others were by themselves and could have been anything. He thought they looked dull, and chided himself for it. How could one know? Among the biggest bores he could remember, Lancehugh had to place Sir Peter Bellair, extraordinary-looking fellow—six-six, red beard halfway to his belt, bright-blue eyes, and an idiot. Or take Tony Bronson. Tony Bronson had been made a K. B. E. for unspecified work in the Foreign Office. In fact, Lancehugh knew, he had been a disposal man for M-6. He was a government assassin, in plain terms. He looked like a teacher in a third-rate public school and he was absolutely fascinating. Lancehugh took a sip of champagne. It was good, and cold as iron. Lifting the glass had pointed his eyes toward the door. A girl stood there, talking with the *maitre d'hôtel*. A brown haze seemed to float around her: brown-gold hair, tanned, a wheat-color suit of some sort. But too young to be interesting. Lancehugh picked up the menu. He had decided he was going to have a hell of a big lunch, and he was ordering it when he was called to the telephone. It was a short conversation and he felt sadly resigned when he hung up, trying to tell himself that he'd known all along he should have gone to the In and Out. He explained the situation to the *maitre d'hôtel* and the man led him to the girl's table.

"*Mademoiselle Faucon?*" the *maitre d'hôtel* said.

The girl nodded.

"May I present to you Colonel Sir Albert Charles Lancehugh?"

Lancehugh took over. "*Mademoiselle,*" he said. "I believe you have a luncheon date with Mrs. William Marchant. Mrs. Marchant is my sister. She is, I'm sorry to say, indisposed. She called the restaurant to apologize to you. She was told that I was in the house . . . so, you see . . . may I express my sister's regrets and ask you to join me for luncheon?"

"I am so sorry to hear this," *Mlle. Faucon* said. "It is nothing too serious?"

"Debby broke an ankle, I'm afraid," Lancehugh said.

"What a pity," *Mlle. Faucon* said. "I am sorry. You are sure it is no trouble, if I have lunch with you?"

"It would be a great pleasure for me," Lancehugh said. An hour will do it, he thought. Stuff a chop and a salad into her, a sweet, and *au revoir*.

*Mlle. Faucon* had sherry, a small tureen of *crème portugaise*, sole *véronique*, leaf spinach, a serving of *salade niçoise* and a big cut of camembert. With coffee she took calvados. She ate deftly and quickly. Occasional Gallicisms aside, her English was flawless. She was not more than pretty, Lancehugh thought, but she had a notably bright and lively air. She made a remarkable impression of interest in what one was saying, and by the time the first hour had passed, he had begun to admire her rather warmly. This admiration was rooted in something she had not said. The girl was in London, his sister had told him, on invitation of friends who wanted to help her over the deaths of her mother and father, ten days since, in a motorcar accident. They had rolled off a *lacet* in the Maritimes. To make not the slightest reference to this bereavement was, in his view, wholly admirable; it reflected courage and taste remarkable in one so young. Well, she might be 29. Even so, even so.

When she smiled, her whole face went with it and her eyes came down to slits. Sometimes she turned her head when she listened, rather like a bird, and her eyes did this narrowing thing; she might hold her chin on the end of two fingers. She had strong-looking hands, lean and brown, like the rest of her. She had a mannequin's build: long legs, small hard little breasts, swanny-looking neck.

"I shall be in London for another six days," she said. "Then I must go back to Paris. I must work. I miss working. I suppose everyone does."

"I don't," Lancehugh said. "Not a bit. What an idea, miss working!"

"Do you work?"

"Yes. I do. But at different things, and when I want to. I never miss not doing it."

"I miss it."

"What do you do? What is your work?"

"I am an anesthesiologist," she said.

"Really? You mean, you give the anesthetic, in surgery? You're a *doctor*?"

She laughed. "I am. I'm on the staff of a hospital and all. You're surprised."

"I am, at that."

"You don't think it is work for a woman?"

"I shouldn't say that. It just doesn't seem, well, very demanding, very interesting, giving people ether. . . ."

"Ether!" She crinkled up and laughed again. "What is ether? I can't remember

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# That Day



*fiction* By ROBIE MACAULEY *the scene at the club was just like new year's eve—everybody talking a mile a minute, laughing and slapping each other on the back*

IT WAS A DAY of fantastic good luck. Such marvelous fortune as I could hardly remember in all my 38 years. I almost got a kind of religious feeling about it, as if you could see the Hand of God. I remember when I heard the news I just sat there in my desk chair like I was in a trance, just as if I could see the clouds roll by, the black waters recede, the sun break through and the trees and meadows turn green with hope. That was the way it struck me, sort of like a vision.

The day hadn't begun in any special way that I recall—at least there weren't any special omens around. I remember that I got out of bed and touched my toes 20 times, the way I always do. Then I wandered around the house not in such a good humor. I knocked at Sissy's door and yelled at her to get up. Kid would stay there until she got bed-sores if somebody didn't yell at her. Then I went out on the sun-porch and saw Bud bouncing a tennis ball against the garage door instead of finishing up the homework he hadn't done last night. At that rate, they'll have to give him an old-age pension to get him out of the seventh grade. I opened the window and told him what I thought about people who bounced a damn tennis ball around instead of doing their work.

It sure was a pretty November day, I had to admit. And maybe, after all, it did you more good to fool around with a tennis ball than study some of those half-baked things they give them in school nowadays. He had to write a report on the UN last month; I wouldn't be surprised if there were Communists in the schools even down here.

The sun made me feel a little better, though. And there was a good, rich smell in the kitchen—Georgina with the coffee perking and the eggs and bacon on. "Miz Huber just get up. She say you go ahead and eat," Georgina told me. No news—it happens that way every morning, but Georgina knows it makes *(continued on page 213)*







*november playmate  
kaya christian's a champ  
at any water sport—  
and a finely developed  
photo-lab technician*

# SUNSHINE SUPERGIRL

Whatever the situation, Kaya Christian displays an unmistakable—and justified—air of self-assurance. Below: On the job, our November miss deciphers control strips to ensure consistency of film processing.



A CHAMPION swimmer and diver at the age of 11, Kaya Christian no longer competes in organized aqua-sports. But when she's not laboring in the catacombish darkness of one of the West Coast's largest photo-processing labs, this 21-year-old native Californian heads for the nearest beach or pool. Already accomplished in water ballet, Kaya became a licensed scuba diver shortly before we went to press, thereby fulfilling a lifelong ambition: "When I'm submerged, I let myself go—no cares, no anxieties; the Pacific is like a second home to me." When she's not in the darkroom or in the water, Miss Christian likes to unwind—at her bachelorette pad in Beverly Hills—to contemporary pop sounds ("Lou Rawls, Ramsey Lewis, The 5th Dimension and a local group that hasn't made the big time yet—Phase Three—can really flip me out") or with paintbrush in hand ("I'm really just a dabbler"). Kaya's conception of a gratifying date is engagingly unconventional: "Dinner at Scandia, a night cruise to Catalina, then a return trip in time to greet the milkman in the morning." She wasted no time accepting PLAYBOY's invitation to grace our November gatefold, and thereby answered the question about what a gentleman should or shouldn't offer a lady.



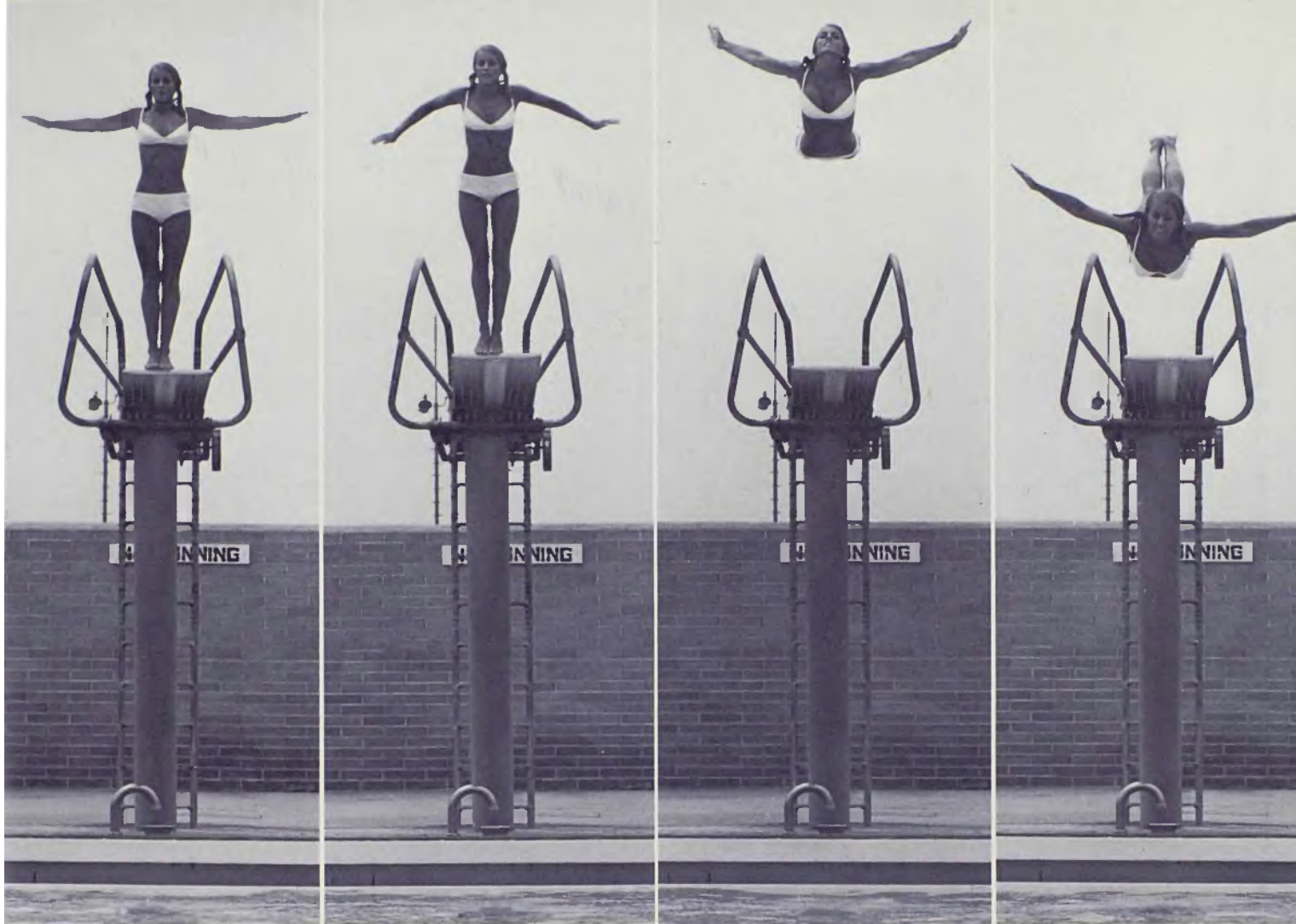




Kaya Christian is one member of the younger generation who's not drapping out of anything. This blonde beauty—whose dad is a religious educator—enjoys being a woman and is most articulate when describing what she wants most: "Whoever the man is, he's going to be very ambitious, well read and well traveled, a connoisseur of foods and wines and extremely sports-minded. On top of that, he's got to be mature and have a sharp sense of humor. It may sound like an awful lot to ask—but I'm sure that I have a lot to offer, too." We can't argue with that.







Following a hard day's night at the photo lab—where, in addition to recording temperatures and examining negatives, our favorite quality-control technician recommends corrective procedures as needed—Kaya takes the kind of pause that refreshes her most: a dip in the McCambridge Park Swimming Pool in Burbank. Poised on the board, then executing a perfect swan dive, Miss November artfully exhibits her championship (35½-23-34) form. As a swimmer, Kaya set a Georgia state record for the backstroke when she was a precocious 12-year-old.







MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





At Sportsmen's Lodge in North Hollywood (above), where guests can fish for their dinners—or, if they prefer, take their catches home—Kaya tries her hand at angling and comes up with a trout. Below: Miss November digs an occasional weekend of sun-soaking and water-skiing on the Colorado river, below Parker Dam in Arizona. The hip set at Parker congregates at Fox's, a night spot that floats on the river itself ("Occasionally," says Kaya, "too many people make the scene and the place starts to sink").





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As the young couple parked in a crowded lovers' lane, she sighed romantically: "It's lovely out here tonight—just listen to the crickets."

"Those aren't crickets," her date replied. "They're zippers."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pot roast* as a cookout for grassheads.

Then there was the gay fellow who redecorated his bathroom and has *His* and *His* towels.



A beautiful but obviously overwrought young woman tearfully admitted to her doctor that after almost a year of marriage, her husband had not yet made love to her.

"No wonder you're nervous and upset," said the astonished physician. "Bring your husband to my office tomorrow afternoon and I'll have a talk with him."

The following day, she returned with her husband.

"I dislike prying into your personal life, my good man," the doctor said, "but you're not fulfilling your marital obligations."

"What do you mean, doctor?" the naïve husband replied. "I'm considerate, gentle, devoted and a good provider."

"But what about your *sexual* obligations?" the doctor demanded.

"I don't understand," the husband replied.

The doctor tried to explain, but the husband was too stupid to comprehend.

"All right," said the doctor at last, in exasperation, "then I'll show you."

He then asked the pretty wife to disrobe. After she had wriggled out of her clothes, the good medic proceeded to make passionate love to her. When he was finished, the doctor said, "And *that's* what every married woman needs at least twice a week."

Seeing the happy glow on his wife's face, the husband could only agree. "Very well, doctor," he said, "we'll be back on Friday for another treatment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stick shift* as one of Twiggy's dresses.

Walking up to the hardware-store clerk, the attractive female asked: "Can you give me a screw for a doorknob?"

"Sure," replied the clerk, "and if you're good, I'll buy you dinner besides."

Dressed as a pirate for Halloween, the small boy knocked on a door and was greeted by a matronly woman. "Aren't you a cute little pirate," she said. "But where are your buccaneers?"

To which the little boy replied: "Under my buccan hat."

The rising exec married a co-worker's ex-wife, and his spiteful predecessor persisted in reminding him that he had received secondhand merchandise. "Hey, George," quipped the first husband one day at lunch, "how do you like handling worn goods?"

"It's great," George replied, "once you get beyond the used part."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *synonym* as a word you use when you can't spell the other one.

A sexy female attorney we know consistently breaks speed limits but never gets a ticket. Every time a policeman stops her, she simply lays down the law.

The trouble with Harold," commented the svelte model to her roommate, "is that once he starts kissing you, he never knows where to stop."

"That's funny," countered her friend. "The last time I went out with him, he found a great place."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *rape* as an unnegotiated piece.

Then there was the fellow who loved the beautiful cellist—especially when she was on her Bach.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marriage* as an expensive way to have a woman for nothing.

A pretty actress, fearing she looked too thin on camera, asked her director to do something to fill her out. He did, and now she's insisting he marry her.

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.





Buck  
Brown

*"Now that's what I call a happy ending!"*



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, our first number is based on the traditional nineteen—nineteen beats to the bar. The subdivision goes like this: three, two, two, two, two, one, two, two, two. Actually, that's just the area code." (Laughter) "And that's the name of the piece." This is Don Ellis, trumpet in hand, addressing the crowd at the 1966 Monterey Jazz Festival.

Ellis then turned his bearded young face to his band and illustrated simplicity lost by shouting off the tempo: "Three, three, two, two, two, one, two, two, two."

It was Ellis who, in the not-too-distant past, named the jazz of the Sixties the "New Thing." Let's see what's new about it.

As most of us know, jazz was born around the turn of the century in whorehouses and at Southern funerals and parades, a folk music conceived in Africa. As all of us know, it was taken North on

# THE NEW THING

*inside the "ins" of far-out jazz: their music, motivation and influence*

article **BY MICHAEL ZWERIN**

the Mississippi and it became popular—the music of the 20th Century.

In the Twenties, European harmonic devices were introduced and a jazz giant such as Bix Beiderbecke could reflect the influences of Ravel and Debussy. But it was still primarily a good-time music—music to dance, drink and make love to.

Carnegie Hall—1938. Benny Goodman's famous concert launched the career of jazz as listening music. It was the beginning of a revolution, a revolution that developed slowly at first, however. In the Thirties and early Forties, jazz remained basically as it had been. But further change was inevitable.

Bebop arrived in the mid-Forties—Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and dissonance. Chord changes turned more intricate, the beat more subtle. One had to know something about music in general and about the rules of bebop in particular to fully understand it. For example, it helped to



ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN





know that Miles Davis' *Little Willie Leaps* was based on the chords of *All God's Children Got Rhythm*. It was essential, to appreciate the brilliance of his inventiveness, to know that Charlie Parker substituted his own more complicated chords on whatever songs he played.

The physical—the swing—still predominated, although somewhat more disguised. Jazz was still in the tradition of Broadway—song-and-dance music, sing-along music, partying music. But it was changing, no longer solely an intuitive thing. Musical knowledge, technical proficiency and general intelligence were more necessary. It became increasingly helpful to know how to read music. Jazz was growing up. And it was moving inexorably toward the concert stage.

Miles Davis was the big man on the scene in the Fifties. In his group were the late John Coltrane on tenor saxophone and one of the strongest rhythm sections ever assembled: Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums. The group was free, physical, intellectual—and they communicated. They were modern as modern should be: Saarinen's TWA Terminal at Kennedy Airport, Giacometti's sculpture. Clean open spaces, beautiful lines, complicated design simply projected, grainy textures. They played melodies and still worked largely in saloons.

Then, ten years ago, Ornette Coleman's first record was released and the revolution was in the streets. Coleman marked the end of the necessity to use any chords at all. The record itself was revolutionary in implication rather than in actuality, consisting of bebop-type melodies played in a more or less traditional manner by Coleman's alto and Don Cherry's trumpet. However, the solos in many places were free of chordal limitations, and these places were signposts indicating the road jazz was going to follow in the future.

In a development perhaps not as well known but equally important, a drummer named Sunny Murray broke through the time barrier in the early Sixties and stopped playing anything resembling a regular pulse.

No chords, no beat, nothing to whistle, no objective standards. Complete abstraction came to jazz in the Sixties, about 50 years after it arrived on the painting scene.

Of course, people continue playing other ways and many remain creative: Coleman Hawkins, Art Farmer, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Oscar Peterson and Miles Davis, for example. However, they are no longer in the vanguard. The mantle of modern has been taken from them by those who demand a greater freedom of expression, who do not want to be tied down to somebody else's rules. They wish to be composers, not interpreters. They are searching. So far, however, the main discovery seems



to have been a new way to utter chaos.

Painter and ex-jazz musician Larry Rivers comments on the situation this way: "Ornette Coleman seemed to produce absolute apathy in a lot of people. It happened earlier in painting and in 'serious' music. You don't know what it's about—notes or what. I don't mean to put that music down, but when a style of art had interest for a group of people, you mean to say that after it loses its front-page value, it's no longer valid? If that's true, life seems hopeless. . . . Then the sort of Broadway version of life and art—'she had her day'—is *that* all there is to it? I don't know. . . . I can see, though, how the whole thing about chordal structure can seem silly. . . . Art has expanded. We've included more things because more things have become boring. There had to be other places for men to go to bring back a little delight, so they began experimenting with other things. Broadening the arena."

An article about the New Thing in *The New York Times Magazine* was headlined "Black, Angry, and Hard to Understand." This is misleading.

Integrated bands are not unusual. White trombonist Roswell Rudd works with Archie Shepp's group, bassist Dave Izenzon with Ornette Coleman. There are other examples. So the music is not "black." Negro poet LeRoi Jones shouted black-nationalist slogans in *Down Beat* and on record liners for a while, linking his political and social ideas to the new music. However, they were *his* ideas, and it was *not* his music. He was using it for propaganda. The music is better than propaganda and most of Jones' musician friends have since disassociated themselves from him over that issue.

The music *sounds* angry at times, it is true, but those who play it, almost without exception, belie that label. They are of the left, most of them opposed to the Vietnam war, opposed to the traffic-ticket-fixer personality of Lyndon Baines Johnson and concerned with the mounting tension between the races in this country. But who isn't? So many of us are angry and frustrated these days. The new jazz players reflect the time, as does their music, but they do not exaggerate it.

The music may be somewhat hard to understand. Anything new is. But there are basic observations to be made.

Don Cherry is soft-spoken, lucid and intelligent. Brought up poor in the Watts district of Los Angeles, Cherry has not been made any richer by his art. But it is clear that he is totally committed to it. His eyes gleam as he speaks. "To me, the New Thing is just another way of saying 'music today.' There really is no such thing as new music, just music 'now.' The Swedish word *nu* means 'now.' I think of myself as playing the 'now thing.'"

Coal-black, with clear eyes, alto saxophonist Marion Brown lives in a loft next

door to where Cherry lived, in a commercial district near the Brooklyn end of the Delancey Street bridge. The area is deserted after dark, permitting all-night practicing. However, Marion Brown is listening to Mozart on FM radio as he paints his pressed-tin ceiling. He lives outside the establishment by choice. Until such time as it will accept him on his own terms, he will remain outside. With a bachelor's degree in music education from Clark College in Atlanta, Georgia, his home town, he could earn a more-or-less comfortable middle-class living if he so desired. But he has chosen to live the life of the avant-garde. "I think of myself as an opera singer—a coloratura," he says, turning up the Mozart. "I am concerned with arriving at the abstract lyric."

Lyricism is scarce in the new jazz, however. John Coltrane, who died this past summer at a tragically young 40, abandoned his rich melodic communicative bag of the Fifties and, reflecting the predominant characteristic, shouted abstract energy in the Sixties. His solos became loud and harsh, crowded notes crushed by honks and screeches, containing little of what is traditionally thought of as beauty. And they often lasted as long as an hour. No compromises with the market place. Speaking in a pianissimo curiously unlike his music, he said: "I don't know what the New Thing means. I don't feel that what I play is necessarily even jazz. I'm merely trying to understand music—I'm just playing music. I have a desire to go to the basic elements of music and come out with value, to go right into the heart, strip myself of the old and be truly creative. That's what the New Thing is about, I suppose. To me, though, the word 'jazz' doesn't define anything. It's only music."

Jimmy Giuffrè is another established star from an older school who left a commercially accepted style in search of adventure in abstraction. He has a pale-white face, neat gray hair and a manner in keeping with his part-time role as teacher at the New School for Social Research. "The new jazz does not necessarily have a steady beat or chord progressions. It is at least partially abstract. I played totally abstract music for a few years and some people had the impression that I wasn't interested in communicating. Although this wasn't true, I understood what they meant. I have been thinking for some time about putting more recognizable forms in my music. This has resulted in my new group, with which I use more established and familiar elements—as a dialog, mostly. Some people relate to pure abstraction—they find enough in it alone—but in general, I don't think I had enough familiar elements in the past to keep my audience."

The New Thing isn't concerned with *I Got Rhythm* or *Stardust*. Jazz is now

separated from Broadway, from 32-bar tunes, from simple melody, from tonality. In a recent television skit about jazz musicians, Sid Caesar was satirically perceptive when he said that one of the cats in his band plays radar "so he can warn us if anyone is approaching the melody."

Where, indeed, is the melody? Who cares? With freedom has come alienation—alienation from the past and from the audience. Real freedom includes the freedom to make rules, and rules are still lacking. Too often, the new music tears away the shackles of the past, offering only disorder as a replacement. And audiences have been feeling notoriously free to dislike or to ignore it. With audience rejection has come paranoia, and blame is placed on the audience for not understanding the music. "Something must be wrong with *them*—they don't like us."

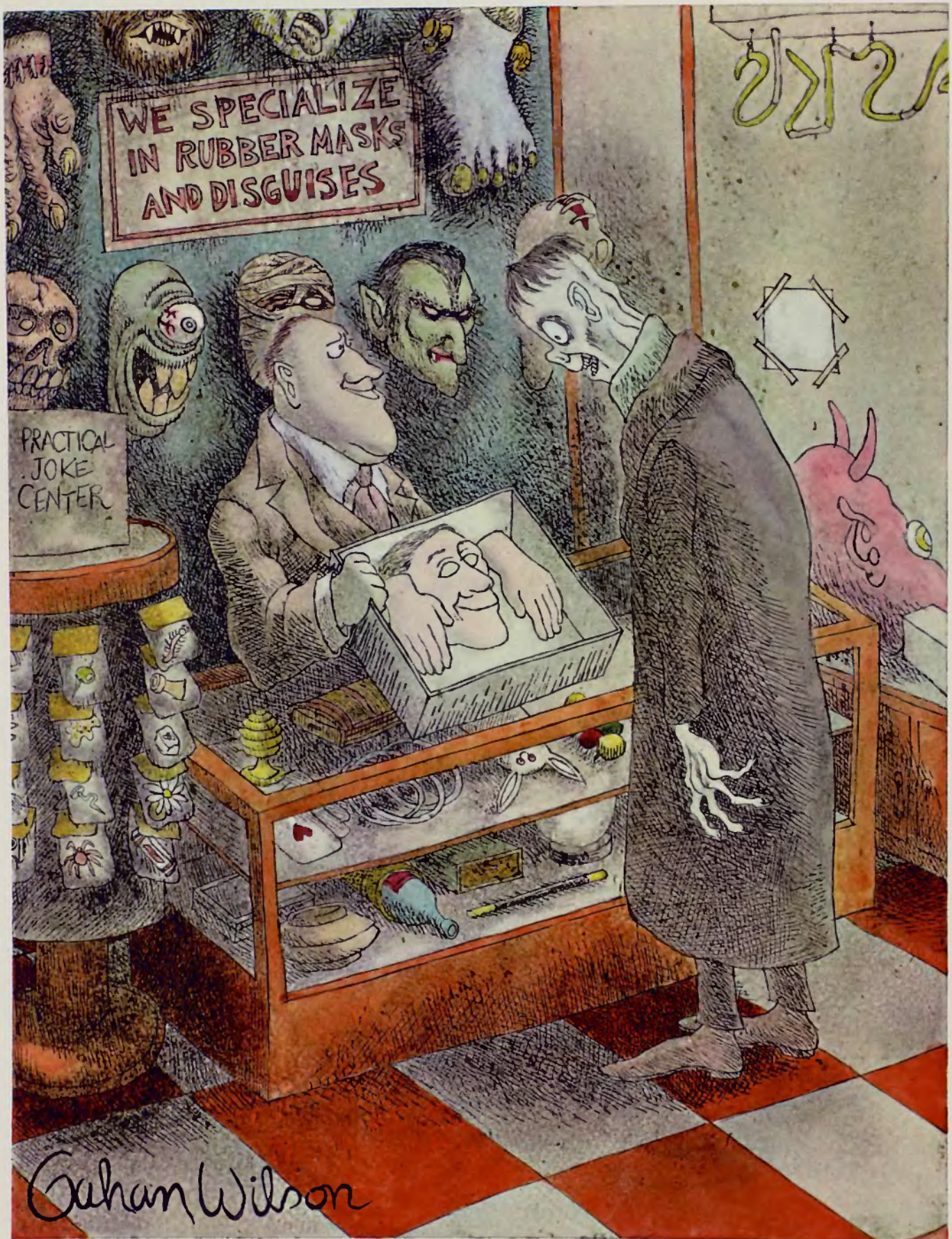
The jazz fraternity is confused, adrift from one another and from society. The old resents the new and vice versa. There is little dialog. The younger public seems to prefer rock 'n' roll and even aging hipsters are often heard to say, as they listen to the Rolling Stones, "Jazz is through, man." Job opportunities are vanishing at the same time the population of the world, and of jazz musicians, is exploding. The new jazz is divided in its poverty, the players assuming some of the social characteristics of hungry hounds as they pick about the back alleys of art, competing for meager sustenance.

The situation is slightly better for the New Thing in Europe. American free jazz players are increasingly popular there. Many European jazz musicians switched to the new freedom soon after being introduced to Ornette Coleman. The European audience is more enlightened and comes closer to supporting the music. It has had a particularly strong influence in eastern Europe, where people such as Dr. Pavel Blatný and Jaromir Hnlicka are experimenting with new ways of arranging and composing for big orchestras. A composition in the new language by pianist Alexander von Schlippenbach, titled *Global Unity*, was performed at the Berlin Jazz Festival last November. The reaction of the audience and critics was mixed, some calling it the first successful experiment in composing for a large group in the new idiom, others saying that *Global Unity* was only "musical chaos."

There is no doubt that much of the new jazz is chaotic—in fact, that's too orderly a word in many cases. The lack of discipline, the abuse of freedom, is prodigious. Solos are often too long, rules nonexistent or overly permissive. The scene is a musical version of the type of nonconformity wherein a man grows a beard in defiance of the establishment

(continued on page 216)





Graham Wilson

*"The set you ordered arrived today, sir!"*





# ***CHARTER YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN***

*the best and most exciting way to enjoy a free-floating vacation midst the windward isles*



*travel* By A. C. SPECTORSKY ROUGHLY 1000 miles southeast of Miami lie the Leeward and Windward islands, a chain of some dozen mountainous ones and literally hundreds of smaller ones, ranging in a crescent that divides the Caribbean from the Atlantic and running some 500 miles from south of the Virgin Islands virtually to Venezuela. There is a uniqueness to each of these islands. Although they have a bloody history and have been fought over by various tribes of Indians, slaves and escaped slaves, Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen and the Dutch, the result has not been amalgamation or homogeneity but a kind of fierce and proud individuality. Thus, although you can cruise the entire chain, from island to island, without ever being out of sight of land, your point of departure may be as Dutch in language and customs and currency as Holland itself, the next island not as French as France itself but actually part of France—as is Martinique—politically and culturally, and your port of arrival as British as Bristol.

These jeweled isles provide what is perhaps the finest cruising ground in the hemisphere, if not in the entire world. They are a yachtsman's paradise and are as yet virtually unspoiled. What they lack in luxury of accommodations and prepackaged entertainment (*text continued on page 142*)



**SAGA**, a 58-foot ketch, sails out of her home port of Saint George's, Grenada (left), in the Windward Islands. A classically handsome sailing ship with ample auxiliary engine to cruise at eight knots under power alone, Saga has two double staterooms and two single berths, comfortably quarters six guests, who will find her lounges and spacious decks ideal for convivial relaxation. Saga's charter fee for a week is just under \$1000. **BAHARI** (above), a 44-foot sport fisherman, is perhaps the best-equipped boat of her kind in the entire eastern Caribbean. Twin 165-hp diesel engines drive her aluminum hull at a fast 15 knots. Right: A school of game fish is spotted by the ship's lookout. In season, the Bahari hunts out the area's piscatorial attractions: marlin, dolphin and sailfish, in addition to such other prize Caribbean catches as kingfish, bonita and tuna. Bahari charters for \$840 a week, which includes use of the ship's top-notch deep-sea-fishing gear.





**SUNDANCE**, a quarter-of-a-million-dollar, 83-foot Elco cruiser, charters for \$3360 a week. She has four spacious staterooms—each with its own washroom—to opulently accommodate eight guests. Equipped with twin 270-hp GMC diesel engines, she can make long passages at up to a consistent 14 knots. Her public rooms, lounges, decks and equipment are all in the *grand luxe* tradition. This extends to her instrumentation (right), which includes automatic pilot, powerful radiophone, 18-mile radar, Fathometer and a full complement of other navigational aids selected on a spare-no-expense basis.



**LORD JIM** (right), a 72-foot schooner of salty mien and luxurious appointments, charters for less than \$2200 a week. Under her roomy, uncluttered decks are three double cabins that accommodate six guests in style. The ship's three small boats—a 14-foot water-ski boat, a Sea Shark sailboat and a 12-foot rowing and sailing dinghy—round out her wealth of aquatic equipment for the charterer's in-harbor pleasure. Lord Jim's crew of three or four is captained by owner-skipper Jolyon







**INDEPENDENCE**, a 50-foot auxiliary top-sail schooner, lodges four guests in two double staterooms and charts for less than \$1000 a week. From her home port in Antigua, Independence cruises southward through the Windwards at the charterer's pleasure, or—as with most of the Antillean charter fleet—she may be booked to pick him up anywhere along the way. Daytimes usually find guests using the spacious decks for sun-bathing (above); at night, the saloon—with well-stocked bar, hi-fi and settees—acts as the ship's social center.



**RING ANDERSEN**, an impressive 91-foot auxiliary ketch, was beautifully and painstakingly built in Denmark, looks and is a proper seagoing classic. Ring Andersen provides her guests with plenty of room to roam: A sizable saloon, library (above) and three admirably appointed double staterooms ensure comfort for a yachting party of six. The Ring Andersen's salty sturdiness gives her globe-girdling capacity, yet she foots along with the best of the fleet under her full spread of canvas. Her weekly charter fee of \$2310 includes many unusual extras.





**XEBEC**, a triple-decked, 115-foot gold-plater, is fitted out with accouterments worthy of a luxury liner: The dining saloon (left) easily seats ten and is elegantly furnished; the ship's music room contains a piano and a complete stereo hi-fi system. Powered by an eight-cylinder Gleniffer marine diesel engine, Xebec cruises at a steady, comfortable and quiet ten knots. Xebec's eight auxiliary ship's boats and launches—six of them motorized—permit guests a wide latitude of aquatic activity. (Also aboard: four scuba tanks, snorkel equipment, water skis and deep-sea-fishing gear.) The ship's weekly charter fee for a party of eight—lodged in three double staterooms and two single cabins—is \$1950.



**CLAYBETH**, a 110-foot pleasure cruiser built in West Germany in 1955, was completely redesigned, refinished and repowered in 1964 and represents a total investment of \$650,000. Charterable on a monthly basis only (at \$12,500 per), Claybeth sleeps eight guests in four commodious double staterooms (each with a complete bath). The yacht's dining saloon generously seats a party of 12; its similarly spacious lounge contains a color TV and stereophonic sound system. Capable of reaching a top speed of 16 knots, the fully air-conditioned Claybeth is propelled by twin 575-hp diesel Caterpillar engines that allow her to cruise comfortably—and nearly silently—at 13½ knots.





# PLAYBOY'S CHARTER YACHT PARTY

*how to have a ball on the  
briny with an able-bodied  
complement of ship's belles*

SINCE THE DAYS of Cleopatra's barge, a proper yacht—the kind yachtsmen call a gold-plater—has signified the ultimate in excitement and luxury afloat. Although the cost of a modern gold-plater sail yacht in the 80-foot range can easily run into hundreds of thousands of dollars, the shared cost of a chartered cruise aboard, for a compatible group of fun-loving aquanauts, adds up to little more than they'd pay for a landlubberly vacation at a class-A resort. With this in mind, a party of four couples recently chartered the kingly ketch Sorrento—and looked forward to a salty, unique vacation sailing the bounding main. They were not disappointed. Flying to the Windwards in the eastern Caribbean, our partygoers assembled on tiny Young Island—just off St. Vincent island, where the Sorrento lay to her moorings (right). The intrepid voyagers that night initiated their eastern Caribbean idyl with an anchors-away boarding party. And early the next day, the expedition's four beauteous members—Elaine, Pat, Judy and Roxanna—got the trip off with a splash by taking a secluded natatorial plunge. Our shipmates—ably instructed by Captain Tim, his honey-of-a-blonde wife, Lisa, and three-man crew—soon received a taste of yacht racing: Weeks before, at their request, the Sorrento had been entered in a regatta. But even though their ship finished out of the money, the Sorrento's carefree clan was only too happy to hold a victory buffet party, all hands toasting the occasion with tots of rum. Next came a tour of the Tobago Cays and the Grenadines; and, somehow, in the midst of their action-packed days and starry nights, our charter-cruise members were also learning to sail and navigate. Their days filled with water-skiing, swimming, snorkeling, spearfishing, sun-bathing and island exploration, and nights with cocktail parties eagerly thrown at the drop of an anchor, the charter seemed to end all too soon. But when the Sorrento's vacationers finally boarded their homeward-bound jet at Castries airport on St. Lucia, a happy thought kept the journey home from becoming a sad one: Having savored the sweet life of charter yachting in the Caribbean, our eight adventurers were making plans for a return engagement.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON









Under full sail, the Sorrento (opposite page), a trim 82-foot auxiliary ketch that charters for \$2500 a week, leaves St. Vincent island at the start of PLAYBOY's pleasure cruise. The first day out, Sorrento competes in a 20-yacht regatta from St. Vincent to Bequia. Midway through the race, Mike asks permission to take a turn at the wheel (above left) and is allowed to skipper the Sorrento for several miles. Later, the yacht is anchored at Bequia and a buffet is served topside (above); Mike helps Elaine to cold lobster and curried rice that has been prepared by Benny, the Sorrento's West Indian cook, while the captain's wife, Lisa, serves up a bottle of French wine. After Captain Tim and able-bodied shipmate Roxanna board Sorrento's Boston Whaler to take Mike water-skiing (left), a party starts on the beach front—thus giving the group a chance to sample the potent native rum. As the music of the steel band subsides, the girls return to the ship and, in the master stateroom (below, left to right), Judy, Roxanna and Elaine slip into bikinis for a midnight dip.











Of all the tiny isles that make up the Grenadines, none captures the imaginations of PLAYBOY's partygoers as sybaritically as Petit Rameau (above left), whose pristine sands meet the Caribbean's pellucid waters in a setting of unsullied tranquillity. Debarking at midmorning, the four couples bask on the beach until just past noon. Then Benny prepares a delicious luncheon of baked cowfish stuffed with seasoned rice, potato salad laced with a tart Martinique mustard sauce and trays of asparagus vinaigrette and assorted cheeses. After finishing this island repast, Mike, John and Don decide to spend the afternoon spearfishing; the waters that surround Petit Rameau are filled with giant blue angelfish and red-eyed squid. But before they shove off in the launch, a water fight breaks out and, while Judy and John watch from the ship's stern (below, far left), Mike playfully dunks Elaine. When all the men but Andy and the crew finally head for the deep, the girls request that they not be disturbed and (left) then go topless in order to acquire an allover tan; Roxanna and Judy stretch out on top of the aft cabin, while Pat and Elaine lounge just below. Later in the afternoon Andy, who's been napping in his cabin, is awakened by the sound of splashing and ventures into no man's land to see what the fun is all about. Displaying appropriate aplomb, the girls ignore him, and as Elaine leaps into the Petit Rameau briny (above), Roxanna scrambles back on board, ready for another dive. Judy and Pat watch the aquatic high jinks while Andy, gentleman that he is, relaxes while pretending not to notice the seeworthy beauties frolicking nearby. When Mike, John and Don finally return, Pat asks Mike to take her snorkeling; she then dons face mask and flippers (below) for a mermaid's-eye view of the underwater scene. The two of them swim 30 yards from where the Sorrento is anchored and proceed to explore the ocean bed. While sight-seeing, they spot turtles and kaleidoscopically colored coral formations; but when a huge grouper starts acting fishy, both decide it's time to turn in their swim fins and prepare for an early-evening aperitif aboard the Sorrento. Snorkeling back, Mike spots a fish and, after a few minutes of stalking, he surfaces with proof of his spearfishing prowess (below right), and with a finny contribution to dinner as well.











On anchoring the Sorrento at Jamesby Island in the Grenadines, all aboard except Pat and Elaine opt for a day of skindiving and water-skiing. The two girls choose to row ashore in a rubber dinghy, slip out of their swimsuits (above) and embark on an uninhibited, sun-drenched stroll along the island's white-sand beaches before heading back to the yacht. Two days later, when the Sorrento returns to her original anchorage—St. Vincent island—a distaff trio finds a secluded spot in Cumberland Bay, close to a waterfall. After deciding that the sylvan setting is a perfect place for a shampoo, Elaine and Roxanna proceed to suds up (far left). Pat (left), first of the three to finish, relaxes amid fragrant tropical foliage while waiting for the sun to dry her hair. When the girls return to the Sorrento, in time for dinner (below), Roxanna and Don, Mike and Elaine discuss their day's adventures, while Pat skillfully tosses a salad before serving up a sumptuous feast that includes prime ribs, fried bananas, sautéed island carrots, Yorkshire pudding, coffee and cognac.







When the Sorrento reaches St. Lucia, the party's final port of call, two passing yachts—the sport fisherman Bahari and the schooner Lord Jim—are hailed and the guests aboard invited to an impromptu cocktail party. The three ships are quickly rafted up (left), and soon all hands aboard the Bahari, Lord Jim and Sorrento are swapping tales of their Windward and Leeward island adventures. Mike and Elaine drift away for a final swim at sunset (bottom right); later the couples dress for their last evening aboard ship (bottom left). And a rollicking evening it turns out to be: Lord Jim's bongo- and guitar-playing crew fills the small St. Lucia bay of Anse des Pitons with music as the bar lockers of the three yachts pour forth their booze and bubbly. Even though the Sorrento couples' zest is tempered with the knowledge that their sailing spree is almost over, the merrymaking continues far into the night. Just before dawn, with the lights of their yacht illuming their way, John and Judy swim to the beach for a private tête-à-tête and shared recollections of the high points of their many-pleasured cruise.









they make up for in wildly beautiful jungle, towering mountains and volcanoes, pristine beaches, rushing waterfalls, pellucid waters that offer every aquatic sport and adventure one could wish, a native population that is astonishingly friendly and outgoing and a year-round temperature that is both hot and cool—hot because the islands are so near the equator, cool because the prevailing trade wind from the east blows steadily and provides unfailing natural air conditioning, as well as the most dependable and enjoyable sailing.

To be sure, there are drawbacks to these islands. In addition to the paucity of customary resort luxuries, there is the indubitable fact that you just can't get there from here—despite the existence of some flights by BWIA and Pan Am nonstop from New York and direct from Miami and plans in the immediate future for more. The fact is, however, that from most places in the States, it's going to take the vacationer overnight to get there, and overnight to get back—which is quite a chunk to take out of a vacation, especially a short one. The compensation is that this very inconvenience assures freedom from hordes of rubberneck tourists and preserves the exotic naturalness and remoteness of this island chain. This is not to say that there are no amenities whatever: Such islands as Antigua, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Martinique and Grenada do offer more than mere creature comforts, and what they lack in modernity they compensate for with gracious ease and genuine hospitality.

The way to see these islands, the way to visit them, the way to relish their splendor and enjoy their salubrious tropic charm is by yacht. And the way to do it by yacht is to charter a vessel from the sizable fleet of boats that plies these waters in all seasons (though we recommend avoiding August and September, which can be pretty wet and stormy).

Charter yachting offers manifold advantages over yacht ownership—quite apart from the fact that it costs a hell of a lot less—and, in its own way, it is the best kind of vacationing imaginable. To be sure, it's not for everyone: Queasy sybarites, compulsive sight-seers and those who feel happiest in a crowd are apt to go ashore after their first, rail-under interisland passage, or their first night under the stars, at anchor in a palm-fringed cove with not another boat in sight and not a light ashore. But for those who like—or who want to try—the yachtsman's way of life, and who have a taste for aquatic sports and exotic ports of call, cruising the Lesser Antilles aboard a charter yacht offers a unique and matchless holiday adventure. In our estimation, the ideal area of these islands to launch your first charter-yacht vacation is the southern portion, the Windward Islands.

It's a fair guess that, with few excep-

tions, those who write about the Lesser Antilles do so with mixed emotions. They want to share and to extol the sheer gut pleasure and aesthetic excitement that these treasured isles provide. Yet they also feel reluctance to share the wealth, to spread the word so that organized tourism will descend upon the chain of isles and spoil their natural beauty, their relative isolation and the free and informal camaraderie that exists among those yachtsmen and yachting enthusiasts who have discovered the region and have learned to love it and to return to it year after year.

Vacationing on a charter yacht in the Antilles is comparable with renting a furnished house or cottage in the tropics, with congenial companions, for a holiday of two or three weeks, or a month or more—with these important differences. The yacht is provisioned and staffed. You aren't stuck in one place or dependent on land transportation: You can be in a different harbor or cove every night, for there are well over a hundred islands to visit and hundreds of snug anchorages. Your itinerary is of your choice, not dependent on others or preset by a travel agent. Thus, you may choose to spend a day at anchor swimming over the side, snorkeling, spear-fishing, skindiving, exploring mile upon mile of white-sand beach, lolling on deck under an awning or going ashore for a shopping expedition or for a jeep or Land Rover trip on any one of dozens of islands. Many offer the aforementioned beaches plus a local volcano, jungles, plantations, waterfalls, native villages and West Indian jump-ups (impromptu dancing—usually barefoot—of the kind you are not apt to assay at home). Or you may prefer to stay aboard ship for a moonlight sail to the next port of call, or just quiet cocktail-ing and dining under the tropic stars before going below to the cradled comfort of a proper, seagoing berth.

The next day may be spent under way all day, smooth sailing in the lee of the islands, exhilarating and sometimes boisterous passages between the islands, where the prevailing easterly trade winds pipe up from the open sea. Or you may interrupt your passage to anchor off an islet that's mostly the purest white sand you've ever seen and swim ashore—or take one of the ship's launches or ski boats or dinghies—for a noonday picnic or a nighttime, firelit seafood feast.

What you won't find, look though you may, are luxury hotels with Olympic-size swimming pools, crowds, mandatory dressing for dinner, traffic fumes, movies and TV. Even on comparatively large and cosmopolitan Antigua and Grenada, the two most populous English-speaking islands (so you must pronounce them *An-tee-ga* and *Gre-nay-da*)—which are at opposite ends of the best cruising grounds—you won't find Stateside-resort luxuries and the attendant irritations

(nor the attendant high prices). And Fort-de-France, the capital of Martinique, which is smack-dab in the middle of the island chain, is longer on sophistication than on tonier, more conspicuously consumed attractions, despite the fact that it is called the Paris of the West Indies. Perhaps they mean Paris, Maine.

But even assuming you've had your surfeit of resort vacations and "civilized" vacations, and want to try a yachting vacation, why the Lesser Antilles? Why have to fly 1000 miles from Miami before stepping aboard? Why not, let's say, the Bahamas, little more than 100 miles from Miami, where there's a splendid charter fleet, every marine sport known, crystalline waters, paradisiacal beaches, all of the more primitive pleasures and privacy you want in the Out Islands, and luxuries, plus gambling around Nassau? It's a question most travel authorities—and travel agents—prefer to finesse, which is precisely why it should be dealt with, so that those who have tried either, or neither, can make informed choices before deciding which new place to try.

As between the Bahamas and the Windward Islands, it's a bit like the Florida-versus-California debate; proponents of one or the other are apt to become violent partisans when the pre-eminence of their preferred pleasure place is challenged. There's no doubt about the Bahamas being more accessible, more civilized and more convenient—especially in such matters as clearing Customs. But the Bahamas are scrubby and flat; they are coral islands with poor soil or none. The Antilles are, for the most part, volcanic; they are the visible part of a submerged mountain range that runs northward in a crescent from Venezuela—which is nearer to them than any part of the U. S. The Bahamian natives, folkways and language are much the same from island to island. We've already commented on the contrasting variety of the Antilles. Bahamian waters tend to shoals, coral heads and sand bars; it can be tricky going for deep-draft vessels and there are some delightful harbors from which larger sailing vessels are therefore excluded. By contrast, Antillean sailing is all blue-water voyaging, with depth of keel rarely a matter for concern. The Bahamas are kinder to power yachts (though they, too, may run aground or hit a submerged coral head) and the Antilles can be pretty unspeakable to all but the largest and most rugged power vessels, especially in the interisland passages, where the prevailing strong easterlies present a beam sea that can impart to a power yacht a nasty roll conducive to *mal de mer* and sliding dishes in the saloon, whereas a sailing vessel is steadied by her sails and will be sea-kindlier in her motion.

As has been said, many of the Antilles  
(continued on page 152)





## man at his leisure

*playboy's leroy neiman artfully limns the graceful excitement  
and elegant aura of the national horse show*



Each November, the appreciation of well-groomed horseflesh in action is the special province of the social set that fills Gotham's Madison Square Garden. While the onlookers (top) are hardly dressed for horseplay ("On opening night," says artist LeRoy Neiman, "the men wear white tie; the women, haute couture gowns"), the competition before them is keen. Below: Using a stop-action technique, Neiman shows a horse and rider in flight.

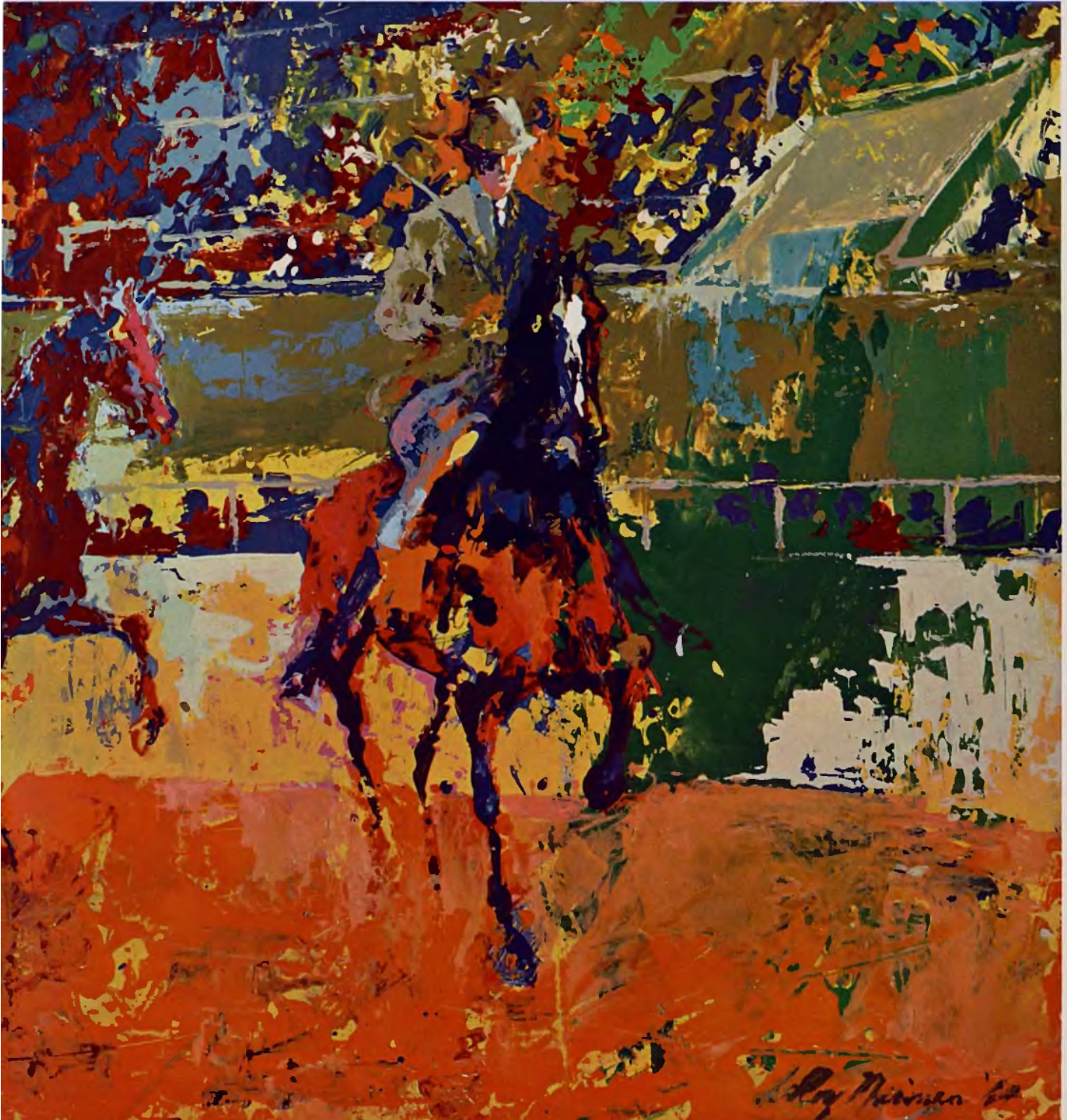


During the week of the show, from the time the horse vans unload their cargoes on West 49th Street until the last trophy has been awarded, Manhattan—unlikely as it seems—is the world's equine capital. The show is costlier than most Broadway extravaganzas, requiring a thousand tons of earth and obstacle courses designed to simulate all the difficulties—stone walls, hedgerows, fences, ditches and such—that fox hunters are likely to encounter. Though the show is preceded by a lavish ball and reception and complemented throughout by social events, once the ringmaster begins proceedings with a blast from his coach horn, it's the riders and the horses who command attention. Right: Vaulting from one horse to another during relay competition is a member of one of the military jumping teams that come from Europe and South America. Below: Neiman captures the restrained horsepower in evidence as riders and their mounts parade in the ring under the judge's knowing eye.





**THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW** at Madison Square Garden made its debut October 22, 1883, the same night the Metropolitan Opera House opened its doors for the first time. Since then, it has been the *ne plus ultra* of equestrian events and the formal opening of New York's social season. Hundreds of the world's best-bred mounts are entered every year, for cups, cash and acclaim. Hunters demonstrate their courage and expertise at taking the hurdles; sleek saddle horses—"peacocks of the show world"—are judged, like women, by the way they walk. Since 1909, the highlight of the show has been the fierce jumping competition among teams of different countries; but special exhibitions—such as six-horse riding, Roman style—also provide thrills aplenty. Experienced junior riders, under 18, strive hard for awards in equitation. It's all coed, and the regulations make no concessions to sex: "It's the only sporting event I've seen," observes our well-traveled artist LeRoy Neiman, "where the men and the women take up the same challenges under the same rules." The spectacle, which runs day and night, is both grandiose and mannerly. "Richard the Third," says Neiman, "would have traded his kingdom for any one of the horses. The riders are richly attired in brown checks, Kelly greens, hunter's pinks or military togs; huge flags, hanging from the beams, add to the pageantry. As the riders turn the course, silence reigns—broken by gasps of delight or dismay at the most difficult jumps; only after the last obstacle has been cleared do the spectators applaud." The show has already outlasted three Madison Square Gardens; and this year's event—October 31 through November 7—will be the last in the present building, since the new Garden atop Pennsylvania Station is scheduled to open this December. "It's safe to assume," says confirmed horse fancier Neiman, "that the new location will only enhance the luster of the show."





*"And that, Mr. Bigelow,  
is yet another definition  
of black power."*





# something better than marriage

Ribald Classic

from *Ruskiia Zavetnyia Skazki*

ONCE THERE WAS a young Cossack named Gritzko, a strong and handsome boy but generally considered to be something of a fool. On a day when he was tending the sheep out on the steppes, his father said to his mother, "We ought to marry off Gritzko. He is of age now and he needs a good wife to look after him."

"All right, let him be married," the mother said, "but first we must think of some way to teach him what marriage is about. Our poor son is so simple that his bride may stay a virgin till her dying day."

"As for that," said the old Cossack, "the town is full of careless girls who are always ready to teach that kind of lesson to a young man." So they sent for Gritzko and his father began to instruct him.

"I want you to take the oxcart and carry six sacks of wheat to the market in town. Do not sell them to the merchants nor to any old women you happen to meet; but when a young woman makes you an offer, you must say, 'Agreed; you can have one sack if you'll give me a grind.' After that, do as the girl shows you."

Gritzko set out for town and when he came to the market place, he refused several offers for his wheat from merchants and old women. At last, a rosy-checked young woman passed by and asked him the price of his sacks. "I want you to give me a grind," he said.

Well, she was surprised. But the boy was good-looking and the wheat was worth money, and so she ended up by taking him at once to her bedroom, stripped off her blouse and skirt and lay on the bed.

Gritzko stared at her, puzzled, and then he walked out of the house. When he got home, his father asked him what had happened. "People are crazy in town," he said. "They no sooner make a bargain but what they decide to go to sleep."

The parents were still determined to marry Gritzko off, and so they employed a marriage broker, who struck a bargain with a rich peasant. He had a lovely, well-rounded daughter named Gapka whom he hoped to see wed. The marriage was celebrated in the village church; the rest of the day was spent feasting; finally, the young couple was conducted to the bridal chamber.

All at once, the groomsman reflected on Gritzko's simplicity. He drew him aside and asked, "Are you sure you know where to put yourself?"

"Well," said Gritzko, "on that there bed, I suppose."

"No, idiot," said his friend in haste, "where the downy part is." Then he went away to rejoin the feast.

Puzzled, Gritzko lay beside

the girl for a long time, until she finally grew tired of waiting and went to sleep. Then he got up and began to feel around the room, on the furniture and the shelves, until he found a down-filled cushion. "This must be what he meant," thought Gritzko, "though it sounds foolish enough to me." So he went to sleep sitting on the dresser and holding the cushion in his hand.

In the morning, the groomsman knocked at the door and asked in a whisper, "Did you find the down?"

"Of course," said the bridegroom.

"Did you mount all right?"

"Yes," said Gritzko, "and I'm still on top."

"You devil," said his friend, "it's time to roll off."

So Gritzko rolled off the dresser with a crash and hurt his arm.

When he was dressed, he decided that he had had enough of uncomfortable marriage, and so he strode off to the far pasture. At first Gapka wept, then she had an idea. She went out to the steppes and found Gritzko sitting by a pond.

"Can I bathe here?" she asked him. He said that she might if she wanted. "But it's so deep!" she said. "Won't you go in first?" He took off his shirt and trousers and showed her that the water came only to his knees.

When she had undressed and entered the pond, she suddenly said, "Why, look, you have a roll of tobacco hanging down from you."

"So that's what it is!" said Gritzko. "I always thought it was just something to make water with." Then he took a good, long look at Gapka. "What's that strange-looking thing you've got?"

"It's a tobacco pouch," she said shyly.

For the first time in his life, Gritzko had a thought. "It seems to me that tobacco belongs in the pouch," he said. But then, on second thought, he added, "I'd be afraid that it might bite me."

"Nonsense," said Gapka, taking him to the shore and beginning to help him energetically. "It improves the tobacco and keeps it fresh." In a few moments, Gritzko saw that she was entirely right.

When Gritzko went home later in the day, his father met him and said, "My son, isn't it true that marriage is a wonderful thing? Haven't you discovered some delights that you never dreamed of before now?"

"Not at all, Father," said Gritzko. "Marriage is boring and I've given it up. I do have some news for you, though. Gapka and I have gone into the tobacco business together."

—Retold by Nicholas Gabayev





# PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS

persons, about two thirds of them males. Nineteen homosexual experiences are included. The interview subjects were almost all college graduates from middle-class white Protestant backgrounds. Most of them took the psychedelic drugs outside any formal research or therapeutic context and then reported their experiences to me.

In other words, I did not study the effects of psychedelics on sex in the laboratory, as sexual intercourse has been so fruitfully studied by William Masters and Virginia Johnson in St. Louis. My firsthand research with psychedelic drugs—which was largely concerned with matters other than sex—has now been abruptly ended by laws prohibiting almost all research in this area. But I did obtain, in the sessions I guided personally, some material significant to understanding psychosexual disorders. It was surprising how often these disorders seemed grounded in problems of values or, specifically, in low self-esteem. Nowhere can values be so quickly and drastically changed as in LSD sessions. In several instances, discussed below, persons with sexual problems showed noticeable improvement after their LSD sessions—quite a remarkable occurrence, inasmuch as the sessions were intended as research and therapeutic results were not expected.

To determine whether psychedelic drugs are, indeed, aphrodisiacs, we must first determine what we mean by an aphrodisiac. If we mean that the drugs specifically excite the sexual organs, then psychedelics are not aphrodisiacs. If we mean that they produce or encourage sexual desire, again they are not aphrodisiacs. But if we mean that the drugs *can* profoundly enhance the quality of sexual acts that occur between people who would, in any case, have had intercourse, then the drugs *are* aphrodisiacs, and my only objection to the term in this context is that it will continue to be misused by psychedelic or sexual extremists.

Drug-state phenomena that occur during a sex act occur in other drug-state contexts, too. The most common are changes in sensory perception, in awareness of time, in the state of the ego, in one's relations to others and in the emotions generally. In fact, these changes affect whatever one does, whether it be listening to music, walking through a forest—or making love.

The positive effects of LSD in lovemaking can best be appreciated by describing a hypothetical sexual act between husband-and-wife lovers—or between single lovers, should that seem more adventurous. I will not, however, hypothesize a casual erotic encounter between two near strangers, because such

(continued from page 96)

an encounter would be less likely to produce so favorable an experience. A strong emotional bond, or at least very positive feelings for the partner, is much more likely to yield the richest, most intense and most ecstatic experience.

People rarely have sexual intercourse at the very start of a psychedelic trip. First, as the perceptual changes occur and as consciousness is altered in other ways, they need to orient themselves in this new world. In my sample, this was true no matter how many previous LSD experiences they might have shared. Typically, when there is sexual intercourse, it occurs at least one hour and usually several hours after the onset of the psychedelic effects.

When the two people are longtime lovers, they may feel, in the drug state, an emotional closeness as intense as they felt in the early, most emotion-charged stages of being in love. Since visual perception is highly responsive to the emotions, each partner may take on an appearance of extraordinary radiance and beauty. Communication may seem multileveled, with a greatly heightened sensitivity to nuances of meaning—in gestures, caresses and words as well. If this couple decides to make love, they will bring this heightened sensitivity to their union, and their desire and the act itself may be suffused with the same powerful positive emotion—and with the same beauty—that has been present in their perceptions.

As foreplay and intercourse increase their excitement, the couple will become aware of the genital sensations described by Jacobus. The man may feel that his erection is larger and more firm and his potency greater than it has ever been before, heightening his confidence, producing a greater sense of total genital arousal and increasing his capacity to respond. Anxiety about the duration of the act will very quickly disappear. The couple will feel that their lovemaking will last just as long as they want it to last, so that time no longer matters. In the more profound experiences, there may be a sense of timelessness—of the eternal.

Several elements combine to produce these novel and extremely pleasurable awarenesses of time. For one thing, intercourse almost always *does* last much longer in terms of the clock. This is probably because of the mildly anesthetized state of the sexual organs—although the term “anesthesia” seems strikingly inappropriate in describing these very intense sensations. Moreover, diminished inhibitions soon produce a self-confidence and spontaneity that help reduce concern about the duration of the act. Finally, there is the distortion—or “slowing down”—of time that is a usual

and important aspect of the psychedelic state. This distortion (a term that is technically correct but fails to convey its positive qualities) of subjective time is experienced because the mental processes have been enormously accelerated. So much may be experienced in a few minutes of clock-measured time that the person typically declares that “hours” or sometimes “eons” seem to have passed. A sexual union that in fact lasts 30 minutes or an hour may seem “endless” or to have “the flavor of eternity.” Lovemaking that lasts for several hours is not too infrequent.

The sexual union gathers ever more meaning and beauty as it progresses. It may even take on symbolic and archetypal overtones. The couple may feel that they are mythic, legendary or more-than-human figures as they act out in a timeless and beneficent space the eternally recurring drama of love and creation. The feeling of being more than human does not indicate grandiosity but, rather, that one has transcended the ordinary boundaries of self, the limits of time and space, so that something more, some infusion of the divine or supernatural, *must* have occurred. This awareness is accompanied by profound feelings of security, tenderness, humility and gratitude. Sometimes only one partner will enjoy this transcendental experience, but with surprising frequency the feelings are shared.

When sexual union includes altered states of consciousness such as these, it is properly described as *ecstatic*. It may progress to include one or even several instances of apparent physical and psychic melting into and becoming one with the partner. Whether this occurs in a sexual union or in a mystical context, or in a combination of the two, it is almost always regarded as one of the most profound and fulfilling experiences human life has to offer. The one that the two become is a unity much greater than its components. Religiously devout or mystically inclined people may have the sense of a unity that is also a trinity, with God present in the oneness. In any case, an experience of this order can hardly be dismissed as “sexual mysticism”—a term sneeringly used by some of the more rabid opponents of psychedelic experimentation. Nor can it be tossed away with some labels from psychopathology, such as “ego dissolution” and “depersonalization.” It can be one of the most beautiful and important experiences in life.

In view of all that has gone before, the orgasm—when it arrives—may seem something of an anticlimactic climax. Some people, in this orgasm-happy society, learn for the first time how much more there can be to sex than the brief intensity of the climax—and how much their past sexual experience has been

(continued on page 223)



# SPORTING GESTURES

*a pre-christmas wrap-up  
of presents perfect for  
up-to-the-minute  
spectators, active  
sportsmen and game fellows*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

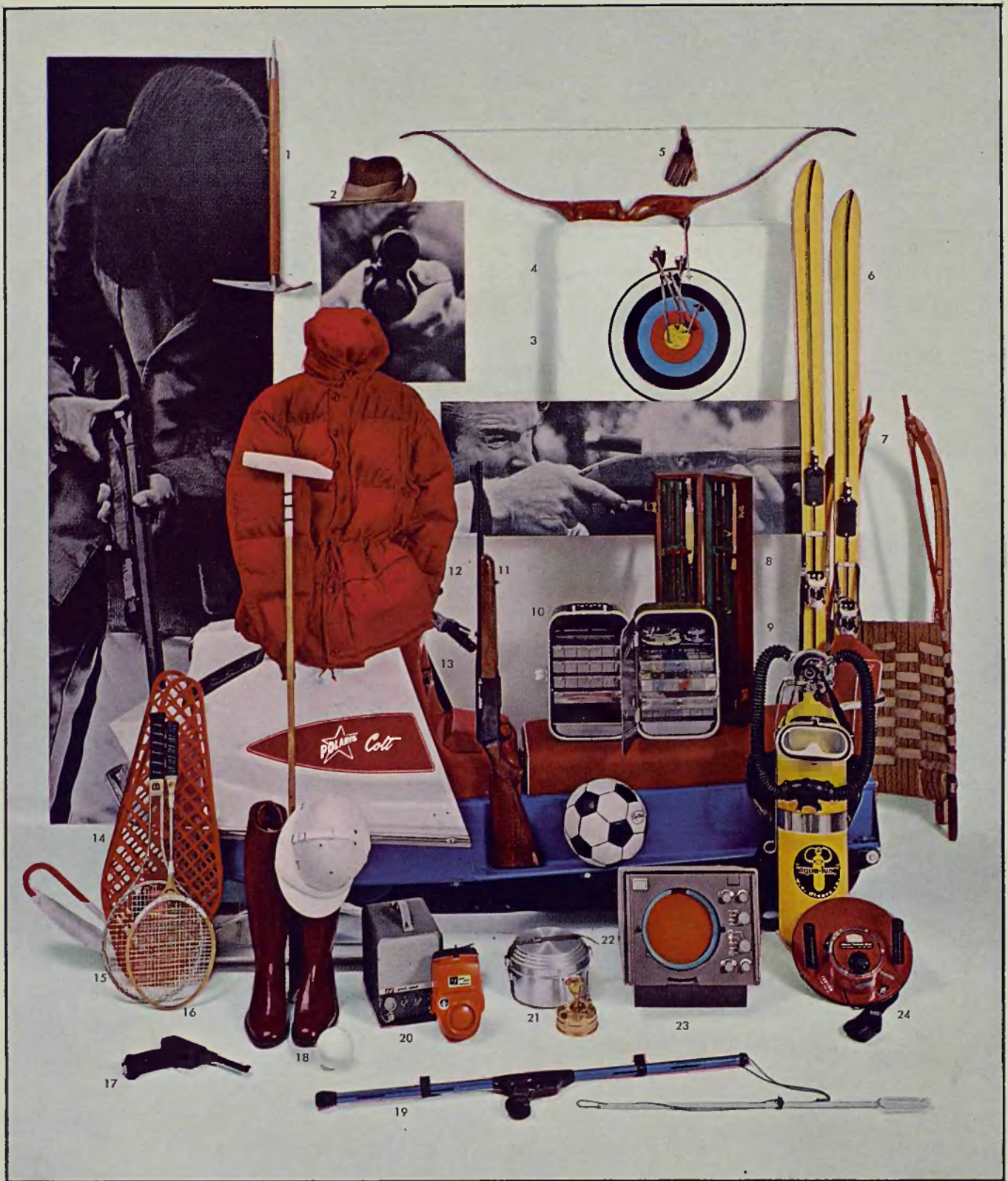
**SPECTATOR SPECTACULAR** 1. and 2. Metal seat stick, \$12, and water-repellent poplin umbrella, \$9, both from General Sportcraft. 3. Ophthalmic-lensed sunglasses, by Christian Dior, \$17.4. Waterproof parka, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$45. 5. Binoculars with 7 x 50mm objective lens, by Bausch & Lomb, \$274.50. 6. Orlon-acrylic turtleneck pullover, by Drummond, \$13. 7. Pilot II 12-transistor four-band portable radio, by Nova Tech, \$129.95. 8. Wicker picnic basket with gear, from A & F, \$150. 9. Wool-twill stadium coat, by Broolly International, \$70. 10. Leather drinking gourd, from The Ski Hut, \$6. 11. Corduroy water-repellent cap, from Eddie Bauer, \$5.95. 12. Rollei full-frame camera with 35mm lens, by Honeywell, \$189.50. 13. AM/FM solid-state portable radio, by Sony, \$99.95. 14. Plaid sport seat, from General Sportcraft, \$2.40. 15. Nikon F Photomic TN camera with through-the-lens spot metering, viewing and focusing, from Ehrenreich Photo-Optical, \$443. 16. Stadium foot warmer, from A & F, \$25. 17. Canon Auto Zoom super-8 camera, by Bell & Howell, \$369.95. 18-21: Fleece-lined boots, \$27.50, wool spectator blanket, \$45, double flask, \$50, with suede case, \$7.50, and stadium hand warmer, \$2, all from A & F. 22. Citizen's-band transceiver, \$125 the pair, on rechargeable base, \$14.95, all by G.E. 23. Binoculars with 6 x 25mm objective lens, by D. P. Bushnell, \$52.50. 24. Left to right: Covered Hurricane pipe, \$10, and Dunhill Windscreen pipe, \$45, both from Iwan Ries. 25. Heuer 30-second timer, from A & F, \$29.50. 26. Butane lighter, from Iwan Ries, \$12.50. 27. and 28. Kalimar zoom scope, \$210, and Hailer Cub megaphone, \$52.75, both from A & F. 29. Cowhide-covered portable bar, by Ever-Wear, \$39.95. 30. R16ES Sync Reflex movie camera, \$959.50, with Angenieux lens, \$311.70, pistol-grip attachment, \$15.95, all by Cinema Beaulieu. 31. 20-power telescope with built-in tripod lug, by Bausch & Lomb, \$24.95.





**GAMES PEOPLE PLAY INDOORS** 1. Squash racket with Strata-Bow ash frame, by Wilson, \$20.50. 2. Bumper-pool table measures 34" x 50", comes with cues and styrene balls, by Frederick-Willys, \$115.50. 3. Wrought-pewter chess set with tooled-leather board atop dark-walnut velvet-lined case, by Bromahon Company, \$225. 4. Rendezvous in Space game comes with battery-operated toy computer, by The Idezer Corporation, \$11.95. 5. Scott superheavy dartboard with 20-point official English dart game on both sides, \$7, plus Darrow darts, \$2.70 for three, both from General Sportcraft. 6-8: Wire-mesh foil mask, \$14, steel French fencing foil, \$9, three-dimensional Tic-Tac-Toe game, \$4, and three-dimensional RSVP crossword game, \$6, all from Abercrombie & Fitch. 9. 21 Tru-Line poker-pool billiard ball plus rack, by Pearce-Simpson, \$29.95. 10. Roaring Lion electronic rifle range and battery-operated rifle, by Manning Mfg., \$34.95. 11. Trac-Master bowling ball with built-in hooking action, \$29.95, rests on rack from vinyl GTO bowling bag, \$14.95; below it is a pair of Lancer bowling shoes with moccasin-style toe, \$8.95, all by Brunswick. 12. Lemans 1/32 Road Racing Set includes scale models of Ford GT and Ferrari 330 P/LM, powered by Tiger Super-X 100 motors, figure-eight track is 6'3" x 2'9", by Monogram Models, \$45. 13-15: Leather handball gloves, \$6, handball, \$1, Bongo board, \$21.95, and Brookes & Adams indoor carpet-bowling game, made in England, \$15, all from A & F. 16. Rubber-faced table-tennis paddles plus (not shown) table-tennis net and balls, by General Sportcraft, \$8 the set. 17. ESP game created by Kreskin the mentalist, from A & F, \$7. 18. Leather-covered game set includes: craps, backgammon, crown and anchor, steeplechase, two chess and checker sets, roulette, chuck-a-luck, Scrabble, dominoes, darts with target, dice Alaska and cups, cards, counters, chips and score pads, from Marshall Field, \$450.





**GEAR FOR THE GREAT OUTDOORSMAN** 1. Grivel mountaineer ax, from The Ski Hut, \$23.95. 2. Felt Aussie hat, from Eddie Bauer, \$17.50. 3. Archery target, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$18.95. 4. and 5. Fiberglass hunting arrows, \$18 a dozen, fiberglass Explorer II bow with sight window, \$59.50, and cowhide shooting glove, \$2.50, all by Browning Arms. 6. Snow skis with laminated-hardwood core, by Northland Skis, \$140 the pair. 7. Racing toboggan with steel cross braces and canvas seat, from Bridge Products, \$100. 8. Orvis fishing outfit includes spinning and fly-casting rods, from A & F, \$265. 9. Aqua-Lung tank, \$90, and Aqua-Naut skindiving mask, \$12.95, both by U. S. Divers. 10. Fishing-tackle satchel with removable plastic trays, by Woodstream Corp., \$30. 11. Lightweight .30/06 automatic rifle, by Browning Arms, \$164.50. 12. Nylon parka with goose-down insulation, from Eddie Bauer, \$57.50. 13. Colt Snowmobile with 20-hp German engine, by Polaris Industries, \$1098. 14. Snowtread snowshoes, from Sportsmen Products, \$15. 15. Tennis racket with open steel throat for less air resistance, by Wilson, \$50 with gut string. 16. Badminton racket with tempered-steel shaft, by General Sportcraft, \$4. 17. Automatic BB pistol, from Healthways, \$16.95. 18. Willow-wood polo ball, \$8.95 a dozen, English riding boots of calfskin, \$59.50, polo helmet of lightweight Boltaron, \$24.50, and English-made polo mallet, \$8.95, all from Miller's Harness. 19. Spring-powered spearfishing gun, from Healthways, \$22. 20. Yack-Yack surface-to-diver communication unit has range to 300 feet, from U. S. Divers, \$284.50. 21. Sigg Tourist cook set and Svea gasoline stove, from The Ski Hut, \$16.50 for both. 22. Soccer ball with vulcanized-rubber seam, by General Sportcraft, \$19. 23. Decca 101 small-craft radar unit includes antenna (not shown), by Decca Radar, \$2595 complete. 24. Nemo-1 electronic land and underwater metal locator, by Radiac, \$249.50.



## YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN

are ruggedly mountainous or volcanic; the larger ones are lush beyond belief, to boot—real Tarzan jungle and exotic fruit-and-spice plantations come right down to the beaches or spill over rocky cliffs that descend straight to the sea. But these mountainous islands are “wet” islands: The Trades that keep 90-degree heat comfortable and sailboats winging their way are wrung of their moisture when they hit the mountain peaks, and frequent showers—brief, warm, torrential—result. The dry islands, those that are too small or too low to precipitate moisture from the Trades, tend to present an arid, dun aspect that makes the Bahamas look downright verdant. The Bahamian weather is less steamily tropical: but the Antillean climate is completely independent of continental weather patterns and, except during August and September, is more dependably storm-free, fair and breezy. It's also, let's face it, hotter when you're out of the wind, being considerably closer to the equator. And the very shallowness of the white-sand bottom imparts to Bahamian waters an unequaled, ever-changing spectrum of brilliant hues.

So, for the luxury lovers and power-boat enthusiasts—and that includes dedicated sport fishermen (the fishing *is* better)—the Bahamas may well be the best bet.

As for us, we'll take the Antilles, on a stout and well-fitted sailing yacht, and probably in the spring, when the wind's a bit less obstreperous in the passages but is still ample to drive the ship and quick-dry the skin when it's soaked by a sudden downpour coming off the lee side of a volcanic peak.

If it sounds good to you, here's how to go about it, how to determine the kind of boat you want, how to find it, how to charter it and what to do after you've stepped aboard and it's yours to command.

If you have decided to give it a try, the time to start planning is right now. Charter yachting gives you the freedom to make your itinerary and activities as impromptu as you wish and as the measured pace of a yacht permits. But you can't leave preparations to the last minute; large as the Caribbean charter fleet is, the best boats have waiting lists, and now is not a bit too soon to begin looking for just the right boat for a late-winter or spring jaunt in the tropics.

The way to go about it, for openers, is through a yacht broker. Magazines such as *Yachting* are replete with ads for direct charter; that is, individual boats advertise, and you may make your chartering arrangements direct. But, especially if this is your first venture into the world of charter yachting, working through a broker is essential—and we, among other old hands, prefer the bro-

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kerage procedure. The broker will have listings of a great many yachts; virtually all brokers have reciprocal arrangements with other brokers, so that any one of them can find you—and get you—a yacht that may be exclusively listed with any other broker, and the cost to you is the same, whichever way you go. That is, it is the charter that pays the brokerage fee, not the charterer.

Our personal experiences have been with the firms of Sparkman and Stephens, Northrop and Johnson, Richard Bertram and Company, V. E. B. Nicholson and Sons and Grenada Yacht Services, Ltd. These—and other major brokers—can help you assess your requirements, and they'll know where which yachts are and when, and will make all the preliminary arrangements for you. Our own most recent charter (a 60-foot cutter that had been sailed from Malta to Grenada by the owner) happened to be arranged through charter expert Jo Bliss of the Richard Bertram firm. The yacht was Tiercel; the owner-crew consisted of a retired Air Force officer and his delightful Japanese wife. Between them, they can work the boat easily and let their paying guests do as much or as little of the actual sailing as they wish; and the first mate—with her Japanese origins and international experience gained sailing most of the way around the world with her husband—ensures that her galley duty will result in an international cuisine equal to a choice of restaurants in a large city. Yet individual advantages such as this are more the rule than the exception among Antillean owner-skippers and their nifty spouses; many have sailed the world over and their vessels are their only homes.

Nicholson's, which is in Antigua, at the northern end of the chain, is by far the largest broker operating in the Antilles. The charming Nicholson family virtually pioneered charter yachting in the area, has over 35 exclusive listings and—more important—is personally acquainted with the skippers and owner-skippers of just about every yacht in the area. The Nicholsons also have many years of experience in matching boats to people and vice versa, which—coupled with intuitive insight—makes it possible for them to shrewdly estimate how you and your party will get along with a vessel and its captain and crew, a most important consideration in the confines of even the largest yacht.

Nicholson's personifies tradition and service; if you charter a yacht departing from Antigua southward, the chances are you'll be treated to the Nicholson hospitality, which is deservedly famous and which often entails cocktails at their unusual residence that overlooks one of the best and most enchanting harbors in the Caribbean (English Harbor) and is

built in and around some of the old fortifications left from the days of Lord Nelson. At the southern end of the chain, in Grenada, is Grenada Yacht Services, Ltd. This is a fairly new and young firm, it is staffed by a group of happy and dedicated yachtsmen, it possesses its own marina and marine facilities (the only such in these islands) and it, too, has shown skill in matching the charter party to the proper yacht, though it has no exclusive listings.

The advantage of working through brokers such as Nicholson and Grenada Yacht Services is that they are on the scene and can and do inspect charter yachts to see that they fulfill the promises of their brochures. The advantages of working through a Stateside broker have a lot to do with the sheer convenience of being able to use the phone and airmail or, if they happen to be in your city, to be able to pay them a personal visit, rather than depending on the vicissitudes of foreign airmail, overseas phone calls and cables. Whatever broker you select, give him time to do his job and give him as much advance information as you can. This will make finding the ideal boat easier for both of you.

Here's what your broker will want to know. When do you want to go and for how long? What is the size of your party—and your budget? What are your principal interests—fast and exciting sailing, getting from island to island under power quickly, skindiving, water-skiing, game fishing, snorkeling, luxury afloat, just loafing and sunning and swimming and enjoying the air and the scenery? Armed with this information, the broker can send you brochures that picture and describe available yachts and help you select the one that best suits you and your party. The broker will send you a contract (charter contracts are virtually all alike, regardless of yacht and broker) and when you sign it, you will probably be asked to make a deposit, usually one third of the total contract price. The balance is payable on boarding.

Among the yachts we've cruised on, visited or admired from afar (and from their spec sheets) are the following—selected from the 100-odd available, and including those pictured and described in preceding pages. They are representative of the better yachts for charter in the area and may give you some notion of what's available and the costs entailed.

Sorrento (pictured on page 134) is the 82-foot gold-plater that was home base for *Playboy's Charter Yacht Party* (we chartered her through Nicholson's). She is an auxiliary diesel ketch, so can sail or power, as the occasion requires; and her accommodations (for six people) and fittings are pretty much the ultimate in cruising yachts. She carries a Boston Whaler—the preferred ship's launch of the area, which, equipped

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*"... And finally, as you know, I've been terribly depressed lately about U. S. foreign policy."*



# IN CINEMA THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

## PART SEVENTEEN THE STAG FILM

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT  
AND HOLLIS ALPERT



a definitive survey of the screen's hard-core erotica

In *The Bachelor Party*, a Paddy Chayefsky film of the late Fifties, a group of young men celebrate the coming marriage of one of their number with a night on the town. After too much liquor and an unsuccessful search for female companionship, they repair to the apartment of a friend and light up cigars for a session of "home movies." Although the audience never saw what they were watching—as the director's camera concentrated on the faces of the actors—few adult members of the moviegoing public assumed for even a moment that these were the highlights of a summer vacation at Yellowstone National Park or footage of family and friends gathered around the Christmas tree. The audience understood, without being told, that what these reasonably typical, respectable, middle-class American males were viewing was a form of hard-core pornography variously referred to as blue movies, French films or, most often in the U.S., stag films.

For although there are Federal, state and local laws that make the production, distribution, sale and exhibition of stag films a serious criminal offense, they are a familiar, firmly established part of the American scene—as likely to be shown next Saturday evening at the local lodge hall as in the pad of a jet-set swinger. But if everyone seems to know about stag films, no one knows *much* about them. Writings on the subject have been sparse, and most of what has been written is anything but authoritative. Certainly no other aspect of erotica has received less attention from scholars and social scientists. This is a curious omission, since despite their all-too-typical crudity and lack of imagination, stag films seem subject to uniquely ambivalent social attitudes. In public, they are almost universally condemned (as evidenced by strict legal prohibitions against their manufacture or use), but privately they are endorsed by a large and responsible element of the community (as evidenced by the *sub rosa* stag screenings frequently sponsored by our nation's leading—and most patriotic—civil, social, fraternal and veterans' organizations).

Thus the stag film cannot be viewed as an isolated phenomenon, or even as a kind of subculture that accompanied the development of cinema as a whole. Throughout history, man has used all the graphic means at his disposal to portray his sexuality. Egyptian papyri of 1200 B.C. illustrated a number of positions for sexual congress, and many of the most famous examples of Greek ceramic work extant are decorated with frankly erotic representations, as were the walls of private homes and public brothels in Herculaneum and Pompeii. In India, tourists make nonreligious pilgrimages to the cave temple of Ajanta to view its highly realistic erotic paintings, or to Khajuraho, where no less than 22 temples built in the Tenth Century celebrate the joys of carnal love in exuberant bas-reliefs. Long before the arrival of moving pictures, there were ingenious efforts to portray sexual intercourse in lifelike motion, from shadow boxes to elaborate spring-wound figurines set by Renaissance goldsmiths into elegant music boxes, snuffboxes and clocks. From Rubens to Picasso, the greatest masters of fine art have depicted the sex act in such explicit detail that a wealth of these paintings and drawings have been denied viewing by the general public; it is this kind of artwork that provides the Vatican with the incongruous honor of possessing in its guarded vaults the most valuable and extensive collection of pornography in the world, presumably to remain unseen until the forces of paganism return to Rome.

With the invention of still photography in 1839, the camera joined brush, pen and pencil as a means of depicting erotica; the earliest examples of pornographic still photography are almost as old as the process itself. And it can be assumed that almost as soon as Thomas Alva Edison developed his motion-picture camera in 1890, someone was using it to make the first stag movie. Obviously, here was the ideal medium for the most graphic, explicit and realistic depiction





**FIFTY YEARS OF STAG FILMS:** Blue-moviemakers of the Twenties often resorted to primitive humor in filming their sub rosa reels. "Slow Fire Dentist," for example (top left), featured a fake-bearded quack who administers gas to a patient and then proceeds to fill the wrong cavity. The many-guised mysterious stranger, portrayed in the Thirties stag "Masked Rape" (top right) as a lustful intruder, became a classic and convenient way to introduce—and disguise—the male. "Busty" (center left), a typical Cuban import of the Forties, began with a bout of shower-stall autoeroticism. Both a perennial plot device and the title of a Fifties film, "The Pick Up" (center right) was photographed alfresco. During the Sixties, stag-film producers have been able to procure more youthful and eminently more attractive "sex stars," as exemplified in two 1966 productions (bottom)—"Lesbian Call Girl" and a British import, "The Other Young Ones."





of human behavior—including the sexual. Although records of such unabashed early applications of Edison's invention are sparse, historians of erotica have noted that in 1896 French actress Louise Willy disrobed completely in *Le Bain*, her aim being less cleanliness than the arousal of lascivious feelings in the viewer. Many turn-of-the-century French film catalogs list similarly provocative subjects. And in Germany, a pioneer producer named Oskar Messter offered much the same kind of entertainment: girls disrobing for bed, exercising or dancing about in wispy costumes or no costumes at all, communal bathing in a sultan's harem and the like. But these pioneer cinematic excursions, though decidedly daring for their time, were designed for public showing, and while catering to voyeuristic tastes, they eschewed the sex act itself and were certainly not in the realm of hard-core pornography.

Seldom has the truly pornographic film been shown in any but surreptitious ways, one notable exception being the Shanghai Theater in pre-Castro Cuba, which offered a continuous show of stag films to the general public. Yet there is evidence that a sizable market for such films did exist as early as 1904, with Buenos Aires then a principal center of production. Movies of fully detailed sexual activity were shot and shipped to private buyers, mostly in England and France, but also in such distant lands as Russia and the Balkan countries. "Decadent" aristocrats, quite probably, were

**CURRENT FARE:** *The early Sixties' stag "Exchange Students" (top, far left) created a true blue-movie star—a New York schoolteacher who, by mid-1967, had moonlighted in over 50 films. Anti-clerical themes, common in the pornography of Latin countries, are unpopular in the U.S.: "The Nun's Story" (top left) was retitled "College Coed" when potential purchasers refused to buy. In "Camera Bug" (sequence at far left, center), a variation on the popular artist-model theme is erotically explored by a photographer and his acquiescent subject. The sexual fantasy world of most stag films is wish-fulfillingly remote from reality, but an occasional reel—such as the topically titled "Hell's Angel" (left center)—is inspired by the headlines.*  
**NOVELTIES:** *Among the imaginative items that have appeared infrequently on the stag-film market are (bottom, l to r) "Abbie's Buried Treasure," an animated pornographic cartoon made in the early Thirties and still being shown today; and "Sales Lady," a 1953 reel that attempted to cash in on the short-lived 3-D craze.*  
**CANDY:** *The most famous stag film on the commercial market, "Smart Alec" (sequence at right) starred the voluptuous ecdysiast Candy Barr in a performance unlike any seen by her striptease fans.*







the most eager customers for this form of *divertissement*, since there were hardly any others who could afford the 35mm home-movie equipment that was then required. Equally important as a market were the European houses of prostitution. By the end of *la belle époque*, no self-respecting brothel in any of the large cities on the Continent considered its facilities complete without a stock of these films for showing either as an artistic *whore d'oeuvre* or as an entertainment in their own right. In France, the price of admission to such a show was 100 francs, the equivalent then of about 20 American dollars.

Though European Customs controls were tightened in 1908, pornographic films continued to be smuggled in by those willing to take the risk; but by that time, the Europeans had begun to supply their own markets. One primitive French-made stag film, *Le Voyeur*, dates back to 1907. Better-developed story lines began to appear about that time. In *A L'Ecu d'Or (At the Golden Shield)*, for example, a one-reeler produced in 1908, a mustachioed soldier arrives at an inn in search of a meal, but because of wartime exigencies, finds the cupboard bare. Soon enough, however, a shapely serving girl takes the soldier's mind off his appetite—his initial appetite, at least—with amorous dalliance. When another willing wench offers him a generous second helping, the soldier is too polite to refuse.

Most of these early curiosities have long since moldered into dust. The extensive archives of erotica collected by the Institute for Sex Research at the University of Indiana include pornographic daguerreotypes dating as far back as 1845, but no motion-picture film that can be dated earlier than 1915. One of the oldest stag films on file at the Institute, however—a U.S. product entitled *A Grass Sandwich*—has prompted Professor Frank A. Hoffmann of Buffalo State University (whose brief but scholarly contribution to the analysis of stag movies is ponderously entitled *Prolegomena to a Study of Traditional Elements in the Erotic Film*) to conclude that its "relative smoothness of production shows clearly that experiments in the genre must have been carried on for some years before that time." This film concerns a roguish fellow who picks up a pair of willing hitchhikers and takes them for an afternoon drive in the country. Pulling over to the side of the road, he modestly steps behind a bush to urinate. Curious, the girls follow and watch with unconcealed interest. When they follow suit, the rogue spies on them. Stimulated to boldness, he makes his advances and, encountering no opposition, enjoys himself with each of the girls in turn. Thus, in the very early 1900s, the classic pattern for stag films had been set. Professor Hoffmann has analyzed

the basic ingredients in this film as a "simple but contrived situation to provide initial motivation; sexual excitation of the female by visual means, comparatively rare in real life but a persistent theme in these films; a direct and rapid seduction—so direct and rapid that in many films it cannot properly be called a seduction at all; and, finally, sexual activity, which of course is the focal point of the film."

It is this "focal point" that sets the stag film apart from all other forms of erotic cinema, no matter how explicit, and makes it pornographic. The difficulty of defining pornography itself, however, is compounded by the increasing number of legitimate commercial and experimental films that treat human sexuality with a graphic candor quite impossible half a dozen years ago. Such films as *Dear John*, *A Stranger Knocks*, Ingmar Bergman's *The Silence* and Mai Zetterling's *Night Games* have not only depicted sexual intercourse and various perversions on the screen, they have also been acclaimed by the critics and applauded by the general public—and it is reasonable to assume that some future films will be even more forthright in their treatment of human sexual activity.

What distinguishes these films from the stag film, making one award-winning art and the other pornography? Is it simply that legitimate art films are sensitively and artistically executed, while stag films are, for the most part, crudely done? Taste and sensitivity in the production of any creative work is certainly a consideration, but there is a more basic difference—for no matter how skillfully made, a true stag film will always remain pornographic.

In their exceptional book *Pornography and the Law*, Doctors Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen define the distinction between the psychology of erotic realism and "hard-core pornography" in literature, pointing out the underlying differences between writing that may contain erotic passages because the author wishes to honestly record the whole spectrum of human experience and emotion, and writing that has as its primary purpose the erotic stimulation of the reader. The Kronhausens' criteria for distinguishing erotic realism from pornography in literature can be applied equally well to motion pictures, for the stag film shares with other forms of "hard-core pornography" the purposeful appeal to prurient interests that the Supreme Court has used as its yardstick in several obscenity cases.

It is conceivable that in the future, legitimate films may—without being pornographic—portray various forms of sexual activity with the same anatomical detail that is found in most stag films, just as it is now possible for a writer to create erotic realism in literature that is just as sexually explicit as true pornog-

raphy, without being declared legally obscene. Not long ago, a noted marriage counselor suggested, in all seriousness, the possibility of producing a series of films that would demonstrate to newlyweds the techniques of sex. Quite obviously, such a film would include the same overt sex activity that is commonplace in stag films; but such a film, because of its educational intent, need not be pornographic. For their best-selling book *Human Sexual Response*, Dr. William Masters and Virginia Johnson engaged in 11 years of anatomical and physiological research that included the scientific study of motion pictures of several hundred couples engaged in coitus and other forms of sexual activity. Yet neither can these films, considered within the context in which they were taken, be considered pornographic—as the stag film is—even though the activities depicted are almost identical.

These subtleties of definition escape not only a great many authorities who have expressed opinions on the subject but also most of the officials responsible for enforcement of our censorship laws. A majority of the members of the U.S. Supreme Court, fortunately, do understand; and the Court's recent decisions strongly suggest that in the future, only the commercial exploitation of true hard-core pornography will justify a judgment of obscenity in the United States.

Unlike the erotic realism of the commercial cinema, the educational intent of the proposed marriage movies, and the cinematic sex research of Masters and Johnson, stag films are intended to be sexual fantasies. Nothing as negative as real life is permitted to intrude, if the producer of pornography can help it. In the fantasy world of pornography, all females are in a state of almost constant sexual arousal, anxiously waiting to be serviced by the first male who happens onto the scene. Thus, the beginning of countless stag reels concerns a female who becomes stimulated sexually by reading an erotic book, masturbating, dreaming, watching a nude male, watching horses have sex, watching donkeys have sex, watching people have sex, hearing people have sex, taking a shower, sunning herself, doing housework, listening to the radio—or even being hit by a car. Curiously enough, in a recent analysis of more than 1000 different stag films—depicting females being aroused by everything from ironing clothes in the nude to masturbating with a live eel—only one film (*Home Movies*) used as its plot device a couple becoming aroused while watching a stag film.

As for the male participants in these erotic fantasies, they are supposedly always potent, ready and raring to go; and if, in reality, the distractions of lights, camera and a room full of kibitzers frequently make them less than the answer

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MY RESERVATION was for a window seat, up front, because on this particular flight they serve from the front back; but on the seat next to mine, I saw a reservation tag for Gordie MacKenzie. I kept right on going until the hostess hailed me. "Why, Dr. Grew, nice to have you with us again—"

I stood blocking the aisle. "Can I switch to a seat back here somewhere, Clara?"

"Why, I think—let me see—"

"How about that one?" I didn't see a tag on it.

"Well, it's not a window seat—"

"But it's free?"

"Well, let's look." She flipped the seating chart out of her clipboard. "Certainly. May I take your bag?"

"Uh-uh. Work to do." And I did have work to do, too; that was why I didn't want to sit next to MacKenzie. I slouched down in the seat, scowling at the man next to me to indicate that I didn't want to strike up a conversation; he scowled back to show that that suited him fine. I saw MacKenzie come aboard, but he didn't see me.

Just before we took off, I saw Clara bend over him to check his seat belt; and in the same motion, she palmed the reservation card with my name on it. Smart girl. I decided to buy her a drink the next time I found myself in the motel where her crew stayed between flights.

I don't want to give you the idea that I'm a jet-set type who's on first-name terms with every airline stewardess around. The only ones I see enough of at all are a couple on the New York-L. A. run, and a few operating out of O'Hare, and maybe a couple that I see now and then between Huntsville and the Cape—oh, and one Air France girl I've flown with once or twice out of Orly, but only because she gave me a lift in her Citroën one time when there was a *métro* strike and no cabs to be found. Still, come to think of it, well—all right—yes, I guess I do get around a lot. Those are the hazards of the trade. Although my degree's in atmospheric physics, my specialty is signatures—you know, the instrument readings or optical observations that we interpret to mean such-and-such pressure, temperature, chemical composition and so on—and that's a pretty sexy field right now, and I get invited to a lot of conferences. I said "invited." I don't mean in the sense that I can say no. Not if I want to keep enough status in the department to have freedom to do my work. And it's all plushy and kind of fun, at least when I have time to have fun; and really, I've got pretty good at locating a decent restaurant in Cleveland or Albuquerque (try the Mexican food at the airport) and vetoing an inferior wine.

That's funny, too, because I didn't expect it to be this way—not when I was a kid reading Willy Ley's articles and going out to hunt ginseng in the woods

around Potsdam (I mean the New York one) so I could earn money and go to MIT and build spaceships. I thought I would be a lean, hungry-eyed scientist in shabby clothes. I thought probably I would never get out of the laboratory (I guess I thought spaceships were designed in laboratories) and I'd waste my health on long night hours over the slide rule. And, as it turns out, what I'm wasting my health on is *truite amandine* and time-zone disorientation.

But I think I know what to do about that.

• • •

That's why I didn't want to spend the four and a half hours yacking with Gordie MacKenzie, because, by God, I maybe *do* know what to do about that.

It's not really my field, but I've talked it over with some systems people and they didn't get that polite look people get when you're trying to tell them about their own subject. I'll see if I can explain it. See, there are like 20 conferences and symposia and colloquia a month in any decent-sized field, and you're out of it unless you make a few of them. Not counting workshops and planning sessions and get-the-hell-down-here-Charley-or-we-lose-the-grant meetings. And they do have a way of being all over the place. I haven't slept in my own home all seven nights of any week since Christmas before last, when I had the flu.

Now, question is, what do all the meetings accomplish? I had a theory once that the whole *Gestalt* was planned—I mean, global scatter, jet travel and all. A sort of psychic energizer, designed to keep us all pumped up all the time—after all, if you're going somewhere in a jet at 600 miles an hour, you know you've got to be doing something important, or else you wouldn't be doing it so fast. But who would plan something like that?

So I gave up that idea and concentrated on ways of doing it better. You know, there really is no more stupid way of communicating information than flying 3000 miles to sit on a gilt chair in a hotel ballroom and listen to 25 people read papers at you. Twenty-three of the papers you don't care about anyway, and the 24th you can't understand because the speaker has a bad accent and, anyway, he's rushing it because he's under time pressure to catch his plane to the next conference, and that one single 25th paper has cost you four days, including travel time, when you could have read it in your own office in 15 minutes. And got more out of it, too. Of course, there's the interplay when you find yourself sitting in the coffeeshop next to somebody who can explain the latest instrumentation to you because his company's doing the telemetry; you can't get that from reading. But I've noticed there's less and less time for that. And less and less (continued on page 200)

fiction By FREDERIK POHL

## SPEED TRAP

*he'd thought the plane trip would allow time to organize the notes on his revolutionary theory, but suddenly the time was gone, the job undone*





Accompanying the story was a picture of a policeman from one of the suburbs modeling newly purchased "special riot equipment," including a billy club approximately the size of a baseball bat. The caption read: "Be prepared."

I submit that these two news items are not unrelated. They represent incidents that, being neither isolated nor atypical, have frightening implications. The first incident demonstrates an institution's treatment of individual disobedience to authority; the second reveals a city's anticipated treatment of a minority group's protest against injustice.

In both cases, the establishment is dealing with behavior that it considers deviate. And the same solution is applied in both cases: superior power, relentlessly employed. Neither the school nor the suburb gives evidence of acknowledging that the deviate behavior might point to complex problems that brute force can only aggravate. Neither recognizes its own responsibility to seek the remedy at the source of such behavior.

With the knowledge we, as a society,

possess concerning the causative factors accounting for deviate behavior and with the evidence that tells us that punitive actions neither effectively deter deviation nor prevent rebellion, we persist in the belief that might makes right.

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf  
North-East Ohio Conference  
The Methodist Church  
Cleveland, Ohio

**SEX IN BLACK AND WHITE**

Recent movies about interracial love—and the Supreme Court's decision that all laws against miscegenation are unconstitutional—suggest that a gulf between the races is beginning to be bridged. At this time, it behooves all of us to consider what created this particular gulf and how it affects all other relations between the races.

Psychologists agree that we form general concepts about a group and mold an archetype of that group for quick reference. The archetype of the Negro male (in white thinking) is a big man, gifted with athletic prowess, heavily muscled,

able to work long hours in the hot sun, somewhat "animal" and "coarse." With this archetype formed, it is obvious that the white man will fear that this black giant is also sexually superpotent; in short, the white man will fear that he is sexually inferior to the Negro. It is this fear, always present but never articulated, that motivates laws against miscegenation ("Can't let them get my woman; I'd never be able to get her back") and, by extension, all other racial discrimination and injustice—in order to force the Negro to compensate for his supposed sexual superiority by compulsory inferiority in every other sphere.

When we all grow up and admit that such sexual motivation lies behind this nation's persecution of the Negro, we may be able to cross the color line and communicate with honesty and decency. Until that time comes, this will remain a sexually and socially sick country.

Rodger Kee  
FPO San Francisco, California

**BENIGN POTENTIAL OF BLACK POWER**

Until lately, Negro Americans had been failing their country. Their failure lay in not seeing that they should be exercising ethnic power. By not doing so, they diminished America's ability to achieve the democratic goals for which we all yearn. For over a generation, they have accepted leadership and ideas that have been holding them back. But now, under the saving slogan of "black power," the needed drive is being developed, for the good of black people—for the good of all.

White Americans may have trouble accepting the idea of black power, because those who hold power tend to think of those without it as children. When children suddenly acquire power and maturity, relating to them in their new roles requires a difficult adjustment. But if we want our country to become what it should be, the power of ethnic solidarity must be given encouragement at every hand.

Vice-President Humphrey has said that black power is needed in America and is in keeping with the American tradition. This tradition, since 1776, has been for each rising ethnic group to make its own thrust toward self-sufficiency and self-respect, working its way into the mainstream of American life.

No matter how valuable white help has been, the continued acceptance of white leadership would make the Negro movement pointless. How is a man going to learn to speak for himself if he habitually lets others speak for him? The black man does not and should not desire a permanent separation from white America. But when a person outgrows dependency, he must assert himself as a totally free, self-regulated individual, with power in his own right. Having



*"I'll let you know the meaning of life when I'm damn good and ready!"*



established his faith and pride in himself, he can then become a valuable adult member of the family of man.

Black power is a positive, creative idea. It asks for no "amount due." It seeks to enrich American life by adding to it the long-dormant powers of Negro Americans.

Nathan Wright, Executive Director  
Department of Urban Work  
Episcopal Diocese of Newark  
Newark, New Jersey

*The Reverend Dr. Nathan Wright, author of "Black Power and Urban Unrest," was chairman of the Black Power Conference held in Newark last July.*

#### LIVING LIKE MARTIANS

The Taboo Curtain that shuts out the pioneer and shuts up society in a prison of orthodoxy, as described by Charley Greer in the August *Playboy Forum*, is certainly a very real and pernicious fact of modern life. In this connection, your readers might be interested to learn of a group that is laboring to lift the Taboo Curtain. We are 150 young Americans who started about three years ago from a nucleus of four concerned persons. We have taken as our models the Martians in Robert A. Heinlein's classic science-fiction novel *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Heinlein's stated purpose in writing this novel was "to examine every major axiom of Western culture, to question each axiom, throw doubt on it and—if possible—to make the antithesis of each axiom appear a possible and perhaps desirable thing, rather than unthinkable." He accomplished this by imagining Martians whose culture, built on the antithesis of Western axioms, is so loving and permissive as to make our own seem the work of bloodthirsty savages.

The motto of our group is, "If Martians can live sensibly, so can humans!" It is our goal to develop individual freedom to the utmost and to live entirely without taboos, while at the same time loving and caring for one another and suppressing exploitation of our fellows.

David Loxley  
Milan, Illinois

#### "DANGEROUS DRUGS"

I was apprehended at the Mexican-American border for possession of Cannabis [marijuana]. It seems the large amount of psychedelic reading material I had in my suitcase brought me to the attention of American border officials. They subsequently scraped out a pipe I had purchased recently in Tangier and found five seeds of Cannabis. In scraping out my shirt pockets, they found what they termed "a roach" (an infinitesimal amount of Cannabis in cigarette form). I was informed I could plead guilty to the misdemeanor "possession of dangerous drugs" (one year/\$1000) or, if I decided to plead not guilty (because of

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religious beliefs), I would face a Federal charge of smuggling. Needless to say, I pleaded guilty and received three months.

My only comment on this affair is to quote Alan Watts: "Similarly, so many practitioners of the inexact sciences (e.g., psychology, anthropology, sociology) let it be known most clearly that they already know what reality is, and therefore what sanity is. For these poor drudges reality is the world of nonpoetry: It is the reduction of the physical universe to the most banal and desiccated terms conceivable, in accordance with the great Western myth that all nature outside the human skin is a stupid and unfeeling mechanism. There is a sort of 'official psychiatry' of the Army, state mental hospital and of what, in California, they call 'correctional facility' (i.e., prison), which defends this impoverished reality with a strange passion."

In God we trust.

Michael Farley  
San Diego City Jail  
San Diego, California

## GOING TO POT

*The New York Times* recently ran the following story:

Angered by "so-called educational leaders" who discount the hazards of smoking marijuana, the head of the Essex County Youth and Rehabilitation Commission began distribution this week of about 500,000 leaflets entitled "The Truth About Marijuana—Stepping Stone to Destruction."

Martin Lordi, the 60-year-old commission director, announced the leaflet campaign as the latest move in his private war against narcotics addiction. "This is not costing the taxpayer or the antipoverty program a cent," he said. . . .

"Smoking marijuana is too widespread and too much of a menace to be ignored," he declared. "Yet too often lately there have been newspaper stories about high proportions of college students using marijuana and, even more disgraceful, about some college professors and other intellectuals insisting that there's no harm in using marijuana.

"How can they say that, when Federal Bureau of Narcotics' records show that marijuana leads eventually to the use of major drugs like heroin and to inevitable drug addiction?"

It is my impression that all scientific investigations of marijuana have come to the conclusion that beliefs such as Mr. Lordi's are grossly inaccurate. Am I right?

Patrick Wilson  
New York, New York

*Yes. Scientific research completely contradicts the myths about marijuana*

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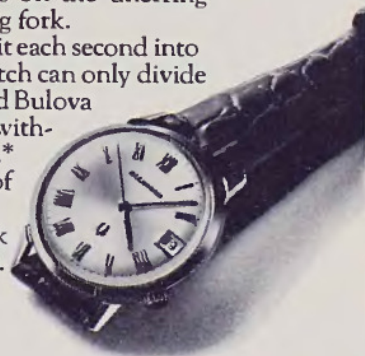
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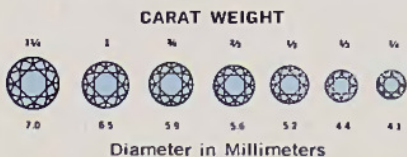
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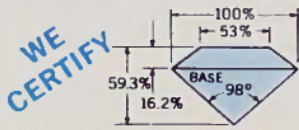
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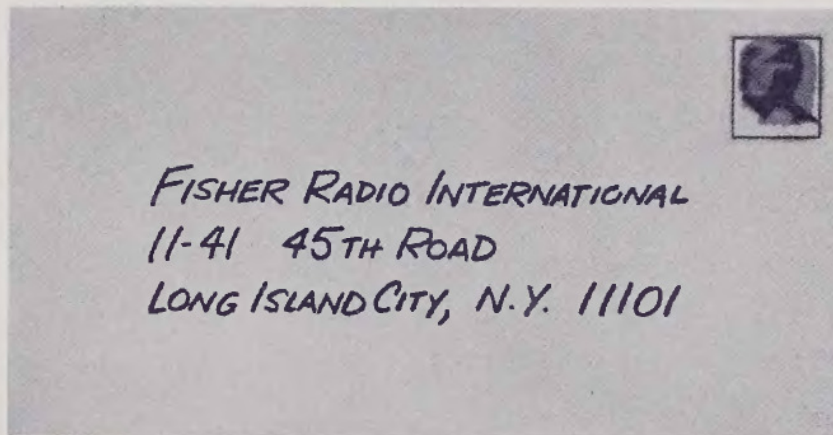
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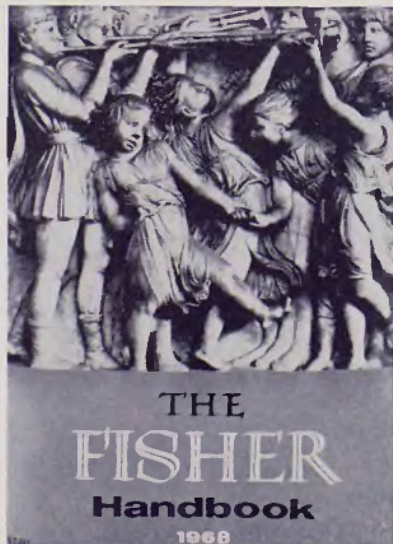
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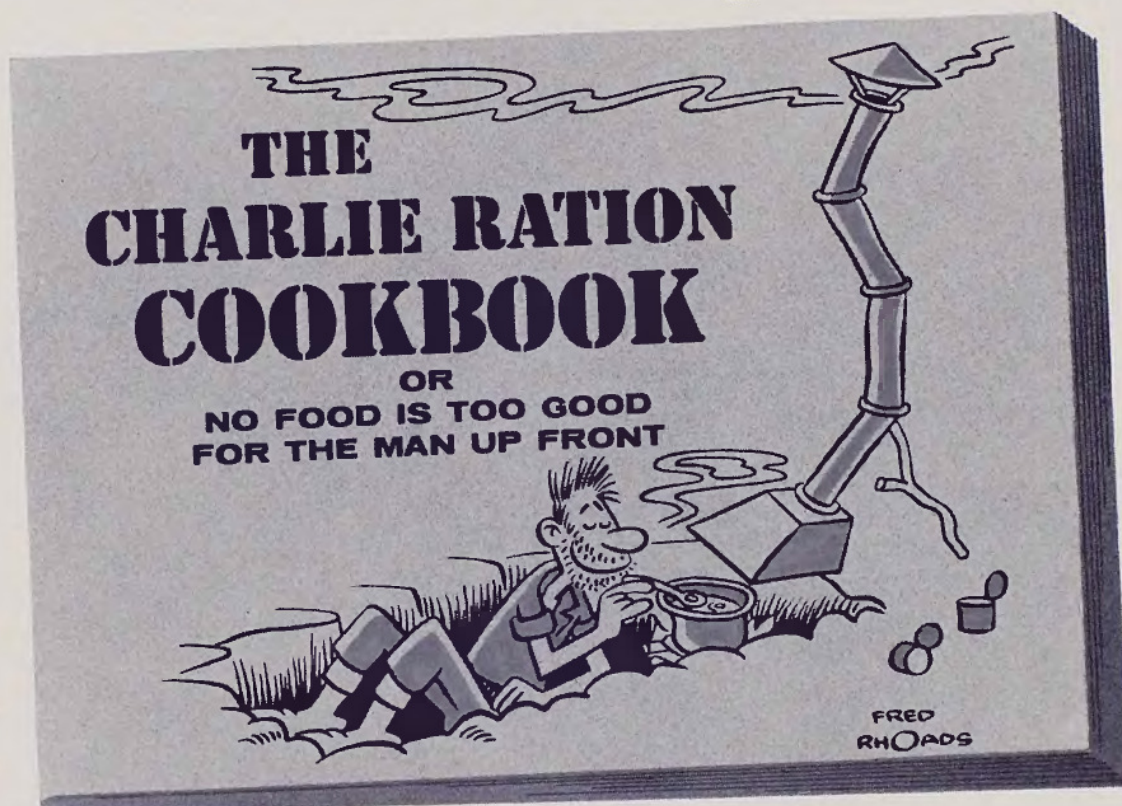


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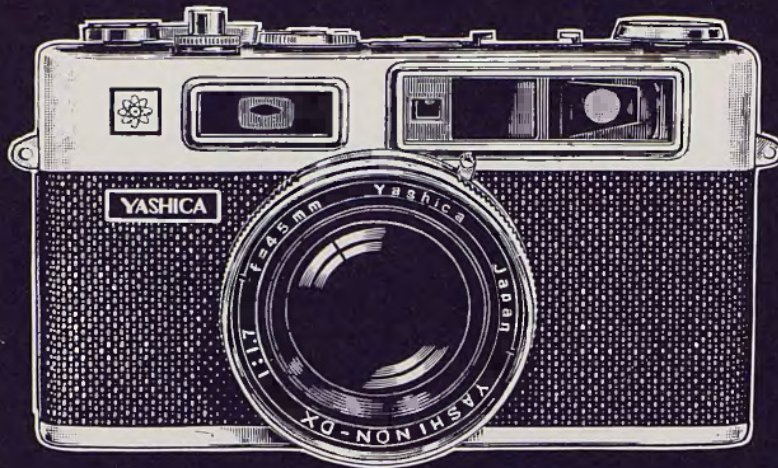


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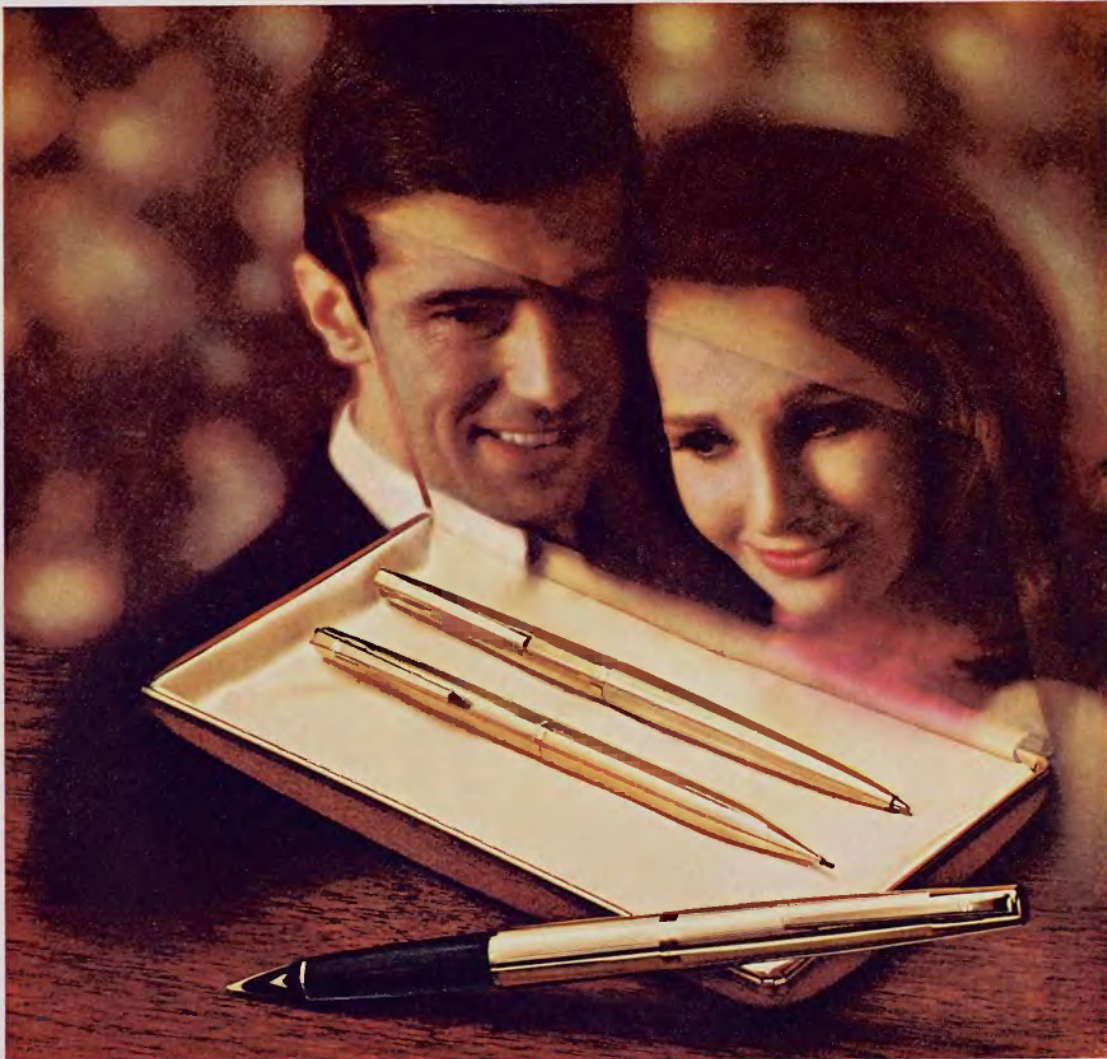
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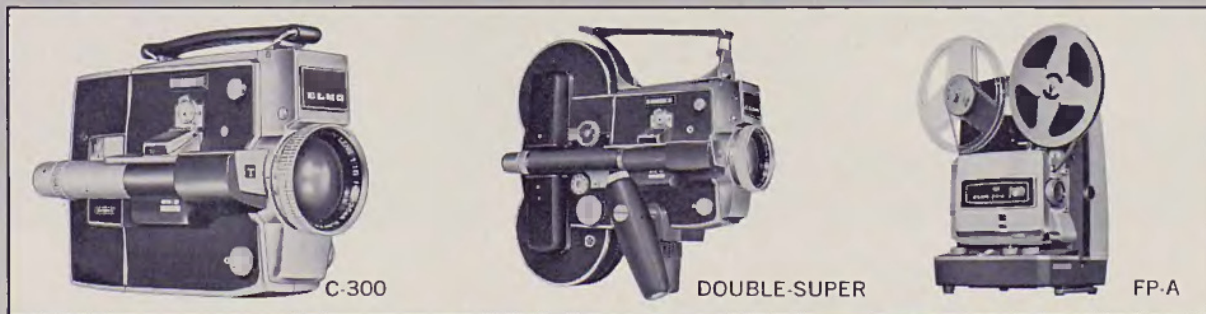
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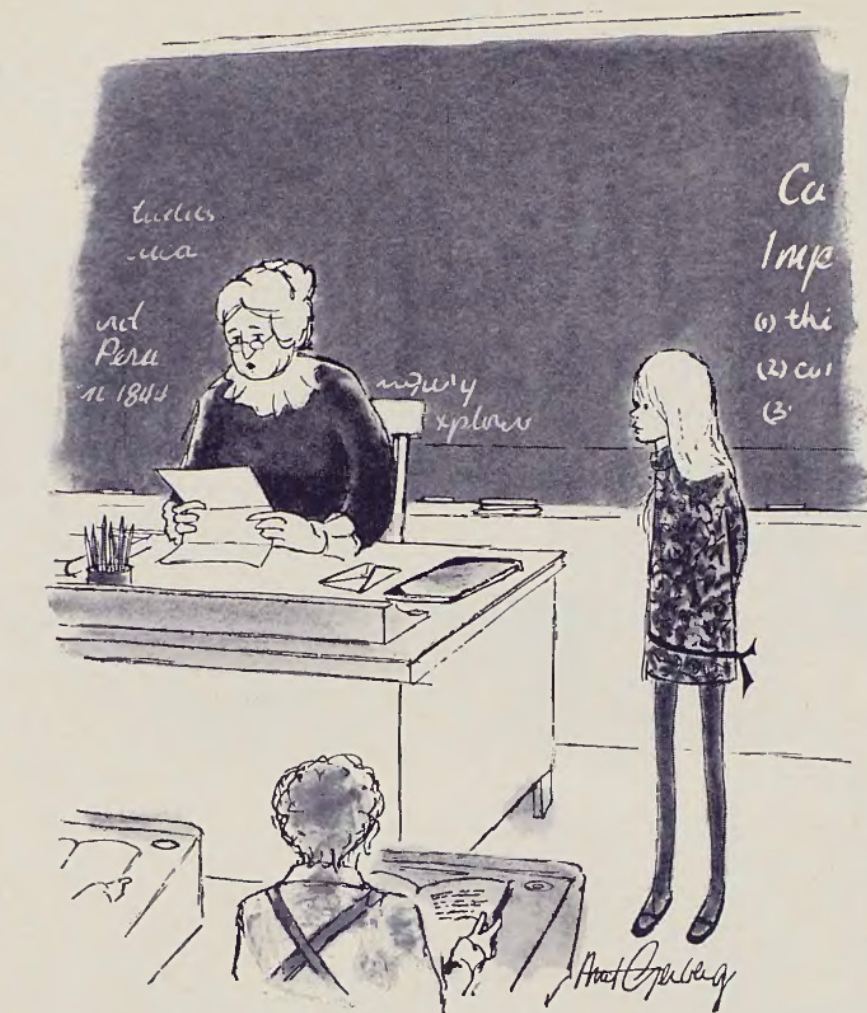
circulated by the Federal Narcotics Bureau, as you can easily check by looking into the chapter on pot in "Drugs and the Mind," by Robert DeRopp, M. D., by reading the laboratory studies reprinted in David Solomon's "The Marijuana Papers" or by examining the index on psychopharmacology in a library. Even so conservative a publication as Life described marijuana as "a mild euphoric drug known and used throughout much of the world for centuries" and stated categorically that it "is not physically addicting, nor need it lead to crime, immorality or stronger drugs. . . . There is no biological effect that primes the marijuana user for hard narcotics, and most marijuana smokers do not go on to become junkies." The refusal of Federal narcotics authorities publicly to acknowledge these facts has led sociologist Ned Polsky to remark, in his recent book, "Hustlers, Beats and Others":

Although the better-educated segment of the public is now aware of the [marijuana] myths for what they are—knows, for example, that the myriads of college students who currently smoke marijuana are not thereby "led to" heroin addiction—this has in no wise lessened the efforts of the Federal Narcotics Bureau to perpetuate the myths and otherwise to suppress the scientific evidence of marijuana's harmlessness. The Bureau's undiminished efforts have [led] a number of sociologists, including myself, to come round to the view long maintained in heroic isolation by [Professor] Alfred Lindesmith of Indiana University, viz., that some Bureau officials are not dedicated truthseekers, having honest differences of opinion with the academic investigators, but, on the contrary, dedicate themselves first and last to extending the power of the Federal Narcotics Bureau—to the extent of deliberate falsification of evidence.

#### POT ENTRAPMENT

The *Playboy Forum* is to be commended for printing so many letters critical of present marijuana laws. Few of your readers, however, have described the practical application of these laws in most states.

In a state such as New Jersey, there are very few professional pot dealers—maybe none. A group of friends who want to turn on together usually send someone to New York or Philadelphia to buy from a trusted dealer there. A narcotics officer's career and advancement depend upon the arrests he makes, and the arrest of a dealer is much more newsworthy than is the arrest of a smoker. The narcotics agent, therefore, is con-



"Dear Mrs. Stewart:

Please allow my daughter Brooke to leave class early, as she is getting married this afternoon . . ."

tinually searching for small groups of marijuana users; but when he finds them, he does not arrest them for possession. Instead, he infiltrates them, pretends to be a swinger himself, gains their confidence—over a period of months—and, finally, is allowed to smoke with them. When he has become one of the group, through a long process of deception, he says that he would like to get his hands on some extra grass to share with friends in another town. The group trusts him and their next purchase from their city contact is an unusually large one. They ingenuously sell a portion to the narcotics agent and he immediately arrests them. The next day's newspaper blares: "DOPE RING SMASHED; FIVE PUSHERS ARRESTED."

I need not comment on how dirty this whole operation is. By means of such low tactics, narcotics agents escalate a friendly circle of smokers into a dangerous "dope ring." This is the way four friends and I were busted. I am serving

a 10-to-15-year sentence; and others here have told me they were entrapped in the same manner.

(Name withheld by request)  
New Jersey State Prison Farm  
Rahway, New Jersey

#### LSD RESCUE LINE

In September 1965, I began an LSD rescue line in Chicago. The purpose of this service was simple: Many people were experimenting with this unpredictable drug and some of them were having "bad trips" (paranoid or hallucinatory delusions), so I determined to use my knowledge of LSD and related drugs to assist these people in their terror and to save them from repetition of such prolonged psychotic episodes. I have instigated LSD rescue lines in Aurora and Mount Carroll, Illinois; New York City and Millbrook, New York; Columbus, Ohio; Trenton and Princeton, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and San Francisco, California.

The A. M. A. has refused to help me in





*"It's an obscene phone call. Do you want to take it, or shall I?"*

any of my projects. However, Dr. Walter Alvarez, the nationally syndicated medical columnist, and a few other brave doctors have spoken out in support of my work, because they understand that there are people who need this kind of help. (It has been estimated that there are 5000 LSD trips per week in Chicago.)

I have never lost a patient; in every case, no matter how terrified or paranoid the subject was when I arrived, I have managed—with the aid of niacinamide—to bring him back and calm him down. Let me emphasize that my rescue service is necessary not only because these people are in trouble but because, lacking this service, they might in their terror turn to the police, *which is the worst thing an LSD "tripper" can do.* The police will handle the subject, while he is still under the influence of this potent drug, as if he were a criminal—which will increase his fear and paranoia a thousandfold and greatly increase the chance of his falling into a long psychotic episode. The only two cases I have seen who became catatonic (withdrawn psychotic) had fallen into the hands of the cops before I got to them.

I want to inform you of the reward society has given me for helping these people: I have been arrested for selling marijuana—a frame-up by the local narcotics squad, which has been hostile to my work from the beginning. The "evi-

dence" against me derives from a search-warrant complaint signed by an informer using an admittedly false name, and I am told I have no legal right to confront him in court. *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter William Braden has uncovered one informer—a heroin addict—who admitted signing dozens of such warrants without the names of the accused on them. The police later wrote in the names! Editorially, the *Sun-Times* said of these warrants:

Those methods are dubious. . . . We refer to the method of obtaining search warrants. The informer signs a search-warrant complaint, with an assumed name, alleging perhaps that he bought illicit drugs from a certain person, at a certain place. The police do not have to disclose the name of the informer or the time when the drugs were bought. There is also a device known as constructive possession: The police can arrest anybody found in the vicinity of prohibited drugs, whether he's an innocent visitor or the real culprit. The frame-up is easy. Plant the drugs, get the search warrant, grab everybody in sight. It could happen to you and you'd never have the right to face your accuser.

Using such a warrant, the police entered my apartment and "found" one

marijuana cigarette. I claim they planted it there. Whether a jury believes me or the police remains to be seen. The important question is constitutional: Do the police have the right to employ such dubious search warrants?

It is time that LSD and other drugs be treated as a medical—not a police—problem.

George Peters  
Chicago, Illinois

See R. E. L. Masters' "Sex, Ecstasy and the Psychedelic Drugs," on page 94 of this issue, for a perceptive analysis of other aspects of hallucinogenic drugs.

#### PERILS OF THE PILL

Until recently I had been very much in favor of birth-control pills and was planning to start taking them after the birth of our first child. They provide many advantages: psychological security regarding prevention of conception; regulation of the menstrual cycle; relief from some menstrual discomforts (mainly cramps and depression); and, of course, positive prevention of conception.

However, lately I've been hearing more and more reports from other women on the disadvantages of oral contraception. I am told that birth-control pills bring on many of the discomforts found in early pregnancy: sore and swollen breasts, excessive appetite and weight gain and sometimes even morning sickness. Does PLAYBOY have anything to say about these disadvantages?

(Name withheld by request)  
Long Beach, New Jersey

*Side effects similar to those of pregnancy do, indeed, occur in many women, most commonly when they begin taking oral contraceptives; but these effects often diminish and, in some cases, disappear entirely with regular use of the pills. The importance a woman attributes to these side effects, according to a study by Dr. Frederick J. Ziegler of the Cleveland Clinic Foundation, appears to be more directly related to her attitude toward sex and marriage than to the discomfort itself. The women in Dr. Ziegler's study who discontinued oral contraception because of side effects were, according to the psychiatrist, looking for an excuse to shift responsibility for birth control to their husbands. Women will tolerate side effects, Dr. Ziegler observed, "if they enjoy sexuality, do not perceive their husbands as being excessively sexually demanding and feel generally responsible for managing family affairs."*

#### PHILOSOPHICAL ISSUE OF ABORTION

Most of the polemics on abortion miss the point that it is a moral and philosophical issue, not a medical one. As psychiatrist Thomas Szasz argued in a 1966 *Humanist*, medicine has neither the right nor the knowledge to declare



at what point human life enters the organism. In my opinion, this question can be determined only by each individual, according to his own value system.

Dr. Szasz says: "The correct argument for legalized abortion must, I believe, rest squarely on the premise that abortion is a 'crime without victims.' During the first two to three months of gestation (when most abortions are performed), the embryo cannot live outside the womb. It may, therefore, be considered a part of the mother's body. . . . If we truly believe that in a free society the expert should be on tap—not on top—we must place the power to decide when an abortion may be performed (legally) in the hands of the pregnant woman and not in the hands of the church, the state, the American Medical Association or the American Law Institute."

It is a fairly well-established principle of American democratic society that the law should not attempt to control matters of private morality but that the individual should be left in free and responsible control of his personal life. Clearly, what a woman does with her own body is a matter of private morality.

Brian G. Gilmartin  
Department of Sociology  
State University of Iowa  
Iowa City, Iowa

#### CLERICAL ABORTION SERVICE

The defeat of abortion-reform legislation in New York earlier this year has led to a remarkable development: 21 Protestant and Jewish clergymen in New York City have created a Consultation Service on Abortion, which seeks "to offer compassion and to increase the freedom of women with problem pregnancies." During its first day of operation, the service received 35 calls—a number of them from Catholic women—and announced that some of the callers had already been referred to institutions here. Because of certain New York laws, others may have to be referred to out-of-state physicians and hospitals.

Perhaps such informal services, provided by concerned and compassionate clergymen, are the best solution to the abortion problem in the immediate future—or at least as long as the celibate priests of one particular faith are able to force their own antifeminine prejudices on the majority of our citizens.

Ed Shannon  
Brooklyn, New York

#### CALIFORNIA ABORTION REFERENDUM

It appears from letters printed in *The Playboy Forum* that many PLAYBOY readers favor substantial reform of abortion laws and some even favor total repeal. But these changes will not come about through lip service. The mild reforms recommended in the Model Penal Code

(continued on page 168)

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# ON THE SCENE

## GEORGE PLIMPTON

*let george do it*

IN THE COURSE of his energetically odd-ball career, 40-year-old George Plimpton—bachelor, *bon vivant*, author and editor—has boxed Archie Moore, pitched to the American and National League All-Star teams, played tennis with Pancho Gonzales, golf with Sam Snead and football with the Detroit Lions. If Plimpton's performances have been less than second-string, his personalized prose about the pros has been first-rate. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton's account of his masquerade as an NFL quarterback, was a runaway best seller this year, and a team of Hollywood producers has already broken out of the huddle on a film version. "*Paper Lion*," Plimpton says, "has been successful because it talks about players as people rather than as uniformed, statistical ciphers." A social as well as literary lion, he has dated some of the world's most beautiful women—Jacqueline Kennedy, Jane Fonda, Ava Gardner, Jean Seberg, Candice Bergen—and turned his East Side Manhattan apartment into a permanent open *salon* for fellow writers. As editor of the prestigious literary magazine *Paris Review*, Plimpton has also helped a number of authors achieve prominence—among them, Terry (*Candy*) Southern and Philip (*Goodbye, Columbus*) Roth. But sport remains Plimpton's abiding passion—athletically as well as literarily. By his own estimate, he is one of the top 15 court-tennis players in the U.S. "Of course," he notes, "since not more than 60 people play the game here, all you have to do is pick up a racket to be nationally ranked." Plimpton's venturesome curiosity has spurred him to even more esoteric exploits: Recently, he played a gig on triangle with the New York Philharmonic, and next year he plans to tend goal for a National Hockey League club. If Plimpton maintains this peripatetic pace, female midget tag-team wrestling may soon be the only sport he hasn't chronicled autobiographically—but we don't doubt that he'd be game to try it.





## DAVID WOLPER

### *irrigating the wasteland*

U. S. TELEVISION, weaned for decades on profit-without-honor vidiocy, today can credit much of its modest maturity to 39-year-old Dave Wolper, whose documentaries have reaped virtually every major award the medium offers. Just a fraction of Wolper's output of more than 250 TV documentaries mirrors the man's itinerant interests and imagination: *The Race for Space, Hollywood and the Stars, Trial at Nuremberg, The Making of the President, 1960, Pro Football: Mayhem on a Sunday Afternoon, Wall Street: Where the Money Is* and *China*. Wolper (who'll be represented on TV this season with 26 network specials) is currently branching out into movie production. One of his four features, *Of Good and Evil*, currently in the works will realistically present an eventful day in the life of a metropolitan police department. Wolper says, "The film will be a dramatic show—with actors—shot in a documentary technique." Two years ago, Metromedia, Inc. (which, among its assets, owns four TV stations and six radio stations), acquired Wolper Productions. Now a Metromedia vice-president, Wolper continues in his role as pioneer programmer: "The next big television trend will be outdoor, color true-life adventure films," he says. "My *National Geographic* series surprised everyone but me when it landed in the top-ten ratings. People are getting tired of hoked-up adventure series. They want to see real scenes shot on location, not created on a Hollywood sound set." Wolper, an expert horseman and avid baseball buff, most favors water-oriented recreation: His 47-foot yacht is often seen cruising off Newport Beach and he flies to Nevada several times each year to water-ski on Lake Mead. But as Wolper's commitments mount, his opportunities for recreation evaporate. In contributing to the leisure hours of others, the energized aspirant to two communications kingdoms says he's lost much of his own.



## LOU RAWLS

### *boss of the blues*

"soul.—and this is my own conception, now—is fact, as opposed to fantasy," declares Lou Rawls, whose soulful singing and down-to-earth monologs have made him one of the kings of the pop-music empire. A product of Chicago's dead-end Negro ghetto, Rawls, 31, is blessed with a powerful but mellow voice, plus what a critic has termed "all-purpose phrasing" and a knack for telling it like it is, whether he's conjuring up the taste of "soul food" or the color and action of ghetto street life. Despite his formidable talents, early TV exposure and several quality recordings, Rawls didn't hit the jack pot until 1966, when he cut his funky LP *Lou Rawls Live!* in front of a turned-on studio audience; since then, he's been socking it to loving crowds from Carnegie Hall to Monterey (at last summer's first festival of pop). He attributes his appeal to the truth of his message: "Who do you think can identify with a song like *Dead End Street*? Well, anyone who's known hard times—you can live in a park and still be on a dead-end street as far as life is concerned." Lou first sang at the age of seven with a church choir, later with a gospel group, the Pilgrim Travelers; after a two-year, 36-jump stint as a paratrooper, he turned to secular music and traveled the traditional rocky road: "People don't know about the times when I did five shows a night for ten dollars. But I'm not bitter—it prepared me so that I'm able to handle myself now that I've achieved the 'upper echelons.'" Rawls, whose memories of Chicago and its biting wind are not sweet and tender, has settled with his family on the west side of Los Angeles. Not content to have escaped his past, however, "Mr. Soul" sees his current popularity as a means toward an end: "I've been laying down a firm, solid foundation so that I can have my comforts and enjoy life as it is. I want to feel my mind opening up, to be free and flexible—because life, man, is a gas." 167



## PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 165)*

of the American Law Institute have had tough sledding wherever they have been considered in state legislatures, and it is unlikely that state lawmakers will even consider repeal bills within this generation, for fear of Catholic reprisal.

The only remaining approach for those of us who do not want the present situation to continue is referendum. In California, the Committee to Legalize Abortion and several other groups are going to sponsor a referendum to repeal the restrictive law against abortion in this state. Although this law has been amended recently by the Beilenson bill to allow abortions of pregnancies that result from rape or incest and are a threat to the mental or physical health of the mother, probably no more than five percent of the estimated 100,000 abortions performed in this state each year will be legalized, because of the restrictive provisions of the bill.

The referendum to repeal the present abortion law will require almost 326,000

signatures to be put on the ballot. To get these signatures, we estimate that we will need 5000 petition circulators in addition to 2000 other volunteers. This is 3000 more workers than we now have. PLAYBOY has over 4,500,000 monthly newsstand and subscription customers. If even a small percentage of your California readers will help us, we will be able to put repeal of the abortion law on the ballot this year.

There has been a lot of talk about improving the laws; but how many people are willing to *act*?

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Jr., Chairman  
Box 7662

California Committee to  
Legalize Abortion  
Stanford, California 94305

### RAPE VICTIM'S STORY

The letters about abortion in the August *Playboy Forum* were of particular interest to me. I applaud PLAYBOY's stand

on revision of abortion laws, and with good reason.

Several years ago, I was beaten up and raped by three men who threatened reprisals against my family if I went to the police or even to an emergency hospital or to a doctor. A friend at a nearby Navy base prevailed upon an off-duty Medical Corpsman, who treated me as best he could. In spite of this, I discovered soon after that I was pregnant.

I tried suicide but failed. Then, remembering what I had heard about Mexican border towns, I rented a car and drove to Tijuana. Nearly anyone there can direct a girl to an abortionist. Besides, the abortionists' offices are easy to find, since they are quite expensive looking and modern—not surprising when one considers that these practitioners often get a \$500 fee for a few minutes' work and have an ever-present waiting line.

The "operating room" into which I was ushered had a rug on the floor; obviously, it couldn't have been very sanitary. "Nurses" were carrying another girl out as I went in. The "nurses" and "doctors" wore no caps or surgical masks and did not even wash their hands between operations. The room was soundproof, however—a necessity, because an abortion is a painful ordeal.

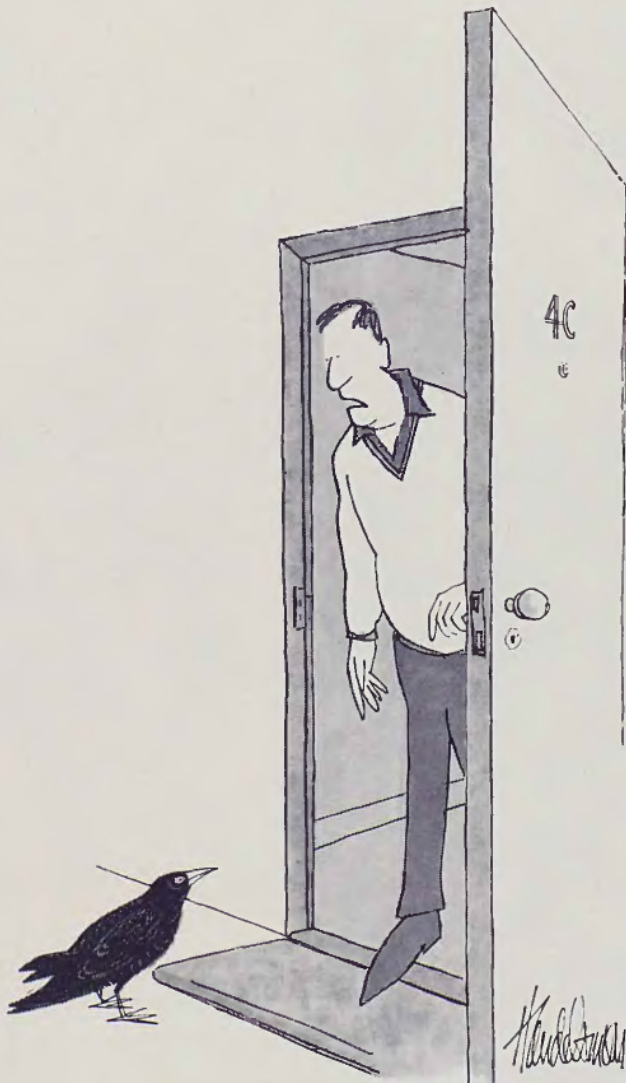
When I left, I was handed an instruction card and several business cards with the message: "For any friends who can use our service."

After returning to the U. S., I began getting chills and perspired till I soaked my clothing. I called several doctors, but all refused to treat me after an abortion, even though I did not ask them not to report the case to the police. A friend drove me to my home town, where my understanding family doctor treated me. He told me I had puerperal fever, an infection of the uterus, which would have meant certain death had I not been treated quickly and properly. The doctor took care of me in secret, he and his wife keeping me in their own home until the danger was past. Because he helped me, he could have lost his license to practice medicine.

The reformed abortion laws now pending in many states are not very liberal, and I would not have been spared my brush with death even if California had possessed such a law a few years ago, because I would have had to report the rape to qualify. When I look back on my experience (I'm now married and have a small son), I wonder how many other desperate girls are facing a similar horror. It is wrong to let a girl's life be ruined through no fault of her own; and an unwanted child hasn't much of a future.

I trust that PLAYBOY will continue its campaign for truly liberal abortion legislation.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)



"Wrong apartment, Mac. The Nevermores are in 4B."



#### ABORTION DOCTOR'S CRUSADE

One year ago, I was released from Green Haven Prison. I had completed my seventh term. I have served nine years and two months, cumulatively, since my first conviction for abortion 16 years ago. I wear my convictions as a badge of pride. I am one of the few doctors in the United States who publicly declare that they are abortionists, admitting to having completed during my professional lifetime, as an act of civil disobedience, 30,000 illegal abortions without a single death.

I am unalterably opposed to the liberalization of our present abortion laws, such as proposed by the American Law Institute in its Model Penal Code and by the legislators of several states in pending legislation. My crusade demands the repeal of all abortion laws. There can be no compromise with laws that perpetuate social injustice for women. Not only is any law governing abortion unpopular and unenforceable, it is also unconstitutional.

Doctors generally will benefit from "liberal" abortion laws, but the pregnant women who seek abortions are not benefited to any great extent. Such laws favor women with the money to obtain corroborating psychiatric or medical testimony. These laws set up a system of red tape and harassment for pregnant women. Committees of doctors must be persuaded that the abortion fits the conditions specified by law, and they have to be paid for their time. In the case of incest or rape, the crime must be certified by local authorities, which, in some instances, may involve investigations and hearings. All this makes the difference between an early, easy and safe abortion and a pregnancy that has advanced to the point where life and health are endangered by abortion.

I agree with the Catholics: Present abortion laws should not be liberalized. But I would go one step further. All laws pertaining to abortion should be repealed, at once. Every pregnant woman, single or married, should be able to get an abortion on demand, without being compelled to give any reason whatsoever for her decision.

Nathan H. Rappaport, M.D.  
New York, New York

*"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.*



# OLD HICKORY

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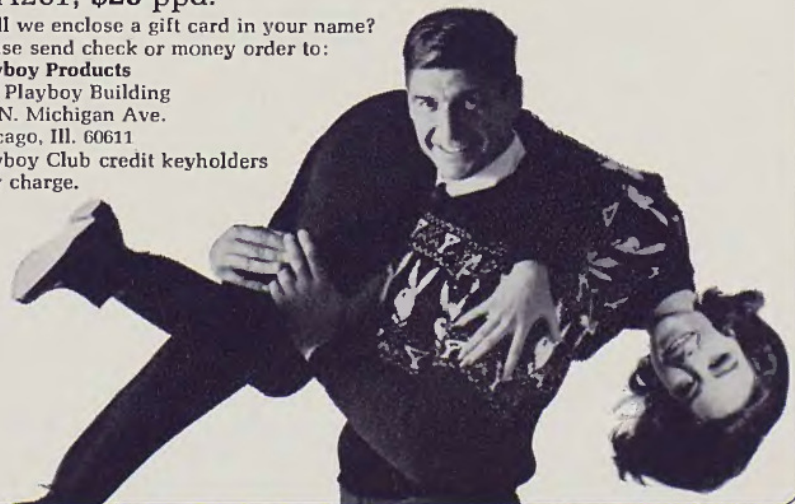
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## SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 158)

to a maiden's prayer, the producer is likely to fake the action by shooting the coupling from an unrevealing angle or, if the leading man proves to be a real bust-out, by inserting an unidentifiable close-up or two of the crucial connection clipped from another film. The endless line of anonymous males who wander through the homes of these frustrated females in reel after reel of these films includes salesmen, repairmen, handy-men, milkmen and grocery boys of every shape and appearance. In the films of the Thirties, icemen and radio repairmen (now replaced by TV repairmen) appear in a dozen or more films. Door-to-door salesmen continue to be ubiquitous, peddling everything from nylon stockings to dildos. There are also bill collectors, census-takers, Kinsey-type sex researchers, tramps, meter readers, chiropractors, burglars (always popular, since the role allows the male to wear a mask), locksmiths (called to open a chastity belt) and even an aviator who drops in in his autogiro.

When a female steps out of the house in a stag film—whether it's a date for dinner (during one film, she winds up under a restaurant table with both her escort and the waiter) or an afternoon appointment with her doctor—she's certain to wind up in a sexual adventure. The medical profession enjoys more than its share of attention in stag films, as this partial list of medical misadventures suggests: *Call for Dr. Handsome*; *Oh, Doctor*; *Emergency Clinic*; *Lady Doctor*; *The Dentist*; *The Psychiatrist*; *Dr. Longpeter*; *Dr. Kildare*; *Dr. Penis*; *Calling Ben Casey*; *Slow Fire Dentist*; *Doctor's Orders*; *Dr. Hardon's Injections*—and *The Doctor's Prescription for Love*, which offers a double-header: A husband accompanies his wife on a visit to the family physician, and while the M.D. seduces the missus on the examination couch in his office, the husband, finding nothing worth reading in the waiting room, decides to seduce the receptionist-nurse on her desk.

These pornographic pictures portray a supersexual world in which erotic refusal and frustration are virtually unknown. The plots, when there are any, are used only to get the participants together at the start of the picture; thereafter, as Professor Hoffmann points out, sexual activity is all-important. The cast of characters in a pornographic film ranges from single couples (in just over 50 percent of the films currently on the commercial market) to groups of three, four, five and more, of either or both sexes, with a well-trained dog occasionally added for good measure. The activity covers the spectrum of sexuality, both heterosexual and homosexual, including fellatio, cunnilingus, sodomy, bestiality and mutual masturbation. Because por-

nography is primarily a male predilection, and stag films are produced primarily for a male market, however, the emphasis in these films reflects middle-class American males' preferences and prejudices. In our analysis of over 1000 stag films produced between 1920 and 1967—a quantity large enough to be representative of the entire commercial-stag-film market in the United States—it was found that male homosexuality was relatively rare (4.9 percent of the films featured homosexual sequences and only 1.4 percent were completely homosexual). But Lesbian activity was quite common (19.2 percent of the films analyzed included some Lesbian activity and 6.6 percent were exclusively Lesbian). This is understandable in a society that has strong male homosexual taboos, but no similarly repressive attitude regarding Lesbianism—coupled with the fact that many males have a strong heterosexual reaction to Lesbian activity. Heterosexual oral-genital activity is also quite common in these films, especially in the films produced during the past decade; but, once again, the men come out ahead, with 68.8 percent of the films including fellatio and only 46.1 percent including cunnilingus. The mixed emotions with which many men view female sexuality is most dramatically revealed by another set of figures: Though the proportion seems to be changing in recent films, more stag reels in this sampling featured woman-dog relations (2.1 percent) than exclusively male homosexuality (1.4 percent). While woman-animal activity is relatively uncommon in our society, such ideas are quite common in the history of male pornography—even being reflected in Greek mythology: Europa had coitus with a bull and gave birth to a child that was half bull and half man; and the story of Leda and the swan has been a popular inspiration for painters throughout the history of Western civilization. Male homosexuality, in sharp contrast—though a far more common activity—is a subject about which most men feel far less secure and reject far more vigorously.

While the principal function of stag films is erotic entertainment, they also serve as an outlet for the pressures created by social and sexual taboos. In strongly Roman Catholic countries, for example, there is a significant anticlerical strain in the local pornography. Thus, in the French film *Monkey Business*, a monk is shown in a heterosexual and homosexual debauch at his monastery with a nun and a gardener. As a less rigidly religious country, the U.S. has no marked anticlerical feelings of any kind, so that the irreverent themes so common in the stag films of Mexico, Cuba and France are almost unknown here. The

single exception to this rule actually proves the point: An above-average stag reel entitled *The Nun's Story* was produced in California in the early Fifties, but the title proved so unpopular that it was changed to *College Coed*.

Thus, though some taboos are obviously fair game for these films, others are not to be trifled with. In recent years, the average age of the performers in pornographic films has dropped considerably; but most middle-aged American men don't want to see Lolita-like nymphettes in their films, because they are too reminiscent of their own daughters. A Midwestern distributor pointed out a film entitled *The Private Lives of the Sexy Sixteens* as an example of a film for which he has virtually no market. It is an amateur production in which two girls and a boy in their very early teens perform with an older man. "You get to know your audience," this distributor said. "If I showed up with that reel for a smoker at the local Kiwanis or someplace like that, they'd skin me alive."

Even stronger than these taboos are the laws against stag films. Federal statutes prohibit interstate traffic in obscenity, with a penalty of up to \$5000 and/or five years in prison for the first offense; and state laws, with very few exceptions, bar their manufacture, sale, exhibition or possession. To the formulators of these laws, and to the police and prosecutors who uphold them, the crime is obscenity, impure and simple. But since those who view such films are frequently such community pillars as veterans' organizations, business associations and volunteer fire departments—all of which are major markets for stag-party screenings—punishment is more often meted out to the producer, distributor or dealer than to the customer, as in the case of prostitutes. By implication, at least, it would seem that the states of Illinois and North Carolina were seeking to protect the after-hours interests of such influential citizens when they, alone among all the states of the Union, specifically declared that the exhibition of stag films, not for gain and to personal associates other than children, was *not* a crime.

Despite firm and nearly universal prohibitions, the production and distribution of stag films has flourished fitfully in the United States for more than half a century. Because of their clandestine status, no one has been able to provide a very accurate estimate of the number of different film titles currently on the commercial market, nor the number of prints in circulation. Our own extensive research for this installment has made it obvious, however, that previous estimates of 1000 to 2000 different titles are definitely on the low side. One of the difficulties in making an estimate of this nature is the recent discovery that stag-





*Intarlandi*

*"Of course you're excited—running around bare-ass in the forest all day . . .!"*



film production and distribution is, by and large, a regional activity. Thus, while some films produced in New York do find their way to Chicago or the West Coast, and vice versa, most of the pornography available in one part of the country or another is actually produced there. This means that a comprehensive estimate of production would have to take into account all the hundreds of small producers and/or distributors scattered across the country—a task no one is in a position to undertake.

Any attempt to estimate the number of different stag-film titles currently on the commercial market is further complicated by the fact that films often remain in circulation for 10, 20, 30 or more years. Some of the more popular titles originally produced in the Thirties and Forties (such as *Mexican Dog*, *Matinee Idol* and *Unexpected Company*) are still to be found on the market today. The most dramatic examples of the seeming immortality of many of these movies are *Strictly Union*, dated by the Institute for Sex Research as having been produced in 1919; and *Le Télégraphiste*, a French film made in the early Twenties; both reappeared on the New York market a few months ago, one of them under a new title. As long as a reasonably good print of any film exists, it's always possible for a manufacturer to make a new negative from it and thus begin the life cycle of a particular film all over again.

To complicate matters even more, some distributors retitle old films and distribute them anew, thus fooling some of their customers into purchasing the same film a second time—hardly a good way to build customer relations; but then, stag-film distributors have always been concerned more with their public than their public image. Accordingly, the vintage stag film *Mexican Dog* was being sold on the West Coast not long ago under the title *Sportie*. While the *Cat's Away* was sold again under the imaginative second title *The Mice Will Play* and—to confuse things further—also as *Play Girl*. A recent film from Detroit has appeared with three different titles: *Scroungy Truck Driver* and, for those who don't care for that image, *Clean Cut Truck Driver*, as well as *Scroungy Turned Chicken* for good measure. And at various times, the stag classic *Pricking Cherries* has also been sold as *The Dream Salesman*, *Sock Salesman*, *Office Girl's Dream* and *Secret Dreams*. As though to harry the most inveterate cataloger, certain titles also have a way of appearing and then reappearing on wholly different films, so that in our own compilation of 1000 film titles, there are two of *Picnic*, two of *Sleep Walker*, three called *Strip Poker*, three *Call Girls* and no fewer than five entitled *The Lovers*. Two different films have been called *Unexpected Company*, and one of these has also been sold as *Love Bug*; but two

other and quite different films have been titled *Love Bug*, too. Obviously, there is no central title-registration bureau in the stag-film field.

While many of the same films are still on the commercial market today, the business itself has changed markedly. During the Twenties and Thirties, stag films were mainly a road-show operation; for a flat fee of \$50 or \$100, the dealer would provide enough reels for two or three hours of entertainment. Since movie projectors were uncommon and expensive at the time, the road-showman usually supplied 16mm equipment along with the films, as part of a package deal for the show. Respectable lodges, veterans' and fraternal organizations were his primary customers. The stag-film ritual, as practiced in clubs, lodges and fraternal halls across the country in the Twenties and Thirties—and still, to some extent, even today—is oddly reminiscent of the puberty rites practiced by more primitive societies. A research associate at the Sex Institute has offered this interpretation of a typical stag party: "The participants can be seen as a kind of community of respectable middle-class males. For these men, the stag evenings have a kind of ritual function; they allow the males to express crude emotions in a masculine context, and each gets from this, in a sense, homosocial confirmation." He added that the viewing of stag films by males was in no sense to be regarded as an indication of homosexuality, either latent or actual. "The group viewer," he went on, "is able to prove he knows the language of sexuality—a language he can't use elsewhere except in comparable situations. The need for this approbation of his fellows is at least as strong as his need for approbation from women."

Throughout the Forties and well into the Fifties, the largest market for stag reels remained men-only smokers. But with the end of World War Two, good 16mm movie equipment became available at far more reasonable prices, initiating a home-movie boom. Private individuals now wanted to rent or purchase stag films for private viewing, or for screening at parties with friends. The men who had been putting on the road shows for so many years became the first distributors, wholesalers and retailers for this new market. And many camera stores began stocking a few reels of stag films for rental to special customers, since the films not only paid for themselves in two or three rentals but also served as a catalyst for the rental and purchase of movie projectors, screens and other equipment. The rental of a 400-foot, 16mm stag reel averaged from \$5 to \$10; the purchase price of a reel, from \$25 up. With the introduction of inexpensive, good-quality 8mm home-movie equipment in the late Fifties, the home-movie market spiraled and, with

it, the individual market for stag films. The outright sale of films to private collectors now far surpasses the combination of shows and rentals. At the present time, the cost to the manufacturer of a single 8mm reel, including film, processing and overhead, is approximately \$1.75 per 200-foot reel of black-and-white film. The manufacturer usually sells the reel in quantities of 100 or more to distributors for approximately \$3 a reel, although many manufacturers act as their own distributors. The price paid to the distributor by the wholesaler runs from \$4 to \$5 a reel, and retail outlets are charged an average of \$7 a reel. The retailer then charges the customer anywhere from \$10 to \$25 a reel, depending on what the traffic will bear. Prices average about \$15—somewhat lower in the East and somewhat higher on the West Coast.

When stag films began finding their way into private homes, something else happened as well: Women had access to them for the first time. Not too many years ago, it was understood that no nice girl, of the sort one wanted as a wife and mother to your children, could have anything but a negative reaction to the crudities of a stag film. Never mind about the women portrayed so provocatively in those films, who responded erotically to everything from a passionate passage in a book to the taste of pistachio ice cream. Nice girls weren't like that and nice girls wouldn't like stag films. Or would they? Kinsey found that one out of every three females was capable of being sexually aroused by erotica. But Kinsey's study was made 15 years ago; in today's more sexually permissive social climate, that figure has probably increased. To be sure, not all women have a taste for stag films; but not all men respond positively to pornography, either. Some men are repelled by the unabashed eroticism of a stag film; others are simply bored by it. Kinsey found that a single stimulus could elicit, from men and women alike, a wide range of sexual responses and that, while women generally are not as readily responsive as men to erotica, the spectrum of responses for both sexes so overlaps that a great many women are far more susceptible to such stimulation than are many men. It isn't surprising, then, that the viewing of stag films has become a heterosexual activity in the past few years. And many social scientists regard this as a step in the right direction. Says one of them: "It means that the female in our society is being allowed, at long last, to savor her own sexuality unashamed and to share this experience with her husband or loved one." In any case, there can be no doubt that the over-all audience for stag films is increasing, both because of the increasing availability of home-movie equipment and because of the increasing acceptance





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of erotica in our more sexually permissive society.

But even with this increase, the sale of pornography is hardly the big business that some supposed authorities have suggested. The profit margin is too slight and the largely localized production and distribution too disorganized to produce the sort of multimillion-dollar pornography business that some writers have claimed exists. If there were actually any sizable profit to be made from the sale of stag films, the crime syndicate would long since have absorbed it, just as it has done with gambling, narcotics and prostitution. But the racketeers don't bother, because there isn't enough money in it to make the risks worth while.

In order to account for the willingness of those who produce and distribute stag films to undertake those risks, one must therefore look beyond the profit motive. Stag-film making, observes a research associate for the Sex Institute, "is the only illicit activity of its kind in which most of the professionals in the business appear to be 'hooked' on the product. The professional bookie doesn't usually play the horses, and the man who pushes narcotics isn't usually an addict, but most of the men who produce pornography are emotionally as well as economically involved in their work." They would almost have to be, for the majority of stag-film producers must work on a very short shoestring, indeed. To economize, and to get the most out of his investment in the performers, the producer frequently photographs three or four separate reels in a single session. The so-called *Mandy* series is a typical example of this technique: Filmed in New York in the late Fifties, it includes five separate reels—*Twin Mandy*, *Selfish Mandy*, *Sleepy* and *The Rack*, Parts I and II—that employed the same two blonde females and three young males in a single hard day's night. The producer of this series, who shot about 70 reels over a two- or three-year period, made a practice of shooting his films in such series as these—each taking no more than an afternoon and/or evening to complete. The economy-minded producer of the so-called *Mirror* series shot seven different reels in a single session in a New York apartment, involving two males and one female.

With economy such a vital consideration in stag-film production, not a foot of film is wasted, if it shows anything at all—and a general lack of editing is one of the hallmarks of current stag-film production. Some producers shoot the same sex activity with several cameras, so that they will have more original master prints from which to work. It is also not uncommon to have still photographers shooting the action, too, since there is a



related market for this form of pornography. Occasionally, in such cases, an overzealous second cameraman can be seen stepping into range of another camera and even momentarily blocking its view of the action. Such goofs are almost never edited out of stag films produced during the Sixties.

One corner-cutting gentleman in Brooklyn kept a tight rein on expenses by confining his business to a family operation. His stag-movie repertory company consisted of himself, his wife, daughter, son, niece and nephew. The only outsider on the payroll was the cameraman, who handed over the exposed film immediately after shooting the required footage. The producer developed, printed and marketed his own product. Nor is it unusual for a producer to appear in his own films; when a male participant failed to turn up as scheduled for the shooting of a recent stag film in California, the producer promptly stepped in as a substitute, explaining plaintively afterward, "What else could I do? Both the room and the girl were already paid for." In keeping with the modest production budget, female stag-film performers are usually paid between \$50 and \$150 for their labor of lust; males, predictably, are willing to perform for \$50 or less—and not infrequently for nothing. Locations for these surreptitiously made films have ranged from cheap motel rooms to deserted beaches, from city apartments to rooms in large, bustling hotels. Several noteworthy series in the late Forties, early Fifties and the Sixties were filmed in houses similar to those in hundreds of middle-class suburban communities.

While the shoestring economy of stag-film manufacture has remained relatively unchanged from the beginnings of the form until today, the content of the films—like their distribution and exhibition—has undergone, over the years, an evolution that sets the stag films of the Twenties, Thirties, Forties and Sixties apart from one another as distinctively as the Hollywood feature films of the jazz age, the Depression, the War years and the psychedelic Sixties. The stag reels of each decade are distinguishable not only in matters of costume, setting, furnishings, hair styles and the like but also in the sexual activities portrayed, the enthusiasm with which they're performed, the type of participants involved and the story framework—or lack of it—in which the action is placed.

Marcel Pagnol, the great French film director, is said to have discovered an employee processing a pornographic film in his Marseilles laboratory and, after rebuking him, having asked: "Don't you have trouble making such films?" "Oh, no, monsieur," the man answered. "That's never the trouble at all. The trouble is always the story, monsieur, the story!"

The story has always been the im-

portant thing about French stag films—distinguishing them from the best that other countries have been able to accomplish in this genre. But until the Thirties, the story was even more important in U. S. stags, often overshadowing the sexual content—something the French stag-film maker would never allow. *Strictly Union*, for example, produced in New York in 1917, not only appears to have been professionally produced but tells its bawdy story with some jocular humor. The scene, a title informs us, is The Fuckem Right Studio, and two actresses at the studio are identified as Minnie Womb and Lotta Crap. This broad humor continues as Minnie disrobes in her dressing room while being spied on by "Hard Penis, the property boy, who is strictly a union worker." True to his moniker, he bursts into the dressing room, where Minnie, reduced now to black stockings, is not in the least reluctant to accept his advances. As the young man warms to his work, titles such as "The Seventeen Jewel Swiss Movement" and "Hair Pie" interrupt the action; then the boy suddenly notices a

clock on the dressing table indicating the hour of six—quitting time. Being a good union member, he promptly rises, slips on his overalls and departs.

Rudimentary joking of this sort remained a staple ingredient of the American stag film throughout the Twenties. Professor Hoffmann discovered an element of folklore in some of the more antique examples he analyzed, citing particularly *The Pick Up*, made in 1923. The plot line of this picture, he found, was based on an off-color joke that not only had made the rounds for several years but was deemed folksy enough to be included in a collection of waggish tales. In the film, a man picks up a girl in his car, drives her 10 miles into the country, parks and makes the usual proposition. When she refuses, he makes her get out and walk home. The next week, he picks up the same girl and drives her 20 miles into the country. Again the proposition; again the refusal. On the third repetition, he drives 50 miles into the country—and this time the girl accepts his advances. Later, the man asks why she didn't give in the first time, and she





responds that she would walk 10 miles, even 20 miles, "but damn if I'll walk 50 miles to save a man from a dose of clap!" "Sexual activity," added Professor Hoffmann, "although present, is brief, and very much subordinated to the joke element."

One of the most striking examples of the emphasis on story line over sexual content in U. S. stag films of the Twenties is the elaborately plotted and photographed *Mixed Relations*, filmed in 1921. Produced by professionals, with extensive use of both exterior and interior scenes, the film begins with a train pulling into a station and a young lady stepping off carrying her bag. "Coxville, U. S. A.," a caption announces, "where men are men and women are double-breasted." Further captions then explain the complicated premise of the picture: The young lady is "Dora Somass," arriving for a visit with her sister, the wife of Judge Humps. The judge was supposed to meet the train but has forgotten about it, so Dora steps into the station

and calls her sister's home. The plot thickens when Dora is accidentally given a wrong number; in the ensuing conversation, the man who answers concludes that Dora has never met her brother-in-law, and since she sounds on the phone like a hot number, he decides to pretend that he is the judge. The unscrupulous stranger picks up the unsuspecting Dora at the station and drives her to a secluded spot, where he makes a precipitate pass at Miss Somass, who proves quite receptive till a policeman spots the pair in the car. "The eagle eye of the law spoils good jazz," announces a caption. The cop puts them under arrest, hops on the running board and directs them to the courthouse. When they arrive and Dora climbs out of the car, loverboy seizes the opportunity to make his getaway in the car. With only Dora in custody, the cop is about to enter the court when Judge Humps appears in the doorway. "A case of jazzing on the road, your Honor," the peace officer explains. The judge nods knowingly and, taking

the girl into custody, informs the policeman that he will have to try this case privately. Unaware that it's his sister-in-law he has in custody, the judge takes Dora home with him and proceeds to seduce her on the living-room couch. "Just the kind of whang that Dora likes," says the caption. But soon after the sexual activity is under way, the scene shifts to an approaching female. "The wife's card party broke up early," we are told. She enters and catches the couple on the couch. "Sister!" both girls exclaim in shocked surprise. In the final scene, the wife is chasing the judge—nude except for socks, shoes and bowler hat—down the road. The moral, tacked on at the end: "A push in the bush is worth two in the hand, but don't let your wife know about it." Of the entire 15-minute film, less than three minutes are devoted to actual sexual activity.

Probably the most noticeable difference between U. S. stag films of the Twenties and those produced in the Thirties is an increased concentration on sexual activity, with a concomitant decrease in the narrative element. But even the films of the Thirties featured more elaborate plots, sets, editing and subtitles than are evident in more recent years. In addition to humor, there was a frequent use of other nonerotic and even antierotic devices during both decades. Particularly pronounced in the Thirties was a pervasive antiwoman theme, with the female treated as a sex object rather than as a sexual partner; as might be expected from such an attitude, there's relatively little foreplay prior to the main event, and little evidence of authentic emotion or passion. Consistent with the subordinate status of women that characterized the period, females performed fellatio on male performers far more often than the males responded with cunnilingus (three times as often in the Twenties and four times as often in the Thirties). Also in keeping with the mores and taboos of the time, many of the performers in both decades were relatively unattractive and close to middle age. The males were usually lower socioeconomic types—pimps, drifters and the like, the females generally prostitutes, working for a modest fee. As with the producers and distributors of these films, there seems to have been an element of "kicks" and exhibitionism involved in their motivation, for the pay they received was little more than they could have earned if they had spent the same amount of time plying their trade in private.

The major series of the Thirties—thronging with such sleazy characters—was produced in Chicago early in the decade. Approximately 40 films—including such titles as *Piccolo Pete*, *Hycok's Dancing School*, *Bedroom Secrets*, *The Passionate Farm Hand*, *The Gigolo*, *Golden Shower* and *When Pop's Away*, *Mom Will Play*—were made by this



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group, and many are still being sold on the commercial market today. The most unusual film in the series is *Matinee Idol*; if there were such a category as "camp" stag films, this one could easily qualify. The sexual scenes couldn't have been any broader or funnier—intentionally or otherwise—if they had been choreographed by Busby Berkeley. The film opens with gorgeous Blondie Blondell bowing demurely to an enthusiastic London theater crowd at the end of her feature dance, which must have been a fetching bit of terpsichore, since she isn't wearing a thing except her shoes. At that moment, "Wee Wampus"—Blondie's maid—is straightening up the apartment in preparation for her mistress' return. Startled by a knock at the door, she finds not Blondie but "Lord Fuckem of Fuckem, Fuckem & Fuckem, Ltd., sole agents for Everip Cundrums"—Blondie's faithful boyfriend. As a title card next informs us, "Wee decides to try and vamp his lordship" before her mistress gets home, which is more of a project than you might assume, since Wee weighs in at around 250 pounds, most of it pure blubber. Tearing off her kimono, Wee gains the upper hand by shooting him with "iii-rays." Unable to withstand such a high-caliber barrage, he succumbs. But no sooner has he leaped into the saddle than Blondie arrives home. After some embarrassed apologies from his lordship and mumbled profanities from Wee Wampus, Blondie and boyfriend retire to a plush lounging area, where they proceed to perform sexual intercourse as though it were a ballet. So inspired is his lordship by the lithe and lovely Blondie that he achieves three separate climaxes, the last of which is caught, in slow motion, at the moment of ejaculation. The actor who portrayed his lordship appeared in over a dozen other stag films in the series, so he must have been something of a local celebrity in his day; but none of his other performances managed to touch the one he gave in *Matinee Idol*.

In the Forties and early Fifties, U.S. stag films generally declined in quality, with less attention given not only to humor but to plots, sets and editing. The settings for these films were usually lower-middle-class houses or apartments, and the performers continued to be chosen from the lower socioeconomic levels of society. In this period, especially, many of the male and some of the female performers wore masks or otherwise attempted to conceal their identities by the use of often rather bizarre disguises. This is the period, too, when many of the male performers made a habit of removing everything but their black socks for their performances; thus did the masked man in stocking feet become a

classic symbol of the U.S. stag film. The only other thing worn by a disproportionately high number of the male performers in reels produced during this period, for reasons that are unclear, were tattoos—usually tributes to motherhood or the flag.

Because raw film stock was scarce during World War Two, very few films were produced during the first half of the Forties. Ever resourceful, however, some stag entrepreneurs attempted to make up for this shortage by pasting together segments from existing films into what the Sex Institute calls "potpourri pictures." Some producers also began combining nonpornographic "girlie" films with actual pornography—using the former to establish the story line and the latter to introduce the sex activity. This same sort of doctoring has also been performed on a number of old burlesque short subjects and "beaver" films ("girlie" flicks of completely nude females, without any actual sex activity). Perhaps the most imaginative and amusing example of this sort of film editing was described to us by a Midwest stag-film distributor: According to him, one producer had secured a print of a Wartime Army training film on venereal disease, the first half of which told the romantic story of a soldier's pickup, followed by his shamefaced appearance in the dispensary with V.D., and frighteningly documented case histories that made syphilis and gonorrhea seem the real horrors of war. The stag-film producer simply retained the romantic pickup and seduction scenes from the start of the picture, removed the dire consequences of the GI's dalliance and replaced this footage with close-ups, where the identities of the two participants were not readily discernible, from a gamy stag film. There is real irony and more than a little poetic justice, we think, in the fact that this Government-sponsored antisex film ultimately became a decidedly provocative motion picture intended to turn people on rather than off.

Less than provocative, but at least patriotic, was another stag reel shot during the War. The male performer in this film, graphically entitled *Swastika in the Hole*, portrays Adolf Hitler, complete with Nazi uniform and wearing a rubber Hitler mask. This bogus *Führer* is seduced by a brunette who induces him to undress, only to discover he is wearing a pair of panties with a swastika pasted on them. When he fails to satisfy the young woman sexually, she taunts him as a laughable example of his "master race" and he despondently shoots himself—after which the girl cuts the swastika from his panties and pastes it over her vagina. But stag-film makers generally

elected to ignore the international hostilities and concentrate on the escapist fantasy material favored by those who were fighting the War on the home front.

Two major stag-film series produced in the late Forties and early Fifties are especially typical of the post-War period. One of them, the so-called *Merry-Go-Round—Emergency Clinic* series, has never been traced successfully to its source; but in all likelihood, it was produced in the East. In addition to the two films mentioned in the series title, this group included *Night School*, *The Dentist*, *Detective One Hung Low*, *Black Market*, *Midnight Till Dawn* and *Varsity Girls*. The same portly male appears in most of the more than 30 films that have been identified as belonging to this series. An exhibitionist to the core, this authentic "sex star" seemed to delight in demeaning the females in these films; but he was sometimes responsible for brief bits of ribald humor that added to their entertainment value. He also completed his performances by withdrawing at the moment of orgasm and ejaculating on his partner's stomach; but this is actually a rather common practice in pornographic films, apparently intended as proof to the audience that what they have been watching is the real McCoy, with genuine sexual arousal and full completion of the act. The other major series of the period has been traced to Nashville, Tennessee, and is accordingly known as "The Nashville Series." Many of its films—including such titles as *Butcher Boy*, *Dice Game* and *I'll Cry Tomorrow*—achieved wide circulation far from the locality of their production. But few, if any, of the films in either series equal in spontaneity and seemingly honest passion a two-reel feature entitled *Unexpected Company*. Probably shot somewhere in the Midwest about 1950, this outdoor epic concentrated on the sexual activities of two athletic and attractive young couples in a secluded forest.

In the youthful good looks of the performers and the enthusiasm of their performance, this film was an anachronism in its day—but a harbinger of liberating trends to come. For in the late Fifties, the effects of the accelerating Sexual Revolution began to make themselves felt almost as dramatically in stag films as in society at large. By the beginning of the Sixties, youth and attractiveness had become the rule rather than the exception for stag-film stars; many are not only personable but well groomed and fashionably attired. Most of the female performers in today's stags are in their late teens or early 20s—almost a decade younger than their counterparts of a generation ago; and though most are still recruited from the ranks of





*"Give them a couple of drinks, put out some salted nuts  
and hope they don't stay for dinner."*



professional prostitution, many films are now being made with semipro and non-professional females, who may agree to perform more for erotic and egotistical reasons than for the traditional economic considerations. Whatever their motivation, today's young performers are considerably less inhibited than their predecessors and more honestly oriented sexually; and the results, not surprisingly, have far greater erotic impact. Current stag films also include more amorous foreplay than in previous decades—and far more diversity in the sexual activities depicted. Our aforementioned analysis of films produced between 1920 and the present reveals a remarkable increase in oral-genital activity—both fellatio and cunnilingus—between the Thirties and the Sixties, mirroring the increasing acceptance in society as a whole of such variations in sexual relations. Thirty-seven percent of the films produced in the Twenties were found to include fellatio. In the Thirties, the percentage increased to 48.5 percent, and remained about the same through the Forties. In the Fifties, however, the figure leaped to 68 percent; and in the Sixties, to 77.3 percent. In commenting earlier on the relatively low status of the female in the stag films of the Twenties and Thirties, and on her use as sexual object rather than sexual partner, we cited the rare performance of cunnilingus by the male in those films. The increasing sexual emancipation of women in the intervening years is reflected clearly in an equally striking increase in the incidence of oral-genital activity performed on the female by her male part-

ner. While cunnilingus occurs in only 11.1 percent of the films produced in the Twenties and just 12.6 percent of those made in the Thirties, the figure rises to 16 percent in the films of the Forties and then jumps—doubling and redoubling in the past two decades—to almost 32 percent of the films produced in the Fifties and more than 64 percent of those made in the Sixties.

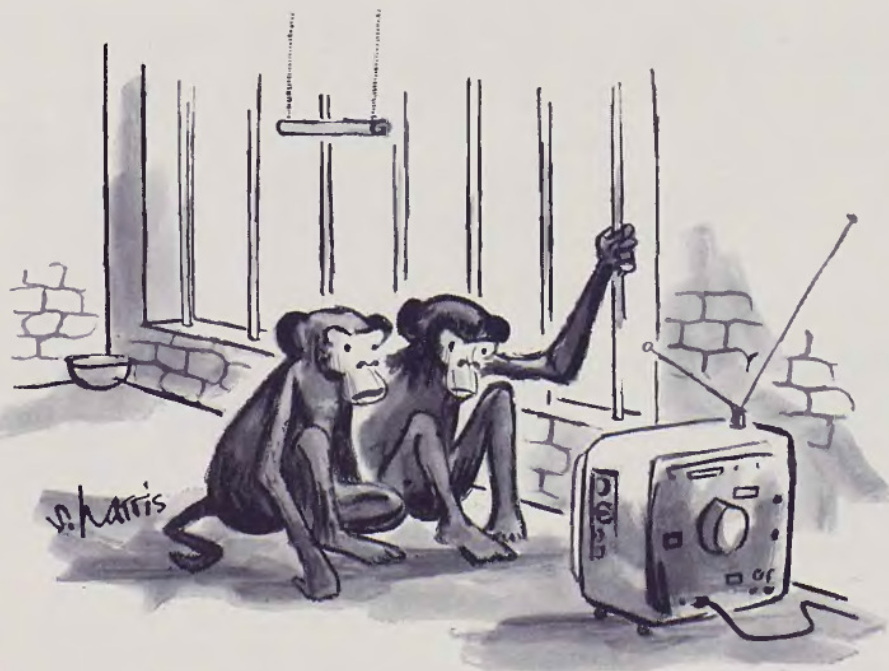
As we have indicated, the sexual preferences and prejudices of the all-male smoker audiences of the Twenties, Thirties and Forties very much influenced the kind of activity commonly portrayed on screen. When stag-film audiences became smaller, more private affairs with mixed audiences in the Fifties, the films themselves, predictably, began catering to a wider range of erotic tastes. Today, along with more variety in position and performance, there is far more group activity—orgies involving three or more participants—than heretofore. There has also been a slight increase in appeals to the quirkier sexual proclivities—mild sadomasochism, garter-belt and high-heeled-shoe fetishism and the like—but these shifts have not been as marked as one might expect. The number of Lesbian and male homosexual films, too—always a marginal minority—has remained relatively stable, despite the increasing social acceptance of these inclinations in the past decade.

But the barriers in an even more sensitive area seem to be breaking down—at least in stag films. It has been suggested by some sociologists that the white man's

sexual guilts and fears may be as responsible for racial bigotry as the economic considerations—guilt over having taken advantage of female Negro slaves and fear that the Negro male may retaliate in kind. Whatever the cause, sex between white males and Negro females has long been as common in stag films as sex between Negro males and white females has been taboo. In the Twenties, our statistical analysis shows, white females and Negro males were paired in less than 1 percent of the films, while 6.8 percent of the films in the decade paired a white male with a Negro female. In the Sixties, the white male-Negro female figure was almost the same, but a sharp rise to 4.4 percent has occurred in the number of films depicting intercourse between Negro males and white females. In this quarter, at least, racial anxieties show healthy signs of waning.

Whatever the pigment or predilections of the performers, the stag films of today tend to get down to business—the business of sexual coupling in one form or another—far more directly than in earlier decades. The sometimes elaborate plots and ribald subtitles that once introduced and interspersed the on-screen erotica have been all but abandoned in favor of nonstop action. In fact, it isn't uncommon to find in recent films that the director has printed anything and everything that occurs—or fails to occur—in front of the camera, from the moment he begins shooting to the end of the roll, without a frame removed. As a result of this *cinéma vérité* technique, a good many current stag reels include sequences in which the performers are looking toward the camera for instructions; and sometimes the action reaches its climax with another quarter reel yet to go, leaving the cameraman with nothing more erotic to record on the last 50 feet of film than the performers washing up, getting dressed and departing. Premeditated or not—and the latter is the more likely—this "technique" results not in a carefully planned and plotted sexual playlet but in a somewhat spontaneous erotic event.

The best—and the majority—of these "new wave" stag films are being made today in New York City. One producer-distributor group there has shot no fewer than 80 new films in the past two years—thus gaining clear title to the record for the largest number of stag films produced by any one source. The films made by this group are also consistently superior—in casting, photography and execution—to most other stag films currently being produced in this country. The performers in such popular New York-produced numbers as *Wild Night*, *Pajama Game*, *Young Blood*, *Love Nest* and *Swinging Hotel* are usually young, attractive and enthusiastic and run the gamut of variations on their single



"I think some of these shows are aimed at the mentality of a rhinoceros."



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theme. Among the reels are a few male homosexual films and many more Lesbian ones; but these activities, rather than being stressed, are intermixed with heterosexual play. The same group shows a decided leaning toward ensemble entertainments: Well over half of their films involve three or more participants (*Pajama Game* features one male and two females; *Love Nest*, one male and three females; and both *Wild Night* and *Swinging Hotel*, two males and four females). Girls in garter belts, nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes and nothing else are a hallmark of the series; and one of the male performers has already achieved a form of stag-film immortality, having appeared in more than 50 of the group's films, an achievement that no other stag performer has come close to matching. It is rather fascinating to trace this man's rise to stag stardom from his early appearances in films such as *The Exchange Students*, in which he and his partner modestly attempted to hide their identities behind masks; in *Wild Night*, where at the outset he wears a mask but discards it in the heat of passion, attempting (unsuccessfully) to avoid identification thereafter by turning his face away from the prying camera; and, finally, to full-fledged star of such recent films as *Village Ball*, *The Maid Is Made* and *Lucky Prowler*, in which he seems

as proud of his face as he is of the remainder of his profile. As befits his eminence, he frequently commands close-up attention: invariably, he rises to the occasion with a spectacular performance.

The Midwest, too, has several major producer-distributors at the present time, most notably in Detroit, where Rank Productions (not to be confused with J. Arthur of the same name) has made and released 60 titles in the past two years, including such popular items as *The Beat Generation*, *How Deep Is My Valley*, *Young at Heart*, *Piece Corp* and *Les Girls*. But the performers—mostly couples rather than groups—are of generally unprepossessing appearance compared with New York's, and the quality of Rank's print reproduction is extremely poor. Another enterprising Midwest producer, based in rural Indiana, has made more than 30 films, with such contemporary titles as *Pussy Galore*, *The Professionals*, *Dr. Kildare*, *Dating Game* and *The New Civil Rights Act*; but these don't rival the big-city productions in performance or technical professionalism.

It might be logical to assume that Hollywood, as the center of the motion-picture industry—attracting, as it does, hundreds of girls a year who come to California in search of screen fame and fortune, fail to find film or TV work and wind up "getting by" in other ways,

some legitimate and some illegitimate—would also be the nation's major source of stag films; but there is little evidence to support such a conclusion. The sources for stag films have always tended to be close to the biggest markets, and the major markets—for whatever reason—have always been the big cities in the East. Then, too, ever since the Hollywood sex scandals of the Twenties, the studios have been deeply concerned about the Tinseltown image, and their self-policing activities have undoubtedly extended to discouraging potential pornographers within the profession. In a city with such a dense population of party girls, swingers and sex freaks of every stripe, of course, it's inevitable that some stag films have been made for private consumption. But these have almost certainly been kept under lock and key in the pornography collections of those who made them, for very little of an outstanding nature has ever found its way into the commercial market. Contrary to rumor, incidentally, none of these features any recognizable movie personality. A few noteworthy commercial reels have emerged from the Los Angeles area in recent months—featuring such titles as *Lesbian Call Girl*, *Holiday Inn* and *The Beatles*—but all have been inferior in quality as well as in quantity to those turned out in the East.

# Now... sit anywhere!





Though the security precautions practiced by Hollywood's "home-movie" makers have prevented these private productions from finding their way into the open market—and from being seized by the authorities—others haven't been so cautious or so lucky. With the growth in popularity of inexpensive 8mm movie equipment, an increasing number of nonprofessionals throughout the country have responded to the erotic possibilities inherent in the filming for personal pleasure of husbands, wives, lovers and friends in sexual situations. And not infrequently, the producers of this amateur erotica have then naïvely sent the films to a professional photo lab for processing; in so doing, they have at the very least run the risk of losing the film; for most legitimate photo processors confiscate such reels and, having notified the customer of the fact, presumably destroy them. Kodak has a long-established policy of confiscating not only all pornography but also all nudes in which any pubic hair or sex organs appear—although, in the latter case, they have absolutely no legal justification. (Actually, even the confiscation of hard-core pornography of a noncommercial nature is open to question in some states, where the mere possession of pornography is not expressly prohibited by law. A recent California Supreme Court decision affirmed that

the private production of pornographic pictures, solely for personal pleasure, is permissible under that state's obscenity statutes.) A more serious problem may arise, however, if an amateur film falls into the hands of an unscrupulous film processor. In such a case, a lab technician may return a print of the film to its owner, while making a duplicate print for himself; or he may confiscate the film but fail to destroy it—keeping it, instead, for his own amusement or allowing it to fall into the hands of a professional pornographer, so that another amateur film is added to the commercial stag market. In just this way, a number of nonprofessional erotic films have become a part of the commercial pornography available to anyone with the necessary cash and contacts in any major city of the U. S.

In this connection, a California case just a year ago, involving several married couples, had truly tragic repercussions. The couples participated in periodic sex parties together; and on one occasion, a newcomer to the group photographed some of their erotic activity—supposedly for his own entertainment. Soon after, however, he was arrested in a commercial vice raid involving both prostitution and commercial use of pornographic films. As a result, the unsuspecting married couples were arrested on charges of adultery, producing a pornographic

film and sexual perversion (because oral-genital activity was involved). They were forced to plead guilty to perversion charges in return for suspended sentences and a lengthy period of probation. The sensational newspaper coverage of the case, however, cost both husbands their jobs, and one of the wives stated that "we are now second-class citizens. My husband's claim for unemployment insurance has been denied and also his application for life insurance. His chances of finding a decent job are very remote. I have been on the verge of a nervous breakdown since our arrest. This mess has ruined our reputation, taken our life savings and caused grief and humiliation to our children and other members of our family."

Such prosecutions are all the more poignant because they are relatively rare. The performers in pornographic films—both professional and amateur—are rarely arrested, though their appearance in the films would make their identification, arrest and prosecution a relatively simple matter. The emphasis in such prosecutions has traditionally been on the commercial producers and distributors rather than on the films' performers or customers.

Although most of the stag films available on the U. S. commercial market were produced in this country, many made abroad are also to be found

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here—most of them produced in Latin America (primarily in Mexico and pre-Castro Cuba), France and England. The pornographic motion pictures of each country have their distinctive characteristics and reflect, to a degree, the social and sexual taboos of the cultural climate in their place and time. There has also been an evident catering, particularly in Mexican and Cuban stag films, to American touristic voyeurism—discernible in titles such as *Rin Tin Tin Mexicano*, *Shirley Temple Se Enamore* and *Mexican Honeymoon*, all produced in the Thirties, when Mexican and Cuban films became commonplace on the market here. *Mexican Dog*, one of the best-known items produced in the Thirties, is still available on the American market. But most of the Cuban films found here—including those with such titles as *Busty*, *Cuban Dream*, *La Vibora* and *Accidente Afortunado*—were made in the late Forties and early Fifties, when Havana was a popular resort for the American tourist. Whatever their date or place of origin, these Latin films almost invariably use females who have the look of the prostitute about them—understandably so, in view of the fact that most of them were filmed in the once-flourishing brothels of Tijuana and Havana. In Cuban films, true to the legend about them, many of the male performers are especially well endowed, for they are the same men, specifically chosen for their attributes and staying power, who performed in the live “exhibitions” provided by many of the Ha-

vana houses of prostitution before the Castro revolution. In fact, the film *Cuban Dream* has also been sold under the title *Superman* to intrigue customers aware of the fabled Cuban “Superman”—supposedly a performer of extraordinary stamina and dimensions—who was a popular figure in sexual folklore from the late Forties until Castro sent him underground. But the stories of his prowess have been perpetuated by numerous Cuban studs who performed under the same pseudonym.

Though they often share with Cuban and Mexican films the element of anti-clericalism mentioned earlier, French stag films are a distinct cut above those produced in Latin America, both in technical quality and in the sexual sensitivity of their production. Until quite recently, they have been made with considerable care and imagination. The plots of French stag films, as we have pointed out, have always been more elaborate than in those produced in America, but without any less sexual emphasis. This stress on story line is particularly marked in a 1923 French reel, *Je Verbalise (I Make a Report)*, in which a hunter meets a pretty laundress and finds that his advances meet little objection. A game warden happens upon them just as the hunter corners his quarry. The lawman's first impulse is to arrest the two for trespassing, but when the man and the maid invite him to join the fun, he doffs both his badge and his britches and does so with bisexual gusto. Even more elaborate is *Mecktoub*. The hero of this

1925 film is a photographer who enters a harem to take pictures of its fair inmates and, in the absence of the sultan, decides to take liberties as well. The sultan returns, has the lensman seized and forces him to look on while he and his bodyguard enjoy the women. The photographer snaps pictures with all the frenzy of David Hemmings in *Blow-Up*, but is unceremoniously kicked out of the harem when he attempts to employ a tool other than his camera.

All but halted during World War Two, French stag-film production resumed its imaginative course after the War. One of the most exceptional productions of the period was *Esprit de Famille (Family Spirit)*, in which the three participants—a male and two females—never step out of character, either during the initial development of the elaborate plot or during the equally elaborate sexual activity that follows. The two girls, sisters in the story, were probably professional actresses, for they enacted their parts with considerable skill. Well made, too, is the 1952 film *La Femme au Portrait*, in which a young couple purchases a portrait of a female flamenco dancer and hangs it in their apartment. The girl is strangely drawn to the female figure in the painting, but the man has little patience with such aesthetic responses. He pulls her abruptly into the bedroom, forcibly enjoys her, chalks up his success on the wall and promptly dozes off. The girl, however, returns to the painting and finds to her delight that it has come to life. The two make Lesbian love together and then proceed to amuse themselves à trois with the man, totally unconcerned either with his pleasure or his protestations. At last, the two women climb into the picture frame together and, to symbolize her triumph, the dancer leans out from the portrait and places on the exhausted man's head the horns of the classic cuckold. The pseudonymous producer, Mezig (which, spelled backward, is French slang for ejaculation), was evidently stressing the dire results that could occur if a woman was not properly satisfied by her man—a theme generally lacking in American stag films of the time, which placed paramount emphasis on the man's satisfaction.

More than ordinarily imaginative, too, is *Un Petit Conte de Noël (A Little Christmas Story)* produced about the same time. On Christmas Eve, a disconsolate teenage girl is alone in her living room, masturbating on the divan. Suddenly, Santa Claus climbs out of the fireplace, surprising her at this solitary occupation, and asks what is wrong. No one loves her, the girl replies; even her governess has rejected her; in a flashback, it is learned that what the governess rejected was a proposition. Good old Saint Nick, true to his embodiment of the Christmas spirit, is more than ready to



“Phoebe, we were supposed to have the sitter home by midnight!”





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sacrifice himself for her welfare. But at that moment, an angel appears and admonishes him, whereupon the playful Saint Nick produces from his bag of Christmas goodies an astonishing lever-operated machine that sets in motion an impressively proportioned dildo. While the girl straddles it with evident satisfaction, Santa, watching from the divan, grows exceedingly restless—so much so that when the angel reappears, he abruptly seizes her, tears off her wings and rapes her. As an impish final touch to his bout of irreverence, the angel is shown having the time of her celestial life.

In recent years, the French stag film has fallen on hard times, as has all French pornography under the puritanical reign of Charles de Gaulle. But as France has become more suppressive, her neighbor across the Channel has become increasingly permissive toward pornography, and it is Britain that currently supplies the majority—and the best—of the foreign stag material available in the American commercial market. Stag films (along with every description of photographic and literary pornography) are sold on a relatively open basis in London today in numerous hole-in-the-wall newsstands and bookshops throughout the Soho area; but they fetch the steep price of \$45 per reel—approximately three times the going rate for stag films sold more secretly in the U.S. Though print quality is not as professional as the best currently made here, the performers in English films are usually younger, more attractive and more enthusiastic than those in most American stags. Because the majority of these films have been produced within the past two or three years, they feature the bright Mod and mini outfits that have become world famous—and they also suggest that there may be parts of London that are really as “swinging” as its reputation. In a good many of these English films, there is an extensive use of garter belts, stockings, high heels and other fetishistic accouterments to which the English seem especially partial; predictably, there is also a good deal more sadomasochistic activity—whipping, spanking and the like—than one finds in most American films. For the English, as for Americans, however, the French have long represented the ultimate in sexual expertise and fantasy—which may account for the number of English films preceded by such French titles as *Auto à Sappho* and ended with the tag line *Finis*. This Gallic flavor also has the advantage of suggesting to overly curious officialdom that the films were produced outside the country. A look at the contents of these films, however, would leave no doubt as to their actual place of origin; exterior shots of Hyde Park and other London landmarks abound.

So does Lesbianism. But as in American pornography, male homosexuality is

relatively rare. The English would seem to have no similar taboo against sex between relatives, however, for the incest theme is exploited *in extenso* in such films as *My Young Sister*, *Closely Related* and *A Family Affair*. Nor do they shrink from a number of sexual variations that used to be called “acts against nature.” In *100% Lust*, for example—a film devoted exclusively to just that, sans any plot whatsoever—one scene shows two males in a rare example of simultaneous vaginal and anal insertion with the same female.

While all of the above stag films have managed to reach the American market, no accurate measure of the quantity is possible. The Customs Bureau in New York, as avidly as it examines films for erotic and pornographic content, seldom encounters the hard-core variety. In a recent case, however, the Customs authorities discovered a clever subterfuge. A shipper from abroad mailed what was apparently a cardboard tube of the kind used for protecting a rolled-up photo or poster. In this case, it was the print of an illustration from a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale and could be seen by opening the ends of the tube. But upon removal of the brown wrapping paper, the examiner found that still another wrapping had been tightly wound around the outside of the tube and sealed with plastic tape. Beneath it, he found a 200-foot length of stag-movie film wound in a spiral around the tube. “But the fact of the matter is,” said a Customs expert, “that the legitimate shipping channels do not need to be used by anyone attempting or desiring to bring such material into the United States. Why should someone risk using the mails when it is obviously very simple to bring it in other ways? We certainly do not have the manpower, or time, or the inclination, for that matter, to examine every single person entering the country from a foreign port. It would, frankly, be quite simple for almost anyone to bring an 8mm film in without risk of detection. A 200-foot reel can be wound tightly into a roll less than half an inch thick and no more than two inches in diameter. You could hide it in a watch pocket. Remember also that it is not necessary to bring in a large shipment, which would be adding to the risk. Only one print, or negative, is all that is needed. Five hundred prints could be made from it, and a man would be in business.” Seizures by Customs, as a result, seldom average more than two or three a year.

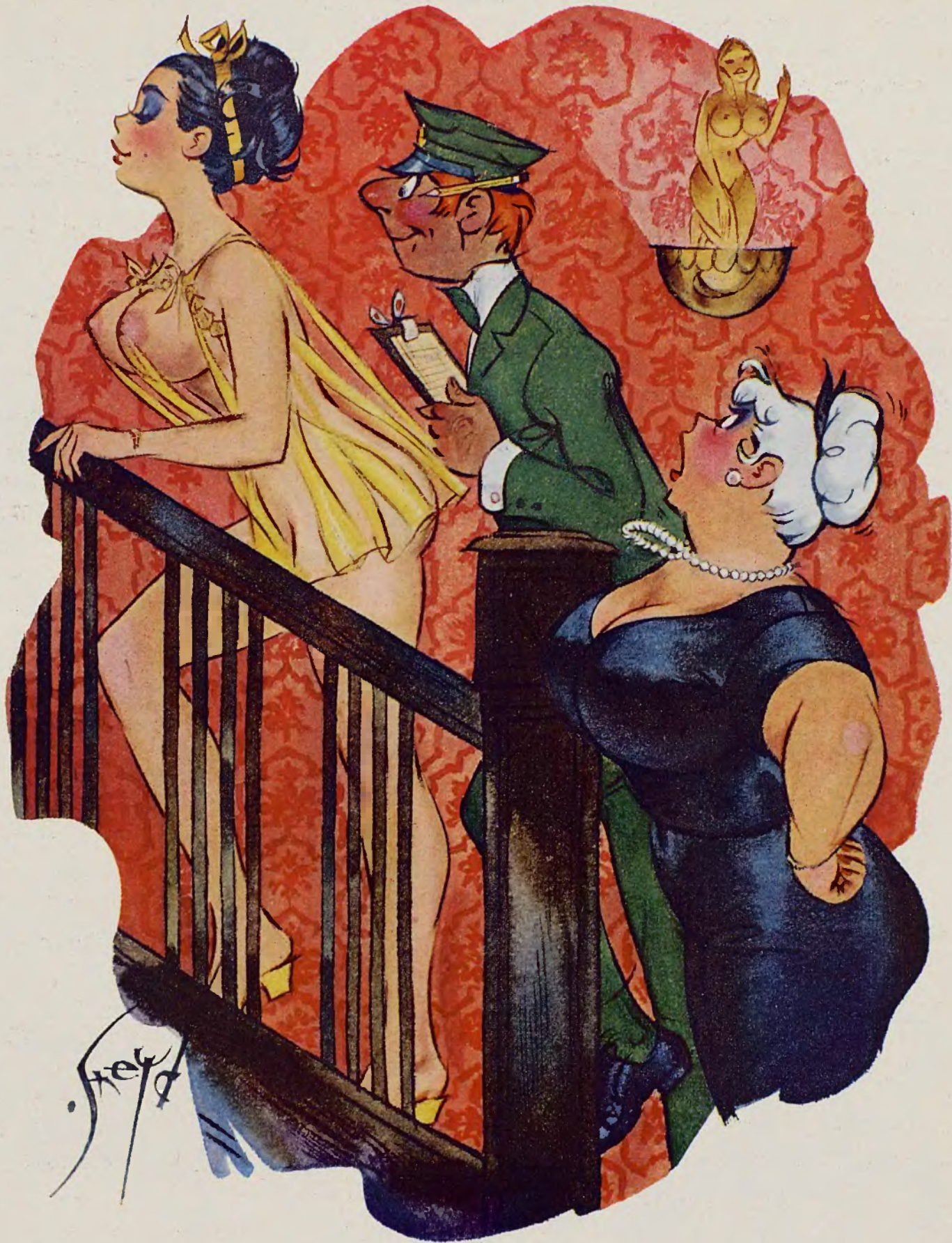
As we have indicated, most of the stag films sold on the U.S. commercial market—whether American-made or imported—are single 200-foot reels of 8mm black-and-white film, with a running time of approximately 12 minutes. There are numerous variations, however,

in this basic commodity. Increasingly, for example, two-part films are becoming available—sold separately as well as in two-reel combinations with a full running time of approximately 25 minutes. Color stag films, too, are becoming increasingly common in the commercial market. Though most of them are still quite poor in tonal quality, a few good color reels are currently being produced in New York. The prices are approximately twice that of the going rate for black-and-white. There have also been a few stag films shot in sound—most of them produced in the Thirties and Forties for stag-show purposes—but almost all of them are painfully amateurish. One prize example of ineptitude is *Doctor's Orders*, in which the male performer attempts to read his lines—like a laundry list—from a script placed on the pillow next to his partner's head, while he proceeds to simultaneously make love to her.

Occasional novelties of a somewhat more exotic nature have been added to the stag-film scene. A fully animated cartoon, for example, titled *Abbie's Buried Treasure*, was produced in the late Twenties or early Thirties, in a style reminiscent of the early *Mickey Mouse* and *Felix the Cat* cartoons, and remains a standard staple on the commercial market. In it, the hero has numerous unusual, and quite humorous, sexual adventures with several Disney-type animals who perform in a definitely un-Disney-like way. When the 3-D fad hit American motion pictures in the early Fifties, one enterprising producer even went so far as to shoot a 3-D stag film titled *Sales Lady*. The ultimate dream of most pornography fanciers, however—a professionally produced feature-length stag-film talkie in Technicolor—probably exists only in fantasies. It is conceivable, of course, that such a film or films may have been made for or reposed in the private collections of a King Farouk or some Hollywood czar of yesteryear; but if so, they have never appeared on the commercial market.

An even more popular part of the folklore surrounding stag films are the stories of famous motion-picture stars who supposedly performed in pornographic pictures early in their careers. The most famous of the film stars frequently mentioned in connection with stag films is Joan Crawford. It was rumored during the Thirties that Miss Crawford had appeared in pornographic films when she was a Shubert showgirl under her real name—Lucille LeSueur. While reminiscing about her wedding to Franchot Tone in her autobiography, *A Portrait of Joan*, however, she stated: “There was only one discordant note. On our wedding night, I received an anonymous phone call. I'd received such phone calls before and had been afraid to tell anyone. Two men said they had in their





*"You'll find the meter in the basement!"*



possession a stag reel in which I danced. They wanted to sell it to me. I had made no such movie; I suggested they contact Mr. Mayer in Hollywood or MGM's legal wizard, J. Robert Rubin, in New York. Mr. Rubin viewed the film and assured the men that: 'If that's Joan Crawford, I'm Greta Garbo.' The threats of blackmail which had followed me for so long ended the minute Mr. Rubin saw that film." Though the rumors still persist—usually involving the current sex-pots of legitimate cinema—no evidence of the existence of any such star-studded films has ever been uncovered by the Sex Institute or during our own research for this chapter.

In the book *Hollywood Babylon*, however, a highly sensational exposé by experimental film producer Kenneth Anger, the author alleged that Garbo "was to become the 'star' of pornographic pictures. That was in the 'secret' version of *Camille*, which is rumored to have been made *under cover* in the studios of MGM itself. When the existence of this version became known, it having been shown in all the 'specialized' theaters of Latin America, Louis B. Mayer immediately fired a number of assistants, as well as a hapless double of Garbo." Pornographic scenes of another look-alike couple, according to Anger, were similarly spliced into the Clark Gable-Jean Harlow classic *Red Dust*.

Of all the thousands of films available on the commercial stag market, the only

one that actually features a "name" performer is *Smart Alec*, starring the famous stripper Candy Barr. This film was made early in Miss Barr's career—during the late Forties or early Fifties—and is still a commonly sold item and, understandably, one of the most popular with devotees of the genre.

As stag films go, *Smart Alec* is one of the best available; but the pornographic movie that can claim any real artistry or artistic purpose in its making has yet to be made. The closest to the execution of such a film came when Kenneth Anger began shooting a movie based on the *Story of O*, the much-esteemed novel of sadomasochistic erotica by Pauline Réage. The French government, however, stepped in before the completion of a single reel and cut off Anger's resources. *Candy*, an erotic novel with pretensions to parody, has been optioned for a film version more than once, but it has yet to be made. Meanwhile, Terry Southern, the novel's co-author, has let it be known that he is at work on a novel for Random House to be called *Blue Movie*. The plot, suggested by renowned film director Stanley Kubrick, is said to deal with the making of a feature-length pornographic film by a famous director who has managed to enlist his film-star friends as featured performers. While this ultimate pornographic film can be described within the pages of a novel, it seems highly unlikely that it will reach the screen—at least within the foresee-

able future, contemporary movie mores being what they are.

This is not to say that society's attitude toward pornography, in all its forms, is not shifting at this very moment. With the tumbling of taboos since the late Fifties, the audience for pornography has enlarged dramatically. *My Secret Life*, for example, a graphically explicit Victorian sexual saga once confined to a few privately printed copies, recently became a best seller in both hardcover and paperback editions. *Fanny Hill*, so long hidden under the counter, is now available most everywhere, and while certainly as detailed as any stag film in its description of sex acts, has been cleared by our highest courts of its obscene taint. Molly Bloom's sex-charged soliloquy at the end of Joyce's *Ulysses*, which once spurred censors to ban the entire book in this country, is now being heard in moviehouses in every major city, with hardly a censor around to blow the whistle.

Commenting on this increasing social acceptance of pornography, Professor Steven Marcus, an eminent student of Victorian erotica, wrote recently in *Encounter*, "The free publication of all the old pornographic chestnuts does not necessarily indicate to me moral laxness, or fatigue, or deterioration on the part of society. It suggests, rather, that pornography has lost its old danger, its old power—negative social sanctions and outlawry being always the most reliable indicators of how much a society is frightened of anything, how deeply it fears its power, how subversive to a settled order it conceives an idea, or work, or act to be." Viewed in this same liberal light, the stag film undoubtedly warrants a prominent place in this *History of Sex in Cinema*. Not only do these films carry to the ultimate that erotic element that has pervaded the film medium since its inception but, because they present unabashedly those very frontiers of sexuality from which all other film makers draw back—overtly depicted fornication and the other variants of sexual behavior—they delineate the danger zone for the film maker and the target area of society's lingering disapproval.

Stag films still carry society's disapproval because they are deemed in most official—and usually uninformed—quarters to be harmful to their viewers. Few psychiatrists, however, would be so categorical about their ill effects, and an increasing number feel that stag films are not only a harmless diversion but even a healthy aphrodisiac for perfectly normal sexual appetites. One therapist has conceded that "if sexual repression is so far advanced that the only reaction to a pornographic film is revulsion, then viewing it could further confirm the repressed viewer's fear of sex." But he adds, "The direct, though passive, exposure to sex provided by a stag film, in





circumstances free from the unconsciously expected punishment and shame, can help to eliminate the fear of sex." This view has been confirmed by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen. While agreeing with the statement of a Brown University group of psychologists that "There is no reliable evidence that reading or other fantasy activities lead to antisocial behavior," the Kronhausens go further and suggest that "erotic books may fulfill several eminently useful and therapeutic functions." In *Pornography and the Law*, they state: "If erotic literature or art tend to lead to sexual acts, we would consider this a natural phenomenon that much more likely than not would enhance mental health and human happiness, provided that it met the conditions of not being forcefully or fraudulently imposed on another person."

In years to come, it is to be hoped that true obscenity will be recognized as the graphic depiction not of the love act but of man's inhumanity to man. As the late comedian Lenny Bruce wrote in his autobiography, "I would rather my child see a stag film than *The Ten Commandments* or *King of Kings*—because I don't want my kids to kill Christ when he comes back. That's what they see in those films—that violence.

"Let me just take your kids to a dirty movie:

"All right, kids, sit down now, this picture's gonna start. It's not like *Psycho*, with a lot of four-letter words, like "kill" and "maim" and "hurt"—but you're gonna see this film now and what you see will probably impress you for the rest of your lives, so we have to be very careful what we show you. . . . Oh, it's a dirty movie. A couple is coming in now. I don't know if it's gonna be as good as *Psycho* where we have the stabbing in the shower and the blood down the drain. . . . Oh, the guy's picking up the pillow. Now, he'll probably smother her with it, and that'll be a good opening. Ah, the degenerate, he's putting it under her ass. Jesus, tsk, tsk, I hate to show this crap to you kids. All right, now he's lifting up his hand, and he'll probably strike her. No, he's caressing her, and kissing her—ah, this is disgusting! All right, he's kissing her some more, and she's saying something. She'll probably scream at him. "Get out of here!" No, she's saying, "I love you, I'm coming." Kids, I'm sorry I showed you anything like this. God knows this will be on my conscience the rest of my life—there's a chance that you may do this when you grow up. Well, just try to forget what you've seen. Just remember, what this couple did belongs written on the walls of a men's room. And, in fact, if you ever want to do it, do it in the men's room."

"I never did see one stag film where anybody got killed in the end. Or even slapped in the mouth. Or where it had any Communist propaganda."

Make love, not war, is Bruce's humane exhortation—one that is being echoed increasingly by a host of young people who find themselves as mistrustful of their society's puritan heritage as of their Government's 71-billion-dollar arms budget. Already—while tacitly approving the sexual explicitness of *Dear John* and other films with a high sexual quotient—the liberal-minded Swedes discourage in motion pictures the more gruesome aspects of violence that are left untouched by censorship in this country. If this view gains ground across the Atlantic—and there is every promise that it will, in time—it's possible that the act of love may someday become as open, natural, spontaneous and socially acceptable a subject for the writer, the artist and the director as it is for those who patronize their works.

*This has been the 17th installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema." In Part XVIII, authors Knight and Alpert continue their scholarly survey of erotica on screen with an insightful assessment of American films in the permissive Sixties.*



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## YACHTING IN THE CARIBBEAN

(continued from page 152)

with the proper outboard motor, can be used for all water sports and getting to and from beaches and docks. These fiberglass boats are not only rugged, they are remarkably level-riding because of their gull-wing hull. Sorrento also carries a Zodiac, an inflatable rubber dinghy that's ideal as a skindiving station and general-loading boat. And there's a Sailfish aboard, a sort of overgrown surfboard with sail, for zipping around harbors or for a couple to sail away from the mother ship and other shipmates to commune with each other and with nature on an otherwise deserted beach. A four-man crew attends to your every need, and the \$2500-a-week charter fee, when split among three couples, compares favorably with the better shore-bound tropical resort vacations. Like all first-class yachts in the area—and the bigger, the more so—Sorrento offers such niceties as hot and cold running water and showers, ample fresh-water capacity, and ample fuel capacity for long-range cruising independent of land.

Stranger is, by traditional standards, strange, indeed. She's a twin-screw diesel ketch, but she happens to be a catamaran; that is, she has two completely independent hulls (of aluminum, each 52 feet in length) and a huge deckhouse and saloon spanning the two. This arrangement also gives her a large cockpit and a spacious forward deck, which also spans the two hulls, for sunning and lounging and for use as a diving platform when at anchor. A party of six can have Stranger for \$1890 a week, which includes the services of a three-man crew. Stranger also has a large fiberglass launch and a nine-foot sailing and rowing dinghy. The catamaran construction gives her remarkable stability and the foredeck, deckhouse and cockpit are amply capacious for inviting the guests of other ships at an anchorage aboard for boat-to-boat partying.

Saga (pictured on page 128) is a splendid 58-foot ketch with accommodations for six, but she'd be more comfortable (in our estimation) for four; she has a two-man crew and charters for \$994 a week. Although possessed of ample power for getting from here to there, Saga is primarily a superior sailing vessel; and here we might mention that in the Antilles, anything much under 50 feet in over-all length is apt to be more pleasing to you and your party if you're all fairly salty yourselves than if you're landlubbers or fair-weather sailors giving charter yachting in the Antilles a first try.

Vanda is an 83-foot auxiliary ketch that's a real beauty, provides nifty accommodations for up to six guests in double cabins, is yours to command, with her crew of five, for \$1750 a week.

Dixie is an 86-foot auxiliary schooner,



an outstanding example of what yachtsmen call a character boat, because she looks like an ocean-going vessel from the romantic days of sail, although she is of modern construction and equipment. She is maintained in grade-A condition, carries scuba gear, three auxiliary boats (including the perennial Boston Whaler) and boasts a 15- by 17-foot saloon appointed in the best traditional yachting decor. She's yours for \$1470 a week to take you where you will.

Among the bigger boats, one that really flipped us for her sweet, seagoing lines and magnificent spread of canvas (almost 5000 square feet) is the 93-foot auxiliary ketch Harbinger. Three double cabins accommodate six, there's a crew of four and her weekly charter is \$1400. She has three auxiliary boats, including a rather large launch that accommodates eight, and a sailing dinghy. By contrast, Flica II, though amply luxurious and superbly equipped, was designed as a modern racing ketch, and her 68-foot hull can really make time over the water. Four sailing enthusiasts can have a ball aboard, helping or just admiring the skill of the crew of three, for a weekly fee of just under \$1100.

For the sport fisherman, the Grenada-based Bahari (pictured on page 129) will give him everything he needs and wants in the way of power and speed (twin diesels), design (she's an out-and-out sport-fishing vessel, not a conversion from a cruising yacht) and still provide accommodations for four and a crew of three. This 44-foot aluminum-hulled yacht is probably the best and best-equipped sport fisherman between Antigua and Grenada and may be chartered by the day for \$100.

The 72-foot schooner Lord Jim (pictured on page 130) is a real character boat. Her accommodations on deck and below are as contemporary and comfortable as one could wish, and she is kept in top condition. Six guests can be very happy aboard Lord Jim for a bit under \$2200 a week. The owners are a young couple who relish chartering to people who will appreciate their vessel, who spare no expense in maintaining her and who work right along with the crew of three or four. Lord Jim has an enviable record of repeat charterers, who not only love the boat but find her three small boats (a water-ski boat, a day sailer and a rowing and sailing dinghy) pleasant adjuncts to the many other extras that make her ideal for interisland cruising.

And speaking of character boats, there is the 91-foot Ring Andersen (pictured on page 131), a Danish auxiliary ketch (manned by a crew of five) whose spaciousness, above and below deck, deserves the adjective remarkable. She's a salty vessel and a comfortable one, superbly maintained, and earns every bit of her \$2310-a-week charter fee.

Getting away from sail—and getting



“Sleep tight, yourself.”

away magnificently—take a look at the power yacht Xebec (pictured on page 132) and contemplate a vacation afloat on one of the finest yachts to be found in the Caribbean or anywhere else in the world. Xebec and her crew of six can (for a weekly fee of \$1750 for six to \$1950 for eight) make six to eight guests feel that Onassis is poverty-stricken. In addition to boasting a music room, large staterooms, a formal dining saloon, stereo hi-fi, scuba and snorkeling equipment, 8mm movies, water-ski equipment, deep-sea-fishing equipment and guns and other needed gear for trapshooting, Xebec carries a 15-foot high-speed mahogany tender, an Olympic racing day-sailer, a Boston Whaler for water-skiing, an outboard-equipped rowing dinghy, two Norwegian sailing dinghies and two Sailfish.

If we were running our own charter fleet, we'd hope to include the 86-foot diesel schooner Freelance (quarters for six; charter fee, just under \$1600 a week); and a couple of smaller and less-expensive yachts, such as the 45-foot Wonny Larue (four guests, \$693 a

week) and the somewhat larger Bound-ing Home, a 53-foot schooner with an enviable racing record, that is also comfortable for up to four guests and charters, with her two-man crew, at \$742 per week. One vessel we want to charter, and hope to when her availability and our free time coincide, is a 62-foot beauty of an auxiliary ketch called Elcuthera. She's not only lovely, she's just right for the sailing enthusiast who has no taste for roughing it. Her charter fee for a party of four is \$1330 a week.

And we'd hope to book the unique yacht Independence (pictured on page 131), a topsail schooner that—though built in recent years—faithfully follows the tradition of Nova Scotian ocean-going vessels that found ample use for a square topsail and square sail when bowling along with a fair breeze. A party of four can do so, too, abetting a crew of three, for a charter fee of just under \$1000 a week.

Way up there in the utter-luxury department—and for an expectably higher charter price—are the two power yachts Sundance and Claybeth (a Northrop and



Johnson exclusive) rather fully described with their pictures, on pages 130 and 132. We've seen only spec sheets on these vessels, since neither was in the Caribbean at any time we were there, but both are available—anywhere in the world, given sufficient notice. The 83-foot Sundance commands, and deserves, \$3360 a week for charter; and Claybeth, 110 feet of seagoing elegance and seaworthiness, is available only by the month—at \$12,500 per. Each accommodates a charter party of eight, who will live, live it up and cruise like they show in movies of millionaire high-life.

There are a couple of things about charter fees, such as those quoted above, that you should know—and settle before committing yourself and your pelf to an island cruise. Booze is virtually never included in the charter fee, but a delightfully compensating fact is that Caribbean prices for it are astonishingly low by Stateside standards: A fifth of House of Lords gin, for instance, runs about a dollar and a half. Nor do all charter fees include food and fuel. When they don't, this is usually calculated on the basis of a daily flat fee per person, usually in the range of eight dollars each. And, speaking of money, you'll notice on spec sheets and contracts that prices are given in U. S. dollars. That's because the almost universal currency of the Windwards and Leewards is what is called the BeeWee dollar, BeeWee standing for British West Indies, and the BeeWee dollar being worth 60 U. S. cents. It's kind of a nice thing, because you tend to forget it, and when you get a bar and restaurant bill for \$30 or \$40 for a party of four, which is pretty elegantly expensive dining and drinking in the islands, it's nice to recall that the U. S. equivalent is just under two thirds of the BeeWee price. (The French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe are exceptions; they use francs, worth 20 cents U. S.)

Despite the wonderful feeling of freedom to be gained from impromptu decisions as to where to go and what to do, it's a pretty good idea to have a rough itinerary in mind before your departure. This should be tailored to the amount of time you have; many a charter cruise has been spoiled by a too-ambitious itinerary, so that more time is spent pressing on from place to place than in enjoying the pleasures along the way. But remember, one of the great things about charter cruising is that you don't have to make the round trip: You can pick up a boat in Antigua, say, and leave it three weeks later in Grenada—or vice versa. Thus, charter cruisers can plan double the itinerary that binds yacht owners, who must get back to their home port from the farthest harbor reached.

Although charter prices are given in terms of a week, we can't really recommend a one-week charter cruise in the

Antilles. The length of travel time to and from, to say nothing of the cost of air fares and the length of time it takes to acquire a sufficient tan to be safe in the tropical sun, makes a one-week charter hardly worth while.

If you have as much as a month for your charter cruise, you may want to visit the islands north of Antigua, as well as those to the south. The northern group includes Nevis, Saba, St. Christopher (commonly called St. Kitts), Barbuda, St. Martin and Anguilla, worth seeing but generally off the yachtsman's track. Our advice, even with a month's time for cruising, is to pass these islands by. Instead, take your point of departure from Antigua and cruise southward, or from Grenada and cruise northward, or from Martinique—from which you can go in either direction. Our experience suggests that to take in the full span of islands between Grenada and Antigua is best planned for a three-week or one-month vacation, although it can be done in two weeks, if you're more interested in sailing than in anything else.

If you have two weeks or less, Antigua to Martinique or St. Lucia, or Grenada to St. Lucia or Martinique, should give you plenty of sailing, plenty of variety and just about enough time for the relaxation and shore trips that are such a large part of the fun. If you have only a week, or want to take it really easy, we recommend restricting your voyaging to those islands called the Grenadines, between Grenada and St. Vincent, which in many ways provide the finest part of any island itinerary, including, as they do, the Tobago Cays. These are a largely uninhabited group of islands protected from the open sea by one of the best skin diving and snorkeling reefs in the world. The Tobago Cays (say *To-bay-go* keys) are ideal for exploring in the ship's launch or dinghy, for puttering around among the sandspits, coral reefs and spotless beaches. Here, the utter clarity of the cobalt-blue water makes your boat seem poised in space above the clearly visible, variegated, gardenlike bottom, which may be as much as 20 feet beneath you.

Our notion of an ideal three-week itinerary, either north from Grenada or south from Antigua, follows. We'll assume we're starting at Antigua and cruising south, although the itinerary will work just as well in the other direction.

At whatever hour you arrive on Antigua, it's a longish drive from the airport to English Harbor, which is where you'll be picking up your yacht. The likelihood is that, by the time you get aboard, meet captain and crew, stow your gear and change your duds, you'll wisely decide to spend whatever is left of the day, and all of the night, in English Harbor,

taking your departure early the next morning. Unless you're a compulsive antiquity seeker or sight-seer, the best of Antigua is in and about English Harbor, rather than in the capital, St. John's, which—with due apologies to the residents—we recommend that you skip. The thing to do in English Harbor, once you're stowed and changed, is to explore it, in the ship's small boat, and to walk around the charming old port—paying due respects to the relics of Horatio Nelson's tenure and meeting the delightful Nicholsons, but reserving enough time for looking over the fleet of charter and private yachts that is tied up at the docks and at anchor. Antigua's ultra-exclusive and posh Mill Reef Club is not hospitable to nonmembers, but the island provides other shore-bound attractions: a handful of deluxe hotels with first-rate restaurants, and gambling. But this is a water-borne vacation and English Harbor should do you nicely for the brief time you'll be there. English Harbor is, however, just a harbor, not a town; and the major pleasures are aquatic, like your first swim in the deliciously warm and buoyant island water, and then your first cocktail hour aboard your yacht. Before, after or during your preprandial sipping, you'll want to make that tour of the fleet of pleasure yachts. Here, as in every one of the island harbors, you'll be amazed by their international flavor; for it is a quite common occurrence in the islands to see pleasure boats as small as 35 feet that have crossed the Atlantic, come up from South America or down from Canada. The chances are good that you'll also be hailed by one or more of these boats, with an invitation to come alongside for a chat and quite possibly be asked to step aboard for a drink and a tour of the boat. If it doesn't happen on your first day, it's sure to happen at least several times on your trip; and it's the kind of interchange and hospitality that characterize yachting in these islands.

Although there may be better restaurants in Antigua than the Admiral's Inn (for example, the Hawksbill, at the Hawksbill Beach Hotel), we recommend the Inn for cocktails on its harbor-front terrace or for dinner in the spacious and very British-colonial dining room that opens off it. The Admiral's Inn lounge, restaurant and cocktail patio—where there's dancing to the music of a local band after dark—are favorite gathering places for yachtsmen. If you're dining there, be sure to sample their exotically spiced pumpkin soup. This is also a good place for your initiation into island rum punch, which is by all odds the yachtsman's favorite, though the locals seem to cleave pretty much to gin and tonic. There are few choicer watering holes in the Caribbean, although there may be more action on the water, where one or





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another yacht is apt to be having open house for launch-borne visitors from other yachts. But you'll probably be tired and want to turn in fairly early, which is not a bad notion, since an early-morning start is recommended if you want to get to your next island, Guadeloupe, in time to enjoy some of its daytime pleasures.

Guadeloupe is not only French, it is a part of France just as much as Alaska is a part of the United States. The currency is French, the language is French and the cuisine might be described as *haute Creole*. Guadeloupe is really two islands joined by a drawbridge over a narrow waterway. One is mountainous, the other is rolling agricultural country; the principal city is Pointe-à-Pitre, where there is an excellent restaurant called La Pergola du Gosier. Guadeloupe's *ambiance* is not only Gallic, it is quite cosmopolitan and sophisticated; but it takes more than a few hours—or even days—to get into the swing, and that means staying ashore. For a cruising vacation, you won't really be missing much if you remain aboard and enjoy shipboard life while you're anchored there. Let your captain pick the harbor, which will probably be Des Hayes Bay or Barque Cove, both of which provide good views of the island's dramatic mountain peaks, including Soufrière, the highest in the Lesser Antilles.

Depending on how early you left Antigua or how brisk a sail you had, you might even want to pass Guadeloupe—enjoying the scenery as you go by—and sail the dozen or so miles farther that will take you to the Iles des Saintes, a group of six islands locally known (to all but the residents) as The Saints. From the main anchorage at Bourg des Saintes, you can see the peaks of Guadeloupe, often with multiple rainbows playing among them, and you'll also be surrounded by some of the loveliest hills ever to descend into a cerulean sea. Here you'll get your first glimpse of the island fishing boats that are built there—as unfamiliar to Stateside eyes as a sampan or a felucca. Bourg des Saintes is a far more popular yacht harbor than any on Guadeloupe; in fact, the island itself is used by Guadeloupeans as a vacation resort, and their villas and bungalows dot the hillsides. There isn't too much to do ashore but gape and snoop, but that's compensated for by the activity in the harbor and the sheer joy of looking about you at a noble company of yachts and an exotic shore line surrounding a perfect anchorage. If you do go ashore, by all means wend your way to a watering hole named Hotel Star and Snack Bar, whose owner-host is an expatriate American of colorful character, is great fun to talk to—just mention you read about him in *PLAYBOY*—and will not only mix you drinks in island or American style but is also pleased to be able to sell you virtually any brand of American

cigarettes, an island rarity. It's the easiest thing in the world to spend a day in and among The Saints, and it's not a bad notion, since our next recommendation is going to be a rather long haul. However, if you tire of swimming and sunning and boat-hopping, you may choose to walk the short distance across the island of Bourg des Saintes for a swim in the surf on the Atlantic (windward) side, or even leg it up to some of the old forts that used to guard this protected anchorage.

It's customary for yachts that are making their way south to stop next at the harbor of Portsmouth, on the island of Dominica (the English, with their private pronunciation, have been at it again; the way to pronounce this island's name is *Domi-nee-ca*), some 20 miles from The Saints.

Dominica is a fascinating island—viewed from the water. It is wildly rugged, covered with dense jungle, possessed of towering peaks that are deeply cleft and riven like a giant mussed-up sheet—and there isn't a thing in the world to do there. Look at Dominica, marvel at it and sail on by—if your skipper is willing and if you and the sea are in the mood for a romantic nightlong passage—and go on to Martinique. But be warned that it's over 50 miles from The Saints to Fort-de-France, capital of Martinique.

Martinique deserves at least a day of your cruise, possibly more, depending on how and where you find your jollies. Fort-de-France is cosmopolitan and those who know consider it the liveliest oasis between San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Port of Spain, Trinidad. We found the shopping just so, the narrow streets and river-front esplanade picturesque, at least two of the restaurants first-class: Chez Gérard and the upstairs dining room at Le Foyal. Try sudon, a local seafood specialty that's like a tiny, delicately flavored clam. Eat them raw on the half shell, flavored with just a drop of local lime. The patisseries, the bistros, the sidewalk cafés, the wines and the cheeses, the red-tiled, balconied houses, the beauty of the women make Fort-de-France a fine stopping place after the longest of your interisland passages.

Martinique night life actually begins in midafternoon, when the cafés (sidewalk and indoor air-conditioned) begin to fill up. Pick the ones that seem to be populated by Frenchmen rather than tourists; and for openers, drop in for punch or an aperitif at Hots, Malmaison or the bar at Le Foyal. The night club Au Lido is usually equipped with the best show in town, but for late-hours action, try the Louisiane Club outside of town.

As a matter of fact, if you have the time or want to take it from less landlocked portions of your itinerary, you could easily spend a few carefree days

on Martinique, using your charter yacht as a base for sight-seeing. The harbor itself is huge and has several other delightful anchorages across from Fort-de-France and along its shores. And the scenery, dominated by Mount Pelée, is truly *magnifique*.

Roughly 40 miles south of Martinique is St. Lucia, one of the "wet" islands, yet one of the most worth visiting. Ask your captain to skip the main port of Castries, which is pretty hot and industrial, and go on the few miles to Marigot Bay. The entrance is almost hidden with tropic growth; you glide down a mirror-smooth lagoon, between sandspits that look as though the depth between them couldn't be more than a couple of feet (but there's ample depth for even deep-draft vessels of considerable size), and then into a palm-fringed large pond of almost indescribable loveliness. Ashore is Yacht Haven Hotel, a delightful and modern inn (but no chrome and modernity, just native fieldstone and timber) with a landing dock, a large flagstoned patio bar, the island's best dining, either on the terrace or in the window-walled dining room, and cottages in case you want to exchange the snugness of a berth for the luxury of a wide bed. Service—like the drinks and the food—is excellent not only by island standards but in terms of helpfulness and hospitality. If you want a cab to shop in Castries, or to sight-see, just ask. If you'd like some laundry done overnight, they may be able to accommodate you and, if they can, they will. If you want to just use their cliff-hung roofed lounge to get out of the sun and contemplate the lines of your own boat as she lies at anchor, you're welcome. And if you don't meet interesting and charming fellow yachtsmen and yachtswomen at the bar in the evening, it's because you're antisocial.

Off the northern end of St. Lucia is Pigeon Island, which has an excellent anchorage, tending reefs for snorkeling and skin diving and a beach that the owners of the island permit yachtsmen to use. But if your time is limited, we suggest skipping Pigeon Island and going directly from Martinique to Marigot Bay, because your next stop will be perhaps the most awe-inspiring in all the islands. This is the Pitons, at the southern tip of St. Lucia's west coast. The Pitons can be frightening as well as beautiful; they are two gigantic rock spikes towering from the sea high into the tropic sky, and so close together that the deep-water anchorage between them seems to be almost cavelike. There is no place to go ashore here and nothing to do if you did go ashore; but for sheer natural beauty, the harbor between the Pitons is not to be missed. The water is still and incredibly deep—about 100 fathoms, and you're almost in among the palm trees on shore before it shallows enough to anchor—the towering Pitons





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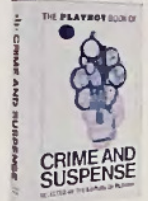
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make it seem dark and mysterious; and if there is a brief and sudden squall or tropical rain shower while you're there—which is entirely possible—you're almost sure to see multiple rainbows when it's over. We observed this dramatic phenomenon the three times we were there, at different times of the year between January and May. (If you're a statistics keeper, it may interest you to know that the northern, or Gros Piton, is almost 3000 feet high, and the southern, Petit Piton, is only a couple of hundred feet lower.)

It's a bit less than 25 miles from St. Lucia's Pitons to the next island south, St. Vincent, which is at the northern end of the Grenadines and—in our estimation—perhaps the loveliest of all the Antilles. Unless your captain has some pretty compelling reason to anchor at Kingstown, the capital and major port of the island, ask him to give it a miss and go right on to drop the hook between Young Island and the mainland of St. Vincent. This anchorage is a yachtsmen's

heaven as well as a yachtsmen's haven. On the St. Vincent side is the St. Vincent Aquatic Club, which offers showers, phones, the availability of taxis, a roofed pavilion with a good bar, a beach, and water taxis and small ferries that ply the short distance between the Aquatic Club and Young Island. St. Vincent is lush, beautiful, rich, highly civilized and very well worth a trip ashore for sight-seeing and a visit by taxi to Kingstown, which is much better appreciated from the land than from its busy harbor. The anchorage between the Aquatic Club and Young Island is always festive with visiting yachts.

Young Island itself is a one-of-a-kind scene. The whole of this small, hilly and seagirt isle is literally one hotel, an entire resort in miniature, with excellent restaurant, cocktail lounges and rental cottages and houses scattered hither and yon, connected by paths lit by strings of twinkling lights. The whole feel of the place is, perhaps, more South Sea Island

than Antillean—but it's all done in the best of taste and in *grand luxe* style. Everything about Young Island—from its flagged terraces and beaches to the stunning views that constantly unfold as one wanders about—seems picture-postcard perfect, without being kitsch or cornball.

On the main island of St. Vincent, our favorite stopping place—for lunch, cocktails or dinner, or all three—is Sugar Mill Inn, a breeze-swept collection of buildings on an old sugar-plantation estate. Here, conviviality, colonial charm and graciousness are melded into an atmosphere that makes you feel that you never want to leave. From the bar and the patios that extend from it, you'll enjoy splendid vistas of rolling countryside and views of the open Atlantic on one side and the Caribbean on the other. PLAYBOY readers may also feel at home if they have occasion to use the bar's john. There aren't separate facilities for men and women; there's just the one bathroom, with a sign saying THIS IS IT, and inside you'll find the walls papered with Playmates past.

A charter-yacht group might easily spend a full week on St. Vincent, although there's no night life or much action to be had ashore. Yacht-to-yacht partying is frequent, there are several harbors that are quite lovely (our favorite being Cumberland Bay, at the head of which a fresh-water river comes tumbling down out of the jungle) and the island abounds in deserted beaches of the kind that invite exploring or just lying half in and half out of the water, soaking up the sun and wondering why you haven't spent your whole life just enjoying the sensation of total relaxation and well-being.

When you do leave St. Vincent, southward bound, you'll be in the Grenadines, which means that you will be in the midst of about 100 tiny islets that stretch the 75-odd miles between St. Vincent and Grenada. This is superlative tropical cruising ground; every one of these islands invites at least a brief visit; most of them are completely uninhabited and all are low enough or small enough to precipitate virtually no rainfall at any time of the year. You won't have time to see them all, of course, but you'll want to stop off at two that are very special. The first is Bequia (pronounced *Beck-wee*) and Admiralty Bay is the place to drop the hook, along with other yachts. It's also the place from which to explore beaches, climb to deserted forts on the hillsides, go ashore and see the unique Bequia boats—and boatmen—for Bequia boasts a small, arduous, antiquated (but adequately profitable) whaling business in much the same way their New England forebears did, enchanted sailors from up North who left their ships and found



*"Yes, sir, you've got yourself a damned good life-insurance policy. Just remember, no suicide for two years."*



the island and the natives so hospitable that they stayed for good.

Bequia was the scene of our initiation to the rite of the West Indian jump-up. It was at a small, verandaed hotel called the Sunny Caribbee or the Bequia Beach Hotel—not two places, a choice of names—which is a placid and pleasant hostelry by day and most nights. But on that particular night, after a swinging party aboard a large charter yacht, to which everybody aboard all the other yachts in the harbor had been invited, there was a water-borne parade of dinghies and small boats to the hotel's dock, a native band was assembled and an impromptu jump-up went on until dawn, when all of us went for a swim before reboarding our various craft. The next afternoon, we went ashore for a drink and bought live local lobsters for 60 cents a pound, which price included their being boiled in sea water (the best way) and delivered to our yacht by two little coal-black boys in a dugout canoe.

We've already mentioned the Tobago Cays, which are 24 miles south of Bequia. Here you should spend at least a day, preferably two, if you have even minimal susceptibility to unspoiled beaches and unparalleled underwater gardens and coral reefs teeming with brilliantly hued fish.

Carriacou (Carry-ah-koo) is another must stop in the Grenadines—though it's hard to restrain oneself from continuously pointing out the virtues of the entire area, which probably has the whitest beaches and water of the clearest, deepest blue to be found anywhere in the Caribbean. Carriacou is the place to sample a unique seafood delicacy called tree oysters. There's a place on Carriacou called Tyrell Bay, where mangroves grow out of the water, and clinging to their banyanlike roots are these succulent bivalves that don't have much in common with oysters as we know them. They are quite small, their shells are almost paper-thin and can be opened with the fingers, and they have a taste much milder than northern varieties of oysters. Native boys in native boats come alongside to ask you if you want any, and they'll pick them for you at once and bring them back to the yacht within a half hour. Even if you don't think you're hungry, a dozen or two of the Carriacou tree oysters per person are not too many for canapés to accompany a properly prolonged cocktail hour on deck.

Grenada is the southern terminus of your cruise, if you've been sailing south, unless you want to tackle the long, rough haul to Trinidad, which few yachtsmen do, or the upwind thrash to Tobago or Barbados (whether you're going there or not, pronounce them *To-bay-go* and

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Bar-bay-dos). Incidentally, Tobago has nothing whatever to do with the Tobago Cays, which are part of the Grenadines.

It's a comparatively short hop from Carriacou to Grenada—though it can be a rough one, it's soon over—and it's more than worth it for the sail down the west coast of the lush and lovely island of Grenada and to see the impressive harbor entrance, with its fine fort on a rocky prominence and its houses and villas that rise up into the hills from the bustling waterfront, as you round into St. George's Harbor. When your captain has made his peace with Customs (you anchor close to the waterfront and the starched Customs men come aboard from a rowboat), you'll make your way through a narrow, dredged channel to the tranquillity of the inner harbor and probably tie up at the docks of Grenada Yacht Services. No matter when you get there, you'll see one of the most dramatic man-made sights of your entire trip: dozens of private and charter yachts, of all descriptions, moored, tied up along the docks and at anchor. One could easily spend days boat-hopping here, and the only admonition we can think of is to be wary of the openhanded hospitality that's offered, if you want to be able to walk back along the docks to shore without staggering while the sun is still high in the sky.

As a matter of fact, Grenada Yacht Services has quite a splendid spread for the islands and is more like a Stateside boat yard—cum—marina—cum—yacht club. In addition to its mooring and anchoring basin, and extensive marina-style docks with electricity and running water for ships tied up there, it boasts a machine shop and the only yacht marine railway in the Windward-Leeward chain (although these latter virtues are of more interest to your owner-skipper than to you). There are also shower facilities ashore, for the use of guests, and an extensive second-floor office—pavilion—marine-gear store, and a switchboard from which you may place overseas calls (given some luck with the vicissitudes of the island communication services) or send cables. All this is under the supervision of the Messrs. Bob Petersen, Ken Gooding and Richard Scott-Hughes. Scott-Hughes' office has one wall covered by a large-scale chart of the entire area, showing the daily location of yachts in the Antillean charter fleet, of which he is aware because of a handy island institution called The Children's Hour. This is noon, when yacht skippers turn on their radiotelephones to chat with one another and with Scott-Hughes, so that messages may be passed along from Grenada Yacht Services and from ship to ship. In Antigua, the Nicholsons do the same (Julie Nicholson's dulcet contribution to this nonnetwork, unsponsored program confirms the fact that

she hovers over Nicholson charter yachts like a mother hen), and many happy rendezvous have been arranged in this electronic manner—with everyone else in the fleet listening in.

Grenada itself is worth a visit. If you've had your fill of nature and natural beauty by this time, or if this is your starting place and you're in a hurry to get off northward, you still should not miss a walk along St. George's waterfront; and a proper yachtsman's must is a drink or a meal at The Nutmeg, a restaurant-bar from whose second-floor unglazed window wall you can see the entire harbor of St. George's and the banana boats and spice schooners loading immediately below. The Nutmeg's calalu soup will be pressed upon you by Carl Schuster, genial boniface and expatriate New Yorker. Give in—it's delicious.

Whether Grenada is your jumping-off place or the final harbor of your cruise, you're going to see a lot of the island's more rugged country when you take off by taxi for the trip between the airport and Grenada Yacht Services' docks. The airport is on one side of the island, the harbor of St. George's is on the other, and what's in between is not only fabulous mountain scenery but some of the hairiest grades and hairpin turns you're ever apt to encounter. This sports-car-driver's challenge will be blithely assayed by your jolly West Indian cabby, whose debonair and dashing style at the wheel is not one bit inhibited by the fact that it's a safe sucker bet to lay odds of two to one that you won't make the trip without one flat tire. If this kind of vehicular promenade makes you nervous, concentrate on the views, which are—to use an overworked cliché, but how else to describe them?—breath-taking.

So much for hints on an itinerary. Your captain will have additional suggestions, and you'll undoubtedly vary your plans from day to day, to suit your pleasures of the moment. As we've said, if your time is limited, it's far better to curb the scope of your voyagings than to feel you have to push all along the way. In fact, a strong argument for starting your Antillean vacation from Grenada and working north is that you'll be able to dawdle in the Grenadines and, perhaps, get only as far north as St. Vincent or St. Lucia.

Your personal preparations for a charter-yacht vacation in the Antilles should include a passport or other proof of citizenship, but no visas are necessary. You will need a valid smallpox vaccination certificate, but of other papers you'll need none. All the interisland red tape, of which there is ample, will be handled by your charter captain.


Clothing is equally simple. Walk shorts, swim trunks, T-shirts, sport shirts, sandals and loafers—and a pair of good, nonslip boating shoes—are just about all you'll need, except for a couple of pairs of slacks and a lightweight sports jacket that you may want to don on special occasions afloat or ashore. One sweater or one lightweight windbreaker is all you're going to need in the way of protective clothing from wind and weather, since your charter yacht will have wet gear aboard, should you wish to stay on deck when it rains. But the rains are so brief and so warm, and the sun and the wind dry you so quickly that most people just face them in swimwear.

We suggest that if you don't own one, you treat yourself to a soft-sided suitcase or zippered duffel in which to carry your gear. It's shippier, it's convenient and it's easy to stow once you're aboard.

You may wish to take along sports gear of your own, but it's seldom necessary. Rare is the charter yacht that can't fit you out on the spot with, at the very least, snorkel and fins; and most of the boats—especially the larger ones—will carry not only Aqua-lungs but compressors, not only deep-sea-fishing gear but water skis, spear guns and the like. One piece of equipment we saw on several boats and used on one is made by both Evinrude (Aquanaut) and Johnson (Air Buoy). It consists of a small outboard-type engine that drives an air pump, and the whole thing floats in an inflated rubber ring like an inner tube. Air hoses dangle from the machine and provide a safe and simple way for two people to experience all the pleasures of scuba diving without having to carry tanks. Beginners love them; they give them a sense of security; and even the expert diver finds it fun to use these free-floating air supplies so that he can commune with other humans, as well as with the fishes, beneath the surface.

Do take along your camera, American film and one carton—the maximum permitted—of American cigarettes.

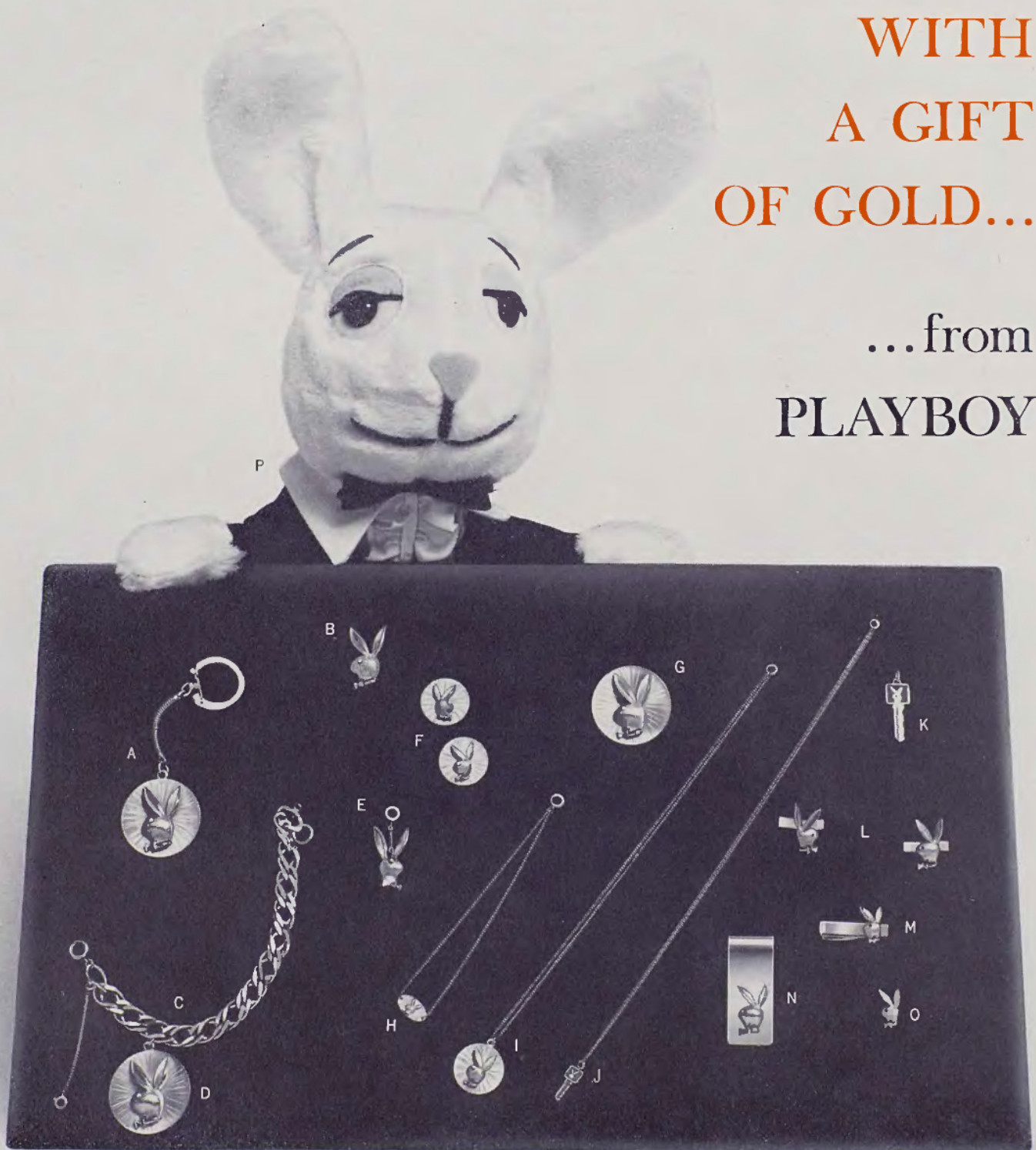
If all the above sounds strange and exotic, that may be simply because it is. If it sounds complicated or difficult, take our word for it that it definitely is not. After your first day on a charter yacht, you'll feel you're an old hand; after your first week, you'll wonder why you never did this before; and by the end of your vacation, you'll be a full-fledged member of the club and just as ambivalent about letting anybody else in on the kind of fun and excitement and pleasure you've had as we were when we sat down to write this piece.

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## SPEED TRAP (continued from page 159)

interest, too, maybe, because you get pretty tired of making new friends after about the 300th; and you begin to think about what's waiting for you on your desk when you get back, and you remember the time when you got stuck with that damn loudmouthed Egyptian at the I.A.U. in Brussels and had to fight the Suez war for an hour and a half.

All right, you can see what I mean. Waste of time and valuable kerosene jet fuel, right?

Because the pity of it is that electronic information handling is so cheap and easy. I don't know if you've ever seen the Bell Labs' demo of their picture phone—they had it at a couple of meetings—but it's *nearly* like face to face. Better than the telephone. You get all the signatures, except maybe the smell of whiskey on the breath or something like that. And that's only one gadget: There's facsimile, telemetry, remote-

access computation, teletype . . . well, there it is, we've got them, why don't we use them? And go farther, too. You know about how they can strip down a taped voice message—leave out the unnecessary parts of speech, edit out the pauses, even drop some of the useless syllables? And you can still understand it perfectly, only at about 400 words a minute instead of maybe 60 or 70. (And about half of them repetitions or "What I mean to say.")

Well, that's the systems part; and, as I say, it's not my field. But it's there for the taking—expert opinion, not mine. A couple of the fellows were real hot, and we're going to get together on it as soon as we can find the time.

Maybe you wonder what I have to contribute. I do have something, I think. For example, how about problem-solving approaches to discussions? I've seen some papers that suggest a way of simplifying and pointing up a conference

so you could really confer. I've even got a pet idea of my own. I call it the Quantum of Debate, the irreducible minimum of argument which each participant in a discussion can use to make one single point and get that understood (or argued or refuted) before he goes on to the next.

Why, if half of what I think is so, then people like me can get things done in—oh, be conservative—a quarter of the time we spend now.

Leaving three quarters of our time for—what? Why, for work! For doing the things that we know we ought to do but can't find the time for. I mean this literally and really and seriously. I honestly think that we can do four times as much work as we do. And I honestly think that this means we can land on Mars in 5 years instead of 20, cure leukemia in 12 years instead of 50, and so on.

Well, that's the picture, and that's why I didn't want to waste the time talking with Gordie MacKenzie. I'd brought all my notes in my briefcase, and four and a half hours was just about enough time to try to pull them all together and make some sort of presentation to show my systems friends and a few others who were interested.

So as soon as we were airborne, I had the little table down and I was sorting out little stacks of paper.

Only it didn't work out.

It's funny how often it doesn't work out—I mean, when you've got something you want to do and you look ahead and see where the time's going to be to do it, and then, all of a sudden, the time's gone and you didn't do it. What it was that Clara worked her way back with the cocktails—she knew mine, an extradry martini with a twist of lemon—and I moved the papers out of her way out of politeness, and then she showed up with the hors d'oeuvres and I put them back in my bag out of hunger, and then I had to decide how I wanted my *tournedos*, and it took almost two hours for dinner, including the wine and the B & B; and although I didn't really want to watch the movie, there's something about seeing all those screens ahead of you, with the hero just making his bombing run on your own screen but shot up and falling in flames on the ones you can see out of the corner of your eye in the forward seats—and back in the briefing room, or even in the pub the night before on the screens in the other row that the film gets to after it gets to yours—all sort of like a cross section of instants of time, a plural "now." Disconcerting. It polarized my attention; of course, the liquor helped; and, anyway, by the time the movie was over, it was time for the second round of coffee and mints, and then the seat-belt sign was on and we were over the big aluminum dome on Mount Wilson, coming in, and I never had found the time to do my



*"I know, I know you're recorded—but that doesn't alter the fact that I love you!"*



sorting. Well, I was used to that. I'd never found any ginseng back in Potsdam, either. I had to get through school on a scholarship.

• • •

I checked in, washed my face and went down to the meeting room just in time for a very dull tutorial on clear-air turbulence in planetary atmospheres. There was quite a good turnout, maybe 70 or 80 people in the room; but what they thought they were getting out of it, I cannot imagine, so I picked up a program and ducked out.

Somebody by the coffee machine called to me. "Hi, Chip."

I went over and shook his hand, a young fellow named Resnik from the little college where I'd got my bachelor's, looking bored and angry. He was with someone I didn't know, tall and gray-haired and bankerish. "Dr. Ramos, this is Chesley Grew. Chip, Dr. Ramos. He's with NASA—I think it's NASA?"

"No, I'm with a foundation," he said. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Dr. Grew. I've followed your work."

"Thank you. Thank you very much." I would have liked a cup of coffee, but I didn't particularly want to stand there talking to them while I drank it, so I said, "Well, I'd better get checked in, so if you'll excuse me—"

"Come off it, Chip," said Larry Resnik. "I saw you check in half an hour ago. You just want to go up to your room and work."

That was embarrassing, a little. I didn't mind it with Resnik, but I didn't know the other fellow. He grinned and said, "Larry tells me you're like that. Matter of fact, when you went by, he said you'd be back out in thirty seconds, and you were."

"Well. Clear-air turbulence isn't my subject, really—"

"Oh, nobody's blaming you. God knows not. Care for some coffee?"

The only thing to do was to be gracious about it, so I said, "Yes, please. Thanks." I watched him take a cup and fill it from the big silver urn. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him. "Did we meet at the Dallas Double-A S sessions?"

"I'm afraid not. Sugar? No, I've actually been to very few of these meetings, but I've read some of your papers."

I stirred my coffee. "Thank you, Dr. Ramos." One of the things I've learned to do is repeat a name as often as I can so I won't forget it. About half the time I forget it anyway, of course. "I'll be speaking tomorrow morning, Dr. Ramos. 'A Photometric Technique for Deriving Slopes from Planetary Fly-bys.' Nothing much that doesn't follow from what

they've done at Langley, I'm afraid."

"Yes, I saw the abstract."

"But you'll get your brownie points for reading it, eh?" said Larry. He was breathing heavily. "How many does that make this year?"

"Well, a lot." I tried to drink my coffee both rapidly and inconspicuously. Larry seemed in an unhappy mood.

"That's what we were talking about when you came in," he said. "Thirty papers a year and committee reports between times. When was the last time you spent a solid month at your desk? I know, in my own department—"

I could feel myself growing interested and I didn't want to be. I wanted to get back to my notes. I took another gulp of my coffee.

"You know what Fred Hoyle said?"

"I don't think so, Larry."

"He said the minute a man does anything, anything at all, the whole world enters into a conspiracy to keep him from ever doing it again. Program chairmen invite him to read papers. Trustees put him onto committees. Newspaper reporters call him up to interview him. Television shows ask him to appear with a comic, a bandleader and a girl singer, to talk about whether there's life on Mars."

"And people who sympathize with him buttonhole him on his way out of

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*"Everything off?"*



meetings," said Dr. Ramos. He chuckled. "Really, Dr. Grew. We'll understand if you just keep on going."

"I'm not even sure it's this world," said Larry.

He was not only irritable, he was hardly making sense. "For that matter," he added, "I haven't even really done anything yet. Not like you, Chip. But I can, someday."

"Don't be modest," said Dr. Ramos. "And look, we're making a lot of noise here. Why don't we find some place to sit down and talk—unless you really do want to get back to your work, Dr. Grew?"

. . .

But you see, I was already more than half convinced that this *was* my work, to talk to Larry and Dr. Ramos; and what we finally did was go up to my room and then up to Larry's, where he had a Rand Corporation report in his bag with some notes I'd sent him once, and we never did get back to the meeting room. Along about ten we had dinner sent up, and that was where we stayed, drinking cold coffee off the set-up table and sparingly drinking bourbon out of a bottle Larry had brought along, and I told them everything I'd ever thought about a systems approach to the transmission of technological information. And what it implied. And Dr. Ramos was with it at every step, the best listener either of us had ever had, though most of what he said was, "Yes, of course" and "I see." There really was a lot in it. I'd believed it, sitting by myself and computing, like a child anticipating Christmas, how much *work* I could get done for a couple K a year in amortization of systems and overhead. And with the two of them. I was sure of it. It was a giddy kind of evening. Toward the end, we even began to figure out how quickly we could colonize Mars and launch a fleet of interstellar space liners, with all the working time of the existing people spent *working*; and then there was a pause and Larry got up and threw back the glass French window and we looked out on his balcony. Twenty stories up, and Los Angeles out in front of us and a thunderstorm brewing over the southern hills. The fresh air cleared my head for a moment and then made me realize, first, that I was sleepy and, second, that I had to read that damned paper in about seven hours.

"We'd better call it a day," said Dr. Ramos.

Larry started to object, then grinned. "All right for you old fellows," he said. "Anyway, I want to look at those notes of yours by myself, Chip, if you don't mind."

"Just so you don't lose them," I said, and turned to go back to my room and get into my bed and lie with my eyes wide open, smiling to myself, before I

fell asleep to dream about 50 weeks a year working at my trade.

. . .

Even so, I woke easily the moment the hotel clock buzzed by my head. We'd fixed it to have breakfast in Larry's room so I could reclaim my notes and maybe chat for a moment before the morning session began; and when I got to his floor, I saw Dr. Ramos padding toward me. "Morning," he said. "I just woke up two honeymooners who didn't appreciate it. Wasn't Larry's room 2051?"

"It's 2052. The other way." He grinned and fell into step and told me a fast and quite funny honeymooner joke, timing the punch line just as we reached Larry's door.

He didn't answer my knock. Still laughing, I said, "You try." But there was no answer to Dr. Ramos' knock, either.

I stopped laughing. "He couldn't have forgotten we were coming, could he?"

"Try the door, why don't you?"

And I did and it opened easily.

But Larry wasn't in the room. The door to the bath was standing open and so was the balcony window, and no Larry. His bed was rumpled but empty.

"I don't think he's gone out," said Dr. Ramos. "Look, his shoes are still there."

The balcony wasn't big enough to hide on, but I walked over and looked at it. Rain-slick and narrow, all that was on it were a couple of soaked deck chairs and some cigarette butts.

"Looks like he was out here," I said; and then, feeling melodramatic, I leaned over the rail and looked down; and it wasn't actually melodramatic after all, because there in the curve of the hotel's sweeping front, on the rim of a fountain, something was sprawled, and a man was standing by it, shouting at the doorman. It was too early for much noise, and I could hear his voice faintly coming up the 200 vertical feet between us and what was left of Larry.

. . .

They canceled the morning session but decided to go ahead in the afternoon, and I got into a long, bruising fight with Gordie MacKenzie because he wanted to give his paper when it was scheduled, at three in the afternoon, and I'd been reshuffled into that time and I just wasn't feeling cheerful enough to let him get away with anything. Not after spending two hours with the coroner's men and the hotel staff, trying to help them figure out why Larry would have jumped or slipped off the balcony, and especially not after finding out that he had had all my notes in his hand when he jumped and they were now in sticky, sloppy clusters all over Los Angeles County.

So I was about fed up. I once heard Krafft Ehrlicke give what I would figure to be a 12-minute paper in three minutes

and 45 seconds, and I tried to beat his record and pretty nearly made it. Then I threw everything I owned into my suitcase and checked out, figuring to head right out to the airport and get on the first plane going home.

But the clerk said, "I have a message for you, Mr. Grew. Dr. Ramos asked you not to leave without seeing him."

"Thanks," I said, after a moment of debating whether to do anything about it or not; but as it turned out, I didn't have to make the decision. Ramos came hurrying toward me across the lobby, his friendly face concerned.

"I thought you'd be leaving," he said. "Give me twenty minutes of your time first."

I hesitated and he snapped a finger at a bellboy. "Here. Let him take care of your bag and let's go down and have a cup of coffee." So I let him lead me to the outdoor patio by the coffeeshop, warm and clean now after the rain. I wondered if he recognized the place where Larry had hit, but I'm not sensitive about that sort of thing and apparently neither was he. He really had a commanding presence when he wanted to. He had a waitress beside us before we had quite slid our chairs closer to the table, sent her after coffee and sandwiches without consulting me and started in on me without a pause. "Chip," he said, "don't blow it. I'm sorry about your notes. But I don't want to see you give up."

I leaned back in my chair, feeling very weary. "Oh, that I won't do, Dr. Ramos—"

"Call me Laszlo."

"That I won't do, Laszlo. As a matter of fact, I've been thinking about it already."

"I knew you would be."

"I figure that by cutting out a couple of meetings next week—I can use Larry's death as an excuse, some way; I'll use anything, actually—I can reconstruct most of them from memory. Well, maybe not in a week, come to think of it. I'll have to send for copies of some of the reports. But sooner or later—"

"Right. That's what I want to talk to you about." The girl brought the coffee and sandwiches and he waved her away briskly as soon as she'd set them down. "You see, you're the man I came here to see."

I looked at him. "You're interested in photometry?"

"No. Not your paper—your idea. What we were talking about all night, for God's sake. I didn't know it was you I wanted until Resnik mentioned you yesterday. But after last night, I was sure."

"I already have a job, Dr.—Laszlo."

"And I'm not offering you a job."

"Then, what—"

"I'm offering you a chance to make



your idea work. I've got money, Chip, foundation money looking for something to be spent on. Not space research or cancer research or higher mathematics—they're funded well enough now. My foundation is looking for projects that don't fit into the usual patterns. Big ones. Like yours."

Well, of course I was excited. It was so good to be taken that seriously.

"I called the board secretary in Washington first thing—I mean, as soon as they were open there. Of course, I couldn't give him enough over the phone for a formal commitment. But he's on the hook, Chip. And the board will go along. There's a meeting next week and I want you there."

"In Washington? I suppose—"

"Well, no. The foundation's international, Chip, and this meeting's at Lake Como. But we'll pick up the tab, of course, and you can get a lot more done there, where your office isn't going to call you—"

"But, I mean, I'm not sure—"

"We'll back you. Everything you need. A staff. A headquarters. We've got the beginnings of a facility in Ames, Iowa; you'll have to go out there, of course. But it shouldn't be more than, oh, say, a couple days a month. And"—he grinned, a little apologetically—"I know it won't mean anything to you.

After you've got one medal on your chest, the rest aren't too exciting. But it'll look nice in your *Who's Who* entry; and, anyway, the secretary has already authorized me to tell you that you're invited to accept appointment to a trusteeship."

I began to need the coffee and I took a long swallow. "You're moving too fast for me, Laszlo," I said.

"The trustees meet in Flagstaff; they've got a country-club deal there. You'll like it. Of course, it's only six times a year. But it's worth it, Chip. I mean, we have our politics like everything else; and if you're a trustee, you swing a lot of weight."

And he prattled on, and I sat there listening, and it was all coming true, everything I'd hoped for; and the next week in Italy, in a great shiny room with an enormous window looking out over Lake Como. I found myself a full-fledged project director, with status as a trustee, honorary membership on the priorities committee and a staff of 41.

. . .

Next week we dedicate the Lawrence Resnik Memorial Building in Ames—the name was my idea, but everybody agreed—and although it's been a hell of a year, I can see where we'll really make progress now. It still seems a little incongruous that I should be putting in so much time on managerial work and

conferences. But when I mentioned it to Laszlo the other day in Montreal, he gave me the grin and an approving look. "I wondered how long it would take you to think of that," he chuckled. "But it's best to make haste slowly, and you can see for yourself it's paying off. Have I told you what a good impression your lecture tour made?"

"Thanks. Yes, as a matter of fact, you did. Anyway, once we get the Resnik installation going, there'll be a little more time."

"Damn right! And don't say I told you"—he winked—"but remember what I told you about a possible appointment to the President's Commission on Interdisciplinary Affairs? Well, it's not official. But it's definite. We've already taken a suite at the Shoreham for you. You'll be using it a lot. We've even fitted up a room as an office; you can keep your notes and things there between trips."

Well, I told him, of course, that if he meant the notes I had been trying to reconstruct, they didn't require all that much room. Not by quite a lot, since I haven't in all truth got very far.

I think I would have, somehow or other, with a little luck. But I haven't actually been very lucky. Poor Honeyman, for instance—I'd already written him for another copy of the report he'd made up for me when I heard that his yawl had capsized in a storm. They didn't even find his body for a week. And nobody seems to know where he kept his copy of the report, if he ever made one. And—

Well, there was that funny thing Resnik said the day he died, about how the world conspired against anybody who'd ever done anything. And then he said, "I'm not even sure it's this world."

I figured out what the joke was—that is, if it was a joke. I mean, just for a hypothesis, suppose Somebody didn't want us to get ahead as fast as we could, Somebody from another world. . . .

That's silly. That is, I think it's silly.

But if that line of thinking isn't silly, then it must be something quite the opposite of silly; by which I mean it must be dangerous. Just recently, I've almost been run over twice by crazy drivers in front of my own house. And then there's the air taxi I missed and saw crash on take-off before my eyes.

Just for the fun of it, there are two things I'd like to know. One is where the foundation gets its money and why. The other—and I just might see if I can get an answer to this one, next time I'm in L. A.—is whether there really were a pair of honeymooners in room 2051 that morning, to be accidentally awakened by Laszlo Ramos just about the time that Larry was on his way down 20 flights.



“. . . Please let them be twenty-one. . . .”



{Where would Swissair be without its passengers and friends?  
Here's another ad  
that relies directly on you for bright ideas.}

# WE'RE LOOKING FOR A SWISSAIR SLOGAN. CAN YOU HELP OUT?

LOOK, it's hard enough just being a good airline.

Harder still running flights from Switzerland to North and South America, Near and Far East, Africa, Scandinavia, and Eastern Europe.

And on top of that, advertising it all. Making readers think, My, what an interesting, well-run,

friendly, dependable airline Swissair is, to be sure. Precise and pretty as a Swiss watch.

What to do?

People who know about advertising told us, Get up a slogan.

So we sat down and wrote short, snappy sayings to express the philosophy, importance, capability and things of Swissair. Like for instance:

*Swissair - the non-political airline.*

*Swissair speaks more languages than anybody.*

*froissair - the national-natural resource - No. 1 company.*

Never since Swissair became the "national" airline has the Swiss finance minister paid a centime of our deficit. (Which is why we can't afford any red ink.)

Worse yet, he expects us to make a profit. So that he can collect taxes. And if we buy a couple of handsome DC-9s in America, we have to pay duty on each and every one. By weight.

In short, the Swiss government wishes us well but does us no favors.

So when you board a Swissair plane, you're not supporting a government or a nation. Just a company that's trying to do the best possible job of flying.

We hate superlatives, we really do. But when it comes to languages we're hard to match.

All Swiss speak German or French or Italian to begin with, or sometimes all three at once. And anyone who works for Swissair also has to know English. We speak Spanish or Portuguese where we have Spanish- or Portuguese-speaking passengers. And of course we speak the language of the country wherever we have a Swissair office.

But then in our sales department we have a Miss Sylvia Badrutt. She speaks Rhaeto-Romanic, the fourth national language of Switzerland. Sylvia Badrutt is our linguistic margin of safety. What other airline speaks Rhaeto-Romanic?

Other countries have coal or oil or uranium. Cotton, iron ore, herrings, coffee beans, or tremendous forests. None of that stuff in Switzerland. We have mountains, glaciers, lakes, meadows, and occasional gaps with cities, alpine farms, walks, and airports. What we have most of is air. That's why we're such dedicated fliers: every one of us wants to show what wonderful things you can do with air, the greatest Swiss natural resource.

Advertising Manager  
Swissair VA  
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(If it's longer than this lines, it isn't a slogan.)

Well, those three are our slogans so far. We can't say we're too satisfied. We'd like better slogans. Particularly ones you can understand without a long explanation.

If you can think of one, why don't you write it in that space there? And send it in to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Country \_\_\_\_\_





## THE SHARERS (continued from page 92)

smiled under his black mustache. His pale-blue eyes crinkled behind his glasses. "It's deductible, you should know that."

"Well, I feel kind of funny," I said, and thrust the money at him again. But he held out his hand, palm down, and then gently nudged the offer away, as though the money had germs.

"I insist," he said.

"Well, OK," I said, and shrugged, and said, "Thank you, have a nice day," and got out of the cab and ran for the office. It took me a half hour to get my circulation back.

The next morning, Harry got off at 125th Street again, and again he said, "Care to share a taxi?" So what could I say? Could I say, Listen, my friend, I like to ride alone in the morning, I like to smoke my cigar with the windows closed, you understand, closed very *tight* against the cold outside, not even open a crack, with cigar smoke floating all around me, reading my newspaper, nothing personal, you understand, no hard feelings, but that's one of my little

luxuries, that's what I promised myself in Korea many many years ago, could I tell that to the man?

I suppose I could have, but I didn't.

Instead, I got into the taxi with him and I lit a cigar for myself, and he immediately opened the window. So I immediately snuffed out the cigar and asked him if he would please close the window.

"How's the travel business these days?" I asked. I had folded my arms across my chest, because I was in a pretty surly mood. What I usually do, you see, is ration my cigars, one in the morning in the taxi on the way to work, another one after lunch, another one in the taxi on the way back from work and the last one after dinner. Four cigars a day, that's enough. I do 20 push-ups each morning and 20 before I go to bed, to keep the old "bod" in shape, as my daughter calls it. She kills me, that girl. So I was thinking I really didn't *need* this guy to ride down with me and deprive me of my cigar, who needed him? But there he was, telling me all about

the travel business and about a charter flight they were getting up to Aspen, Colorado (just the *thought* of Aspen, Colorado, gave me the chills), and had I ever tried skiing?

"No," I said, "I have never tried skiing. I don't even like ice skating."

"That's too bad, Howard," he said. "I think you would find skiing a most agreeable sport."

"Well," I said, "I'm too old to go out and break a leg. When a man gets set in his ways, he develops certain habits, you know, that he doesn't like to break," hoping he would realize I was talking about my morning cigar, which he didn't.

"That's true," he said, "but you seem to be in pretty good shape, and I doubt if you would break a leg."

"My cousin broke a leg in his own bathtub," I said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Harry said. "Did you know they shot *The Pawnbroker* on this corner?"

"Which pawnbroker?" I asked, not having heard about any shooting on that corner, which was the corner of 116th Street and Park Avenue.

"The movie," Harry said.

"Oh, the movie. I didn't see that movie."

"It was a very good movie," Harry said. "They shot it right on this corner."

I was really wanting a cigar very badly by that time. I looked out at the El Radiante bar and visualized *Harry* being shot on the corner.

"There were a lot of your people in that picture," Harry said.

"My people?" I said.

"Negroes," he said.

"Oh," I said.

"It was a very good picture."

The cab sped downtown. The overhead tracks came level with the ground, then sank below the pavement and disappeared. When we reached 86th Street, I took out \$1.25 again and thrust it into Harry's hand, but he turned his hand over quickly and let the money fall onto the seat.

"Nossir," he said, "not on your life. I have to go down this way, anyway."

"But *I* have to go down this way, too," I complained.

"Can you charge it to the business?"

"No, but—"

"Then don't be silly." He picked up the money and stuffed it into my coat pocket. "Now, go ahead, don't be silly, Howard."

"Well, thank you," I said, "I appreciate it," and then realized I didn't even know his name, I had never heard anyone call him by name on the train. "Thank you," I said again, and got out of the cab.

We have a small office and Concetta, our secretary, has asthma, which means that smoking a cigar and filling the air with deadly fumes would give her



"Guess I'm just an old-fashioned gal, but I want to ask your blessing before I move into Bernie's pad."



coughing fits all day long. So I stood in the corridor outside the men's room and smoked my morning cigar there. Dave Goldman came in at 9:30. I was still standing there smoking. He fanned the air with both huge hands and said, "Whoosh, you trying to fumigate the place?"

"Well, I know Concetta doesn't like cigar smoke," I said.

"You can smell that the minute you get off the elevator," Dave said. "What is that, an El Ropo?" he said, and nudged me and laughed.

"It's a good cigar," I said. "Cost me twenty-five cents."

"We're going to have complaints from the fire department," Dave said, and laughed again. "They'll probably send the commissioner around."

"Look," I said, a bit heatedly, "if I can't smoke it in the office and if I can't smoke it here in the corridor outside the men's room, where it isn't bothering anybody, where the hell *can* I smoke it?"

"Don't get excited," Dave said, and patted my arm. "Why don't you go smoke it downstairs?"

Downstairs was a hundred below zero; downstairs was troikas followed by packs of starving gray wolves.

Dave went into the men's room. I put out the cigar and went inside to my desk. All that morning, I thought about Harry. You have to understand that whereas I appreciated his having paid my cab fare on two separate occasions, I would have preferred paying my *own* damn fare so that I could have smoked my cigar in peace without a fresh-air fiend in attendance. I stress this point only because Adele later said perhaps I was really a Cheap Charlie who *enjoyed* having my cab fare paid each morning. This simply was not true and I told Adele so in very positive terms. For whereas things are sometimes a bit tight in North Stamford, what with Marcia's tooth alignment and all, I can certainly afford to pay my own cab fare. In fact, as I pointed out and as Adele well knew, the taxi rides to and from work were luxuries I felt I *owed* myself, essential elements of the private little party I had been throwing to celebrate the fact that I had not got killed in Korea.

So it seemed to me that Harry Pryor was sharing something more than just a taxi with me; and I decided to tell him flat-out come Monday morning that whereas I enjoyed his company immensely, I really preferred riding down to work alone, as it gave me a chance for contemplation, an opportunity to ease into the long, hard day ahead, which was not exactly true but which I rehearsed nonetheless all through the weekend. Then I remembered that I didn't even know his name, so I called Frank Cooperman on Sunday night to ask about it.

"Who do you mean?" he said.



*"Since you've been showing these underground movies and having wild jazz concerts and freewheeling discussions on LSD, the members of the congregation, after careful deliberation, have decided that church is not a proper place to send our children."*

"The fellow who rides in with us each morning."

"Which fellow?"

"The one with the black mustache and the blue eyes and the glasses. Who tells all the jokes in the morning."

"I think his name is Harry," Frank said.

"Don't you *know*?"

"Well, I'm not sure."

"He's your *friend*, isn't he?"

"No, no," Frank said. "My friend? What gave you that idea?"

"I just thought he was your friend," I said.

"I thought he was *your* friend," Frank said.

"Well, whose friend *is* he?" I asked.

"Search me," Frank said.

"Well, what's his *last* name?" I said.

"Pryor, I think."

"Thank you," I said, and hung up. a little annoyed with Frank. I'm not sure why. I debated whether I should call my taximate "Mr. Pryor" (since he didn't seem to be anyone's friend) or just plain "Harry" when I broke the news to him, and then I rehearsed it both ways, figuring I'd play it by ear when the time came.

I could barely sleep that night. Adele finally poked me in the ribs and said,

"Howard, if you don't stop tossing, I'm going to go sleep in Marcia's room." I didn't answer her, as she very often makes dire threats in her sleep.

On Monday morning, I drove to the station, and there was Mr. Harry Pryor waiting on the platform with the other fellows, coffee container in one hand, wrapped cheese Danish in the other.

"Morning, Howard," he said.

"Morning, Harry," I said.

"Getting off at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth as usual?" he asked.

"As usual," I said.

"Would you care to share a taxi with me?" he asked.

That was my opportunity and I should have given him my rehearsed speech right then and there, but I didn't want to embarrass him in front of the other fellows. So I said, "Yes, Harry," and figured this would be our last shared ride together. I'd tell him how I felt on the way down to 86th.

It was a bitter-cold day.

Men were hunched over small coal fires in empty gasoline drums, girls clutched coat collars to their throats, icicles hung from awnings, broken orange-crate slats jutted crookedly from frozen curbside puddles.

"I can't tell you how much I enjoy this



morning ride with you, Howard," Harry said for openers.

I grunted.

"I don't know many Negroes," he said.

I didn't know what to say to that one, so I coughed.

"That's a bad cold you have there," Harry said.

I grunted again.

"You ought to quit smoking," he said.

"I have," I said. "Temporarily," and I thought, *Now* is the time to tell him. Right this minute. I turned toward him on the seat.

"How else can we get to know each other?" Harry said.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Negroes and whites," he said. "How else can we possibly breach the barricade?"

"Well," I said, thinking I didn't have any particular barricade to breach, and if Harry had one, he shouldn't attempt to breach it in a taxicab. "Actually—"

"Can I walk up to a Negro on the street and say, 'Listen, fellow, let's have a drink together. I'd like to know you people better'? Can I say that?"

I thought, No, you had better not say *that*, Mr. Pryor, especially not up here in Harlem. I glanced through the window on my right, where the city had put up a housing development. On one of the walls, a teenage letterer had painted the name of his club. He had spelled it wrong. For posterity, the words **THE REDEMERS** boldly asserted themselves in white letters on the brick wall.

"So just having the opportunity to talk to you this way, to get to *know* you this way, is very important to me, Howard. I want to thank you for it. I want to tell you how much I appreciate your generosity."

"Yes, well," I said, "don't mention it, really."

I felt trapped, and frustrated, and suddenly in danger. Once, in Korea, when we were trying to take this hill, we had two of our guys with a mortar about a hundred yards on the left, and the sergeant and another guy and me with the mortar rounds over on the right. But we couldn't get to each other, because the Chinese had set up a machine gun on top of the hill and they kept raking the ground between us. It was very frustrating. Finally, somebody called for artillery to knock out the emplacement. But that was after the sergeant had already sent my buddy to get killed trying to lug the ammo across that hundred yards of bullet-sprayed ravine to where the mortar was waiting. The sergeant tapped me on the shoulder. I was next. Just then, the artillery barrage started. I don't know who called for the support, probably the captain of Baker Company, which was on a little knoll looking down into this depression where we were trapped and frustrated. I never found out. That was one of the times I almost got killed.

I felt the same frustration now, as we rode down to 86th Street, and I also felt the same danger. That's ridiculous, I know. Harry was only sharing a taxicab with me. But I had the feeling he was also trying to move in on me; he had put all his furniture into a Santini Brothers van and now they were moving into my head and my heart and even my soul and were beginning to unpack their barrels.

The cab pulled to the curb at Madison Avenue. I silently took out \$1.25 and handed it to Harry.

"Please," he said.

"Are you sure this is on the business?" I asked.

"Absolutely," he said.

"OK," I said, and shrugged, and put my money away and got out of the cab. I didn't tell him to have a nice day. I just closed the taxi door, *slammed* it, actually (the Negro cabby turned to give me a dirty look), and then stopped for a cup of coffee before going up to the office.

That night, I had my talk with Adele, the one in which she insisted I was a Cheap Charlie. When I finally shouted that the cab fare had nothing to do with the damn situation, she very quietly said, "You're allowing a white man to buy your freedom and your privacy."

"That's not true."

"It *is* true, Howard."

"You're a racist, is what you are," I said. "You're as bad as the segregationists down South."

"He's going to ask you to have lunch with him one day, you wait and see."

"I don't *want* to have lunch with him."

"Do you want to share a taxi with him?"

"No!"

"But you *do* share one," Adele said. She nodded sagely. "And you'll have lunch with him, too, wait and see."

"I will *not* have lunch with him," I said.

"You're allowing him to enslave you," Adele said. "Howard, you are letting him snatch you out of the African jungle and throw you into the hold of a ship in chains."

"He wants to be my *friend*!"

"Do you want to be *his* friend?"

"No, but—"

"Are you afraid of him, Howard?"

"No, but—"

"Then why can't you tell him you don't want to ride with him? I'll tell you why, Howard. You can't because he's white. And it's the white man's privilege to decide whether or not he'll ride with a nigger."

"Don't use that word in this house," I said.

"Howard," she said, "if you let Harry Pryor do this to you, you are nothing but a nigger," and she went up to bed.

I sat alone in the living room for a long time. Then I went upstairs and made sure Marcia hadn't kicked the blanket off, the way she usually did. She was sleeping with a wide grin on her face. Her braces gleamed in the dim light from the hallway. I touched her face gently, tucked the blanket in around her feet and then went into my own bedroom. Adele was asleep. A frilly cap covered her set hair. My grandmother had worn an old silk stocking on her head the day I came home from trying to walk over the bridge. The toe of the stocking, knotted, had flapped around her ears as she shook her head and washed my cuts.

My grandmother's father had been a slave.

I decided to tell Harry in the morning that I no longer cared to share a taxi with him.

. . .

I kept putting it off.

He got into the taxi with me every morning, and every morning I would turn toward him and start to tell him and I would see those pale-blue eyes behind the thick glasses and I would remember how he had eased his way into our group on the train. And it would occur to me that perhaps Harry Pryor needed my companionship more than I needed my own privacy, which was crazy.

He kept asking me questions about Negroes.

He wanted to know how it felt to walk into a good restaurant, did I always fear I would be turned away, or not served, or otherwise treated badly? He wanted to know how I handled hotel reservations; did I explain on the phone that I was a Negro, or did I simply arrive with my luggage and surprise them? He asked me if I had ever gone out with white girls; so I told him about Susan, who had been in the School of Journalism at Columbia and whom I had dated for six months when I was going to Fordham. We were quite open about being seen in public together, I told Harry, even though Susan never mentioned me to her parents and even though I never wrote about her in my letters home. We had quite a thing going for six months, but then it all ended pretty routinely when I went off to fight in Korea. I wrote to her once or twice and once or twice she answered, and then it simply ended, almost as if it had never happened at all.

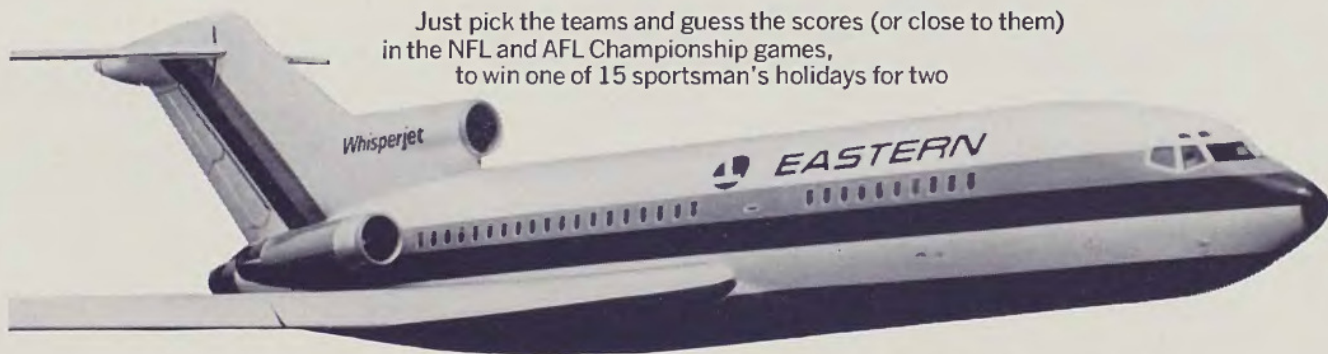
I also told him about my sister, who was in the English department at UCLA, and how she had gone through a severe Muslim phase, only to swing over to dating white men exclusively. She was now involved in all that crazy California scene of surfing and psychedelics and Oriental religion. I told him she still called me "Hub," which had been my



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1. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED—On entry blank or piece of paper, print name, address and indicate the teams that will play in the NFL Championship and AFL Championship games and the score for each team.
2. Mail entry to: Score Sporting Spectacular Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 911, Westport, Connecticut 06880 and indicate on envelope the initials of the four teams you have picked. For example, New York Giants would be NYG, St. Louis Cardinals, SLC.
3. Each entry must be accompanied by end flap from any size package of SCORE® HAIR CREAM—the label from any size package of SCORE® LIQUID HAIR GROOM or code number from bottom of SCORE® SPRAY DEODORANT can or a 4" x 5" piece of paper on which you have printed "SCORE" in plain block letters.
4. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately. Entries must be postmarked by December 15, 1967 and received by December 22, 1967. Entries must be mailed in envelopes which show the initials of the teams you have selected.
5. Winning entries will be determined by the accuracy of team and score prediction. In case of ties, prizes will be awarded by random drawing from among tying entrants, by the independent judging organization, Price Adams Associates. All decisions are final. Only one prize to a family and no substitutions will be made for any prize offered.
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P. O. Box 911, Westport, Conn. 06880 and indicate on  
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NFL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME  
(Game Played 12/31/67)

AFL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME  
(Game Played 12/30/67)

East Team \_\_\_\_\_ Score \_\_\_\_\_  
West Team \_\_\_\_\_ Score \_\_\_\_\_

East Team \_\_\_\_\_ Score \_\_\_\_\_  
West Team \_\_\_\_\_ Score \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT: NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

(All Entries Must Be Postmarked By December 15, 1967)



nickname as a boy. I told him Adele's brother favored a separate Negro nation, that he had been jailed six times in Georgia and Alabama and that he had fled North this past summer after striking back at a deputy with a piece of lead pipe. His eyes burn in his head. I said, I think he's a fanatic. I told him that I, myself, respected only Martin Luther King as leader of the civil rights movement and that I would never ride a freedom bus or join in a march because, quite frankly, I was afraid I would be hurt or possibly killed. I told him I had an aunt named Florina, who hired out as a cleaning woman and whom I had not seen since I was coming along in the South, though every Christmas she sent a plumcake to the house in North Stamford. I told him that James Baldwin gave me a pain in the ass. And, at last, I told him about what had happened the day I tried to walk across that little wooden bridge a mile from where my sister and I lived with my grandmother.

"Why didn't you fight back?" Harry asked.

"I was just a little kid," I said.

"How old?"

"Six. And my sister was only four."

"Did they hurt you?"

"Yes."

"What did you think?"

"I thought I was a fool to get into a fight with bigger kids."

"Bigger *white* kids?"

"No."

"But you *must* have thought that, Howard."

"No, I didn't," I said. "Just *bigger* kids, that's all. White had nothing to do with it."

These conversations all took place in various taxicabs in the space of, oh, two or three weeks. I would guess. All that time, I had the oddest feeling that Harry was waiting for me to say something I had not yet said, reveal something I had kept hidden until then, *do something*—it was the oddest feeling. It brought to mind again the Chinese machine gunners waiting for us to try a run through that treacherous ravine.

One morning, as I got out of the cab, I realized I had forgotten to offer Harry my customary \$1.25. I reached for my wallet.

"Forget it," he said.

"Harry," I said, "we've been riding together for a long time now. I wish you'd let me pay my share."

"It's deductible," he said, and shrugged.

"Are you sure?"

"I am absolutely positive," he said.

"OK," I said, and got out of the cab. "So long," I said, "have a good day."

"The same to you, Howard," he answered. "The same to you."

All through the next week, I rode

down to 86th Street in a cab with Harry, telling him what it was like to be a Negro in America. I no longer offered to pay for the ride, because it seemed to me the point had been settled. If he really was deducting it, then why go through the same pointless routine each morning, taking out my wallet and extending the cash only to have it turned away?

"Goodbye, Harry," I would say. "Thank you for the ride."

"My pleasure, Howard," he would answer, "my distinct pleasure," and the taxi would gun away from the curb.

On the following Monday, I arrived at the Stamford station late, approaching the train from the front end, which was closest to where I always parked my car. The train was about to pull out, so I hopped aboard and began walking back toward the last car when suddenly something powerful rooted me to the spot. I will not have to sit with the group, I thought. I will not have to ride in a taxi with Harry Pryor and tell him what it is like to be a Negro in America, I will not have to do either of those things if I stay up here in the first car. If I stay up here, I thought, if I take a seat up here, then I may be able to ride a taxicab down to 86th all by myself, light a cigar and enjoy some good luxurious smoke, read my newspaper in peace and quiet, ruminate upon the state of world affairs if I want to, or dream of belly dancers in Cairo if I want to, or pray for peace, or wonder about my daughter's teeth, or think about my wife's ear, or sketch out some plans for a boat I'd like to build one day, what with the Sound being so close and all. In short, if I take a seat in this first car of the train, I can perhaps avoid Harry at 125th Street and therefore *be* a Negro in America instead of having to *talk* to him about being a Negro in America.

I took a seat next to a fat woman wearing a horrible perfume. I felt like a defector. I was certain they would come looking for me before the train reached 125th Street, certain Harry would burst into the car and shout, "Ah-ha, *there* you are!" exposing me for the runaway slave I most certainly was. The train rumbled across the Harlem River Bridge, the bleak gray tenements appeared suddenly on the horizon. I pulled my collar up high and leaped onto the platform. I saw Harry as he got off the train at the other end, but I pretended not to. Instead, I walked very quickly to the nearest staircase, raced down it and, rather than walk up to 126th Street, cut across Park Avenue and headed cross-town.

I had reached Lexington Avenue when two things happened at once.

A pair of taxis came rolling toward the corner and I saw Harry Pryor standing there with his arm raised, hailing one of them. He saw me in that same instant.

"Good morning, Howard," he said quickly, and pulled open the door of the nearest taxi. "I'll grab this one," he said, and got into the cab hastily and slammed the door.

The second taxi had just pulled to the curb. I opened the door and got in. "Eighty-sixth and Madison," I said, and watched as the taxi ahead, the one carrying Harry, gunned away from the curb and headed downtown.

I did not know what to think at first.

Had he realized I'd been trying to duck him, had he walked over to Lexington Avenue only to make it easier for me, figuring I'd head for my usual post at 126th and Park? Or had I offended him in some manner, had I said something the week before that had caused him to make a simultaneous and identical decision: We would no longer ride with each other, we would no longer share.

And then I realized what it was.

I had at last done the thing Harry had been waiting for me to do all along. After all that talk, after all those explanations and revelations and confidences freely offered, I had at last managed to convey to Harry the certain knowledge that I was only, at best, a Negro. I had finally and unprotestingly accepted his generosity, only to become in that instant the white man's burden. I had made the terrible mistake, again, of thinking I could walk across that bridge with immunity, allow Harry to pay my fare at last, because, you see, I was an equal who understood all about tax deductions, an accountant, you see, an educated man—even, perhaps, a friend.

It was not a cold day, it was the middle of March and spring was on the way, but I felt a sudden chill and longed to join the old men still huddling over coal fires in the side streets of Harlem. At 86th Street, I gave the driver \$1.25 and got out of the cab.

I had forgotten to light my cigar.

Since that day, I have avoided Harry by taking an earlier train, the 7:30 out of Stamford, which arrives at 125th Street at 8:19. This gives me a little extra time, so I no longer have to ride a taxi to work in the morning. Instead, I walk over to Lexington Avenue and I board the downtown express there on a platform that is thronged with Negroes like myself.

I do not mind it, except when it's raining.

When it's raining, I think of Harry riding a cab downtown, alone, and I wonder if he has the window open a crack, and I wonder if anything will ever convince him that I was able to pay my own way and that I would have happily done so if he'd only given me the chance.





*"Very good, sir!"*



## FAMILIARITY (continued from page 110)

things may seem small on the surface, but they can achieve more results in improving morale and increasing efficiency than the most elaborate and costly employee-relations programs.

The executive must be acquainted with his equals. He must know them and get along with them. He should be familiar with their attitudes and outlooks, their personalities and peculiarities, in order that his relations with them may be as free of friction or misunderstanding as possible. There will, naturally, be some disagreement among equals, but familiarity in the sense of close acquaintance and understanding will make for generally cooperative relationships.

An executive must also know his superiors in order to facilitate their work and his. There should be no bootlicking, but things move much more smoothly if an executive is familiar with the personalities and characteristics, the customs and policies, the likes and dislikes of his superiors.

For instance, one boss might prefer to have plans or problems presented to him in a terse, skeletonized outline, while another might insist on being given all the details the first time around. Or, as a more extreme example, the boss may be

a little hard of hearing and, people being what they are, might well be reluctant to admit it. Knowing this, a subordinate can pretend to be ignorant of this and simply speak a little louder in his presence. Such things do not constitute bootlicking; they are simple human courtesies.

Dealing with people, with personnel—be they subordinates, equals or superiors—is not always easy. Sometimes it can be exceedingly difficult. The ability to deal with them, to know and understand them, is one of the key qualities that separates the man-sized executive timber from the boy-sized chips who will never make the grade into the upper echelons of management.

6. *Industry or field.* The higher a man sets his sights, the more he must know and understand about the field or industry in which he and his company are engaged. An executive in the XYZ Door-knob Company is well advised to remain abreast of all developments in the door-knob industry. He should know as much as possible about what competing firms are doing—and familiarize himself with what's going on among the company's suppliers and customers. Only thus can he be alert to opportunities that present themselves—and be forewarned about problems that might develop.

7. *Over-all business and economic trends and conditions.* Today, the successful businessman must be something of a business analyst and economist. Few, indeed, are the companies that are completely independent of or impervious to the influences of general trends and conditions. A forthcoming strike in the steel industry can have ramifications that seriously influence the operations of a diaper manufacturer. An economic crisis in Ruritania could conceivably cause repercussions that would affect the raw-material supplies—or even the sales—of a toy manufacturer in Hackensack. A sudden change in U. S. Government policy or a partisan tussle in Congress can—and often does—set off a chain reaction that leaves its mark on the profit-and-loss statement of a thousand and one business firms across the nation.

Any executive who seriously wants to reach the top must broaden his range of interests and familiarize himself with business and economic matters far beyond the realm of his own immediate field. He cannot begin to do this too soon. Even the most junior of executives can find no better way to invest his spare time than by boning up on general business and economic subjects and by closely following all current developments.

The successful businessman is the one who can, in an appreciable percentage of instances, correctly foresee developments, promptly take advantage of emerging opportunities and effectively forestall problems. No businessman can have a perfect batting average—but it is the man with the highest prediction-and-prevention record who reaches the top most quickly and remains there most securely.

These are some of the more important things with which an executive should be familiar if he wants to achieve success in the business world. I certainly do not suggest that it is easy to gain the necessary knowledge and attain the necessary degree of familiarity with the matters I have listed. Quite to the contrary, I would be the first to warn that much hard work is needed—hard and extra work that often has to be done on the individual's own time and at the expense of other, more pleasurable pursuits.

However, I maintain that the game is well worth the candle that may have to be burned far into the night. The rewards more than justify the effort.

The able and ambitious executive who is familiar with the varied aspects of business will advance rapidly. His familiarity will breed the kind of content that comes with the attainment of one's goals. Nothing succeeds like success—and there is no content like that which a man feels when he has achieved it.



*"Careful, Frank. It might be some sort of tourist trap!"*



# That Day

(continued from page 113)

me nervous the way everybody in our family goofs off in the morning, and this is her way of telling me the world is in working order. I like Georgina. She hasn't got mean and pushy the way a lot of them have lately.

And all the rest of it went along in the everyday way, insofar as I can remember. I went into the dining room and pulled the front news section off the paper. Gives me a rotten stomach half the morning if I look at it—I know by experience. The kind of thing that goes on unchecked these days. It's a nice room. From where I sit by the French windows, I can look out and see the big oak, all our stretch of green lawn down to the tennis court, and it's mighty pretty. Don't bother me; don't let me see the news; give me some good bacon and eggs and corn bread and coffee, and I'll start the day just as cheerful as any man.

Just as usual. Sissy and Bud came to the table a little later than they should, but still before their mother showed up. Louise was just in time to give me a goodbye peck on the cheek as I was going out the door. I got the Cadillac out of the garage, got onto the highway, made the three miles into town in less than ten minutes, parked behind the office and went in. Until around noon, as I said, it was just an ordinary morning, no different from any other if you happened to be a pretty well-off lawyer with a nice practice, an apartment-house owner, club member, ex-councilman, member of the First Methodist, and what they call in the papers "solid citizen" of Gallinas, Georgia. At noon, the whole world changed.

• • •

Three years ago, Simms and Huber bought an old brick house in the center of town and fixed it up into a mighty smart office. We had the old floors sanded down and refinished, the old wood-work repaired, put in lots of rich-looking rugs and drapes, filled the place with authentic antiques, and even got a fairy up from Atlanta to do "the decor." There's a Yankee musket ball, souvenir of Sherman, buried in the wainscot in the hall. We had a glass plate put over it and a silver wreath hung to mark the spot.

(Actually, old Major Beard, who used to own the house, was a real bad drunk in his later years. He used to keep a loaded pistol on the table by his chair, and when he was drinking, he'd take it into his head to get rid of one of the servants, or maybe one of his family. I've never been so sure that Sherman was to blame.)

Some people thought we ought to have an office in the new all-glass-and-steel Commercial Building. Not me. I

like this old-fashioned setting. Or did until the marches started.

Then things got rough. They came down Forrest Street onto Jackson and right past our office on the way to the courthouse. We had a flower border out front—Miss Munson's idea—and they trampled that down. They pushed against the fence so it began to sag in some places. They sang and screamed and waved their signs like monkeys let loose from the zoo. We stood it the first time; had to—the town wasn't really prepared. That night somebody, one of the drunk ones I guess, threw a brick into our big front window. You can bet Len and I were in Clemson Todd's office first thing next morning. He looked green. He never bargained for this kind of trouble when he put up his name for mayor. I'll always remember him as a big-ass kid in high school, scared of the teacher. And we scared him some that morning ourselves.


But even with twice the number of police in riot helmets and squad cars around, tear gas and dogs when things got ugly, they still raised hell the whole month long. I don't know why the worst of it had to happen right outside our windows. One day a tear-gas bomb in our front yard and the next day blood all over our front steps where the police got one of them. That's when I bought a shotgun for the office, hired Nash Pettigrew for night watchman and gave Clemson holy hell about getting them off our street.

After he brought in the fire trucks with the hoses and the town got a real riot squad organized, things got a sight better and the demonstrations tapered off. Better, but not permanent-better. On the outside things were quiet, but I began to have the feeling that sleep at night would never quite be the same thing again. Lots of folks at the club said that it was just the outside agitators—and if we got shed of them, things would go back to normal. But I knew different. It appeared to me like we were living in the middle of a huge dry forest, dry as tinder. You could stop some people who started fires, but then there would be lots of fires that sprang up here and there just of themselves. What was needed was a big thing, like a real seven-day torrent, to give us some peace again.

• • •

Well, that particular morning Len and I spent in my office going over some cases due to come up on the next docket. I don't recall a thing else. Len left a little before noon because he had to see a man about buying a piece of land out on the Gainesville Road. A little later, I sent Peggy Munson out for some roast-beef sandwiches and a bottle of beer. Sometimes I just like to have a quiet lunch

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alone in my office and play the radio some, restaurants in this town being what they are. I got settled down. The girls went away to lunch and the place was quiet. There was some kind of show-tune music on the radio. And right up to that point it had been a common kind of morning without anybody, least of all me, suspecting any different. Suddenly the music broke off and, great God, it began to happen.

I don't remember anything except sitting there listening, awe-struck, for maybe the better part of an hour. Then I snapped the radio off and just sat there in that new kind of silence, not thinking any particular thoughts but carried off in that kind of wonderful trance.

What brought me out of it finally was a kind of tapping at my door. I said, "Come in," and it was Peggy Munson, not saying a thing, just standing there. She looked like somebody had hit her on the skull with a baseball bat. I could tell there was something awful wrong with her.

"Good Lord, Peggy," I said. "What's the matter?" Her hands hung down and her eyes kept staring at me with a kind of concussed look. I got up and started over toward her.

She started to speak in a queer voice. It was something like, "Did you . . . no . . . what . . ." Then she said, "I feel sick, Mr. Huber. I'm going home."

I said, "Lie down, Peggy. Let me call Doc Thurman. Or maybe I'd better run you over to the hospital right away."

"No, no!" she said. "I'll be all right. Just let me go home. Mary's taking me in her car." And she almost ran out to the sidewalk, where Mary was waiting with the motor running.

So that's it, I thought—could it be? Nice girl like Peggy, from a good family. After the other, it was almost too much to take in. The phone was ringing and I went back into my office.

It was Louise, and she sounded almost hysterical, even more than she usually does on the telephone. "Have you heard the news?" she said. "Praise God, isn't it just the most exciting thing?" I managed to get in the fact that I had heard it.

"I was having lunch at Lois Graves'—five of us girls—and you should've seen the faces around the table. Kind of scary to begin with, but when it began to percolate through what this meant, you never saw five happier souls in your life. Babbling and hugging each other like crazy. And listen, Charlie Ray."

"I'm still listening."

"I came right home and I've been on the phone ever since. I got a report from June Sugden, who happened to be over at the school. She said it was just *impressive* how they all reacted. They understood right away. They *know*. The whole

seventh grade stood up, just as solemn and happy as can be, and you know what they did? They sang, *My Country 'Tis of Thee* first and they cheered afterward. Buddy right there in the front row. Seventh graders and they realized right off what a lot of older folks are still too dumb to realize. You know what, Charlie Ray, it gives me hope. Just after everything was looking so bad. It's God's way of telling us. Oh, don't be so tongue-tied. Don't you think it's a marvel? You come home right away and we'll go over to the club for drinks. I just *have* to hear what people are saying."

Len came in as I was hanging up. He didn't say anything, but, with the big smile on his face, he didn't have to. We shook hands silently. Then he said, "I'll see you at the club. All of us are going over—a kind of victory celebration, you might say."

The streets were pretty well deserted, and I wheeled the big Cadillac right through town at a good clip and out to the highway. No cop would be mean enough to give me a ticket at a time like this.

When I got to our lane, I slowed down—you never can tell about dogs or kids there. I came up past the Weiners' place going about 20 and I saw Doc Weiner out digging in his garden—it crossed my mind to stop and ask him if he'd heard the news.

They are our nearest neighbors, but we've made it a point not to have much to do with them, of course. As neighbors, we've never had anything to complain about—they keep to their side of the grove and we keep to ours. As Louise points out, they *are* rich Yankee Jews and, you know, give them an inch. . . . But I had a sudden curiosity to speak to Weiner and so I slowed up and stopped.

Then I noticed something mighty funny about what he was doing. He was digging furiously in one spot, spading out big chunks of dirt like he had to have a foxhole in the next five minutes. He wasn't very used to digging, but he sure was putting his heart into this one.

I opened the car door, started to get out, and called to him, "Hey, Doc, did you hear the news?"

At that he looked up, and I think he noticed me for the first time. I couldn't believe my eyes. The man was crying. He turned away quickly without so much as a word, and walked stiff-legged back toward his house.

Well, Frau Weiner, whatever her name is, doesn't look like an easy one to get along with. That was my first thought. Then I remembered that they had a boy in the Army, and I wondered if something had happened to him. Unlikely—they don't see much action in the Quartermaster Corps, where this kid undoubtedly was. Anyway, why worry, it

could be anything. They are an emotional race. I climbed back in the car and went on home.

. . .

The scene at the club was like New Year's Eve. I don't think the bar had done so much business since the day Repeal came in. Everybody was sitting around talking a mile a minute, laughing, slapping each other on the back. I grabbed a waiter first thing, literally grabbed him by the arms and hauled him over to a table where the Simms, Pete and Martha McIntyre and the Whitlows were sitting. They had just come and hadn't been served yet.

"Listen, you bring us four of the biggest, coldest bottles of champagne you can find," I said to the waiter. We sat down and everybody began to babble at once. It was like they all couldn't quite believe it. They knew it was good, but they didn't know quite how good or quite what to make of it. It was like one of those things you have to get drunk over before you can begin to make sense of it. And it seemed to me that we'd all got a little drunk right when we were first hit.

The champagne came. I picked up a bottle and when I popped the cork, there were loud mock screams and wild laughs from all over the room—then hand clapping.

We all had a glass, but the men soon turned to bourbon and branch. We were all old friends, lived alike and thought alike, but now we seemed to have an even closer bond than ever before. It was turning into one of the warmest, most heartfelt thanksgiving parties I've ever had the good fortune to witness.

I think we were all on the way to being stoned before they began to serve dinner. Louise sang *Happy Days Are Here Again* and her hair came down over her face. Pete did an imitation that everybody hugely enjoyed.

Just as we were getting up, I mean staggering up, to leave the bar and go in to the dining room, Len came back from the lounge where he'd been checking the TV program.

He pulled me aside and said, "Listen, Charlie. The news isn't so good."

I said something like, "Waddya mean, no good? Don't poop the party."

"I'm serious," he said. "They caught the guy."

"In a barn near Bowling Green," I said.

"No, I'm not kidding. They caught the guy and *he wasn't one of ours*."

"What was he, then?"

"The guy who fired the shots was a Commie. It was on TV. Don't you see how that changes everything, Charlie? Don't you see, goddamn it?"

It kind of spoiled that day for me.







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## THE NEW THING (continued from page 126)

and then goes to live in a neighborhood populated by other men with beards. If the music is truly "free," why do the majority of saxophone players use the same harsh sound? Why do so many of the drummers sound so much like Sunny Murray, exploding and surging, unoriginal and too loud?

Many free players confine themselves to one dynamic—crescendo. Starting forte, they increase to infinite-forte and stay there, spewing noises without musicality or taste. The philosophy: "Nothing must come between the heart and the sound, not even music. The world is very different now and we must create music that is just as radical. No inhibitions. Technique and analysis can hang you up. The human race is in trouble because of throttled emotions, a failure of positive energy. We must change, change at any cost. We must throw over what came before, just because it came before."

Energy and emotional purity are sacred—dogma. But it would be wrong to generalize that all the new jazz is unbridled, untutored energy. Don Cherry's trumpet is sweetly lyrical; Marion Brown sings like the coloratura with whom he identifies. Sun Ra and the ten members of his Solar Arkestra improvise collectively on instruments such as spiral cymbals, bells, wood blocks, bass marimba and electric celesta—quiet, almost religious music. Ornette Coleman remains a tasteful master of jazz abstraction.

Bob Pozar is a young drummer who plays with Bill Dixon, a trumpeter/composer who was doing the New Thing before it was named. Bob is 25 and, like some others living with the music, is conscious of its problems and lucid in talking about them. "Jazz is an audibly handed-down folk music. You can learn only by listening, not from a textbook. You mimic it, and that's the reason

so many players sound alike. There are some players who never get past the mimicking stage. This music is now going through a period similar to the time when a flood of imitators followed right after Bird and Dizzy. Nobody can tell what's wrong or right now, though, because there are no criteria. Sooner or later, someone will come along and set them up. Either these criteria will be a tribute to bebop, like bebop was to swing—making it beautiful—or else they will be a destructive, maybe the end of jazz. There's a lot of pure destruction in it now. We are hearing more bullshit than anything else, but there are guys who, like Bill Dixon, are trying to use everything good in the roots—classical music, folk music, jazz—trying to make a free music within barriers."

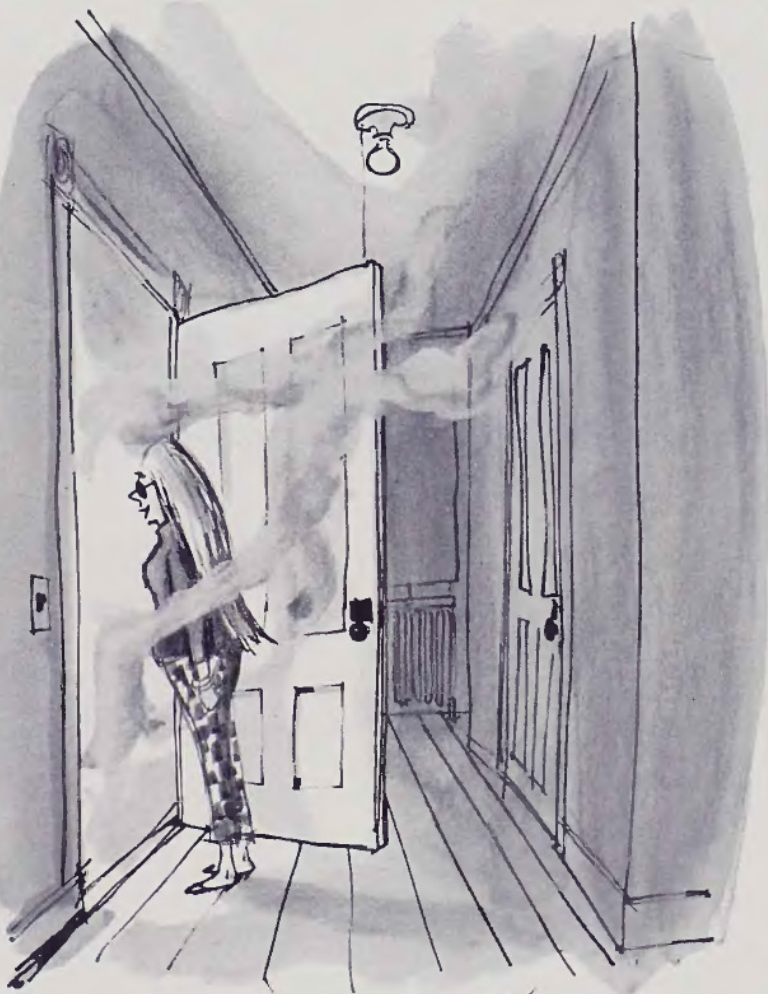
Abstract jazz is actually much like Dixieland, to the extent that it is largely collective improvisation—a dialog. Swing and bebop were a string of speeches. You are on your own playing the New Thing. You must reach down into yourself and play your own song. The song will change to fit your mood or that of the people with whom you are playing. But it is always your own metabolic melody. You are the songwriter—George Gershwin is no longer available to lean on.

Tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler's song makes me forget that there are still trees in Vermont and clean air over the Atlantic Ocean. He is the artistic reflection of the worst part of my life. Fire engines; jammed sidewalks; three packs a day; rivet guns outside my bedroom window; roaring, crowded subways; everybody running, making it—desperate and scared. The anger and frustration of speed-up. However, his total involvement is clear to see and frightening in its intensity. He makes love to his tenor saxophone, holding it high in the air, moving his lips lasciviously around the mouthpiece, producing spirited squeals like the two-backed animal in heat.

Albert Ayler is a major hero of the new music. People speak of him reverently. But he is poverty-stricken in the world and lives largely by the generosity of friends and admirers.

Dave Brubeck has heard Ayler and says: "I think time will tell us who is best in this music. One frightening thing is that people who hold to the avant-garde will drop Ayler as soon as he's accepted. Some people require only that something be new—it makes no difference to them whether it's good or bad. As soon as he gets accepted, the first clique that supported him will leave. His image will change. The very thing considered radical will someday no longer be radical. I wonder if he will then choose to be accepted or radical. How people handle success is the key to their survival.

"A lot of the new players seem to



*Tom Riddle*

*"I think it's heart-warming to see a father and son smoking pot together."*





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think that the world owes them something—instant acceptance, for example. They don't realize that you have to create your own breaks. Nobody will do it for you. When we were first getting started in San Francisco, we played at any school that would have us—free. We'd get up early in the morning, bleary-eyed after working late the night before in a club. We felt it was important to create our own audience for the future.

"Nobody ever gets anything for nothing in jazz. I couldn't get a record company to record me, so I formed my own label, Fantasy. My wife and I hardly ate in a restaurant for three years because all our money went into it. The younger guys today don't seem to know how to keep jazz going, economically speaking. It's necessary to subsidize jazz with an occasional hit. People should be more aware of how to survive.

"Did you hear the beautiful New Orleans march Archie Shepp played as the audience left after his concert at Newport last year? I think he should have played that first. It would have brought more people to his side—they would have listened to his music with more sympathy. You've got to say hello the right way, at the right time. You've got to put your best foot forward, sense the audience. The new players will have to learn to do this or their music will not survive, will not communicate to the very intelligent audience of today."

Guitarist Charlie Byrd thinks, like Brubeck, that the new jazz has something of value. He says, "I'm no champion of the so-called New Thing. But I like what they say they are trying to do very much. I'd like to be in on that myself. The idea of breaking down the rhythmic and harmonic barriers is very appealing to me."

However, not all of the mainstreamers agree.

Pianist and disc jockey Billy Taylor: "During the Fifties, I was house pianist at Birdland for over two years. I played with everybody. There were some guys who could play and some who couldn't. These days, anything is considered valuable, regardless of content or musicality, and this bugs me. It particularly bothers me how little some of the avant-garde guys know about music. Actually, though, I liked Ornette's earliest work. To me, that was his most interesting period."

Trumpeter Art Farmer: "There is a 'no' inside me about the New Thing. There are no criteria for judgment. The supporters seem to accept everybody, and that's no good."

Byrd Lancaster is in his early 20s. He plays abstract jazz on alto saxophone, flute and bass clarinet. He believes in his music but also in the necessity for a knowledge of roots, in the importance of

an understanding of the responsibilities of freedom. "I like to play for students. My band gives concerts at schools for nothing, every chance we get. The best part of these concerts is the discussion period we always try to have afterward. We want to explain our music to kids who like rock 'n' roll or classical music. We want to play for them and communicate with them."

On his neatly typed, mimeographed résumé, Lancaster explains how he feels about his music: "I believe that the new music is about the incorporation of all sounds; the expansion of the senses. Jazz was limiting, but now we may go forth. Ask yourself, Whose vibrations am I in tune with? Which wave lengths do I prefer? Who stimulated me? When, how and why? There has always been something new and there always will be something developing. Avant-garde must mean just an addition of new material to what has already been established."

Byrd Lancaster conforms to no cliché of a jazz musician. He doesn't use the vernacular, he gets up early each morning, he isn't a junkie. His life style is part of a general and conscious effort on the part of younger jazz musicians to change their image. Jazz is no longer drinking music, at home only in saloons, at wild parties or in brothels. It is contemporary chamber music, more appropriate to a concert hall. So they think. And they want to establish a new tradition.

Jazz has little history, no long tradition like painting or classical music. Although the jazz musician is royally starving in the grand old tradition of the starving artist, starving for his integrity, this sacrifice is not even recognized by the establishment. Rockefeller subsidizes poor painters. After all, didn't the Medicis? It's hip for a wealthy family to do that in this country; they figure they might go down in history as the patron of a future Michelangelo. But no Medici or Rockefeller ever was a patron to a jazz musician. Besides, everybody knows that jazz is only a branch of popular music. Right? It doesn't need financial assistance, because. . . . Well, those guys could have a big hit and really score at any time. Right?

Wrong!

George Russell, for instance, who pioneered the use of modes in jazz during the Fifties, has never had a hit. A mode is a form of scale that dominated European music for 1100 years (approximately 400 A.D. to 1500), strongly influenced composers for another 100 years and has since reappeared from time to time in the work of composers, especially in the 20th Century. The style of Miles Davis' present group, and of his recordings over the past five years, is a good example of modal jazz. George Russell lives in Sweden—he could not make a

decent living in America. His experiences with the establishment are enlightening. "In 1953, I applied for a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation for the purpose of doing further research in the new theoretical areas opened by 'The Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization.' After a period of some months, the copies of the books that I had submitted were returned to me with a letter stating that my request had been denied, but giving no reason for the rejection.

"I think it is generally known now that boards that appraise the merit of a request for a fellowship in music are classically oriented and take a dim view of the cultural value of any contribution coming from jazz. The attitude of the Foundation does not even permit jazz to be considered a part of the field of music that it recognizes.

"At present, I am working on book two of 'The Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization,' which deals with compositional principles and will contain examples from Bach, Webern, Wagner, Stockhausen and others. I suppose that, in my case, the authorities who judge applications for the Guggenheim Foundation didn't wish to accept the fact that a discovery of the knowledge that links traditional tonality to modern chromaticism had come to light through jazz, after being overlooked by theorists of 'serious' music for 300 years." This lack of official and public support has turned many bitter.

Archie Shepp is sitting by an open window in his loft on the Bowery. The sound of the garbage trucks floats through. "I'd like to see the people playing the new jazz make the kind of money commensurate with their art. If America is not going to give it to us, we'll have to fight for it."

Pavel, seven years old, is one of Archie's three children. He has a sweet smile and wears a round button saying, MEMBER—HEALTHY TEETH CLUB. He walks with his mother, who is wheeling a baby carriage past the bums hanging out near their door.

Inside, Archie speaks quietly. He is sitting beside a bookcase containing such volumes as *The Selected Works of Mao Tse-Tung* (four volumes), *The Complete Works of Montaigne*, *Naked Lunch*, Bertrand Russell's *Mysticism and Logic*, and Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. Records by J. J. Johnson, Art Tatum, Sonny Rollins, Sunny Murray, Archie Shepp and others from every school are piled up outside their jackets, appearing well used.

"My life view is fundamentally optimistic. It's got to be or I might as well give up. I've put a lot of my life into jazz music. These days I am making a living from my music, although it's pretty marginal. My contract with ABC Paramount, which allows me to make two





*"I never would have guessed you were from an underdeveloped country, Miss Duval."*



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records a year under my own name, has permitted me to survive. But I rarely work clubs anymore. Jazz music isn't right in clubs now—the form has become too sophisticated. I like the intimacy of clubs, though, and I wish there were some way to combine that with the more formal qualities of a concert hall—cabaret theater, maybe. Jazz has lent other art forms its informality, the idea of the audience relaxing while it goes through a cathartic experience. That should be maintained to some degree.

"But attitudes are going to have to change. The one thing you must exclude is that this music is unsalable. It's possible to sell anything in this country. In this area of music, though, there is a lack of money spent on promotion. That's the only way to succeed at these things—we know that. But jazz musicians are involved with the very lowest, the most inarticulate, the least intelligent people on the entrepreneurial level. They know or care nothing about the thing they work with. They are concerned, most of them, purely with the commercial and financial standpoint, unlike in the theater or in painting, where you do have some knowledgeable people. At least they care about what they're investing in. You'd be hard pressed to find a man risking his money with classical music who didn't know something about it, didn't care something about it."

So, abstraction isn't welcome in jazz clubs. The customer either becomes totally absorbed with the music or runs away from it in terror of its undisciplined strength. Either way, he doesn't drink. The concert hall is a more appropriate place. However, even long-established symphony orchestras and classical chamber ensembles find it impossible to survive without subsidies or endowments. Despite the fact that he's involved in the only native American art, only one jazz musician—Ornette Coleman—has ever been given even a token grant to help him perform his music here. The Ford Foundation disgorges millions into the coffers of symphony orchestras so that they may continue to bring the public European music in a tradition that, as Henry Pleasants says in his book *The Agony of Modern Music*, is now "a dead art." The State Department exports jazz as a highly productive sales aid in a campaign to sell the world our way of life. At home, however, the jazz musician is neglected, unwanted and hungry.

The New Thing is not here by accident or in passing. It reflects all too well the moral infections polluting the American fiber. It reflects also our healthy energy. It reflects the confusion and uncertainty of our times. It is both our strength and our weakness. Whatever its faults, it is honest—and it is our own. We should encourage it.





## HOT AND SPIRITED

(continued from page 100)

Heat Southern Comfort, coffee liqueur and bitters until hot but not boiling. Pour into 10-oz. mug. Pour boiling water into a second mug. Set mug with liquors ablaze. Pour into mug with boiling water and then at once pour liquids back and forth between 2 mugs until the blazing stream subsides. Divide mixture between the 2 mugs. Twist a piece of lemon peel and a piece of orange peel above each drink and drop into mug.

### RUM AND RHINE PUNCH BOWL (24 punch cups)

- 4 lemons
- 3 bottles Rhine wine
- 1 fifth golden rum
- 3 cups orange juice
- 4 ozs. orgeat or orzata (almond syrup)
- 4 ozs. maraschino liqueur
- 6 slices orange, each cut in half
- 8 ozs. 151-proof rum

Cut fresh lemons in half and squeeze to make  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups lemon juice. Put the 8 empty lemon shells (halves) into boiling water and boil 2 minutes. Remove shells from water. As soon as they are cool enough to handle, press shells gently from end to force the peel inside out, making 8 cups. Handle gently and do not crack peel. Set aside. In a large pot or saucepan holding at least 5 quarts, heat wine, golden rum, orange juice, lemon juice, orgeat and maraschino liqueur until hot but not boiling. Heating may be done in two batches if necessary. Pour into silver or pottery punch bowl. Add orange slices. Float lemon cups on punch. Fill each lemon cup with 1 oz. 151-proof rum. Set ablaze. When flames subside, stir to mix contents of lemon cups with other liquids. Pour into punch cups.

### BLACKBERRY DEMITASSE (Serves four)

- 4 ozs. blackberry liqueur or blackberry-flavored brandy
- 4 tablespoons blackberry jelly
- 2 ozs. cognac
- 2 ozs. water
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 thin slice lemon cut into 4 segments

Heat blackberry liqueur, jelly, cognac, water and lemon juice until hot but not boiling. Stir well until jelly is completely dissolved. Pour into 4 demitasse cups. Add a lemon segment to each cup.

### LIME DEMITASSE (Serves four)

- 4 ozs. lime liqueur (Cayo Verde)
- 2 ozs. light rum
- 2 ozs. pineapple juice
- 2 teaspoons fresh lime juice
- 2 ozs. water
- 4 pieces lime peel

Heat lime liqueur, rum, pineapple

juice, lime juice and water until hot but not boiling. Pour into 4 demitasse cups. Twist a piece of lime peel above each drink and drop into cup.

### APRICOT TOM AND JERRY (Serves four)

- 4 eggs, separated
- Salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground allspice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 4 ozs. apricot-flavored brandy
- 4 ozs. blended whiskey
- 4 ozs. milk
- 4 ozs. heavy cream
- Freshly grated nutmeg

Beat egg yolks until light. Add a pinch of salt, allspice, cinnamon and sugar, blending well. Beat egg whites in a separate bowl until stiff. Slowly fold yolks into whites. Divide egg mixture among 4 10-oz. mugs, sometimes called tom and jerry mugs. Heat brandy, whiskey, milk

and cream until bubbles appear around edge of saucepan. Do not boil. Pour into mugs slowly, stirring as liquid mixture is added. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

### CRÈME DE CACAO NIGHTCAP (Serves four)

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup heavy sweet cream
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon crème de cacao
- 10 ozs. milk
- 4 ozs. crème de cacao
- 3 ozs. California brandy
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- Cocoa

Beat cream in small narrow bowl until stiff. Stir 2 teaspoons sugar and 1 tablespoon crème de cacao into whipped cream. Store in refrigerator until needed. Heat milk, 4 ozs. crème de cacao, brandy and 3 tablespoons sugar until hot but not boiling. Pour hot mixture into 4 footed whiskey sour glasses or small goblets. Spoon whipped cream on top. Put a small quantity of cocoa into a small fine



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wire strainer. Shake strainer above each drink, sprinkling lightly with cocoa. Place each glass on saucer for serving.

### BUTTERED BOURBON AND GINGER (Serves four)

6 ozs. bourbon  
4 ozs. ginger-flavored brandy  
4 teaspoons sweet butter  
4 cinnamon sticks  
24 ozs. apple juice  
Freshly grated nutmeg

Into each of 4 10-oz. mugs or silver tankards, pour 1½ ozs. bourbon and 1 oz. brandy. Add a teaspoon sweet butter and 1 cinnamon stick to each mug. Heat apple juice to boiling point but do not boil. Divide hot apple juice among 4 mugs. Stir until butter dissolves. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

### DANISH TODDY (Serves four)

8 ozs. cherry heering or domestic cherry karise  
4 ozs. aquavit  
2 ozs. kummel  
20 ozs. (2½ cups) cranberry juice  
8 whole cloves  
8 whole allspice  
4 cinnamon sticks  
4 slices orange

Divide cloves, allspice, cinnamon sticks and orange slices among 4 10-oz. mugs. Heat cherry heering, aquavit, kummel and cranberry juice until hot but not boiling. Pour into mugs.

### CAFÉ DIABLE (Eight demitasse cups)

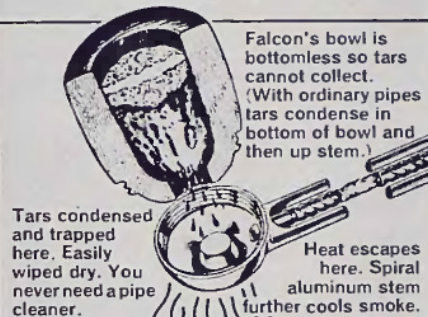
5 ozs. cognac  
3 ozs. Grand Marnier  
2 ozs. sambuca (anise-flavored Italian liqueur)  
2½ cups extra-strong fresh black coffee  
2 cinnamon sticks, broken in half  
8 whole allspice  
4 whole cardamom seeds (removed from shell)  
Grated rind of ½ orange  
2 tablespoons sugar

In a deep chafing dish or *café brûlot* set, stirring constantly, simmer ½ cup coffee, cinnamon sticks, allspice, cardamom seeds and orange rind 2 or 3 minutes to release spice flavors. Add cognac, Grand Marnier and sambuca. When liquors are hot, set ablaze. Stir with a long-handled ladle or spoon until flames subside. Add balance of coffee, and sugar. When *café diable* is hot, ladle or spoon it into demitasse cups. *Café diable* is a delightful post-prandial drink that is best rehearsed before its first presentation. Once learned, it's an amiably engaging routine.

Any of the preceding spirited concoctions will ignite a *gemütlich* glow in your guests. So heat, drink and be merry.



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# PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS

impoverished by the urgent and infantile drive toward orgasm that is so prevalent in Western societies.

However, the orgasm, too, is "psychedelic"—that is, magnified or intensified. Time distortion can greatly prolong it, and there is an awareness of the whole process from beginning to end, in far greater detail. Men very often report sensations of gathering tension, concentration of energy and then an extremely acute awareness of the spasmodic propulsion of the ejaculate, which is plainly and very pleasurable felt as it travels along the urethra and is ejected into the vagina of the partner. At the same time, there is a greatly intensified awareness of the genital organs of the partner: their texture, temperature and movement. Some women for the first time become keenly aware of the pulsations of the male organ as climax begins—and of the ejaculate as they receive it.

Orgasm is often experienced on two levels. It is the most intensely erotic aspect of the act, as consciousness seems totally absorbed in the orgasmic sensations. And yet there seems also to be another consciousness, which does not dilute but rather reinforces the genital consciousness. This is the sense of attaining the beautiful climax of a beautiful experience.

Remarkably, in view of the richness of the experience, throughout these unions there is an undiminished and sometimes greatly intensified awareness of the partner. One does not lapse into a selfish and exclusive preoccupation with the components of ecstasy.

In almost 25 percent of the sexual acts I recorded, one or both partners did not reach orgasm. This was nothing new for most of the women; but for some of the men, it was a novel experience. Typically, however, the absence of orgasm was not a disappointment. The act itself was so fulfilling that the attitude was: Who cares whether there was an orgasm? This, too, can be a valuable experience for those women who seldom climax in their ordinary lovemaking. It teaches them that even without orgasm, sex can provide remarkable fulfillment.

Under the influence of psychedelics, the anorgasmic woman can experience great joy in intercourse and derive gratification from conferring just as much joy on her partner. If this lesson were learned and applied to all intercourse, many people—both male and female—would be better off for it. It is worth noting that at least some have learned it through psychedelic experimentation.

The foregoing description was of a maximal drug-state sexual experience. Slightly more than half of my heterosexual subjects reported extraordinary unions resembling or approaching this

(continued from page 148)

at least once. The frequency probably would have been lower with younger or with less intelligent individuals, because richness of personality is a key factor in determining the richness of the psychedelic experience. An earned capacity for appreciating the complex and profound must already exist.

My intention here is not to promote the haphazard and now illegal use of psychedelic drugs—with or without sexual intercourse. But it is only realistic to admit that many thousands of people are taking psychochemicals without screening or adequate guidance. Of these, a good many are also experimenting with sex. It seems best that they be informed about possibilities beyond "kicks" and trivia, so that they can explore the many valuable aspects of an experience that might otherwise be wasted.

My research indicates that homosexuals in psychedelic states enjoy profound, ecstatic sexual experiences with less frequency—and less intensity—than their heterosexual counterparts. Female homo-

sexuals seem more likely to have profound sexual experiences than male homosexuals. The very practical matter of the positioning of the bodies appears to provide a partial explanation. The ecstatic experience seems more likely to occur when one faces the partner while the act is being performed. Social attitudes toward homosexuality, as well as the homosexual's typical guilt and low self-esteem, may also be deterrents. In the drug state, homosexual acts are usually specifically erotic and less invested with other positive meaning. However, the physical pleasure of genital, oral and anal sensations is enhanced, just as with heterosexuals.

Claims that LSD-state sexual intercourse can "cure" homosexuality and frigidity may lead to enormous disappointment—and possibly serious harm—to psychosexually disturbed people, who have enough problems already. Under the influence of psychedelics, a failure to function as promised might cause a powerful reinforcement of existing disorders, making any cure more difficult.

Nor is it invariably, or even frequently,



*"I can't even fool some of the people some of the time . . . !"*





*"Hand over all your barbiturates and narcotics—and anything you got for a stubborn case of dandruff."*

true that, in the words of Timothy Leary, a "neurological and cellular fidelity" develops between two persons who have had sexual relations during an LSD experience. The notion is poetic but inaccurate. Even the most beautiful drug-state sexual unions do not always guarantee change in a previous relationship. Leary's devotees sometimes tell me, with what sometimes seems more hope than conviction, that Leary speaks a "private language," the better to convey his ineffable truths. However, the fact is that he is taken literally by a great many people. He has said, for instance, that "in a carefully prepared, loving LSD session, a woman will inevitably have several hundred orgasms." I have yet to hear from anyone else a single instance remotely approximating this; and I feel rather confident that if it had been happening with any frequency, the world would not have had to wait for Leary to announce it.

While LSD can hardly be considered a panacea for sexual disorders, it does hold promise of becoming an extremely valuable tool in treating these and many other problems. And it will become even more valuable when therapists stop regarding it as just an adjunct to their old procedures and develop psychedelic therapies permitting them to make full

use of the great wealth of phenomena available.

Scientific literature on psychedelics includes hundreds of reports of successful treatment, even with the old procedures, for such disturbances as homosexuality, frigidity, impotence, fetishism and even transvestism, one of the most difficult to treat of all sexual deviations. Good progress in these areas has been made in England, and it is certainly unfortunate that psychotherapists in this country are legally unable to work extensively with psychedelics.

Some homosexuals, for instance, as part of their low self-esteem, have a distorted body image. They think they are ugly or deformed when they are not, and may believe that they have an abnormally small penis—when they actually have a normal one. In LSD sessions I recorded, the body image of homosexuals sometimes became normalized, heightening self-esteem and producing definite trends toward heterosexualization. Here, homosexuality seemed based mainly on values—not on some long-past traumatic experience. In any case, heterosexualization could occur without any trauma being dealt with. However, when there was no subsequent therapy, the subjects' homosexuality returned within a few months after their LSD sessions were over.

Some men with potency problems decided in their LSD sessions that their

sexual organs were not too small and afterward their potency improved, sometimes permanently. A frigid woman discovered that an "inner voice" had been calling her a "fake" and an "unworthy person." The voice ordinarily talked to her "on some level below consciousness"; but in her LSD session, she heard it clearly and she was able to refute it just as clearly. After freeing herself from this voice, she felt she no longer had to punish herself by denying herself sexual pleasure. Her frigidity soon was overcome—and had not reappeared almost four years later.

The therapeutic value of LSD is by no means limited to sexual disorders. Alcoholics intractable to all previous therapies have quit drinking or become much improved after treatment with psychedelics. Cure and improvement rates range anywhere from 25 to 75 percent, and some of the studies have been very well controlled. In other areas, previously withdrawn, schizophrenic children improved when psychedelics were administered. Given the questionable value of some approved psychotherapies, it is a wonder that public outcry has not demanded increased use of psychedelics in the areas where their promise seems so great.

Possibly such a demand is now discouraged by recent evidence linking the use of LSD to chromosomal abnormalities. This charge must be considered in proper perspective. The fact is that no one, at the present time, can say how important any LSD-caused chromosomal damage may be. We do know that rather similar chromosomal changes are produced by many products now widely used—caffeine (in coffee and cola drinks), alcohol, antibiotics and a wide range of drugs about which no such furor has been raised. Live measles vaccine, in particular, quickly produces chromosomal breaks. We know, too, that LSD has now been in use for a quarter of a century, apparently without causing cancer or deformed infants—the two main specters with which chromosomal damage of this kind seems to confront us. Moreover, the U.S. Government continues to sponsor a few LSD therapy projects, so Government scientists must not feel the risks are too great. The sensible position must be to weigh LSD's value against possible, but not demonstrated, dangers. The evidence is sufficient to warrant withholding LSD from pregnant females.

This may also be the place to mention briefly a new psychedelic substance, STP. STP is yet more potent than LSD, producing effects that may continue for days. It also produces far more bad trips and more frequent aftereffects. The chemical analysis of STP indicates similarities to mescaline and the amphetamines, but a more refined analysis is needed.

Cases brought to my attention include





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aftereffects such as partial amnesia, frightening perceptual changes and recurring states of panic. One man, for example, weeks later, felt his head alternately growing to the size of a watermelon and shrinking to the dimensions of a pea. It is too soon to say whether these sensations will be permanent. No one I have talked with appears to have had sexual intercourse under STP. For those persons, at least, the experience was much too overwhelming. Neither does it seem likely at this point that STP will have much value for research or therapy. Pending further information, the best advice is to leave the drug alone.

With STP, we may be witnessing the unhappy result of too many unscientific medical pronouncements combined with too many scare stories about psychedelic drugs. A number of physicians have greatly exaggerated the dangers of the old psychedelics—and even of marijuana. Now, with a drug that seems to be much more dangerous, these “scientists” have

forged a credibility gap that prevents many people—especially those in the psychedelic underground—from taking their claims seriously. Warnings about STP from physicians have been much less effective than those voiced by the underground press. The medical profession should consider this lesson and perhaps profit by it. More psychedelics will be created and some will almost certainly be very dangerous. Disaster could ensue unless scientists manage to regain the confidence of the public.

In the case of LSD and the “milder” psychedelics, the chances of unfortunate results can be reduced by following a few basic precautions. Since psychedelic experience can magnify tendencies in oneself, in others and in the surroundings, psychedelics should not be taken in an environment that will threaten or displease. When this precaution is ignored, there can be bad trips—whether or not intercourse is a part of the experience.

Sexologists always urge a pleasant setting for intercourse—as well as a partner

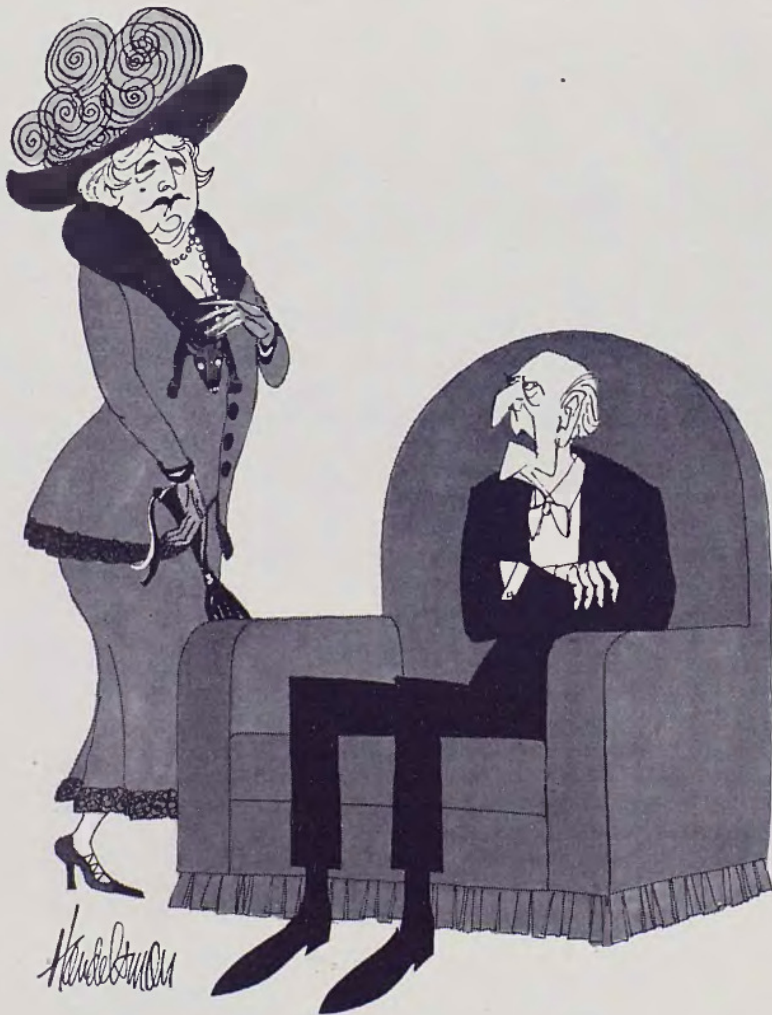
one respects and relates to positively. This becomes even more important when the couple has taken psychedelics. With LSD, a drab, dirty room that might ordinarily be ignored can become a filthy, sordid pesthole, and this perception of the room can saturate the total experience. Similarly, sex with a person about whom one has negative feelings can become, with LSD, an experience of extreme revulsion—with guilt, depression or anxiety as a result. In two cases I know of, males took LSD, picked up prostitutes and had very bad trips. Both men, of course, had basically negative feelings about prostitutes and these emerged in a much heightened form during the sexual act.

Both men were initially aroused, but soon began to feel degraded and then powerfully repelled by the situation. One felt that the woman's body was coated with “a dirty, poisonous substance” that rubbed off on his own body and infected him. He managed to get her out of the room, was near panic for a long while and, after the effects of the LSD had worn off, he went into a depression that lasted for some days. In fact, his perception may not have been completely imaginative, since he contracted gonorrhea as a result of this contact. In the other case, the male found the girl becoming more and more ugly as he looked at her. Then the room became similarly ugly. He became nauseous, then was overwhelmed by feelings of guilt about his “prejudice.” That the man was white and Jewish and the woman Negro made the situation especially complicated and charged with emotion.

With LSD, some people may become aware of what they feel are opposite-sex components of their personality. This they interpret as evidence that they are homosexual. Some males with effeminate tendencies, who strongly suppress their effeminacy, have felt they were undergoing a physical sex change. Their bodies seemed to have female breasts and *genitalia*. Understandably, this kind of experience, too, can lead to anxiety and depression. And afterward, the person may believe that his “true personality” was revealed.

One should never regard drug-state experiences as necessarily more revealing than other types of experience. With LSD-type drugs, what might be a passing and easily dismissed idea can become a prolonged and vivid mental event. But this doesn't mean that it necessarily has greater validity than the passing idea would have had ordinarily. Such phenomena are best regarded as drug-state curiosities that will not affect the normal personality and behavior.

When negative perceptions or emotions occur, and if they last long enough to be distressing, it is best not to analyze them. Try to get interested in something



*“So where do you spend your afternoons, eh, Julia? It has just come to my attention that women got the vote fifty years ago.”*



else. Psychedelic veterans have learned to do this. Similarly, it's often easy to divert the partner, should his or her distress become obvious. This might be done with an especially interesting or amusing remark or by telling the other person how much pleasure he or she is giving. If, as ought to be the case, the two people are lovers or good friends, then it is likely that they will know how to help each other, should the need arise. For this reason, too, psychedelic experience is not a desirable arena for casual sex between comparative strangers.

Spontaneous changes in visual perception may also provide very pleasant experiences. One man, for example, related that his girlfriend changed as he held her in his arms, first to Helen of Troy, then to Cleopatra, then in successive metamorphoses to yet other women, so that he quickly "made love to all the famous beauties of history." After a while, the girl resumed her own appearance, although her beauty was greatly heightened, and he "thought her no less lovely than any of the others and appreciated very much her part in providing such a great experience."

There are a host of similar erotic phenomena that sometimes occur in the psychedelic state. These might seem trivial and self-indulgent compared with the transcendence of the ecstatic union, but they are interesting, nonetheless. For many people, for instance, it is possible to "genitalize" almost any part of the body, by consciously transferring the response capacity from the sexual organs to some other part, such as a finger. Rubbing one's finger against a fabric can provide sensations akin to those experienced in masturbation. A couple might even genitalize the lips and mouth, so that kissing affords sensations very much like those usually experienced in mouth-genital contacts or in sexual intercourse.

One man, who had taken a large dose of LSD (about 500 micrograms), found himself unable to obtain an erection, despite much assistance from his partner. Abandoning the effort, they lay side by side. Suddenly, he became aware of his entire body as "one great, erect penis." "The world," he said, "was my vagina and I had a sense of moving in and out of it, with intense sexual sensations."

A few research subjects have reported similar erotic sensations from listening to music. One man reported "the sexualization of my entire body as I listened to Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. The music washed over every inch of my body, giving sexual sensations like those of a very intense orgasm. The pleasure became so intense as to be unendurable. I had to shut off the phonograph. I wondered at every instant if I would not have a real ejaculation." In a subsequent LSD experience, he responded to the

same recording in the same way. No other music produced the phenomenon, and he never learned why the *Pastoral* should have such an effect. With another subject, any symphonic music produced strong sexual sensations.

When males see vivid images or visions, they almost always include beautiful nudes, with Balinese dancing girls and other Orientals appearing frequently. Drug-state visions in America are shot through with this predilection for the East—in architectural and religious imagery as well as in nudes. But just as women are less interested than men in erotic art, so do they have less erotic imagery.

The aftereffects of drug-state sex can be of very great value, though often the results don't last. As an immediate aftermath of a good sexual experience under LSD, some couples report an over-all improvement in their relationship—and a specific improvement in their sex life. Frequently, a portion of the drug-state perception of the woman's greatly heightened beauty carries over, so that she continues to appear more attractive. Sometimes, with psychedelics, inhibitions fall away, allowing people to engage in sexual practices that are normal and that had been desired, but which inhibition prevented. Extensive caressing of the genitals and mouth-genital stimulation are frequent examples. Breaking through such blocks can be permanent. Especially among married couples, who had largely ceased to attract each other sexually, there can be a reactivation of old desires and emotions. Most of these beneficial aftereffects are lost in days, weeks or months, but they can be retained—or possibly reactivated by another LSD session—if they are regarded as important enough to be worth preserving.

Because ecstatic union is so rich an experience and may have very positive effects on a relationship, it is obviously desirable that it occur and be repeated. This is possible without psychedelics, but the necessary changes in consciousness occur more readily when they have first been experienced in LSD-type states. After LSD, memories and pathways in the nervous system have been strongly established and can be explored again more easily.

To take some terminology from the theologians, we have been busy for a long while "demythologizing" sexual intercourse—divesting it of a sense of sin and a necessary connection with procreation. But a totally demythologized sex can be mechanical, vapid and banal if it remains without larger significance. Ecstatic sexual experience may be the new and valuable "re-mythologizing" agent. With and without psychedelic drugs, we may be able to invest the sexual union with new beauty and meaning.



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## COST OF BEING A CONGRESSMAN

(continued from page 106)

fame in other activities—especially show business and sports. Already we have elected several such men to high office.

Some people are inclined to pass off the election of actors George Murphy (to the United States Senate) and Ronald Reagan (to the California governorship) as aberrations of a zany state that has produced both Disneyland and *Gold Diggers of 1933*. I don't think the phenomenon can be dismissed that easily. This is surely the wave of the future in an increasingly large and mobile electorate.

Other examples come to mind. Except for the Goldwater debacle, Oklahoma might well have sent football coach Bud Wilkinson to the Senate. And except for a bathroom accident, Ohio might have done the same for astronaut John Glenn. Congressman Bob Mathias of California, the great Olympic decathlon champion, won with a big majority in his first try last year. "It's not that people voted for me because I was an athlete," he told a reporter, "but what did help was that people knew my name. Look what other candidates spend just to get their names publicized. The two Olympic gold medals were the most important contributions to my campaign fund."

I don't contend that we must elect only lawyers or those with prior political experience to high office, but as long as it costs millions to get name identification, I'm afraid there will be a tendency to pass over able but lesser-known candidates who offer nothing but a capacity for effective public service. The famous names of show business and sports will get the nod.

Although neither side wants it—in any race—escalation is the order of the day. I would be happy, for example, to limit my spending in the 1968 campaign to \$10,000. I would even stay at this figure and let my challenger spend \$15,000, if I knew we were both *tightly limited* to these amounts. He might be willing, too, but it never works out that way. Things quickly get out of hand.

My advisors will call me in Washington: "You'd better adjourn and get out here. Your opponent is campaigning like crazy." They tell me he has put up 60 billboards, each averaging about \$80 to \$100 per month. They insist we get billboards, too, and \$5000 is gone. They tell me he has contracted for \$6000 worth of television time and \$3000 in radio spots. We buy TV and radio time. Taking the initiative, we run two full-page newspaper ads in Tucson (at \$1200 each) and in three smaller out-of-town dailies (about \$200 each). He answers. I learn of the opposition's direct-mail campaign to reach every voter (up to \$18,000 for a single mailing). Do we meet this? Probably—if we can. As the election nears, my opponent, sensing victory, raises the ante—

two more full-page ads and ten extra television spots. We think we're ahead, but we can't be sure. Another \$3000 down the drain.

Thus it ever goes. Few candidates can make a budget and stick to it. Each candidate's budget is made by his opponent, and by the fears of what might be coming next. In most of the 434 other Congressional districts, the story will be repeated. Candidates need money; in most cases, they don't have it. It must come from friends, relatives, supporters and the party faithful. And by virtue of this sick and dangerous system, much of it inevitably will come from special-interest groups with an ax to grind.

An ax to grind, yes—and yet I suppose I would not be giving you a complete or a fair picture if I left it at that. Even special-interest groups are a part of our American system. The Constitution guarantees the people the right to petition their Government, and this right doesn't belong only to Aunt Mary in Spokane or to the lonely pensioner in Arizona. It belongs to labor unions, the American Medical Association, the American Beekeeping Federation, the Sierra Club and thousands of other organizations composed of citizens directly affected by the taxes the Government levies, the money it spends, the laws it passes or defeats. As government grows, so do the stakes in influencing public policy; how and where the Federal Government spends more than 100 billion dollars this year can mean jobs and prosperity—or unemployment and depression—for whole communities and occupational groups.

It's the honorable lobbyist's job to influence, by legal means, the decisions of the Government. And it's a lot easier to have favorable decisions made for your group if candidates are elected who believe in your legislative program. The problem is with the candidate who—perhaps against his better judgment but out of financial pressure—wakes up on election morning in bed with one of these special-interest groups.

But back to our hypothetical campaign. Suppose you're the lucky winner. Even more luckily, you find that your campaign donations equaled your expenditures. You assume you are going to Washington with that fat \$30,000 salary and all those huge expense accounts the press likes to write about. Your money troubles—you think—are over.

This is a cruel joke. Your troubles have just begun. You're not joining the jet set—it's more like the debt set. Now, don't get me wrong. I'm proud to be in Congress in these troubled times. I knew the salary when I ran and I have managed to get by reasonably well. Most of my fellow citizens earn far less. It's kind of laughable to "poor-mouth" with a \$30,000

salary, and I'm not asking for sympathy. But I do ask for understanding.

What does it cost to be a Congressman? In the first place, you find that your \$30,000 salary doesn't go as far as you thought it would. With two homes to maintain, more clothes to buy and higher prices than you paid back home, you discover it's really the equivalent, in standard-of-living terms, of about \$20,000 in Topeka, Tulsa or Tucson. As for those fat allowances you read about, you suddenly realize they cover only such things as electric typewriters, dictating machines, stamps, stationery, long-distance calls and staff salaries. You never even get to feel the money, and yet people back home imagine you're rolling in it.

These allowances are regular operating costs, which a third vice-president of a dog-food company would take for granted. None of them puts any money in your pocket or any food on your table. Yet at least one newspaper chain regularly "exposes" the fact that published laws provide Congressmen with these "bonus" gratuities from an unknowing and hapless public.

A Congressman has three kinds of expenses. Like every other citizen, he has to pay for food, clothing, the education of his children, life insurance, transportation and all the rest. Also, in common with all political candidates, he has campaign expenses. And unlike ordinary citizens, and unlike *losing* candidates, he has a whole range of semiofficial expenses. He has these only because he is a public official and, contrary to popular belief, almost none of them are paid by the taxpayers.

Let's look at some of these semiofficial expenses. Every month, certain things are expected and demanded of you if you are to represent the people of your district adequately and establish a record you can be proud of. They come from your pocketbook and they add up to \$10,000 or \$15,000 every year:

*Trips home.* Until three months ago, I was entitled to five Government-paid round trips to Arizona each year, but my constituents expected to see me a lot more often than that. Thus, to do my job adequately, I had to pay out about \$2000 a year in additional air fare. Under a new law, I'll be able to make one Government-paid trip for each month Congress is in session, but I'll continue to pay my own car-rental bills, hotel and restaurant expenses on those trips. I estimate my trips home will still cost me about \$1000 a year.

*Local office.* In the Tucson Federal Building, as a service to my constituents, I maintain a two-room office. It gives me a base of operations when I'm in Arizona and it provides the people I represent with ready access to their Congressman. I get the rooms and a part-time staff courtesy of Uncle Sam; but part of the





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Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

And now... just as the yuletide falls, Gwen's Green all set to deck the halls. Her Christmas candle glowing single. Shows Miss Wong's gifts to be just right.

GWEN WONG



telephone expense, answering service, equipment and supplies are on me. Another \$1500 a year down the drain.

*Public information.* Every month or so, I try to write and publish an informational newsletter. It goes to 22,000 people who have asked to be on my mailing list. The exchange of views that it prompts enables me to do a better job. While Uncle Sam pays the postage, I pay the printer about \$250 per issue. Each year, I send a questionnaire to every one of the 175,000 addresses in my district and, again, I pay for the printing. Also the computerized tabulation. Debit M.K.U. \$3000. Still another part of this informational function covers regular public-service radio and TV reports to stations in Arizona. Congressmen get a cheap price from the "plush" House recording studios; but even so, the bills run another \$2500 per year.

*Miscellaneous expenses.* On top of these items, a Senator or a Congressman has constituents to entertain, within-the-state travel to be paid for, official dinners to attend and a duty to contribute to most of the organized (and some of the most unorganized) charities you've ever heard of. More money gone.

All these things are semiofficial, because you don't legally have to do any of them. And let's face the fact that if they are done right, they may help you get re-elected; they have a political aspect, too.

Remember the famous \$18,000 Nixon Fund of 1952? These are the things it was established to cover. I frankly never quite understood all the fuss about the California businessmen who gave \$250 each to make up this fund for Senator Richard Nixon. Each of them could have given Nixon more than this—and probably did—for his regular campaign expenses. At that time, a Senator made \$15,000 a year; and out of his salary, he was expected to do the kinds of things I have listed above. Although such funds are now out of style, the expenditures they were intended to cover are still with us. And they've escalated, too.

If you are the winner in your race and you're lucky, you may have a modest surplus of campaign funds for these purposes. Wealthy ancestors and the laws of inheritance can also turn the trick. If you have neither of these, you may have to go into your salary and savings—and perhaps resort to one of the quaint rites and ceremonies that have evolved to meet the financial needs of our political system.

On his way to jail, the notorious robber Willie Sutton was asked by a reporter why he robbed banks. "Because that's where the money is," he answered. Where is the money for all the political campaigns in this country—and for all of the semiofficial expenses I have talked about? Because of the inflated costs of

campaigning and serving in public office, an elaborate system of raising money has grown up.

Heading the list of these rites is the testimonial dinner. From John F. Kennedy to Barry Goldwater, nearly every political candidate in modern times (including this writer, on a single occasion) has used this device. Its time-honored features include a famous speaker to draw a crowd, bunting and partisan oratory, rubber chicken or drab roast beef and a price tag of \$25 to \$500 per plate. It's a dangerous diet in more ways than one; but given the present state of affairs, it's a proper, legitimate and usually effective fund-raising device—if the proceeds are used (as I have used them) strictly for campaign or semiofficial expenses. Former Senator Paul Douglas, one of the most honest and frugal men ever to serve in Congress, has called this kind of testimonial the "most effective and decent device that has yet been developed." But the testimonial dinner is a deplorable device if used (as I understand Senator Dodd has acknowledged doing) to raise money for a new house, suit, car, wedding or family vacation.

Another variation of this game is the party gala held each year or so in Washington by the Democratic and Republican national committees. Tickets are usually \$100 to \$500, and as many as 5000 businessmen, lobbyists, ambitious upper-level bureaucrats and party faithful crowd the hall to see, hear and touch the party greats. A successful night will bring in \$500,000, or maybe two or three times that.

There are other popular rituals. For example, there are the President's Club (for Democrats) and the Booster's Club (for Republicans). A \$1000 to \$10,000 donation will get you an autographed picture of Johnson or Eisenhower and perhaps an invitation to the White House or Gettysburg. I think the American people ought to be outraged at a system that requires our Presidents, ex-Presidents and Presidential candidates to resort to such demeaning devices.

Yet another popular ritual is the Washington cocktail party. A fund-raising event in one's home state is at least aimed at local money. But the \$25-to-\$100 Washington cocktail party levels its guns at the Capitol Hill lobbyists, and it's always "R. S. V. P." As I've noted, the invitees are mostly legitimate representatives of trade associations, unions and business groups. They have constituents, too, and their constituents expect them to know the lawmakers and have their ear. The system traps them just as much as it does the politician, for failure to attend a function for the chairman of an important committee may not go unnoticed. Some of these trade representatives

receive up to 100 such invitations a year.

Then there is the local finance committee. The candidate and his finance chairman compile a list of a few hundred local businessmen, friends and others who might contribute in the \$25-to-\$200 range. These names are placed on cards, in the best Community Chest tradition. A group of 40 to 50 solicitors comes to lunch or breakfast with the candidate. Hopefully, each will take on the job of contacting five to ten prospects. In my case, this drive generally nets \$10,000 to \$15,000. I must say, I have always been proud of the caliber and diversity of the Arizonans who come to my aid—business and professional people, fellow lawyers, Democrats and a surprising number of Republicans. There are few of these people who give from other than decent, honorable motives or who ask more than that I do a conscientious job as their Congressman. I would say 98 percent—at least—of my donors never ask for help of any kind. These are the people who keep both parties in business, but the burdens on all of us grow heavier each year.

Finally, there are small-donor solicitations. Nearly everyone agrees that big contributors tend to obligate candidates, and that therefore a large number of small contributors is preferable. However, this is easier to preach than to practice. Few such efforts succeed. Of every 100 Americans, 95 have never contributed to any political candidate.

Early in my Congressional career, I had the optimistic belief that I could gradually build a base of one-to-ten-dollar contributors who eventually would provide all the financial support I needed. I even designed a return envelope with a little hole into which contributors could fit "George Washington's picture." The idea has been widely copied by other Congressmen and it has succeeded far beyond most other mail campaigns. I'm proud that 1500 people thought enough of me last year to send back my envelopes with green bills enclosed, but the \$5200 they gave (\$1000 after expenses) is far short of the \$22,000 I spent.

How did the American people allow themselves to become mired in this ruinously expensive and dangerous financial swamp? There are many answers, but two are especially important: population and television.

Congressman Abe Lincoln served perhaps 40,000 people—a smaller number than the constituency of an Arizona state senator today. Personal contacts were important; money was not. False images were hard to create. Today, I represent nearly 550,000 people, and I couldn't shake every voter's hand if I did nothing else until the next election. Thus, along with my opponent, I must spend money for mail, radio, television, newspaper ads and all the rest.

Television, of course, is the big new





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but you can't take the country out of the beer**



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***"It's the Water"***

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factor showing campaign costs out of sight. The Federal Communications Commission reports that \$35,000,000 was spent in the 1964 campaign just for radio and TV. By 1968, the PR boys will demand ads in "living color," and costs will rise even more. If you're running for governor of Arizona and want to buy just one 20-second spot (now you see it, now you don't) in prime time on each of the state's ten commercial TV stations, you shell out \$1000. In New York, the same quickie commercial would cost you \$2500—on just one station. I shudder to think what a package of such spots would cost.

All of this might be worth it if we were using TV's great potential for political education and debate. When TV became common, political scientists predicted a national political revival—with Lincoln-Douglas debates in every living room. But this great potential has been perverted. Lincoln and Douglas would be lucky today to get on after *Monday Night at the Movies*, and even then, they would have to compete with Johnny Carson or Joey Bishop—or both. In truth, TV has drastically lowered the intellectual quality of our campaigns. One Congressional candidate's chief TV commercial revealed him in an apron taking cookies out of the oven. Election year 1966 was, more than anything else, the

year of the 20-second spot and the singing political jingle. Sadly, 86 percent of all political radio and TV money last year went for spots—so brief they precluded any discussion of issues.

Every two years, when I meet with my television experts, I regularly insist that some of my money go for half-hour segments to talk issues or to answer questions. We've tried it my way once or twice, but usually I lose out to the pros, who claim (rightly) that these programs don't make votes. Viewers will submit to a spot inserted in a favorite program; but if a 30-minute show is pre-empted, most folks will complain bitterly and then tune you out for *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

The end result of this thinking can be found in the text of one of my own 20-second spots from the 1966 campaign. Here it is, in its intellectual entirety:

ANNOUNCER: This man has become one of the most dynamic leaders in Congress. He's won the respect of both parties. He's led the fight for the things Arizona must have for today and for the future. Arizona can be proud of him. Mo Udall, our man in Washington—let's keep him there. Paid for by the Udall Campaign Committee.

That little gem cost my supporters about \$65 every time it went on the air.

It isn't very enlightening, but it works—and this is what we've come to. By now you may understand why, if I had my way, I would pass drastic laws junking this whole system. Here, in a nutshell, is what I think we need:

1. Rigid, enforceable, reasonable limits on the costs of all campaigns, including primaries. If committees are allowed, their expenditures should be included in the totals allowed. One man, designated by the candidate, would be responsible for reporting all receipts and expenditures. All spending for a candidate, except that authorized and reported by this fiscal agent, would be a criminal offense.
2. Federal financing of some campaign costs.
3. Complete public disclosure of all campaign expenditures and contributors.
4. Free radio and TV time for candidates to present their views and to debate issues.
5. Shorter general election campaigns.
6. Tax credits and deductions to encourage and legitimize broad-based, private financial support of elections.
7. A meaningful, enforceable code of ethics for members of Congress—to include guidelines determining the propriety of gifts, testimonial dinners, special funds and the like.
8. Periodic financial statements required of all Representatives and Senators covering all outside income, gifts, legal fees and business interests. Senator Dirksen says that such a law would make Congressmen "second-class citizens." I've voluntarily printed these things and a summary of my assets and investments in the *Congressional Record*. It's not particularly pleasant to lay your personal affairs before the public, but I feel better having done it—first-class, in fact.

I have also introduced legislation aimed at achieving most of these objectives. Because my suggestions are sharply different from present practices, they deserve some discussion.

I don't anticipate much argument—outside of Congress—on several of my proposals. I suppose nearly everyone would be in favor of reducing the waste of political campaigns. But Federal financing? I can hear some of the reactions now. "After all the money you extract from us for Federal pork-barrel projects, now you're going to have us pay for your campaigns, too." I would answer that the public already pays—and it's a staggering price, in terms of legislative and administrative actions that serve the interests of big contributors and lobbyists.

President Theodore Roosevelt, more than 50 years ago, advocated financing Federal elections out of the Federal treasury, and his arguments make even more sense in the days of color TV. In a Congressional contest, my plan would



*"The bulk of my estate I leave to my son, Fitzhugh Canfield Clomton III, in the hope that after completing his education, he will return home to take the helm of the firm that bears his name."*



work like this: The Government would deposit with the Treasurer of the United States to my credit and to that of my opponent or opponents a drawing account equal to ten cents for each registered voter in the district. In present terms, this would amount to perhaps \$18,000. The candidates would never see or touch this money, but companies that provide printing, broadcasting, mailing and similar services could submit sworn vouchers to the U. S. Treasurer for payment. Coupled with this would be a limit of \$10,000 that each candidate could spend from his own or contributed funds, thereby reducing drastically the dependence on big contributors. To qualify, a candidate would have had to be nominated by a bona fide party polling an aggregate of at least 15 percent of the total votes in a primary election.

As additional public support for the candidates, I would permit each of them to submit to the Government Printing Office a pamphlet outlining his qualifications and views. These pamphlets would be printed at public expense and would be delivered free by the Post Office Department to every voter. This proposal is similar to Arizona law, which provides for public printing and distribution of pro and con arguments on referendums and initiative propositions appearing on the ballot.

Also, I would put the great potential of television and radio to work for cleaner, better and more enlightening campaigns. The airwaves belong to the public. Every two years I would require stations, which use these airwaves for profit, to grant a reasonable amount of free prime time to candidates for debate and discussion, in segments of not less than 15 minutes. Candidates desiring spot announcements or additional program time could buy more within the financial limitations above.

In the U. S. Senate races, the same procedures would apply. The public money spent would be ten cents for each voter in the state, or \$250,000, whichever is less. The limits on private contributions would be \$5000 times the number of Congressional districts in the state. While these figures may seem small compared with the huge sums now spent, I believe the introduction of partial public financing would provide the essential element of control previously lacking.

Many of the present evils in our system result from secrecy—about who is giving money, where it is spent and whether it ends up in the Congressman's pocket. Contrary to popular belief, hidden gifts don't buy many votes—but many citizens think otherwise. Doctors, oilmen, labor leaders, lobbyists of all kinds ought to have the right to help candidates whose policies they approve. But the public at large has a right to

know where the campaign money is coming from and where it goes.

Thus, my proposals would bring the spotlight of publicity to bear on all aspects of political finance: who gave contributions, or things of value, how the money was spent, which Senator used campaign or testimonial-dinner funds for personal purposes, and all the rest. With this information, unconfused by saturation "image" campaigns, the public could vote more intelligently.

A three-week vacation costs more than a one-week vacation. One of the basic reasons for the escalating costs of campaigns is their interminable length. In some states, John Q. Public is now harassed from April to November every election year. The British do a better job in three or four weeks. While we can't outlaw handshaking or free speech, there are two things we *can* do. A bill I have introduced would prohibit the national parties from holding their Presidential nominating conventions before September first. This would shorten the campaigns substantially. I would also like to see a 90-percent tax on any general-election advertising appearing before October first of an election year. If the voter can't be convinced in five weeks, it seems to me he can't be persuaded in 10 or 20.

Federal tax laws now permit deductions for gifts to churches, educational institutions, research foundations, fraternal and charitable organizations. But campaign donations by private citizens have no dignity under our laws. This contributes to the prevailing attitude that there is something wrong or corrupt about politics and contributing to political campaigns. I think establishing clean, broadly supported political campaigns is just as important to the future of this country as conquering cancer, supporting our churches and colleges or financing our Elks and Moose.

In 1966, Senator Russell Long succeeded in attaching to an unrelated tax bill a rider allowing for "tax credit" financing of Presidential campaign expenses. This year, the Senate reversed itself and apparently wiped out any hope of including such a feature on 1967 income-tax forms. Had this reversal not occurred, each taxpayer would have been granted a one-dollar tax credit (reduction in his tax) provided he checked a square indicating he was earmarking that dollar for a national campaign fund to be divided between or among major parties in the Presidential race.

While this plan had many flaws (it gave too much advantage to candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties, as compared with new parties that might come along) and perhaps deserved its fate, the basic idea was good. It would have freed Presidential elections from many existing evils. I hope further thought will be given to making it



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workable. One refinement I might suggest would be for the taxpayer, having checked the square, to receive one dollar in scrip that then could be given to the party or candidate of his choice. This would put all present and possible parties on an equal footing.

A bill I have introduced would give a direct tax credit up to ten dollars for small contributors and, beyond that, would permit taxpayers to deduct from their total income up to \$1000 paid out in political donations. I believe such an incentive is necessary if we are going to have a chance of broadening the base of political fund raising to include more ordinary citizens of ordinary means.

I am modestly hopeful that the House of Representatives will take some action this year to establish meaningful guidelines for members, a code of ethics and mandatory disclosure of income and assets. These steps would be the product of labors by a new Committee on Standards of Official Conduct. Something like this committee could also serve as a watchdog over national elections.

For many years, we have had the bipartisan National Fair Campaign Practices Committee. This unofficial organization has done much to encourage clean campaigns. Enlarging on this idea, I would create a permanent National Commission on Campaign Finance and Procedure, composed of prominent persons from both parties. It would watch the new system, see how it works and

prevent abuses, investigate charges of election misconduct by candidates and national parties, recommend new legislation as needed and encourage and police voluntary agreements between candidates who want to avoid escalation of the kind I have described.

There you have it—a set of drastic changes that could breathe new life into American politics and recapture our political system from the money-changers. I frankly doubt that any less drastic changes will do the job. And, as a political realist, I know that changes of this kind won't come easily. We'll soon discover, I'm sure, that the present system has some pretty strong defenders among groups enjoying its benefits.

But gloom and doom are not my meat. I have always been one who believed that the needs of our nation can be met if we face up to them. And I truly believe we must face up to them if we are to continue to have a Government even remotely responsive to the public it serves. I don't suppose Bobby Baker, Adam Powell and Thomas Dodd will go down in history as great heroes. But the storms they generated by their actions just might awaken the public to the need for sweeping changes in our archaic system of financing and conducting elections. If this happens, these unfortunate men, unwittingly, will have performed an important public service.



## LONG WAY UP

(continued from page 112)

the last time I gave anyone ether. We have twenty things better than ether today. As for demanding . . . *eh bien*, one takes a patient through consciousness, centimeter by centimeter, layer by layer, to the edge of death, one balances him there, one brings him back, centimeter by centimeter . . . sometimes one is six hours doing this, it is demanding, as you say, enough for me. For me, it is enough.”

“I hadn't thought of it in that way,” Lancehugh said. “The last time I saw an operation, the anesthetic was chloroform, I doubt the fellow giving it could have spelled the word, I *know* he couldn't pronounce it, and I've always thought he used far too much of it. Patient died, anyway.”

“Chloroform is very crude, it is primitive,” *Mlle. Faucon* said.

“I'm sure it is,” Lancehugh said. “Tell me, where are you staying?”

“Elvaston Place,” she said. He had the cab drop them at the Alexandra Gate and they walked the rest of the way, past the Albert Memorial. Louise Faucon had never seen it. She was enchanted.

“How Victoria must have loved him!” she said. “Look at all this. Little bits here, little pieces here, all done with love, she has given him everything but diamonds in his eyes!”

“But it's so ugly,” Lancehugh said.

“Only in the way it looks,” Louise said. “In what it means, in what went into it, it's as beautiful as can be.”

“You may be right,” Lancehugh said.

She thanked him for lunch and, without quite knowing he was going to do it, Lancehugh asked her to go to the theater the next night. She said she would.

He was at some pains over the play. He told his broker it should be of a certain intellectual content, and so he found himself seeing *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, not really his sort of thing. He didn't mind it, though. A good enough play, he thought, and damned well done. Louise was delighted. Afterward, they went to Mirabelle. Louise tucked away a huge dinner; she ate much more than he did, and quicker, and drank as much wine.

“You do like food, don't you?” he said.

“I like everything,” she said. “Forgive the cliché, but one lives once, isn't that so?”

“True enough,” he said.

“You look like one who has done most things,” Louise said. “You have loved living, isn't that so, and you still do?”

“Yes, I suppose so,” Charles said. “But life is all peaks and valleys, isn't it, and one cannot stay forever on a peak. One can stay a long time, if one's lucky, but one must come down eventually, and



things are never the same afterward, after one's come down. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I think so. You mean the man's thing, the life-risk thing. You were in the War?"

He told her. "Usually," he said, "we'd take off in the early evening. I remember many times at sunset, and looking down on England—this is a beautiful country, you know, it really is—and knowing what the next eight or ten hours were sure to bring, one would hate doing it, and yet, supposing one lost an engine or something of the sort and had to abort, one wasn't glad, it was a terrible disappointment, and I'm sure that duty, patriotism, *esprit de corps* were not driving one, really. I remember many times thinking one had to be mad, to *wish* to go, flying a blacked-out aircraft in a black sky, other aircraft jostling all around, dozens of them, hundreds, sometimes, night fighters hanging about outside, it was rather like flying through a pudding, the air nearly solid, with kites, with bombs, with the stuff coming up from the ground, lovely-looking lights floating up, yellow, blue, purple, hot steel anyway, all of it, and below on the ground, the red and green markers the pathfinders had put down, and the white pin points all over the target, incendiaries hitting, and perhaps right next to one, a bomber burning like a torch . . . across the river, in Lambeth, we have a museum, Imperial War Museum, they've saved the fuselage of a heavy, the navigator's maps are there on his desk, just as he left them, and this is a well-used aircraft, dented, paint scuffed off her, throttle knobs smooth and worn . . . when I pushed my head inside her, three or four years ago, would you believe I began to tremble? I was ashamed. Astonished, too, almost stunned."

"It was not to be ashamed of," Louise said. "It was normal, that."

"I never flew a plane after 1946," Charles Lancehugh said. "Same thing is true of lots of fellows I knew. It's not that we were fed up with it, as one hears sometimes. Chaps tell people that, I think, because they don't want to admit the other thing, the one real thing."

"There is no one real thing, as you put it," Louise said. "There are many. You think you have known only one. We all think that."

"Do you?"

"Certainly. For me, it comes when I look down on a patient and know his life is utterly in my hands: I hear his heart, I see it on the oscillograph, my hands are on the valves, it is I who will say how much oxygen he shall have, how much cyclopropane, how much this or that, a word from me and the operation must stop instantly . . . I can kill him if I want to, I can save him if I want to. This is exactly how it was with you, bombing in the War, there you were, looking

down on all those people, some of them you were going to kill, some of them you were going to let live. It depended on an imperceptible twist of your hand, didn't it, whether the bombs landed in one street or the next, true?"

"But it isn't the same thing at all, not at all! You're a doctor, your whole business is to preserve life; mine was to take life. Not the same thing at all."

"Wrong, my dear. Exactly the same thing. The bomber is the surgeon, the surgeon is the bomber, they both operate under the highest license, from state, from church, from everybody. What is more sacred than war? In war, we kill for the highest good, to remove the cancerous growth, so that the rest of the body, the pure, unsullied part of the world, may live in peace and comfort. Both sides, all sides, kill for this pure purpose. It is all the same, you see, and you and I, we are all the same. You think doctors never kill, even out of kindness? You must know better than that." She laughed. "What shall we do now? It is only eleven-thirty. We must amuse ourselves. Why don't we see your sister? We will bring champagne, we will pour some on her cast, too, and we will all laugh."

The next day was Saturday. He took her to the flea market in Portobello Road. They lunched in a pub. When they came out of the dark, cool place, into the sun, he thought of walking and he drove to Hampstead Heath. Lancehugh liked walking. Sometimes, when he was at the place in Surrey, he would walk half a day without stopping. He was hard and strong. At 50, he still played squash and he could run five

miles. He saw that Louise knew how to walk, too. She moved sensibly and they covered ground. They said little. She put her hand in his and went where he took her.

Deborah Marchant's bedroom was in the back of the house. Most of the wall was window, one could see into the garden from anywhere. She was sitting up, propped in a soft chairlike thing covered in white corduroy. She wore a blue ribbon in her hair, there were cornflowers on the table beside her. The plaster cast made a flat-topped bulge in the coverlet. She was drinking black coffee and sherry.

"Betty Harlan tells me she's cross with you," she said.

"Betty Harlan?" Charles said.

"Louise Faucon's friend. It was her idea the girl should come to London. Since which time, Betty says, no one has seen her but you."

"I shouldn't go that far. No one. I've seen a good deal of her, true enough."

"I can't blame you," Deborah said. "She's an attractive little thing. Very French, but still, attractive. Have you been to bed with her?"

"Yes," Charles said.

"I imagine she'd be rewarding in bed," Deborah said.

"She's rewarding in many ways."

"My God, that sounds earnest enough," Deborah said. "I'm surprised; after all, she's nothing like Helen."

"Lot of rot, that idea of yours, one always falls in love with the same kind of woman," Charles said. "Nothing to it. Louise doesn't resemble Helen in the slightest. Doesn't resemble anybody I've ever known."

"My God," Deborah said. "As bad as



"I didn't even know he was sick."



that. Sure you won't have a sherry?"

"All right," Charles said.

"The girl's brighter than you are."

"I know. On the other hand, I'm much the stronger. She's younger than I am. But I have . . . other resources. We complement each other. And there is something else, I don't know, some central core of likeness in us."

"Has she said anything about her parents?"

"When I asked her. Apparently she had been very close to them and they to each other. Her mother had been senile for years, she was practically helpless, and her father found it hard to bear. As for him, he was seventy-two. Shouldn't have been driving in the Alps. I'd have said. The police think he simply went to sleep at the wheel."

"When is she going back to Paris?"

"Tomorrow. I'm going with her."

They were married three years later. Those had been three good years. They lived very well together. Lancehugh had been right, they were complementary. They led each other in ever-widening circles. Louise Faucon had a lifelong list of things she wanted to do, and Charles had the means. He wished to indulge her, and in her turn, she wished to make him feel it had been worth doing. She kept on at the hospital for a year, but after that, she and Charles were too busy. There was no time for work. They moved about. They took a villa in the hills above Eze-Plage and a flat in Zurich. They spent part of each summer and each autumn in Surrey. They went to the Greek islands, came back to Paris, locked themselves up with a man from Berlitz for three months and thereafter spoke Greek to each other. Their friends, who had been, most of them, Louise's friends, were amused with them. Charles had not been a success at first. He seemed serious and clearly he was old. Still, it was in his favor that his French was perfect, and he did have a certain chic.

"He grows on one, Charles," they began telling each other. "She may have a good thing there."

They had half a dozen people to dinner every Wednesday and 20 or 30 always came for cocktails on Fridays. These were people who could get into a civilized fury over an obscure line of Robbe-Grillet's, or whether Paul Reynaud had died happy, or *should* have died happy, or Simone de Beauvoir's notions about Stalinism. Charles Lancehugh was faintly surprised to find that he often had opinions on such oddities. He began to enjoy conversation as a recreation. He felt that he was a happy man. Now he liked having people about, the more the better, the noisier the better, the bitterer the arguments the better. Sometimes in London he would go

into one of his clubs, say White's, and find himself wondering what he'd ever seen in such a place, ordered, placid, funereal.

They married on impulse and out of perversity; they married because there was no longer any reason they should marry. And they were deeply pleased to discover, as they had hoped to discover, that the act changed nothing. The year after their marriage differed in no essential from the year before it. It was perhaps the best year. They had two more, and a few months, before Charles Lancehugh died.

"We came here often, Charles and I," Louise said. "He liked Yugoslavia, and this little beach was our favorite. I have never seen anyone else on it. We always swam here like this, naked."

"I remember," the man said. "I had a letter from him, I think two years ago, telling me I should come here."

"And you did."

"Yes. I had a good deal of respect for Charles' judgment. And he was the only Englishman I ever really liked. He was very gallant. I think that was it with Charles. He was really very gallant."

"Yes. And strong. A rock. Generous. Kind. Many good things."

The man turned on his side, to face her. He tracked one finger absently along her arm.

"I cannot say I wish he hadn't died," he said. "But I miss him."

"I do not," Louise said. "That's why I can talk about him so easily. To miss him, I would have to pretend he didn't want to go. He did. He wanted to go. The night before he died, he said, 'I consider I have had a perfect life. Perfect. Not nearly perfect, but absolutely.' And he said, 'For much of it, and the best of it, I thank you.' You cannot allow yourself to be maudlin over a man like that."

"No," he said. "You cannot."

They watched the gulls, dropping clams on the rocks.

"There was a thing about Charles' death I didn't understand," the man said. "I don't know if you know this, but it is very rare for a man to shoot himself in the heart. A woman, she may, if she uses a gun at all, but a man, particularly a military man, will nearly always shoot himself in the head. It's an odd thing, but true."

"I didn't know that," Louise said.

"I was surprised, we were all surprised, when Charles fell ill. He was, after all, strong, he seemed so well always."

"A characteristic of Hodgkin's disease, that," Louise said. "You see it very often in the strongest people. It seems somehow to seek them out. No one knows why."

"Is it always so quick?"

"Usually. After all, in the lymphatic system, it is easy for it to run through, to metastasize everywhere."

"He was in pain?"

"Yes. Not as bad as in some of the other kinds of cancer, but bad enough. You knew that by looking at him."

"He was fortunate he had you. You were giving him something, injections?"

"Yes. Morphine. As much as he wanted."

The man sighed, staring out to sea.

"I think you took a chance, with the gun," he said. "After all, he could have given an overdose of morphine to himself, he had everything he needed. It would have been easy to believe that. You could have left the syringe in his hand. No one would have dreamed of wondering about you."

Louise said nothing.

"If you ever find it necessary to shoot me, after I am full of morphine, and dead, please shoot me in the head. I shall feel easier. I shouldn't want to worry about your getting into trouble over it. Remember, I am left-handed. That's important, too."

"You have a great flair for detail," Louise said.

"Also remember that I don't like height. I don't want to fall asleep and drive off any mountain. I might wake up on the way down, and that would distress me."

Louise turned on her side, to face him. She hooked a heel around his ankle.

"What has made you think of all this, my dear?" she said.

"Oh, it occurred to me that people who are older sometimes don't fare so well with you. People who are older, and who love you."

"You are quite wrong. They fare very well, indeed. Have you forgotten what I told you Charles said to me, the night before he died?"

"That he had had a good life?"

"Yes. Had."

"I cannot, somehow, imagine myself saying that."

"You are young."

"I'm four years, seven months, nineteen days older than you."

"Then, my ancient one, you should know that to love is to cherish, to comfort, to give, to give anything that is wanted. Anything."

"I love you," he said. "I think I always have. I would give you anything."

She ran her hands down his belly and held him lightly.

"And I you," she said. "Anything. And now that we know what we are talking about, shall we stop talking about it and thinking about it? Shall we?"

He looked into her eyes, and laughed, and reached both arms for her.

"Why not?" he said.







Buck Brown

*"Come back, silly—I've changed my mind."*





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