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FEBRUARY 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

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WITH TEXT BY WOODY ALLEN

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MARK LANE REVEALS NEW FACTS
ON THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION
IN AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

FICTION BY LEN DEIGHTON,
IRWIN SHAW AND JEROME WEIDMAN
PLUS U. S. CONGRESSMAN THOMAS
CURTIS ON ENDING THE DRAFT



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PLAYBILL ONE OF THE MOST refreshing of the seemingly innumerable commentaries on *PLAYBOY* appeared recently in the superb British men's magazine *Town*, under the by-line of Nick Stacey, the rector of Woolwich: *PLAYBOY*, the parson wrote, "is helping to break the Puritanical tradition that leisure plus pleasure equals evil. It is making questioning attitudes in a highly conformist society socially acceptable. Its sophistication, its irreverence, its humor, its exposure of sacred cows . . . hypocrisy and double think has let a lot of fresh air into American . . . society." Such kudos are appreciated and lived up to, we think, by the pleasures within.

Authoritative examinations of two current American vexations—both of which certainly can benefit as much from "questioning attitudes" as from anything else—are provided by *Conscription and Commitment*, Congressman Thomas B. Curtis' call for an end to the draft, and this month's searching *Playboy Interview* with Mark Lane, author of the best-selling *Rush to Judgment* and among the first and most effective critics of the Warren Commission Report on the Kennedy assassination. Curtis, a Dartmouth graduate and a World War Two lieutenant commander in the Naval Air Force, is generally considered the leading economic expert among House Republicans and has been involved with the formulation of Republican policy concerning military manpower procurement (he was co-author of the McCormack-Curtis Amendment to the National Defense Act of 1958) since he was first elected to Congress from Missouri's second district in 1950.

Irwin Shaw "has the gift of all great storytellers," the *Saturday Review* said on the occasion of the publication of his latest collection of stories: "When he's really swinging, he creates characters who walk into the living room of your mind, ensconce themselves and refuse to be dislodged." Such critical accolades have been common for the author of this month's lead short story, *Where All Things Wise and Fair Descend*, since Shaw stories first began appearing in magazines in the late Thirties, and have been earned as well by his several novels, such as *The Young Lions* and, most recently, *Voices of a Summer Day*. A rugged, prolific expatriate—he lives in Klosters, Switzerland, where he divides his time between skiing and writing—Shaw is currently working on *The Uncaged Man*, his sixth novel.

The central elements of *Second Breakfast*, Jerome Weidman told us, were picked up haphazardly during the course



WEIDMAN



CURTIS



ALLEN



ARMOUR

of the Manhattan-based author's Sunday visits to his parents' home in Queens. "One of the main subjects of neighborhood gossip a couple of years ago," Weidman relates, "was the success of a boy who became a rock-'n'-roll star of indefinite magnitude and decided not to share the rewards of his success with his parents. I followed the latest turns of the scandal each week with no idea that it was forming the basis of a story, until my mother mentioned the fact that the father was a diabetic, sneaking out every Sunday for a Danish pastry and a cup of coffee at a corner store. When you've been making up stories as long as I have, the jump to the outlines of my final plot was easy." *Other People's Money*, Weidman's 15th novel (and 28th book), will be published by Random House this spring.

Author E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s note to us that he is happily married, "or was so until my wife read this story," hints at the matrimonial subversion in *The Raffle*, another element in our first-rank assemblage of February fiction. A *New Yorker* staff writer since his graduation from Harvard in 1937, Kahn has published a dozen books (his most recent—*A Reporter in Micronesia*—appeared last fall) and is currently researching two others, in South Africa and the Far East.

Richard Fariña, the author of *Long Time Coming* and *a Long Time Gone*, was killed in a motorcycle accident in Carmel, California, last April, a few hours after the publication of his first novel, *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up*

to Me. He was 29. "Everyone's death is to some degree outrageous," *The New Yorker* said that week, "but there are people who, by virtue of their youth and talent, make the outrage of their deaths felt like a blow in the face." Fariña was a folk singer and composer as well as a writer of fiction; he had recorded two albums with his wife, Mimi Baez.

The excitement inherent in the continuing spy phenomenon is captured in Part III of Len Deighton's darkly brilliant new novel, *An Expensive Place to Die*, and in *The Girls of "Casino Royale"*, our femme-laden preview of the wild new flick based on the very first James Bond adventure. Woody Allen, *Casino's* nasty Dr. Noah and one of its dozens of scripters, does the writing honors in our eye-catching roundup of his curvaceous colleagues in crime. Also on tap to make sure the shortest month swings is *Jazz '67*, announcing this year's winners of our annual Jazz Poll, with chapter 11 in *PLAYBOY's* running history of the world's liveliest art form by Nat Hentoff; J. Paul Getty's considerations, in *Quitting Time*, of the secrets of successful job switching; a fascinating projection of the U. S.-Russian space race in *Where Are the Russians?*, by John Bentley, researched during his three-year stay at Cape Kennedy; *A Short Dissertation on Lips*, by satirist Richard Armour, dean of the faculty at California's Scripps College; and a host of other features to make our offering for brief February lavishly long on entertainment for men.

PLAYBOY



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PLAYBOY, FEBRUARY, 1967, VOL. 14, NO. 2, 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., \$6 FOR ONE YEAR.

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DEAR PLAYBOY



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NORMAN THOMAS

I've just read your November interview with Norman Thomas. Congratulations for continually presenting diverse points of view. Thomas' views are the most sensible and humane I've read in ages. What a shame he wasn't born 33 years ago instead of 83. He would be much more influential today, especially with the voting youth, than he was in the 1930s. With his deep love for humanity, he would make a great American President.

Lyn Smiley
Kailua, Hawaii

I have long felt that both of our major political parties have failed to create the society that our intellectual and technological standards are capable of developing. The basic problem has been in setting up a welfare state, with centralized control, that still guarantees civil liberties. Mr. Thomas has overcome this problem with the same common sense he uses in most of his political philosophy. Too many people feel that socialism will necessarily mean the abridgement of individual rights and liberties. As Thomas points out, this is not so. Thomas is the most aware political thinker of the day; should he run again in 1968, he has my vote.

William S. Abbruzzi
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Whether or not we are socialists, we owe a lot to Norman Thomas. It must be a great satisfaction to him that so many of his ideas have been put into practice. We will never know what kind of President he would have made, but I'm sure he would have been better than Grant, Harding or Coolidge.

Frederick J. Miller
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Norman Thomas says that "government ought to do as little as possible" and that he is very much concerned with individual rights. Yet, as a way to implement his philosophy, he suggests the abolition of private ownership of natural resources, limitation of the right of inheritance and the establishment of a guaranteed annual wage. Thomas is obviously quite familiar with what he calls

the "breath-taking irrationality of man"—having expounded it for so long.

Christopher Malone
Santa Monica, California

Mr. Thomas advocates "democratic socialism." Democracy gives power to the free will of the majority, but our republican democracy supposedly protects the rights of the minority from the occasional tyranny of the majority. If the smallest minority is the individual, and socialism is the forced appropriation of the wealth of some for the benefit of others, where does that leave us? Democratic socialism is a contradiction in terms.

John B. Edmondson
Winchester, Kentucky

Let me congratulate PLAYBOY for its interview with Norman Thomas. I recall a street meeting on Vietnam a few years ago in New York: Norman Thomas, A. J. Muste and A. Philip Randolph climbing unsteadily to the top of a sound truck, but speaking firmly and making all the sense in the world, though among them they totaled nearly three centuries. I was glad that the young could see them, for we don't make people like them in America anymore—fearless and thoughtful, uncompromising in principle yet indefatigably active in the frustrating circumstances of history.

I want to ask the college students among your readers to stir up a fuss and see to it that these three men are given honorary degrees at the June commencement—all the better if they make speeches. They are certainly—by their lives and by their learning—among the most deserving candidates we have. To insist on honoring them would be a remarkable way for youth to have its say in the academic ceremonial.

At the point where I am mentioned in his interview, I think Thomas is in error. I am arguing for decentralizing *organization*—in order to increase opportunities for initiative and participation. Thomas interprets this to mean I am against technology. On the contrary, the efficient use of technology very often would tend to decentralization and simplification of organization; sometimes it is neutral in this respect, and only occasionally does it tend toward top-down

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<p>Golden Greats Martin Denny Quiet Village - Call Me A Taste of Honey 9 MORE LIBERTY</p> <p>3552. Also: Ebb Tide, Beyond The Reef, Little Bird, etc.</p>	<p>Russian Sailors' Dance LEONARD BERNSTEIN New York Philharmonic COLUMBIA</p> <p>2675. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.</p>	<p>FOUR TOPS ON TOP Michelle 10 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>3553. Also: In The Still Of The Night, Then, Brenda, etc.</p>	<p>DUSTY SPRINGFIELD You Don't Have To Say You Love Me PHILIPS</p> <p>2671. Also: Little By Little, La Samba, 12 great songs in all</p>	<p>and then...along comes THE ASSOCIATION Along Comes Mary Cherish - 10 MORE VALIANT</p> <p>3508. Also: Changes, Remember, Your Own Love, 12 in all</p>	<p>RAY CONNIF and the Singers SOMEWHERE MY LOVE Plus Downtown Charade 8 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>3562. Plus: Long After, Someday, I Found You, etc.</p>	<p>Oscar Peterson Blues Etude LIME LIGHT</p> <p>3568. Also: Stella By Starlight, If I Were A Ball, etc.</p>	<p>GARY LEWIS & the PLAYBOYS Hits Again! LIBERTY Sure Gonna Miss Her Green Grass - 10 MORE</p> <p>2602. Plus: A Well Respected Man, You Baby, Daydream, etc.</p>	<p>DONOVAN Sunshine Superman 9 MORE REPRISE</p> <p>3474. Also: Season Of The Witch, The Trip, 7 more</p>	
<p>ALFIE SUNNY 10 MORE IMPERIAL</p> <p>3475. Also: Twelfth Of Never, Crost War, Pied Piper, etc.</p>	<p>ROGER MILLER'S GOLDEN HITS England Swings King of the Road Dang Me 9 MORE SMASH</p> <p>2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.</p>	<p>THE CYRLE RED RUBBER BALL Plus TURN DOWN DAY COLUMBIA</p> <p>2715. Also: Cloudy, Cry, Big Little Woman, 12 in all</p>	<p>PHILIPPE ENTREMONT PIANO Fantasy Imprompu CLAIR DE LUNE LIEBSTRAUM COLUMBIA</p> <p>3525. Entremont plays Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Albeniz, etc.</p>	<p>JR. WALKER & THE ALL-STARS ROAD RUNNER How Sweet It Is (To Be Loved by You) SOUL 10 MORE</p> <p>3546. Plus: Last Call, Money, Twist Lacksanna, 7 more</p>	<p>DEAN MARTIN Somewhere There's a Someone Plus - CANDY KISSES ANY TIME - 9 more REPRISE</p> <p>2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Second Hand Rose, etc.</p>	<p>THE KINKS! A Well Respected Man 9 MORE REPRISE</p> <p>3360. Also: Set Me Free, Dedicated follower Of Fashion, etc.</p>	<p>The Very Best of ROY ORBISON Only The Lonely - Candy Man - Crying - 7 more MONUMENT</p> <p>2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all</p>	<p>JOAN BAEZ FAREWELL ANGELINA plus Satisfied Mind Colours 8 MORE VANGUARD</p> <p>2409. Also: The Wild Mountain Thyme, Pauze Ruteboef, etc.</p>	
<p>BILL COSBY IS A VERY FUNNY FELLOW RIGHT! WARNER BROS.</p> <p>2753. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." -S.F. Chron.</p>	<p>THE TEMPTATIONS GETTIN' READY CORDI Get Ready Ain't Too Proud to Beg 10 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>2683. Plus: Say You, Ain't Too Proud To Beg, 12 in all</p>	<p>WEST SIDE STORY Original Soundtrack COLUMBIA Recording</p> <p>1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." -Life</p>	<p>WILDO THINGS! THE VENTURES Hanky Panky + Sweet Pea Wild Thing - 9 MORE DOLBY</p> <p>3510. Also: Summer In The City, The Work Song, Wildcat, etc.</p>	<p>AL HIRT Swing! Dale (Vol. 2) Wang, Wang, Blues Chicago 10 MORE VALDO FIDELITY</p> <p>1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymne of The Republic, etc.</p>	<p>ANGELA LANSBURY as MAME ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST COLUMBIA</p> <p>2672. "The best musical of the season." -CBS News</p>	<p>BERNSTEIN THE AGE OF ANXIETY CHOR Symphony No. 2 COLUMBIA PHILIPPE ENTREMONT PIANO LEONARD BERNSTEIN NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC</p> <p>2880. One of the most powerful works in modern music.</p>	<p>THE HAPPY WOODLAND OF BERT KAEMPFT Danke Schoen 23 MORE (2 record set) DOLBY</p> <p>3202. (Special Two-Record Set Counts As One Selection)</p>	<p>MARY WELLS SINGS MY GUY -It Had To Be You - At Last 9 MORE (MOTOWN)</p> <p>3103. Also: My Baby Just Cares for Me, My Gny, etc.</p>	
<p>EYDIE GORME Don't Go to Strangers PLUS I Wish You Love What's New 8 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>2737. Also: New Riders on the Storm, Tell Him I Said Hello, etc.</p>	<p>WATCH OUT! BAJA MARIMBA BAND Cast Your Fate to the Wind Yours - 9 MORE AM</p> <p>3618. Plus: Ghost Riders in the Sky, Gay Ranchero, etc.</p>	<p>DEBUSSY: La Mer Afternoon of a Faun RAVEL: Daphnis and Chloe Suite No. 2 BERNSTEIN N.Y. PHILHARMONIC COLUMBIA</p> <p>2647. "A richly colored performance." -St. L. Post-Disp.</p>	<p>DAVE BRUBECK'S Greatest Hits Take Five Bassa Nova U.S.A. 9 more COLUMBIA</p> <p>2414. Also: The Buke, Campdown Races, Trolley Song, etc.</p>	<p>Blonde on Blonde B68 DYLAN Rainy Day Women #12 & 35 13 MORE (2 record set) COLUMBIA</p> <p>2097-2698. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Also: I Want You, Just Like A Woman, Memphis Blues Again, 10 more</p>	<p>SING UNTD GOD MORMON TABERNACLE CHOR COLUMBIA</p> <p>3515. Also: Listen to the Lambs; Come, Come Ye Saints; etc.</p>	<p>STEVIE WONDER UP TIGHT - plus - Nothing's Too Good for My Baby - 10 MORE TAMLA</p> <p>2410. Blowin' In The Wind, Teach Me Tonight, Hold Me, etc.</p>	<p>MY LOVE FORGIVE ME ROBERT GOULET This Is All I Ask Too Good 10 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>1735. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, Just Say I Love Her, etc.</p>		
<p>RAY CONNIF and the Singers MUSIC FROM MARY POPPINS, SOUND OF MUSIC, MY FAIR LADY, etc. COLUMBIA</p> <p>2117. Chim Chim Cheree, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.</p>	<p>JAMES BROWN Plays New Breed SWAIN</p> <p>2661. Also: Slow Walk, Jingo, Hooks, Fat Bag, 5 more</p>	<p>MATT MONRO'S BEST Yesterday - From Russia With Love 10 MORE LIBERTY</p> <p>3565. Plus: Softly As I Leave You, Unchained Melody, etc.</p>	<p>Barbra Streisand People Absent Minded Me Fine And Dandy 10 MORE COLUMBIA</p> <p>1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.</p>	<p>MORE HITS BY THE SUPREMES Rolling But Heartaches Sleep In The Arms of Love 10 more MOTOWN</p> <p>2187. Back In My Arms, Ask Any Girl, Mother Dear, 8 more</p>	<p>DIANNE WARWICK Walk on By Wishin' and Hopin' 10 MORE EXCEPT</p> <p>2614. Plus: People, Land Of Make Believe, Set Rid Of Him, etc.</p>	<p>Holiday for Harpsichord E. POWER BIGGS Fun-Filled Favorites COLUMBIA</p> <p>2667. "The most fun since Tom Swif." - Wash. Sun. Star</p>	<p>Steve Lawrence Sings of Love and Sad Young Men COLUMBIA</p> <p>3560. Tender Is The Night, Just Say I Love Her, 8 more</p>	<p>JULIE LONDON ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT plus - I've Got You Under My Skin - 8 MORE LIBERTY</p> <p>2529. Also: In The Still Of The Night, So In Love, etc.</p>	

THE SANDPIPERS
GUANTANAMERA

• Louie, Louie
• La Bamba

AM

3617. Also: Angelica, Carmen, La Mer, Enamorado, Things We Said Today, Strangers In The Night, 12 in all

FRANK SINATRA
Strangers in the Night

REPRISE

plus — DOWNTOWN
CALL ME 7 More

2673. Also included: On a Clear Day, Summer Wind, My Baby Just Cares For Me, You're Driving Me Crazy, etc.

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MITCH RYDER & THE DETROIT WHEELS
BREAKOUT
I Like It Like That
Walking the Dog
NEW VOICE

3472. Also: I Need Help, Any Day Now, Do Papa Doo, etc.

THE PETER, PAUL & MARY ALBUM
Hurry Sundown
Kisses Sweeter Than Wine
10 MORE

3465. Also: Sometime Lavin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

CHAD & JEREMY
DISTANT SHORES
Early Mornin'
Rain
Everyone's Gone to the Moon
Columbia

3577. Also: The Way You Look Tonight, I Won't Cry, etc.

THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
Cass - John - Michelle - Denise
Columbia

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

HANG ON RAMSEY
RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO
Hang On Sloopy
A Hard Day's Night
8 MORE

2436. Plus: And I Love Her, Billy Boy, Satin Doll, etc.

DAVID HOUSTON
Almost Persuaded
REPRISE

3355. Plus: Ramblin' Rose, Tonight You Belong To Me, etc.

Barbra Streisand
Color Me Barbra
Columbia

2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

IVES: Symphony No. 2
The Fourth of July
LEONARD BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Columbia

2881. "Full of flavor, vitality and warmth." —Billboard

MY FAIR LADY
AUDREY HEPBURN
Rex Harrison
Original Broadway Cast
Columbia

1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 8 Academy Awards

KOSTELANETZ
Conducts
PROMENADE FAVORITES
N. Y. Philharmonic
Columbia

2704. A hit parade of all-time light classical favorites!

If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears
THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS
California Dreamin'
Monday, Monday
10 MORE

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

RAY CHARLES
GREATEST HITS
Hit The Road Jack
Georgia On My Mind
10 MORE

1327. Also: Sticks and Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

JERRY VALE
Everybody Loves Somebody
I Can't Stop Loving You
Columbia

3548. I Love You Because, Make The World Go Away, etc.

THE 4 SEASONS
Gold Vault of Hits
Down (Go Away)
Let's Hang On
Rag Doll
9 MORE

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

GWEN VERDON
as
Sweet Charity
Original Broadway Cast
Columbia

2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety

JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS
Chances Are
Wonderful! Wonderful!
plus 10 more
Columbia

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

THE PLATTERS
I Love You 1000 Times
MUSICOLO

2878. Also: Only You, Harbor Lights, Magic Touch, etc.

more of
BOBBY VINTON'S GREATEST HITS
Petitport White (Summer Sky Blue)
8 MORE

2691. Plus: Tears, Careless, What Color (Is A Man), etc.

THE SUPREMES
I Hear A Symphony
Plus My World Is Empty Without You
10 MORE

2417. Also: Yesterday, Unchained Melody, 12 in all

SOUND OF THE TIMES
LES & LARRY ELGART
Sloop John B
Ballroom Theme
9 MORE

2686. Michelle, I'm Coming Home Cindy, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

MILES DAVIS
E. S. P.
Columbia

2270. "The very best this group has produced." —S. F. Chron.

Rhapsody in Blue
An American in Paris
Leonard Bernstein
plays
Gershwin
Columbia

1898. "Fierce impact and momentum." —N.Y. World-Telegram

OUT OF OUR HEADS
The Rolling Stones
Satisfaction
The Last Time - 10 More

2438. Plus: Good Times, The Spider And The Fly, etc.

Today's Golden Hits
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
What Now My Love
Try To Remember
Michelle
7 MORE

3449. Plus: A Taste Of Honey, Unchained Melody, Mame, etc.

JOHNNY RIVERS' GOLDEN HITS
Memphis
Secret Agent Man
10 MORE

3478. Also: Muddy Water, Mablelene, La Bamba, 12 in all

THE CRITTERS
YOUNGER GIRL
plus Mr. O'Leary's Sad
10 MORE

3359. Also: Forever Of No More, Everything But Time, etc.

Martha & the Vandellas'
GREATEST HITS
Dancing in the Street
My Baby Loves Me
10 more

2606. Also: Live Wire, Quicksand, Wild One, 7 more

Jim Nabors
Sings
LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART!
plus Somewhere, My Love
9 MORE

3615. Also: Swanee, I'm Yours, The Impossible Dream, etc.

An Historic Return
HOROWITZ AT CARNegie HALL
Columbia

1977-1978. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) The fabulous "live" performance, his first in 12 years!

MARY MARTIN IN THE SOUND OF MUSIC
ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
Columbia

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!" —Ed Sullivan

SIMON & GARFUNKEL
SOUNDS OF SILENCE
LEAVES THAT ARE GREEN BLESSED - 8 MORE

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

GROFE: GRAND CANYON SUITE
Bernstein N.Y. Philharmonic
Columbia

1645. Delightful performance of Grofe's soaring tone poem

Jim Nabors
Sings
LOVE ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART!
plus Somewhere, My Love
9 MORE

2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc.

control. The source of Thomas' misunderstanding is his orthodox Marxism, crazy for top-down control and something called "planning."

Paul Goodman
New York, New York

MINI-PROTEST

As a connoisseur of miniskirts, I certainly enjoyed your November reportage (*No Cover, No Minimum*) on my favorite subject. Since some observers insist that the miniskirt is just another passing fad, I thought you might be interested in learning that the British Society for the Preservation of Miniskirts is working to assure us that the object of its affection will be with us for many years to come.

The society held its first demonstration last summer, in response to a rumor that a popular television star was about to wear a long dress. Recently, according to newspaper reports, the society picketed the House of Christian Dior, when it presented near-ankle-length coats in its London showroom. Miniskirted girls marched up and down the pavement bearing banners saying MINISKIRTS FOREVER—a sentiment that most London bird watchers heartily endorse.

Nicholas Lerner
London, England

THE SUPREME COURT

Your November article *The Supreme Court*, by Nat Hentoff, was excellent, indeed.

Sam Adam,
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

The recent effort to force the churches to pay their fair tax share through a Supreme Court decision received passing mention in Nat Hentoff's fine article. The Supreme Court has refused to review the case. However, in view of the interpretation of the "establishment of religion" clause, which Hentoff credits the Supreme Court as accepting, this refusal seems grossly unjust. The interpretation states, in part, that "no tax . . . can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions . . ." May I be so naïve as to ask what the difference is between supporting the churches by giving them tax money and supporting them by exempting them from taxes so that others must pay more to make up the deficiency? It seems to me that in both cases society pays and the churches profit.

Larry Hicok
Albany, Oregon

APRÈS-SKIING

I found your November article on European skiing amazingly comprehensive—especially considering the wide range of life style, language and terrain the sport there encompasses. I lived in middle Europe for some years and had the

pleasure of skiing many of the great trans-Alpine resorts you mentioned. Mountains, in their way, can be as polyglot as people, and your article suggests this fully and accurately. Congratulations on a large job exuberantly well done.

Burton Hersh
Bradford, New Hampshire

Your article on European skiing was most interesting and should serve as an added inducement for those who wish to travel to Europe this year. Those of us who are connected with the U.S. ski team will be traveling throughout Europe during January, competing in major international contests there. We are now involved in a unique program, trying to raise \$450,000 to develop thousands of young ski racers who we hope in time will put us at the top of the international racing ladder. As we prepare for the Olympics in 1968, we can't help but think of the tremendous amount of assistance we have received from magazines like yours. It is pleasing to see PLAYBOY take an increased interest in skiing.

Bob Beattie,
Head Alpine Coach
United States Ski Team
Denver, Colorado

My sport is tennis, but judging from the photographs in your *Skiing Europe* feature, I'd say the girls on the slopes are a little more indoor-oriented than those you find on a tennis court. I thought skiing was an outdoor sport.

Charlton Heston
Beverly Hills, California

GOLD STANDARD

Herbert Gold's *The Ancient Company* (November) is one of the best short stories I have read in years. Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to Gold. I look forward to seeing more Gold fiction of this caliber in future issues.

John Elkins
San Diego, California

Among the several tragedies of the Nazi persecution of the Jews is the obligation it seems to impose on many writers—especially Jews and Germans, but on others, too—to concern themselves with intellectual monstrosities and bizarre moral dilemmas antithetical at heart to the premise of fiction. Herbert Gold's *The Ancient Company* is a case in point. Gold's imagery and his delineation of his central character, Dr. Gershon, offers ample evidence that Gold is a subtle and gifted craftsman. But in the story's larger concerns (its plot, the embarrassingly caricatured Dr. Muller-Frantz, the tedious argument about whether or not Jews can act), it ceases to be fiction—and is, instead, rhetoric

and cartooning. My objection is not to the story's anguish, and of course not to Gold's moral concern. But it's unfortunate that such anguish and philosophizing should have as its object something as trivial and simple-minded as a Jew-hating scientist, when Gold's gifts are obviously neither trivial nor simplistic.

Robert Stein
New York, New York

THE FIFTH FREEDOM

Your excellent article *The Sexual Freedom League* (November) failed to convey what I feel is the greatest weakness in the League's approach. Despite all their cant about how "liberated" they are, and despite their use of cutesy-poo buttons and slogans, replete with sophomoric leers and snickers, their fun-and-games approach to sex defeats any possibility of their being taken seriously in their attempts to solve very serious problems, such as archaic abortion and sex laws.

C. H. Thomas
Boston, Massachusetts

What a dreary sex life those poor girls in the Sexual Freedom League must have. How sad that they are missing the fun of being wined and dined, the allure of soft lights, music and romance. The S.F.L. has taken all the fun out of sex. What's left is a glorified necking party, which most people outgrow at 16.

Mrs. Connie Hendershot
Buffalo, New York

I was amused to see that the conclusion of your article on the Sexual Freedom League was followed immediately by a page headed *Miraculous Organ*. Did you plan it that way?

John F. Prucha, Jr.
Los Angeles, California

Just a coincidence, John.

Re the Sexual Freedom League: There is nothing new about sexual relations in the presence of others. It was part of the social and religious life of ancient Greece and Rome as well as of India, as the beautiful erotic sculptures at Khajuraho and Konarak, for instance, demonstrate with such timeless serenity. Likewise, the economically privileged classes and the more libertine nobility in Europe have always practiced a certain degree of sexual intermingling in the course of their normal social activities. What is new, however, is that for the first time the middle classes are claiming their share of the sexual freedom hitherto reserved only for the elite. What is new, too, is that "social sex" has become linked with the idea of sexual freedom in general, and it has—like LSD—become a matter of public discussion.

What surprised us about Jack Lind's article is the low average age he gives for Sexual Freedom Leaguers—only 25.



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According to our knowledge, most people interested in social sex are a bit older, in their 30s and 40s, with only a minority in their early 20s. We think this is so because young people are still seeking to establish their identities in relation to others, outside their parental families, and are more interested in intense, one-to-one relationships. Also, they tend and have the opportunity to exchange steady partners more frequently than older married couples. Thus, while their need for sexual variety seems to be less pronounced than that of older age groups, their opportunity to satisfy it when it arises is infinitely greater.

It did *not* surprise us to hear that "beatniks" and political activists in America are trying to put social sex down as "square" or bourgeois. Many "Beats," sympathetic though we are to them, happen to be homosexually inclined or interested in drugs, both of which are antagonistic to heterosexual sex.

What seems to be most heartening about the Sexual Freedom League is its attempt, as your article describes it, to integrate personal sexual freedom with a general liberal philosophy. If so, more power to them. For there is nothing more depressing than the pretense of sexual freedom on the part of reactionary and guilt-ridden people who are acting under the compulsion of taboos rather than from genuine *joie de vivre*.

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen
Paris, France

PLAYBOY ENCAPSULATED

Recently I attended a memorial ceremony at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, commemorating Robert Hutchings Goddard, the rocket and space-flight pioneer. Vice-President Hubert Humphrey was the guest speaker, and the ceremony concluded with the burial of a time capsule, containing contemporary artifacts, to be opened in 500 years. You might be interested in learning that among the objects chosen for the capsule was, appropriately, a copy of *PLAYBOY*.

Stephen E. Horowitz
Peabody, Massachusetts

GOOD NOOSE

Thank you for Jean Shepherd's *Daphne Bigelow and the Spine-Chilling Saga of the Snail-Encrusted Tin-Foil Noose* (November). This latest safari into the depths of each of us surpasses even Shepherd's tale of the great Orpheum gravy-boat riot (October 1965). As always, between guffaws I felt a slight pain—as similar episodes in my own past snaked agonizingly from hidden vaults in my memory. Millions of us must have suffered, like Shepherd, at the hands of the better-off. We'll always remember the secret sensation of being outclassed. I'm glad that Shepherd survived the

experience with humility and good humor, and hope he keeps up the good work.

Stephen P. Daly
Reading, Pennsylvania

In my best offhand Fred Astaire manner, I want to thank you for Jean Shepherd's *Daphne Bigelow*. It sent goose-pimples all the way down my Marum socks—and out the ventilator ports of my Weejuns.

William E. Schmidt
Ann Arbor, Michigan

THE DEATH OF GOD

After reading, in your November letters column, Dr. William Hamilton's reply to Bishop Pike, who had written to criticize Hamilton's article on the death of God, I can only conclude that Hamilton, when he talks of the death of God, is not speaking of an event but rather of a Pop Happening. I'm only surprised he didn't assign its locale to Upstate New York.

Sandra Waggon
Charlotte, North Carolina

I followed your letters exchange on the death of God with interest. Because of their sincere concern for honesty, I don't know who I have a greater esteem for—Bishop Pike, Reverend Hamilton, Reverend Altizer, Bishop Robinson or Hugh Hefner. Come to think of it, I don't know who disturbs me more—Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale or Billy James Hargis. No doubt they are equally sincere—but I just can't understand them.

The Rev. John Troy Vaughn
(Episcopal)
Fort McKavett, Texas

MATERNAL WISDOM

I enjoyed reading your September article on the San Francisco *Topless* scene. I know most of the participants and I'm involved myself. People are all exhibitionists at heart, and even females admire gals with bodies worth showing and the guts to show them. Contrary to what some people think, we topless girls are not nymphomaniacs, nor do we parade our bodies around for sexual satisfaction. Many topless girls are married and most are mothers. Few are prostitutes, because we can make more money removing our tops than our pants. Where else can inexperienced girls make good money without prostituting their entire body? Even cocktail waitresses get pinched and fondled: all we get is stared at.

I always read *PLAYBOY* and so do my children. Between my job and your magazine, my children have learned that a lovely body shown in the right way can be decent and beautiful.

Mama Spiegelman
The Topless Mother of Eight
San Francisco, California






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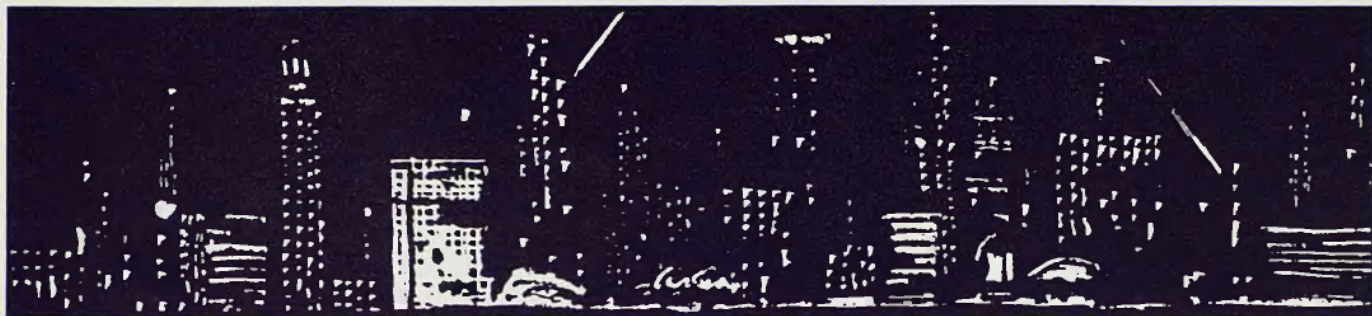


...has a better idea

A yellow dome tent is pitched in a vast, flat, snow-covered landscape under a clear blue sky. To the left of the tent, a small black table holds a bottle of Teacher's Scotch whisky and two glasses. The tent has a sign on its side that reads: "No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's". The background shows a dark line of trees and distant mountains.

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improves
the flavour
of water
like
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



With the Continental tourist season coming upon us once again, it's our opinion that U. S. travelers headed overseas should seize every opportunity to win friends and influence Europeans by communicating with them in their native tongues. Unfortunately, most international language guides—serviceable as they are for inquiring if the water is fit to drink—arm the visiting American with a glossary of platitudes that are wooden and utilitarian but lack the *élan*, style and verve that may characterize one's native speech. This deplorable situation, however, has been corrected. A British book company, Wolfe Publishing Ltd., has released a five-shilling linguistic lexicon entitled *The Insult Dictionary*. Aptly subtitled "How to Be Abusive in Five Languages," it supplies the innocent abroad with a veritable arsenal of snappy comebacks (in English, French, Spanish, Italian and German) designed, when delivered with suitable insouciance, to disarm the most xenophobic native. For example, after being shown minisized quarters in a Parisian hotel, the timid American might mumble to the concierge, "*Merci, beaucoup.*" What he should say, according to *The Insult Dictionary*, is: "*J'ai demandé une chambre pour deux personnes, pas un cagibi*" ("I booked a double room, not a water closet"). The next morning, in a Gallic restaurant, if the waiter brings an incredible plate of buckwheats, the recommended riposte is: "*J'ai demandé une crêpe, pas une crotte!*" ("I asked for pancakes, not cow cakes!"). That sets the heart-warming tone of the entire tome.

The 127 pages of the dictionary contain an abundance of such ingratiating rejoinders. After hailing a redcap in a Spanish railway station, for example, the traveler is advised to befriend that servitor by surveying him incredulously from head to toe and announcing: "*He pedido un mozo, no un mequetrefe*" ("I asked for a porter, not a pygmy"). In addressing his counterpart on board a German

ship, the book counsels, the correct comment is: "*Vorsichtig mit den Schweinslederkofern! Haben Sie kein Herz für Ihre Angehörigen?*" ("Careful with those pigskin cases—have some consideration for your family!"). Plaudits to proffer in a careening Parisian cab: "*J'en ai vu des trucs rapides dans ma vie, mais jamais comme votre compteur*" ("I have seen some speeding in my time, but nothing so speedy as your meter") and "*Vous en avez tué combien aujourd'hui?*" ("How many other people have you killed today?"). When visiting an Italian tailor, needle him jovially with the observation: "*Le ho chiesto un abito, non un sacco!*" ("I asked for a suit, not a sack!"); then, to sew up the job, compliment him by announcing: "*Non è stato tagliato quest'abito, è stato massacrato*" ("This suit has not been cut; it has been massacred"). While dining in a French restaurant, curry favor with the wine steward by sipping the proffered sample and murmuring appreciatively: "*Y a pas à dire, l'eau est bonne!*" ("Excellent water you have here!"); or with the chef by announcing: "*J'ai demandé de l'huile d'olive, pas de moteur*" ("I asked for olive oil, not motor oil!"); or "*Donnez-moi donc une cuvette pour y mettre les vers!*" ("May I have another plate for the maggots?"). And after a knackwurst in a German *Hofbrau*, reward the waiter with a witticism: "*Trinkgeld erwarten Sie? Einen Tritt können Sie haben*" ("Yes, you deserve a tip—the tip of my boot"). In lieu of a demeaning gratuity to an Italian bathroom attendant, an equally amusing *mot juste* is suggested: "*E lei il poeta che scrive quei versi osceni sul muro?*" ("Do you write all those dirty poems on the wall yourself?").

Before attending the theater or riding on a public conveyance in Italy or France, you're advised to memorize such all-purpose pleasantries as: "*Si muova, grassone*" ("Move over, Fatso"), "*Pouah! Ça pue les doigts de pieds!*" ("Phew! Whose socks are those?") and "*Quando tossisce per favore tenga i suoi*

germi in famiglia, io non li desidero" ("Kindly cough and pass your diseases only to your own family—I don't want any of them").

Ascertaining how big a hit you've made, *The Insult Dictionary* explains, is not difficult: "Although you may fail to understand the exact shade of meaning in the words uttered by the foreigner in question, you will be left in no doubt as to whether or not your reply has sunk home. You will immediately notice the sudden contortion of his features, the suffusion of blood to his head, the clasp and unclasp of his hands, the spasmodic twitchings of his whole frame. . . . Surely this will be a sufficient reward?" Surely, indeed.

Sweet Tooth Department, Airborne Division: A recent Associated Press report on the trial of the manager of a state-owned restaurant and night club in Budapest said the imaginative comrade was charged with, among other things, organizing "orgies highlighted by nude, chocolate-covered airline hostesses."

According to *Midwestern Advertising and Marketing News*, the following graffito was found by a spy in a Chicago ad-agency washroom: "All employees working on food accounts must wash their hands before returning to work."

The Surprise Symphony? A British correspondent swears that the announcer on a BBC Third Programme clipped out, "We now broadcast a performance of Haydn's Symphony Number 67. . . . The second movement contains a violin solo in which the soloist lowers his G-string."

Ads for The Forum, a restaurant on New York's Lower East Side, list its phone number as ORGY-405.

Incidental Anatomical Intelligence: A National Enterprise Association feature

story on June Wilkinson ends, "Whatever the reason, June Wilkinson is heading for the top, on the strength of ability. Her 42-inch bust is behind her."

Because the world hasn't enough to worry about, New York publicist Larry Gore has authored a "Catastrophe Calendar" that commemorates such happy days as the invention of the machine gun, canned laughter, TV dinners, non-pour ketchup bottles, parking meters, brown paper bags, the electric chair ("You Can Be Sure if It's Westinghouse") and the East Coast black-out ("You Can't Be Sure if It's Westinghouse"). Noted in black on the disaster calendar are the birthdays of such luminaries as Warren G. Harding, Senator Joe McCarthy, Tokyo Rose, Doris Day, Little Orphan Annie and Rasputin; as is the debut of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in *Naughty Marietta* (August 27, 1934).

If you want to know when the Ku Klux Klan held its first Klambake or on what rare day in June falls Werewolf Day, consult the Catastrophe Calendar. Not overlooked, either, are such unforgettable events as the beginnings of the second and third Punic Wars; Blue Monday, Black Thursday and Purple Friday; and March 16, 1938, the day the Gabor sisters left Hungary for the U. S. A.—"Celebrated as National Holiday in Hungary." Other red-letter days included in the calendar: January 12, 1683—"William Penn Signs Treaty with Indians"; January 13, 1683—"William Penn Breaks Treaty with Indians"; May 10, 1822—"Mexico Separates from Spain—First of a Series of Mexican Divorces."

The listings could have been much lengthier, but Gore unaccountably omitted such apocalyptic events as the invasion of Tartary by Mad Duke Witold, the extermination of the sea cow, the inauguration of digit dialing, the birthday of Liberace, the discovery of miracle ingredient GL-70, the invention of falsies and the debut of the Doublemint Twins. Also omitted are such historic happenings, right hand up, as Break-a-Cold Month (January); Pimiento Week (February); Peanut Week (March); International Barbershop Harmony Week (April); International Pickle Week (May); Fight the Filthy Fly Month (June); Fresh Up Soda Bath Season (July); Kraut Salad Season (August); Raisinable Breakfasts Month (September); Be Kind to Customers Month (October); Cage Bird Week (November); and a double-barreled attraction, National Mimicry Week and Flash Light Battery Inspection Day (both in December). The Catastrophe Calendar has thoughtfully included the following apocryphal events, however: "National Turn an Ugly Frog into a Handsome Prince Day," "National Contagious Disease Week (Take a Leper to Lunch),"

"National Bad Taste Week" and, as a capper, "National Put an End to Special Weeks Week." We're all for that.

There was no amplification of a note in *The Cedar Rapids Gazette* announcing that the program theme for a Monday dinner meeting of the Cedar Rapids Toastmistress Club was to be "Putting Out."

R. W. Bang, reports *Navnews*, a U. S. Navy journal, is a member of the San Diego Naval Training Center pistol team.

Among the courses offered last year to students at Scottsdale, Arizona's Phoenix College Evening Division: "Beginning Typing."

The first meeting of the Merritt Drama Guild, noted British Columbia's *Merritt Herald*, "should prove to be a lively one, as old members are expected to be prepared to entertain new members and guests with a skit, song, dance, rape and incest."

According to *Insider's Newsletter*, the following inscription appears on the first page of a Bombay-published book entitled *Planned Families*: "Reproduction strictly forbidden without our written permission."

THEATER

Cabaret is a taut, pulsating musical, despite the fact that it shortchanges its heroine. In Christopher Isherwood's original *Berlin Stories* (and John van Druten's play *I Am a Camera*), soulless Sally Bowles was the central symbol of decaying Berlin in the late Twenties and early Thirties. In the new musical, the symbol is a flashy, seedy Berlin night club. As the title song says, "Life is a cabaret, old chum." The stage is curtainless; the audience stares into a huge, tilted mirror, which reflects but also distorts. Kit Kat Klub emcee Joel Grey struts out and sets the tone of the show. His face chalk-white, his lips reddened, his hair slick, his manner mincing and Devillike, Grey introduces the morally bankrupt city and its sleepwalking citizens with malevolent amusement. The girls, in thigh-high black-net stockings and satiny minicostumes, are brazenly sexy. An air of casual carnality infects and enriches the proceedings. John Kander's music is, by turn, tinny and harsh, a little Kurt Weillish. Fred Ebb's lyrics are full of bite and wit. Lotte Lenya, as an accommodating landlady, sings the bitter *So What*, in which she shrugs that you "learn how to be satisfied with what you get." Grey himself runs through an entire side show

of malicious music-hall turns, including one blatantly erotic song and dance with his two lady bedmates. As Isherwood's mouthpiece, played by Bert Convy, says about the curious life around him, "It's tacky and terrible and everybody's having a great time." The show's creators—Kander, Ebb, author Joe Masteroff, choreographer Ronald Field, set designer Boris Aronson, costumer Patricia Zipprodt, director Harold Prince—collaborate masterfully in evoking the mood of Berlin under the growing cloud of Nazidom, a mood of blissful ignorance and sickly sadness. The cast—Lotte Lenya, Joel Grey, Jack Gilford as a passive Jewish shopkeeper—is brilliantly in tune with the out-of-tune atmosphere. There is but one exception. Jill Haworth, a pretty young lady with a passable voice, simply can't swing it as the irredeemable Sally Bowles. She fumbles her comic moments, tries to make up for her deficiencies by pushing her limited talent too far. But even if this Sally isn't "rather strange and extraordinary," as she claims to be, the show most certainly is. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

Woody Allen, PLAYBOY contributor (see *The Girls of "Casino Royale"* in this issue), pint-sized Perelman and puny Pepsy, has put quill to parchment and penned his first play, *Don't Drink the Water*, about a pushy caterer from Newark who gets entangled in the Iron Curtain. The caterer (Lou Jacobi), his wise-cracking wife (Kay Medford) and their nubile daughter (Anita Gillette) are in some unnamed Communist country on the last day of a disastrous, for Jacobi, European tour—"Thirty-five hundred dollars for three weeks of uninterrupted diarrhea." To top off his misery, he is chased by the secret police because he took snapshots of an atomic installation. "What did you think?" asks his wife. "It was a place that sold guards and dogs and barbed wire?" The family flees to the American embassy, which is temporarily being misrun by the ambassador's bumbling son (Anthony Roberts). A thuggy Commie cop invades the premises and demands the surrender of the caterer. Enraged, Jacobi pulls a gun on him—only it's a finger. "It may look like a finger," he warns. "It's a flesh-colored .45." While an exchange of prisoners is being arranged (their spy for our caterer), Jacobi puts down the chef's cooking. Offered oysters for dinner, he responds, "I want my food to be dead. Not live. Not wounded. Dead." And he also tries to put down his daughter's awakening romantic interest in the ambassador's son. Finally deciding to escape, the bearlike Jacobi dons a sultan's robes, announcing, with a squirm, that the silk itches his skin: "My dermatologist says I have the thighs of a princess." *Don't Drink the Water* is a grab bag of



Playboy Club News



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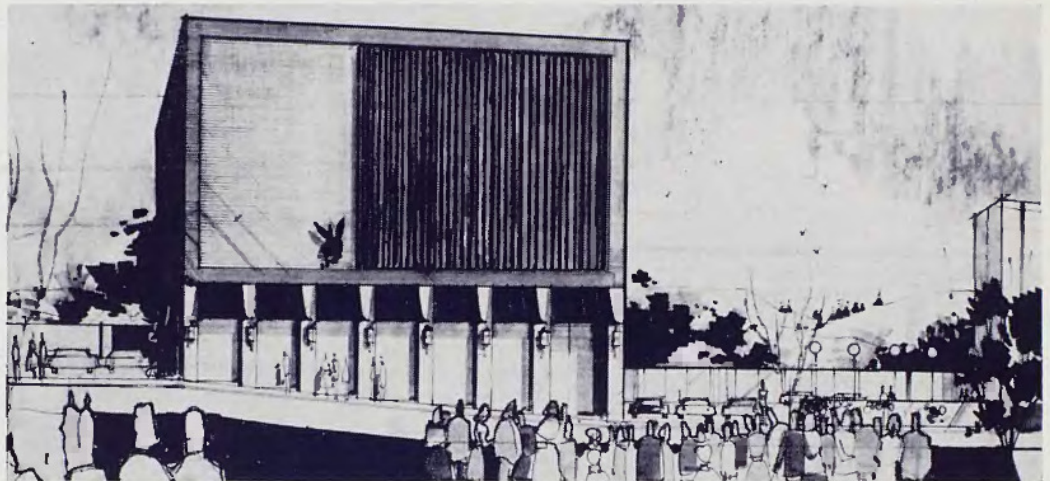
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CHICAGO (Special) — Construction has begun on the Playboy Club \$6,000,000 Midwest Hotel, two miles east of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, only 75 minutes from Chicago by car. The resort is now scheduled to open for the '67-'68 ski season. Facilities will include 300-room main lodge, 18-hole championship golf course, 35-acre Bunny Lake, 200-foot vertical drop ski run, driving range and putting green, clubhouse and pro shop, championship tennis courts, riding stables (20 miles of trail), skeet ranges, theater and air-conditioned indoor street of shops.

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gags, many great, a few terrible, all of them dyed-in-the-wool Woody, and the sharp-witted cast happily downplays them all. The play is farce-fetched and unshapely but, like its author, it is compulsively funny. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

RECORDINGS

Gaul is divided into two parts this go-round. *Aznavour* (Reprise) and *Je m'appelle Barbra* (Columbia) are a boon to Franco-American relations. As is his wont, Aznavour sings only Aznavour, and who could do it better? *La Bohème, Plus Rien, Aime-Moi*—all are handled in the superlatively sad style that is a hallmark. Miss Streisand has put herself in the hands of conductor-arranger *extraordinaire* Michel Legrand. And the amalgam of French and English lyrics with Gallic melodies proves that, in any language, Barbra spells success.

Simpático / Gary McFarland and Gabor Szabo (Impulse!) features the vibist and guitarist with rhythm, in the pop-jazz bag that McFarland has done so well in the past. McFarland's sing-along *shlick* gets vocal support from Szabo as they wend their way through the likes of *Norwegian Wood, Cool Water, The Word* and a number of McFarland-Szabo originals.

Trini (Reprise) is about as good a slice of the Lopez lad as has come down the pike in a long while. Maybe it's the Don Costa arrangements and the big sound in back of Trini, but the session swings from the opening *Fly Me to the Moon* on through *Baby, the Rain Must Fall* and *I'm Comin' Home Cindy* and right up to the last bars of *One of Those Songs*.

The soul sound of Ramsey Lewis in a somewhat unusual context can be apprized on *Wade in the Water* (Cadet). Ramsey, bassist Cleveland Eaton II and drummer Maurice White get into the big-band groove this outing with an aggregation arranged and conducted by Richard Evans. The title tune, *Tobacco Road* and *Up Tight* are fine examples of funk the way it is.

The 2nd John Handy Album (Columbia) presents some extremely interesting examples of the highly experimental Handy Quintet in action. Handy's group is an innovation in itself, since one of its staff is violinist Mike White. In addition to Handy's exploratory alto and tenor work, there are wild flights of fancy by guitarist Jerry Hahn. Sharing honors with the aforementioned three are bassist

Don Thompson and drummer Terry Clarke, who doubles on glockenspiel. *Glockenspiel?*

A thoroughly successful translation of the bossa nova into the American idiom—that's *Stay with Me / Vic Damone* (Victor). In some cases, the Brazilian songs have been given English lyrics; in others, the bossa-nova rhythm has been applied to Tin-Pan-Alley-type tunes. In every instance, the deft Damone touch enhances the material. The lead song, *Pretty Butterfly*, is perhaps the best of the lot, but we're nitpicking on an album that is excellent all round.

Seldom-heard (more's the pity) is Czech composer Smetana's *Má Vlast* (Crossroads), a cycle of six highly romantic symphonic poems performed at their source on two recordings by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Ančerl. *Má Vlast's* lush imagery makes it much more than a musical curio.

After listening to *Bobby Hackett Plays Tony Bennett's Greatest Hits* (Epic), we have to rank the nonpareil cornetist as one of musicdom's superheroes. Despite the horrendous handicap of saccharine, rickytick and desperately unimaginative arrangements that turn the band behind him to jelly, Hackett still manages to extract from his horn a lyricism that always rises above its surroundings.

The great big gospel sound of Marion Williams fills *A Voice of Hope* (Epic) with delightful listening. Miss Williams does not confine herself to the gospel idiom—although she works wonders on such as *Great Big God* and *The Day Is Past and Gone*—but undertakes the likes of *Blowin' in the Wind, Without a Song, Exodus* and *The Eagle and Me*. She's converted us to fanatical Williams fans.

As *au courant* as a teeny bopper, as timeless as a Bach sonata, that's the Ellington orchestra. *The Popular Duke Ellington* (Victor), an obvious titular redundancy, reprises such staple items of Ellingtonia as *Take the "A" Train, Solitude, Mood Indigo, Sophisticated Lady*, ad infinitum (the only new tune is *The Twitch*, a bluesy gem). It's a tribute to the Duke's alchemy that the well-grooved standards sound as fresh as ever.

Erroll Garner / Campus Concert (MGM) shows that the irrepressible pianist, like Ol' Man River, may go on forever. Recorded at Purdue University, the concert encompasses a passel of Garner-associated evergreens—*Indiana, Stardust, Almost Like Being in Love*—to all of which Erroll contributes a clutch of new

ideas. As always, Garner is accompanied by bassist Eddie Calhoun and drummer Kelly Martin.

Cass / John / Michelle / Dennie / The Mamas & the Papas (Dunhill) showcases one of the best of the shaggy-headed vocal groups around today. Their sound falls mellifluously on the ear and their original material (almost everything on the LP) is highly inventive. Particularly pleasing: *Trip, Stumble and Fall* and *Dancing Bear*—both rhythmic, tuneful and well worth repeating.

Vince Guaraldi & Bola Sete Live at El Matador (Fantasy) rates an *olé*. The pianist and his guitarist confrere are Damon and Pythias from start to finish. Their major effort, a *Black Orpheus Suite*, takes the two over familiar ground, but Guaraldi and Sete are still able to come up with unclichéed nuances.

Oscar Peterson: Put On a Happy Face (Verve) is probably the last of the etchings made by Peterson with bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen, Brown and Thigpen having long since gone their separate ways. Recorded live at Chicago's London House, the trio romps through the title ditty and a half dozen other items that range as far afield as *Woody'n You* and *Yesterdays*.

The Peggy Lee of *Guitars à la Lee* (Capitol) has herself a softly swinging ball, and, in so doing, a good time is had by all. Put beautifully on display by throaty Miss Lee are such attractive tone poems as *Strangers in the Night, My Guitar and Sweet Happy Life (Samba de Orfeu)* from *Black Orpheus*.

Nathan Milstein and Prokofiev's *Two Concertos for Violin and Orchestra* (Angel) are superbly made for each other. The highly melodic, impassioned works are transmitted admirably by the eminent violinist. The *Concerto No. 1 in D Major* has Milstein performing with The Philharmonia Orchestra under Carlo Maria Giulini; the *Concerto No. 2 in G Minor* finds him with The New Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos.

Talk That Talk / The Jazz Crusaders (Pacific Jazz) displays that soul-filled group plunked down in the middle of a big band and the results are electric. Fine funk is everywhere as they run through *Walk on By, 1-2-3, Up Tight* and nine others.

The flowing, fluent voice of the Count Basie orchestra is heard to excellent advantage on *Broadway Basie's . . . Way* (Command). Charted by Chico O'Farrill, the band brings out the best in a flock of

theatrical musical goodies. Trumpeter Roy Eldridge is the soloist of note, as "Little Jazz" applies his clarion horn to *Just in Time* (out of *Bells Are Ringing*), *Mame*, *Here's That Rainy Day* (from *Carnival in Flanders*) and several other Broadway beauties. Basie's way is our way.

A talent of far-ranging dimensions is provocatively put forth on *A Flat, G Flat and C* / *Yusef Lateef* (Impulse!). Lateef, on tenor, alto, flute, bamboo flute, Chinese lute, oboe and theremin, fronts an adventurous quartet as he cuts across continents in combining Asian, African and American musical forms in some of the most exciting, comprehensibly avant-garde jazz we've heard in ages.

Buddy Greco / Big Bands & Ballads (Reprise) is Mr. G. at the peak of his vocal powers. In front of a big-band sound penned by a slew of arrangers (including himself), Buddy is strictly first-chair as he delivers such delights as *I'll Only Miss Her when I Think of Her*, *What Did I Have that I Don't Have?* and the classics *The More I See You* and *Satin Doll*.

MOVIES

Falstaff is a terribly flawed, terribly interesting film. Directed by Orson Welles over a period of years as money became available, the improvisatory nature of its financing has led to an improvisatory artistic quality as well. Sometimes this is welcome—leading to a freedom from the formalism that has stiffened some previous attempts to cinematize Shakespeare—but sometimes the seams show. The biggest seam is Welles' own performance in the title role. Like most of his Thespian endeavors, it is a mixed—if well-stuffed—bag. He has Falstaff's cunning down pat, but somehow he never quite gets hold of the low *joie de vivre* that saves the character from being merely a boor. Indeed, as a director, Welles seems least at ease when called upon to re-create the passions of life among the Elizabethan lowly; his tavern scenes are positively prudish. With material better suited to his style—a battle scene alive with the rhythm of violence, the rich yet lonely pageantry of court life (where, as *Henry IV*, Sir John Gielgud makes his most effective screen appearance to date)—the film has that brilliant finish one expects of Welles. He is also good with the clowns: The sequence where Nym, Bardolph and Pistol are recruited for Henry's army is the film's comic high point. In the last analysis, however, Welles' attraction to Shakespeare comes through as more willed than felt; his least successful

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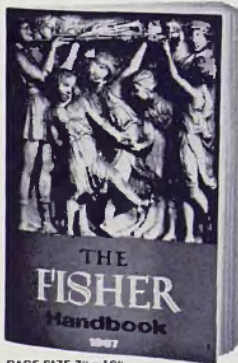
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efforts on both stage and screen have been his bard beardings. He is a director who must make a property his own; and Shakespeare does not yield gracefully to his tamperings, just as Falstaff does not easily allow himself to be changed into a leading man. Still, any movie by Orson Welles is an event of sorts. Even at his most self-imitative and awkward, there is always present a spirit of artistic daring, of joy in creating a movie, that forces you to sit up and pay attention for that brilliant shot or two that makes the whole business worth while.

It is possible that *Night Games* will never get a full-scale national release in the U.S. or that local pruderies will prevent you from seeing it in its fully undressed state. Therefore, let it be known that the movie is an extremely erotic one. And also a pretty bad one. Mai Zetterling has, perhaps, improved her directorial skills since *Loving Couples*, but her vision of the human condition has grown more depressed, if anything. Here we have a young man bringing his fiancée to his hereditary country home, where every stick of furniture reminds him of some incident in his childhood and, naturally, triggers a flashback. Mom, it seems, was as decadent as she was beautiful, and one day she threw a huge costume ball, the climax of which was her public accouchement, at which she delivered a stillborn child. Miss Zetterling and her husband, David Hughes, who collaborated on the screenplay (her novelization of the film is reviewed on page 23), have a number of other tasties to offer, such as Mom teasing Junior into masturbation, then shaming him for his weakness, and Mom entertaining lovers in front of him. There are also such atmospheric side lights as a blue film within the film, a girl placidly offering her bare buttocks as a place to compose a musical score and a man vomiting in full close-up. Dare we say *ad nauseam*? The mind boggles—and having boggled, moves on to wonder what is the point of all this careful shock material. Is the collection of grotesques here assembled merely self-contained symbols, incapable of reaching out toward universality? In the end, girl convinces boy that he should dynamite the old house and so make a fresh start in life, undaunted by history. It is a "happy" ending, but we have lingered too long in the hallways of sensation to be convinced by such a convenient piece of moral trickery. Still, *Night Games* had to end somehow, and probably we should be glad of the bang instead of the whimper.

When *Is Paris Burning?* premiered in Paris, the producers surrounded the city's monuments with pots belching red smoke, to suggest an actual conflagration. The Parisian response was, to say the most,

tepid. And tepid is our response to the movie as well. By any historical standards, the Paris uprising was one of the more squalid episodes of World War Two; the relatively effortless take-over of the city by Allied troops was engineered not for love but for propaganda. Still, Hitler *had* ordered the destruction of the city; only a reluctant German commandant, a dogged Swedish consul and a handful of Resistance leaders prevented that tragedy. And, as told by Larry Collins and Dominique LaPierre in their book of the same title, it was a real cliff-hanger. But the movie René Clément has made from the book, with the use of a clodhopping script by Gore Vidal and Francis Ford Coppola, disperses logic in an orgy of crosscutting and somehow manages to leave the impression that Paris was occupied by three Germans and a Volkswagen. There are moments of technical success, as when Clément fills in documentary footage with documentary-style action shooting; and there is a basic excitement to the story that even gross ineptitude cannot entirely stifle. But the 30-second appearances of 10,000 famous faces only distract from the build-up of tensions. George Chakiris—popping up out of a tank, long black hair swirling about his ears, to gush over the glories of Notruh Dahm—is the silliest of these; but watch, also, for Jean-Paul Belmondo, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, Alain Delon, Kirk Douglas, Glenn Ford, Yves Montand, Anthony Perkins, Simone Signoret, Robert Stack and God knows who else. Of Gert Frobe as General Von Choltitz, and Orson Welles as the Swedish consul, a great deal more is seen. *Is Paris Burning?* is not without minor virtues, but a street full of 1944 hair styles and polished-up old Paris buses does not a documentary make.

Roger Vadim's *The Game Is Over* is an oddly syncopated film, the rhythm of which is at first annoying, then catchy, despite one's best efforts not to succumb. Jane Fonda is married to an older man whose son (Peter McEnery) is closer to her in age, interests and high spirits. They're thrown constantly together, and their companionship turns into love, which of course means a rather detailed affair. This, in turn, leads to talk of divorce and remarriage in which, it seems, Miss Fonda would be required to surrender to her first husband her entire—and considerable—wealth. She's willing, but her lover is unwilling; struggles for worldly success are just not his style. So the loser in the game turns out to be Miss Fonda. It all sounds drearily familiar in outline; but up there on the screen, it's something else again. The whole affair is motivated as much by rebellion against parental authority as it is by the discovery of true love, and Vadim captures the childishness, charm and deliberate

irresponsibility with his witty juxtapositions of the farcical and the sensual throughout the film. Particularly notable in this regard is the lovers' first bedding and their first weekend escape to the country alone. Miss Fonda's skin scenes are worth the attention of any serious student of *cinéma vérité*. Moviegoers who value strange contrasts, quick comic insights and a kinky vision of the kinky life will find *Game* worth the candle.

The two gang lords have arranged a truce and now they confront each other eyeball to eyeball. The first inquires, with the customary suspicion of his breed, whether his opposite number is carrying a gun. The second daintily opens his coat, smiles sweetly and replies: "Is this the body of a killer?" That's pretty much the way things go in *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* As you may know, the picture began its life as possibly the worst imitation of a Hollywood gangster film ever run up in Japan. Busy Woody Allen (see *The Girls of "Casino Royale"* in this issue) was engaged to write a totally new script, which was then dubbed in by people possessed of humorous voices. It's not the sort of thing one hopes will become a regular practice, but in this instance, the result is a kind of instant theater of the absurd that, if you relax and just let it wash over you, can be giggly. The plot Woody has concocted is horrendously complicated and involves an attempt by a team of good guys and gals to recover the stolen secret formula for the world's greatest egg salad from not one but two sets of baddies. The verbal humor, be assured, is at a higher level than the situational humor, and the presence on-screen of Playmate China Lee (August 1964) is a decided visual plus.

In a season when there are so many routine to bad espionage films around, the temptation is to overpraise the occasional spy flick that meets minimal standards of suspense, believability and intelligence. So let's be very clear: *The Quiller Memorandum* is not a potential classic of the genre; it is not even as good as the Adam Hall novel on which it is based, since the book had a depth of characterization that is missing from the screen. Nevertheless, it is a crisp, brisk, occasionally humorous little movie that pits George Segal singlehanded against a band of very nasty neo-Nazis in Berlin. He slips in and out of their clutches repeatedly, survives a chilling interrogation under truth serum and outfoxes one of the most maddening pursuits we've ever enjoyed. Segal makes Quiller a rather callow wise guy, when a good deal of the original story's suspense derived from the fact that the Nazis were energetic and efficient while he was tired and troubled. Alec Guinness contributes

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AS FAST AS YOU THINK — IT RESPONDS

another of his too-carefully worked characterizations as Control, and Max von Sydow has a high old time doing villainous finger exercises after all the concertos he's recently played. Michael Anderson's direction is slick and smooth and avoids the rainy streets, trench coats, unbelievable gadgetry, fancily menacing camera angles and shock cutting common to the form. He sees the terror in the ordinary and makes us see it, too.

Penelope is mounted as if it were a glossy sex farce—there is gorgeously costumed Natalie Wood in the title role, being neglected by her husband (Ian Bannen) in favor of his bank presidency and consoled by her comic psychiatrist (Dick Shawn), who is, need we add?, in love with her. Trying to get hubby to heed her, she hits him where he lives: she sticks up his bank. Thievery, as she reveals from Shawn's couch, is a technique she has used in the past to right interpersonal wrongs. Somewhere along the way, the story (based on a novel by E. V. Cunningham) gets into something more interesting. It is essential to Miss Wood's mental health that she confess her kleptomania and be believed about it. She tries and tries and *tries*, and everyone is very nice—there, there, dear—but no one will take her seriously. The problem is damn near Dostoevskyan; it struggles to escape from this fat and fatuous film and lead a life of its own, only to suffocate under the Metrocolor pillows. As you stride past the theater, you might remember that an idea of sorts is dying in there before the uncomprehending eyes of the Natalie Wood fan club.

Cul-de-Sac is aptly named, since the literal meaning of the phrase is "bottom of the bag," which is precisely where director Roman (*Knife in the Water*) Polanski has gone for those tricks of photography and editing that give his picture its fashionable patina. The situation is this: Two gangsters on the lam stumble into a castle on the Scottish coast, forcing the resident eccentrics (Donald Pleasance and Françoise Dorléac) to shelter them until the big boss can come to their aid. Pleasance is trying to make a romantic dream of escape from worldliness come true—local legend has it that Sir Walter Scott wrote *Rob Roy* on his premises—but his wife and companion is measurelessly bored by the lonely reality of their scene. The crooks—Lionel Stander and Jack MacGowran—quickly rend what's left of their delicately stitched existential fabric, and violence ensues. Some of the scenes preceding the final bloodletting are actually funny—in particular, one where Stander pretends to be a servant in order to protect his hide-out from a peculiarly awful gang of drop-ins. But for the most part,

what might have been a valid film about the need to choose dreams carefully, since the possibility of their coming true must always be considered, is consistently betrayed by a willful mismatching of style and subject matter. A crisply conventional suspense picture would have held us more easily, and told the story better, than the elaborate jape Polanski chose to construct.

Fahrenheit 451, based on the Ray Bradbury tale that originally ran in *PLAYBOY* many long years ago, is a cool movie on a hot subject—book burning. Set in a future when the preferred fuel for all fires is literature, it tells how a new-style civil servant (Oskar Werner) notices that his bookless life and feckless wife (Julie Christie) are not very stimulating. On the monorail one night he meets a girl (also played by Miss Christie) who is obviously a secret reader—for she has a mind and a spirit rare in these deliberately cultureless times. Pretty soon he is going to blaze, reading books instead of incinerating them. From that point it is only a short step to open rebellion and exile among the book people—amiable eccentrics who try to keep the old culture alive by committing to memory a book apiece. François Truffaut, previously best known for the exuberance of his style, has adopted a kind of cinematic neoclassicism to tell this story. His most pressing business is the projection of a social vision, the quality of life in a non-literary culture where it is impossible for human beings to connect because they have no real shared experiences to draw upon. Truffaut brings off the difficult feat of showing us that the death of traditional culture means the death of the capacity for feelings, yet at the same time making us care about people who are, perforce, a species of zombi. In particular, the final sequence, directed with gorgeous fluidity, is a witty yet awesomely moving tribute to the awkward, stubborn, foolish, glorious human spirit in the process of enduring and prevailing. It is a magnificent pay-off on emotions, carefully withheld until the last possible moment by one of the few directors around who actually deserve their enormous reputations.

BOOKS

As a man who went out into the Cold War—not as a spy but as a diplomat—writer John Bartlow Martin came back with a writer's dream: a personal account of what it was like to be U.S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic after the assassination of Trujillo, to return home after the ouster of democrat Juan Bosch, and to rush back when the tragic island nation was being ripped apart in the civil war of 1964. In *Overtaken by*

Events (Doubleday), Martin presents his account in what seems to be excessive length (almost 800 pages) and with a chronology that frequently begs for a calendar. But he compensates for these sins by employing a plain-English narrative style that will spill some sherry at the State Department. Martin was caught in a rugged affair, and he has emerged from it with some rugged ideas for Americans to consider. Briefly, Juan Bosch assumed the presidency after a stormy election, as the country's first nonmarionette chief of state since the onset of the affliction known as the Trujillo Era. Besieged by demands of the left for drastic economic reforms and by the insistence of the right that he resist, and powerless to govern firmly, Bosch was a study in futility. Aghast at the imminent political demise of this strange and stubborn figure, Martin counseled him to save the Dominican opportunity for democracy by demonstrating to military politicians that he was no friend of Communists: "I know it isn't true, you know it isn't true, but you've got to prove it isn't true." Bosch could prove it, thought Martin, with laws permitting wholesale arrests and deportations. The president refused—out of weakness, in Martin's view, out of principle, in Bosch's—and shortly afterward was ousted by a military junta. This is but a part of Martin's story, but in it he poses the old dilemma of might and right that continues to trouble America's global policy makers.

In the summer of 1963, George Plimpton, editor of *Paris Review*, took up residency with the Detroit Lions, then preparing for another National Football League season. Plimpton's intent was ambitious: "to get a firsthand knowledge of the professional athlete by being one of them." The Lions' front office good-naturedly agreed to carry Plimpton for a while as their "number-three quarterback," and the Lions' players good-naturedly treated him as an equal (though with some deference because of his Harvard accent, his cosmopolitan ways, his well-bred manners and his habit of carrying a pencil and notebook into the scrimmages). The result was *Paper Lion* (Harper & Row), with an appeal that stretches well past the end zone of a football field. A friend of the author's, fearing that Plimpton might be bored in the Lions' company, asked what they did in their spare time. "Cards. Music. Talk," Plimpton said hotly. "Damn good talk. Better talk than I've heard in places where it's *supposed* to be good." The talk in this book is almost always good. There is the 300-pound Negro lineman, Roger Brown, complaining that he had been refused a date because he was too light-skinned. "Yo' don' think," suggested Brown's roommate, Night Train Lane, "maybe yo' three hunnert pounds had somethin'

to do with this girl bein' bawky?" Brown replied, "She didn't say nothing about the poundage—only the *color* of the poundage." Beyond the humor is an insight into the complex relationship between white and Negro players. A white player, John Gordy, summed it up this way: "You come to the leagues with your prejudices already set for you—from your home, your school—and not much happens to change them. What is increased is understanding. After all, you're living together, playing together, and you learn it's easy enough. Perhaps that undermines the prejudice. But not too much. We get along." *Paper Lion* is one of the most revealing books ever written about the men who play sports for a living.

However outrageous the movie (see page 20), the novel *Night Games* (Coward-McCann) on which it is based is unlikely to bring a blush to any cheeks save the most relentlessly virginal. It is, in fact, the sort of work that might have been written by a convent girl with a morbid imagination. Its male narrator is obsessed with thoughts of his dead mother. Also, he has a friend who's a homosexual and one who's a masochist. But the friends are little more than pallid local color, and the mother's ghost is easily exorcised by her son with the help of his vapid wife—after which the book comes to a blessedly early end. What few arresting thoughts author Mai Zetterling has are never fully developed; those that are not positively stillborn are throttled early in life by a prose style of which the following is fairly representative: "Of course it had all started—where else?—in Mother's womb, that inner sanctum, that retreat for my dreams, that so sweet little coconut that I had owned and emptied." Coconuts to you, Miss Z.

Opening the pages of Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *Death on the Installment Plan* (New Directions) is like taking a deep breath of foul air. It's a *pissoir* novel, a sewer of words, reeking of excrement and vomit. But Ralph Manheim's brilliant new translation reveals that Céline wrote of filth with artistry, of death with vitality, of hatred with exploding laughter. Previous translations of Céline have scrubbed his style, reducing his excremental lyricism to a tempest in a chamber pot. But Céline deodorized is Céline disemboweled. In his work, madness is the method of sanity, sickness the measure of health; and any attempt to sugar-coat the pill turns it into a placebo. A four-letter account of his childhood in *petit bourgeois* Paris, *Mort à Credit*, first published in this country in 1938, is an inventory of misery, hypocrisy and cruelty—"I had plenty to choose from to make me puke." Constantly badgered by his parents, the narrator suppresses his



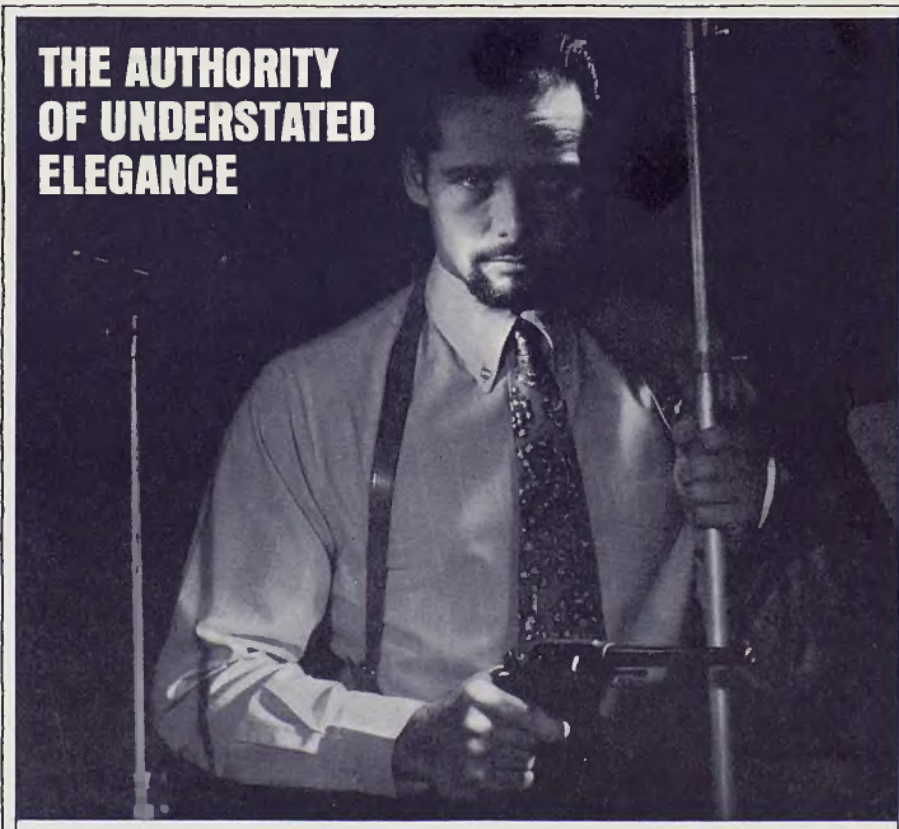
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emotions in order to survive. Apprenticed to a "universal inventor," half genius, two thirds fraud and entirely mad, he finds that chaos is a step up from home. But life goes from bad to worse; death lurks around the corners like a greedy creditor, attaching every emotional investment; by the end of the novel, the Devil has been paid his dues in full. Trapped in this nihilistic nightmare, battering so furiously on the gates of hell that they finally opened to receive him, Céline sank into virulent anti-Semitism. But when the volcano was under control, the inferno of his prose illuminated the darkest corners of existence. In his vision, life is a kind of loathsome slime covering the surface of the earth, but this novel is a flower of evil springing from the dung. Despairing, scatological and violent, it's a rhapsody in black and blue.

John Dos Passos has set down some of the memories of what he once called "The Great Days" in a small, poignant and absorbing book entitled *The Best Times* (New American Library), a "selective autobiography" in which the author speaks only of those events that still shine with fun, beauty and camaraderie. Here are Hart Crane, Scotty Fitzgerald and Zelda, Sherwood Anderson, E. E. Cummings and a young and appealing Hemingway, who is known as "Hem" rather than "Papa." There is a particularly engaging portrait of Edmund Wilson, the great "owl" of wide-ranging erudition, who possesses a sly humor undimmed by academicism. Dos Passos recalls their first meeting: "He wore a formal dark business suit. The moment we had been introduced, while we were waiting for the elevator, Bunny gave an accent to the occasion by turning, with a perfectly straight face, a neat somersault." After the vicious and tasteless revelations of some recent literary memoirs, it is refreshing to get the uncompetitive evaluations of Dos Passos. He remembers Fitzgerald: "When he talked about writing, his mind, which seemed to me full of preposterous notions about most things, became clear and hard as a diamond. He didn't look at landscape, he had no taste for food or wine or painting, little ear for music except for the most rudimentary popular songs, but about writing he was a born professional. Everything he said was worth listening to." Dos Passos also speaks out about politics, food, painting and social mores, and is often sharply critical of recent developments in styles of living as well as writing. He looks back nostalgically at the "speak-easy days" and the nights of unhurried seduction that included "The French-farce aspects of Mr. and Mrs. Smith registering at a hotel, or the tiptoe climbing of celestial stairs, the latchkey quietly turning in the lock. The lips meeting, arms twining, the delights and terrors that neither the greatest poets nor

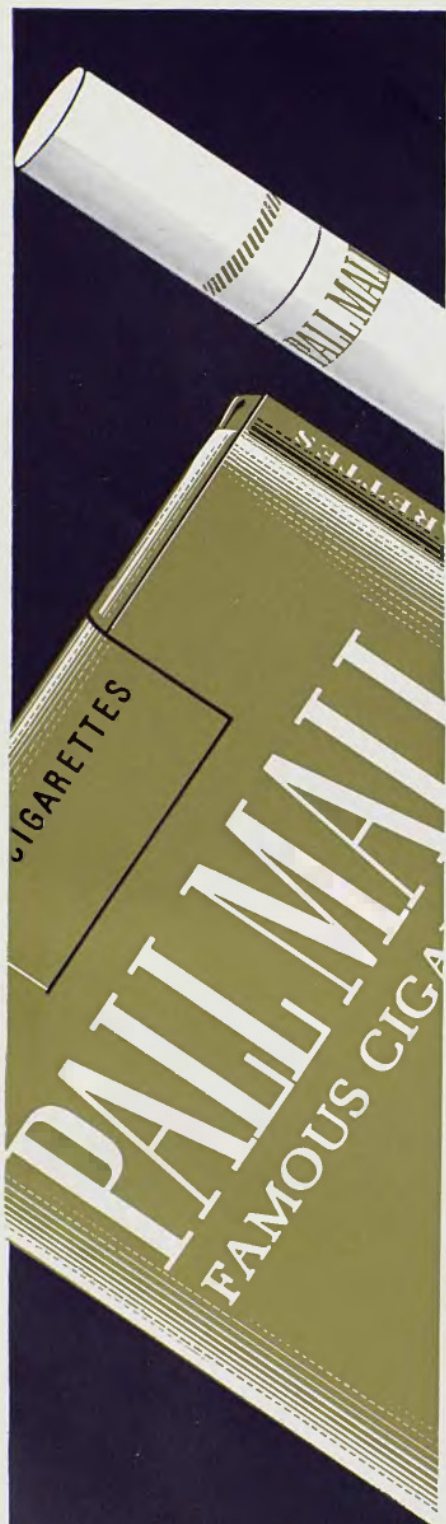
the most meticulous pornographers have ever been able to properly describe . . . asterisks still do it better." These are the memories and comments of a man who lived fully, worked diligently and can look back on *The Best Times* with a keen eye and a large heart. For a reminder of the Dos Passos mode of fiction, see the recently reissued one-volume edition of *District of Columbia* (Houghton-Mifflin), which brings together his three novels about the frustrating Thirties—*Adventures of a Young Man, Number One* and *The Grand Design*.

A few years ago, nomad Jack Kerouac took leave of Florida and mother and dispatched himself to Paris and Brest for ten days that he claims shook his world. The alleged purpose of his road trip was to trace the history of his Britanic full name, Lebris de Kérouac, first deposited, he believes, on these New World shores in 1756 by an officer in Montcalm's army. Kerouac paid a quick visit to *La Bibliothèque Nationale* and the National Archives, and even went to see an ailing restaurateur in Brittany named Lebris de Loudéac: but mostly he cognacked and beered, missed trains and planes, spent an evening at a "wild sex ball" and talked to strangers everywhere. It was a cabby driving him to Orly airport on his departure who was most responsible for his receiving a *Satori in Paris* (Grove). A *satori*, of course, is the word Japanese Buddhists use to describe a sudden enlightenment—but is defined by Kerouac pungently as a "kick in the eye." And since out of the mouths of cab drivers usually come cloddish statements, it turns out that what brings on Kerouac's *satori* is simply the taxi driver's prosaic reminder that: We're living *now*, bub. Kerouac eschews the time-tested form of literary lapel-grabbing, plot, and every once in a while he delivers himself of a playful earful of natural American idiom that would have delighted Ring Lardner: ". . . we had dinner, the which I didn't touch much as I hit up on cognac neat again." He also, perhaps with incipient maturity—he's 43 now (*vita longa*)—has become mercifully short, 118 pages (*ars brevis*). But even so, the talk is dull, the thinking uninteresting, and we have heard the same story and been tuned in to the same thought process before.

The 13th Duke of Bedford is the chap, you'll recall, who shocked the British aristocracy by opening his castle and grounds to sight-seers and charging a fee. His most recent effort to procure a few more coins for the family's fine but empty old coffers is a kind of "how-to-do-it" book for social climbers who aspire to attending the teas and tennis matches of all the "right" people. Unfortunately, anyone harboring such desires will

hardly find much original insight in *The Duke of Bedford's Book of Snobs* (Coward-McCann), which abounds in such "pieces of advice" as: "There are several basic things one should respect: money and rank, power and influence." When the Duke—or, more likely, his "collaborator" in this nonliterary enterprise—gets to more specific advice, it is of the sort that is early absorbed by fraternity pledges at the most remote cow college: e. g., don't cut up all your meat before beginning your meal and don't ask for whiskey mixed with ginger ale as a before-dinner drink. If a "snob" is one who has contempt for others, then the Duke of Bedford has proved himself such by the obvious contempt he displays for the intelligence of his readers.

The gimmicky title of *The Book* (Pantheon) and its subtitle, "On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are," serve as a poor introduction to an interesting work. Author Alan Watts—philosopher, divinity student, PLAYBOY contributor, iconoclast of the Western world—undertakes an adventurous task in this, his 18th volume, as he attempts to explain the inexplicable, to restate the Vedanta philosophy of Hinduism so that it will have meaning for 20th Century readers. We of the Western world, he says, suffer from "the ego illusion." We believe that each of us is an individual human being, "a separate ego enclosed in a bag of skin," and that we perceive the outside world through our senses. This, Watts insists, is a hallucination. The truth is that each of us is a moment of awareness in the flux of eternal time; the universe exists in our act of being aware of it, and we exist in the act of being aware of the universe. When the truth is grasped, says Watts, "when you know for sure that your separate ego is a fiction, you actually *feel* yourself *as* the whole process and pattern of life. Experience and experiencer become one experiencing, known and knower one knowing." This dizzying brew of words is a measure of the challenge that *The Book* raises for anyone not versed in mysticism. Watts uses English with enviable felicity, but the task he has set himself is virtually impossible. It would be difficult enough to communicate insights derived from an ancient and alien culture into a language that lacks an appropriate vocabulary. To complicate things further, the essence of knowledge in Eastern philosophies is not revealed to the mind but to the spirit: truth transcends the tangible and cannot be communicated by words. And words are all that Alan Watts has at his disposal. "My problem as a writer, using words, is to dispel the illusion of language while employing one of the languages that generates them." In this, Watts fails, as he surely must have known he would; yet his book



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is an adventure into philosophy and—in accord with Vedanta—it doesn't matter much whether the reader understands all that he reads. What does matter is reading and thinking: the expansion of self-awareness. As Watts likes to say when trying to explain Zen Buddhism to young America, "Don't just do something—stand there."

Writing about one's father is almost as difficult as writing about oneself, and Herbert Gold undertakes both herculean labors in *Fathers* (Random House), parts of which first appeared in *PLAYBOY*, and which he describes as "a novel in the form of a memoir." Herb masterfully traces his father's Old World genesis and eventual exodus to the New World. Sam Gold is a vivid creation—a mastiff of a man barking at reality wherever he confronts it—whether on the streets of the East Side of New York, in the Farmer's Market of Cleveland or at the gaming tables of Las Vegas. His philosophical credo is simple: Life is insecure—and he thrives on it, making his full-blooded way from a starving boyhood to satisfying old age, chancing affairs and taking business risks, always with a flair. There are flawlessly rendered tableaux of Sam Gold going acourting on a motorcycle, relaxing in a steam bath and enjoying an early-morning card game. But the oldest of Sam's four sons, Herbert, is not a chip off the old block. He is thin and sensitive, occupied with puppy loves, obsessed by the need to lose his virginity and driven by the dream of becoming a writer. Inevitably, he is embarrassed by his father's crudities; but Herbert never can quite forget the glow and warmth, the love, he experienced in the presence of his father. And when he becomes a father himself—though his own marriage eventually cracks in divorce—he religiously tries to fulfill his parental duties to his two daughters in the makeshift world of court-allowed visits. "My father's life echoes in mine," writes Herb; "his shadow lies athwart mine." The experience of fatherhood, Herb tells us, is ephemeral, but he captures it with glittering lyricism.

We call your attention to a literary event—the publication of Giacomo Casanova's *History of My Life* (Harcourt, Brace & World), in the first full English translation from the original 18th Century manuscript. Volumes one and two of the memorable *Memoirs* are now available, and the remaining ten volumes are on their way. The unexpurgated return of Casanova is welcome news from a literary, social and biographical point of view—not to mention the simple pleasure of that gallant's company.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm an 18-year-old boy working at a school for girls two or three years younger than I am. It's a nice situation, but I must exercise great restraint, especially when they try to outdo one another throwing themselves at me. Can you tell me if there's anything I can take to keep myself from being aroused?—M. B., Frankfort, Michigan.

The most effective sexual depressant we can think of is the statutory rape charge that can follow dalliance with nymphets below the age of consent. The magic number in Michigan is 16, and punishment for stepping below the line can range up to life imprisonment.

Cambridge winters are cold and, unfortunately, my ears are particularly susceptible to frostbite. What is your recommendation for winter headgear fashionable enough for a well-dressed lawyer yet protective of the ears?—R. H., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Lamb's-wool astrakhans with foldaway ear flaps will protect your ears as well as your head; when worn at a rakish tilt, they look masculine and attractive. For a more conservative choice, pick up a pair of bandless snap-on ear muffs, which can be worn with a conventional fedora.

I've been dating a beautiful redhead for the past couple of months and I'm becoming more and more confused. She insists we remain "just friends." She always calls me for a date and won't let me call her. She insists I take her to weird beatnik coffeehouses and shows with female impersonators—not occasionally but as a steady diet. She also insists that I treat her numerous girlfriends like ladies, even though some of them look like boys. Her coolness and her strange ways excite my imagination. On the other hand, I want to break it off. It seems to me she is trying to reverse the roles. What is your opinion?—T. S., San Francisco, California.

From your description, your beautiful redhead sounds like she hasn't made up her mind whether to go butch or to play the straight emasculating female role. Either way, you must have better things to do. Next time she calls, tell her you've lots of authentically male friends for those evenings you wish to spend going out with the guys.

When a male friend asks me for a light, is it correct to offer him a matchbook (or lighter), or should I do as I would with a lady's cigarette and light him up?—H. G., De Kalb, Illinois.

If you're both about to light up cigarettes, the proper procedure is to light

his first. However, if he's smoking and you're not (or if you're both smoking and his choice is a cigar or a pipe), just pass the fire.

I am 20 years old and have been married for over a year to a wonderful man. Right after we were married, I went to work in an office with quite a number of attractive men. I was fascinated with one in particular. He's older, a bachelor, very good-looking, intelligent, drives a new car and spends plenty of money. When my husband was called to active military duty, I thought of having an affair with this man; but although he became a very good friend, it never happened. I think with one little word of encouragement from me it would have, but I never gave that word. Now my husband and I are reunited and I still love him but find I can't get this other man off my mind. I've never had sex with anyone except my husband. But I would like to see how similar or how different sex is with another partner. Although I'm not much of a talker, I want to let this man know that I'm agreeable to an affair; yet I don't want to endanger my marriage. Do you think this is possible?—Mrs. L. W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Possible but not probable. If it's only curiosity that's giving you the itch, we suggest you find some way to scratch it within your marriage. If you and your husband will use some imagination, read some sex-instruction books and change your sexual environment from time to time (vacations are an excellent time to renew waning sexual interest), you should be able to achieve enough variation to satisfy a lifetime's curiosity. Judging from your affectionate description of your friend, however, it's possible that you're longing for more than just a temporary change of pace. Your restlessness may be symptomatic of some deeper marital problems that you should try to resolve by discussion with your husband or by seeking professional help from a marriage counselor.

I recently received a CO₂ wine-cork extractor as a birthday present. Is there any chance that the gas ejected from it will harm the wine? I have some excellent vintages I'd hate to ruin.—E. C. D., Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The CO₂ injected into the bottle will have absolutely no effect on the wine. In fact, many wine experts recommend this type of popper for vintage vins, as it easily extracts older corks that are likely to crumble or break under the pressure of a corkscrew.

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Last weekend, while my parents were away, I entertained a coed at my home. We've dated only a few times and she refused to go to bed with me, but it was fun just being with her for a whole weekend. Unfortunately, my kid sister paid us a surprise visit on Sunday morning. Now I have received a letter from Sis saying that I should tell our parents about the weekend before she does. Should I tell them? I know they'll think the worst, no matter what I say.—N. F., Oneonta, New York.

To suffer for a pleasure denied, it seems to us, is to suffer doubly. But since the story of your weekend does seem destined to reach home, it had better be through you, so it will have the best reception possible under the circumstances. And tell Sis that the right of privacy is suffering enough these days at the hands of Big Brother; Little Sister it doesn't need.

In reference to jazz, what is the meaning of the classification "mainstream"? Is it a form of "third-stream" jazz?—J. D. B., San Francisco, California.

Both mainstream and third stream are primarily journalistic terms rather than jazz classifications per se. Mainstream refers to music that has roots in the swing period of the Thirties; it falls somewhere between the traditionalists and the modernists. Third stream is a term coined by composer-French hornist Gunther Schuller in the early Sixties, who has defined the music as a type that is "neither jazz nor classical but draws upon the techniques of both."

A friend and I will soon be heading for Europe for a two-year jaunt. One or both of us will be getting a car there to use and bring back. We'd like to know if Europe has auto shows featuring all the new cars and, if so, where and when they are.—C. B., Spokane, Washington.

Europe's three major auto shows in 1967 are at Geneva (March 9-19), Paris (October 5-15) and London (late October).

First, a little background before the question. I'm an up-and-coming young lawyer, 28 years old; I'm married and have three young sons. My wife is a very good mother, an adequate housekeeper and an excellent companion. She is also a very beautiful woman at age 25. Last summer, my in-laws rented a cottage near a mountain resort. We were invited to spend some time with them and gladly accepted. Unfortunately, I and the rest of the men in the family had to return to the city to work, but my wife, our three sons and my mother-in-law stayed on for a full week. Also staying on at the cottage was my 21-year-old sister-in-law, a very attractive

girl who is also married. Not far from the cottage is a highly respectable roadhouse. During the week, my wife and sister-in-law went there two nights in a row, unescorted, and stayed until closing time. My question is this: Was it proper for these two ladies, one a mother of three, to spend two evenings alone in this place? I don't think it was, but I'm just introspective enough to want to discover if I may be getting slightly stuffy in my old age. Am I?—C. G., Chicago, Illinois.

A pair of attractive women sitting unescorted in a roadhouse are sure to invite approaches from unattached males. If these girls are savvy enough to ward off unwelcome advances, and if the advances would indeed be unwelcome (we assume the girls are trustworthy, or they wouldn't have been so candid about where they had gone), we'd say, yes, it was proper for them to have spent the two evenings as they did; and no, you're not being stuffy but are showing reasonable husbandly concern.

A cousin of mine inherited the contents of a large and little-used liquor cellar. While checking it out, the two of us came across a bottle of Scotch labeled "Grand Old Parr" that was distilled by the MacDonald, Greenless Distillers Ltd., Leith, Scotland. On the back of the bottle (which, incidentally, looks very old) is another label, which reads, "Aged 152 years." If our find is 152 years old, do you have any idea as to its value?—W. D., San Francisco, California.

Yes, about six dollars a fifth. "Grand Old Parr" is an excellent—and current—brand of Scotch named after Thomas Parr, an English farm hand who lived from 1483 to 1635. Thus, the distillers refer to Parr himself, not their Scotch, as having "aged 152 years." When serving it, you might mention that its namesake first married at 80, sired a son and a daughter, and then was wed again at 122. After Parr's death, Charles I ordered that the venerable gentleman's body be buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, in honor of his longevity.

Can you tell me something about the so-called "sniffing" of airplane glue in paper bags? Several of my acquaintances have tried this and have told me that the results are exhilarating, to say the least. Contrarily, I have also heard that this practice can be harmful to the brain or lungs of the sniffer. Is or isn't the practice safe?—C. H., Greenwich, Connecticut.

Glue sniffers not only stand an excellent chance of injuring their kidneys, liver and bone marrow from prolonged inhalation of fumes, but they may end up permanently in the bag: The practice can cause severe brain damage and even death.

What do you do with a girl whom you love and plan to marry but who has got it into her hard little head that the only way to catch a man is not to go to bed with him until the wedding night? She even agreed to our registering at a motel as man and wife "to save money" and I thought I had it made. Then she spent the night in the car! How can I convince her that no matter how much I love her, this is no way to catch me, but a darn good way to lose me?—J. B., Quantico, Virginia.

Tell her so in just those words.

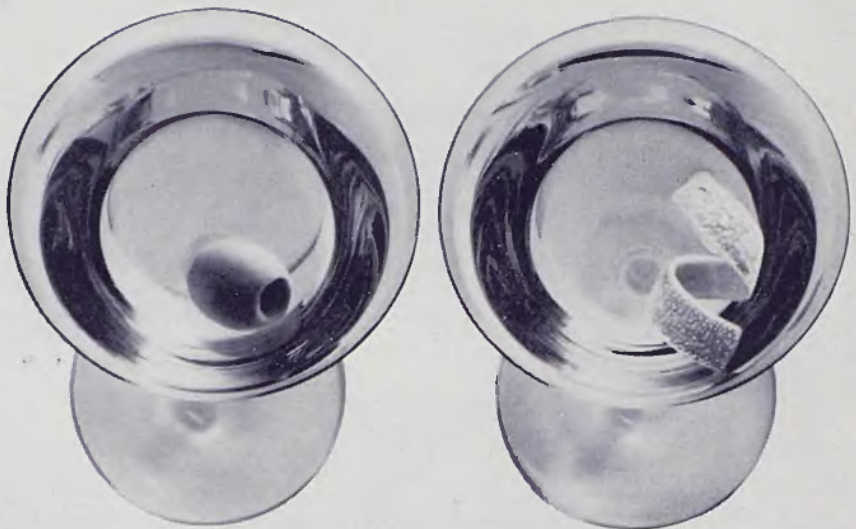
Is a blue or a striped shirt acceptable eveningwear when going out on the town?—R. M., Elgin, Illinois.

No. Save your blue and your striped shirts for daytime wear; after six p.m., white's right.

Aside from the psychological pros and cons, are there physiological arguments against masturbation? What is a safe, or "moderate," level of indulgence?—P. T., Stanford, California.

There are no physiological arguments against masturbation; it is as harmless as whistling. As for a "safe or moderate level of indulgence," you might be amused (and enlightened) by the following excerpt from Masters and Johnson's authoritative "Human Sexual Response": "Every male questioned expressed a theoretical concern for the supposed mental effects of excessive masturbation, and in every case 'excessive levels' of masturbation, although not defined specifically, were considered to consist of a higher frequency than did the reported personal pattern. One man with a once-a-month masturbatory history felt once or twice a week to be excessive. . . . The [man] with the masturbatory history of two or three times a day wondered whether five or six times a day wasn't excessive and might lead to a 'case of nerves.'" All such fears are groundless. Whatever frequency a man has is the frequency that is natural for him. As stated in "Guide to Sexology," "Once a month might be enough for one individual and once a day might not be too much for another . . . masturbation is self-limiting. Before 'excess,' there is simply no more erection possible."

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



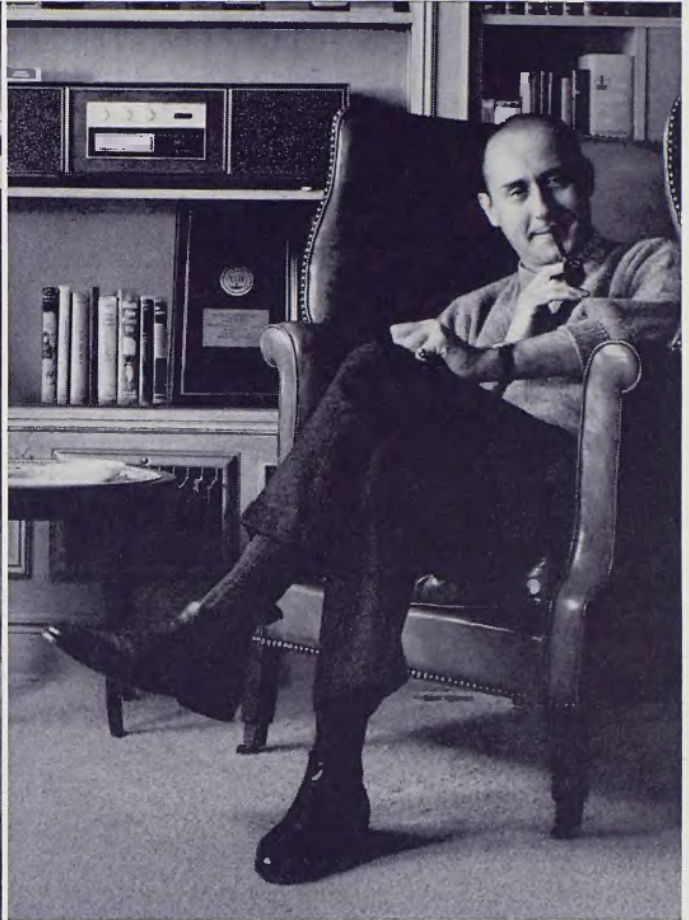
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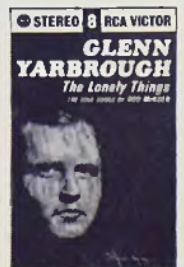
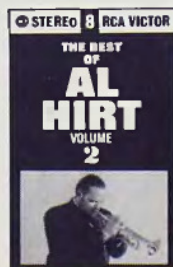
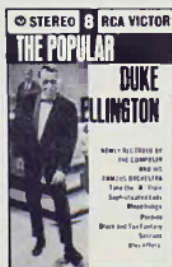
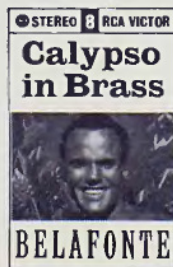
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

BERMUDA, ONCE AGAIN, is bracing for the annual bash known as "College Week." It works this way: Each week from mid-March to early April, a seven-day frolic that's literally free for all is sponsored by the local authorities. Monday morning begins with a tremendous party at Elbow Beach that includes lunch on the house plus a big-beat band for dancing. Tuesday's schedule takes you to the Bermudiana Beach Club for lunch, followed by a limbo contest. During the remainder of the week you'll attend calypso cruises, tennis and sailing tournaments, as well as dig gombay dancers and steel bands—and every bit of it is on the cuff. All you pay for is your hotel room, travel expenses and whatever sport you have on your own. And if you consider that this romantically flowered Atlantic island is only 90 minutes (by air) and \$95 (round-trip) from New York, you can see why girls from Vassar and Smith, Holyoke and Swarthmore and their sister schools all swarm there.

Jamaica, too, gets swinging in April, with the finish of the 800-mile Miami-to-Jamaica international ocean yacht race signaling the start of a week-long round of nautical activities in and about Montego Bay. Regattas are also scheduled by the Ocho Rios Sailing Club and by the Royal Jamaica Yacht Club in Kingston. Add tennis and golf tournaments, as well as horse racing, and there's much to keep you jumping.

Center for the evening's *après-sail* activities is, of course, the Jamaica Playboy Club. (For more information, see *The Big Bunny Hop*, PLAYBOY, June 1965.) But for an occasional change of pace, try staying in one of the island's private-cottage facilities. They range from the simplest beachside spot to lavishly decorated pads with their own private pools; rentals (up to \$150 a day for a two-bedroom place) always include service.

At Frenchman's Cove, the basic minimum of \$2500 (for two weeks) for you and a fair companion provides everything your little hearts could desire. Included are a sensationally located cottage equipped with hi-fi and stocked bar, a golf cart, chauffeur-driven cars, piloted boats and even a small plane—all part of your prepaid tab.


Located in the former home of international *couturier* Edward Melyneux, the relatively new Miranda Hill near Montego Bay has brought luxury to a new level. The establishment offers 80 discriminating guests such posh perfections as formal dinners served on gold service, followed by *café diablo* in the owners' living room overlooking the Bay.

Another specialty of the house: Each suite is distinctively styled. Yours may be in an African motif, with zebraskins and masks decorating the rooms.

If your early-spring sojourn takes you to Europe, be sure to visit Moscow. Winter's sting will have eased, but its beauty still extends far into April. And there's nothing like the crisp air of a Moscow park to set you up for a traditional blini and caviar repast washed down with vodka. Take a tour of the country in the season that Pushkin and Tolstoy loved best, then return to Moscow in early May in time for the Moscow Stars festival. This is one time you can be sure Maya Plisetskaya and Nina Timofeyeva will be dancing at the Bolshoi. But that's just a start: The Pyatnitsky Folk Choir, the Moscow Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, the Beryezka Dance Company will all be performing; there'll be opera and ballet at the Stanislavsky and Nomirovich-Danchenke Music Theater and performances at the Moscow Art Theater. Try the Moscow Variety Theater and the Moscow Circus for acts that you won't see elsewhere. Incidentally, you can book theater tickets ahead of time, along with hotels and sight-seeing tours, through U. S. travel agencies accredited by Intourist. And you do *not* have to have an Intourist guide as a guard at your elbow throughout, rumor notwithstanding. Of course, while in Moscow, you'll see the key sights—the magnificent Kremlin with its armory display of bejeweled historic weapons and the Tretyakov Picture Gallery, for instance. Also allow enough time to visit the countryside surrounding the capital. The impressive old monastery at Zagorsk is worth the three-hour round trip. The magnificence of ancient Russia can also be seen on a six-hour junket to the former princely capitals of Yaroslavl, Pereyaslavl-Zaleskey and Rostov the Great.

Don't forget to see Leningrad. Its monuments and squares are a living record to the three successive revolutions launched there in the early years of this century. Volgograd, once called Stalingrad, is easily accessible after June by cruise ships down the Volga, Russia's loveliest river.

For excellent food in Moscow, visit the Praga, the Peking or the Aragvi restaurants—all have dance music. Although it's perfectly proper to ask a Soviet girl for a dance, don't be surprised if she takes the initiative and asks you first. That's but one of the charms of Russia.

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"*

PIKE'S PIQUE

I think the following remarks by Bishop Pike really hit the nail on the head and show just where *The Playboy Philosophy* falls short of maturity. I quote from the *Chicago Sun-Times*:

The Right Reverend James A. Pike, Episcopal auxiliary bishop of California, said Tuesday that while he and *PLAYBOY* magazine both have advocated repeal of laws regulating sex practices, there is a major difference in their beliefs.

Bishop Pike charged that Hugh Hefner, head of the magazine and night-club chain, asserts the recreational view of sex. He added:

"There is a half-truth to the recreational view. It is fun. But I believe that if sex strengthens a union between people and holds them closer together, then that's better."

Ed Crosby
Chicago, Illinois

Indeed, Bishop Pike hit the nail on the head. But the reporter who wrote the story missed by a mile, as Bishop Pike explains in his letter below.

I think you'll be interested in a recent example of journalistic slanting, not only because it involved both myself and Mr. Hefner, but because it so aptly illustrates some of the peculiarities of newspaper reporting and headline writing.

One day recently, I spoke at Duke University and discussed certain aspects of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Next morning, while waiting to board a plane at Durham airport, I was somewhat taken aback to find a wire-service story about my speech in a local paper under a headline that implied I favored casual sex. But imagine my pique when I got off the plane in Chicago, three hours later, and found exactly the same wire-service story headed, in the *Sun-Times*, PIKE HITS RECREATIONAL VIEW OF SEX.

In both stories, my statement was inaccurately interpreted as a criticism of Hefner; actually, my point was, whatever else one should say about sex ethics, I agree with Hefner that, while sex can be fun, it is much more meaningful, more beautiful and more rewarding in the context of love.

The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike
Center for the Study of
Democratic Institutions
Santa Barbara, California

ATTORNEY'S ACCOLADE

While other publications stagnate, *PLAYBOY* blazes its own trail—sometimes, we fear, without enough praise. You may use any or all of the attached words of praise from my column, "The Way I See It," in the *Los Angeles Daily Journal*:

Bishop James A. Pike, in saying a few words agreeing with the Conference of Delegates [at the State Bar Convention] about the need for revising our abortion statutes, set off some charges that apparently are going to reverberate for some time.

But that was not the important part of what the man from Santa Barbara had to say.

He said lawyers ought to keep themselves busy thinking about the issues of the day, and when they talked over cocktails (which he did not disapprove as entirely useless) they could be exchanging great ideas.

And he quoted a man whose ideas for the most part are not readily available at public libraries or even at law libraries (not even at the Los Angeles County Law Library).

Hugh Hefner of *PLAYBOY* magazine was the man quoted by Bishop Pike.

Men, while drinking a cocktail tonight, consider whether we as lawyers ought to encourage libraries to be kept up to date, so that *PLAYBOY* is available to all.

I missed a few installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, and I would like to catch up during the lunch hour at the law library.

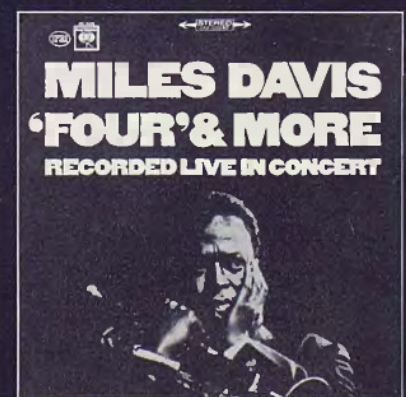
Jerry B. Riseley,
Attorney and Counselor
Toluca Lake, California

CLERGYMAN'S COMMENDATION

The Japanese-speaking community in our city is so conservative that without doubt I am the only public advocate of your *Philosophy* among the ministers. I have always appreciated your articles, the *Philosophy* and *Forum*; and I introduced some of your ideas to the Japanese-speaking public in last year's summer training school for laymen, where I was a main lecturer.

I sincerely hope that you will keep up

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the good work and continue your search for a solution to the problems of our estranged human society.

Yusuke Hidaka
Christ Congregational Church
Chicago, Illinois

SEX AND MURDER

I am a nurse. I don't frighten easily, but the July murder of eight nurses in Chicago has made me think. I thought of the years I've spent in nursing—the many people I've helped get well. And I thought of those eight young girls and the great number of people who won't be helped by them—and of the man responsible for this—and then of PLAYBOY. I want to stand up and be counted as one who is convinced that you and others like you share a great part of the responsibility for these senseless deaths. The influence of your amoral philosophy, especially through your sensational magazine, on these unbalanced minds is incalculable. Unfortunately, there are just too many of these sick minds around today, and I've watched them increase through the years with unchecked growth. What I accuse you of cannot be proven, but please know there is one who holds you very much responsible and who thinks of you every time she reads of such a crime.

Anne M. Barrett, R. N.
Chicago, Illinois

A more liberal, rational sexual ethic, as urged in PLAYBOY, does not tend to increase such crimes; rather, it tends to decrease them. For acts of sexual aggression and violence result from the repression of normal sexuality in a rigid, restrictive, frequently highly religious environment that associates sex with guilt and shame. As might be expected, therefore, sexually motivated stabbings, mutilations and murders were much more common in the repressive Victorian era than they are today; Masters and Lea report, in "Sex Crimes in History":

Europe in the 19th Century was plagued by a large number of criminals who were termed "rippers" and "stabbers" by the press. . . . In the case of the stabber, it has been held that his weapon represents his penis, and that when the weapon is driven into the flesh of the victim, there occurs an equivalent of copulation. . . . If there has ever been an epidemic, a plague of rippers, so to speak, that infestation certainly occurred during the years just mentioned. It was in 1888 that [Jack the Ripper] was scourging Whitehall. A Moscow ripper was at work in 1885, slaying several. A Texas ripper, in 1887, murdered and mutilated a number of young Negro prostitutes. And in Nicaragua there were some ripper murders in the year 1889. Moreover, the period 1885-1890 saw

the murderous cross-country hike of Vacher, and the lesser crimes of a goodly number of other stabbers, rippers and other criminals of sadistic inclination.

That these criminals typically come from strict religious-moral family backgrounds in which sex is hidden and forbidden is a well-known psychiatric fact. Masters and Lea quote one "vampire" killer as saying, "It satisfied me to seize the women by the neck and suck their blood. To this very day I am ignorant of how a woman is formed." William Heirens, the Chicago thrill killer of the 1940s, came from a devoutly religious family; Lucy Freeman notes in her book on the Heirens case, "Before I Kill More," that Heirens spoke quite calmly of his murders and mutilations but showed acute embarrassment when a psychiatrist asked him if he had ever masturbated. Noted English educator A. S. Neill, headmaster of the world-famous Summerhill school, states:

. . . Sex crime and sex abnormality of any kind are a direct result of disapproval of sex in early childhood.

The famous anthropologist Malinowski tells us that there was no homosexuality among the Trobrianders until the shocked missionaries segregated boys and girls in separate hostels. There was no rape among the Trobrianders, no sex crimes. Why? Because small children were given no repressions about sex.

The question for parents today is this: Do we want our children to be like us? If so, will society continue as it is, with rape and sex murder and unhappy marriages and neurotic children? If the answer to the first question is yes, then the same answer must be given to the second question . . .

The choice is between guilty-secret sex or open-healthy-happy sex. If parents choose the common standard of morality, they must not complain of the misery of sex-perverted society, for it is the result of this moral code. . . . Humanity is sick, emotionally sick, and it is sick because of this guilt and anxiety [about sex] acquired in childhood.

Insofar as PLAYBOY and "The Playboy Philosophy" have any effect, they tend to create a more permissive atmosphere in which sexual repressions are less likely to appear and acts of sexual violence—like the murder of the eight student nurses in Chicago last summer—less likely to occur.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

I am a 41-year-old mother of six, a college student, a part-time employee,

and as busy as a fiddler's elbow at a square dance with other things; I have only recently been able to buy and read PLAYBOY. Slowly, I am gaining the freedom that Mr. Hefner talks about and now I can read, without feeling guilty, articles that discuss sex.

My father was an alcoholic and my mother was a religious fanatic; and both felt that sex was a subject not to be discussed at any time. Mother considered sex vile but accepted it as the sorrow that went with having children, while Dad slept with anyone who would get into bed with him, to prove to himself that all women were whores. I was raped when I was 15; when I told my father, he said that that was what men would want me for and that I should get used to it. With this background, I married at 18. I was beautiful and built—39½-26-36—and he was handsome and a hero. He was also an alcoholic, but of this I had no knowledge until he came out of the Service. At 21, I was a mother of two children, and a divorcee. At 24, I married again, still not knowing that sex could be discussed at any level with anyone; so I bought a book. The first line said sex was all right in any way, even hanging from a chandelier, if you enjoyed it. I thought, why not try to enjoy it, but the attempt failed. My husband accused me of having a lurid past and, because I still knew nothing, I felt he might be right. I had six more children, two of whom died.

Seven years ago I left him, feeling in the depths of me that there was more to life than I had had. I began reading—not about sex, but about living. I returned to high school and then went on to college, and finally learned enough to realize that if I was ever to have any life that was not tinged with "dirt," I needed help. I have been undergoing therapy for two years and have found that there are many freedoms, including reading PLAYBOY.

The Playboy Philosophy has opened many doors to me and I have opened the selfsame doors to my older children, in the hope that they can avoid the guilts I have known.

I have met and now intimately know a man who is delighted that I have a body, brain and soul. He couldn't care less that I still have a long way to go in finding myself. With thoughtful care and kindness, he is watching me slowly unravel the skein of fears that has so long enmeshed me in a world of aching loneliness and frustration.

So keep up the good work you are doing by discussing these things. I am grateful for anything that enlightens the dark and dismal path so many of us are still walking.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

CATHOLIC ANTISEX

I saw the letter in the October *Forum* explaining the Catholic teaching on masturbation. I could almost have recited it by heart. I have seen many other letters in your magazine from Catholics, some even from priests. Yet I have not come across one that reveals the full scope of what Catholic doctrine means to the average human being. I shall try to convey it by more or less personal examples.

I was raised in a very strict Catholic family. Sex was never mentioned. My mother told me about menstruation after the fact. Of course, we heard things from friends, and were frightened out of our wits. My mother had six children, one right after the other. She never had a chance to get her strength back. She was always sick, nervous and screaming. She went to our parish priest to get permission to practice birth control. He gave her permission—the rhythm method—but of course it didn't work. She had two more children and there was never enough money.

We were all sent to Catholic schools and were taught by nuns. I remember the nun who taught us in seventh grade. She was a brilliant woman who was frightened of boys. She would actually shake in fear of the seventh-grade boys and would often beat the more unruly ones with a yardstick.

High school days were even worse, for we were old enough for sex to rear its "ugly" head. Boys and girls went to the same high school, but the sexes were strictly segregated. We girls had to wear uniforms and we were not allowed to sit with our legs crossed. We were subjected to many lectures about sex and dating and were to double-date when at all possible. When driving to and from a dance or other events, boys were to sit in the front seat and girls in the back. To continue a kiss after one or the other partner was excited was a mortal sin. Masturbation, of course, was always a mortal sin.

One senior boy, puzzled by the strictures on kissing, asked a priest how he should kiss his girlfriend. "Like she's your sister," the priest replied.

"But I love her. How can I kiss her like she's my sister?"

"Any voluntary sexual pleasure outside marriage is a grave sin."

Then it was Catholic college for me. I began to get tired of classes laced with Catholic doctrine. I also got tired of having to get a priest's signed permission to read things like Sartre's *No Exit*, since it was on the Catholic index of forbidden books.

Well, that makes 14 years of Catholic schooling. I thought I was familiar with all of Catholicism's strange ideas concerning sex, marriage and procreation. Yet recently I discovered one that was new to me. One of the women I work

with was telling me about the birth of one of her children. She said she had been in hard labor for four days. I asked why the birth wasn't induced and she said she had been at a Catholic hospital and they didn't believe in it. I was aghast. She proceeded to reveal the full horror of her story. The woman's own doctor happened to be on vacation when her labor began. She went to the hospital, which is staffed by nuns, and didn't seem to be able to deliver, although in hard labor. After this woman had lain in agony for four days, the nuns asked her husband to sign a paper that would allow them to let the mother die and save the baby. He refused; luckily, the woman's own doctor soon arrived. He broke the woman's water sack—one of the most common and well-known ways to help labor along—and soon the baby was born. The doctor said this woman had labored two days for nothing. The child is retarded. It most likely occurred because of prolonged pressure and lack of oxygen during labor. The woman's lawyer said it would do no good to sue, because nothing could be proved.

Letting women who can't deliver exist indefinitely in pain and fear seems as bad as the chambers of the Inquisition. And, as far as I can discover, it is still widely practiced. Incidentally, none of the things I am telling you happened 25 years ago. I left college in 1963. I would have graduated last year.

Congratulations on your *Philosophy*. There is only one trouble with it—that those most in need of reading it will not pick up your "filthy" magazine.

Mrs. M. Kelly
Rochester, New York

THE SINFUL ITCH

Regarding *Jone's Moral Theology* (*The Playboy Forum*, October), his marginal number 229 makes the point that if you have *and* complete a pleasant heterosexual or homosexual dream, you aren't a sinner; but if you wake up during the fun, you must immediately wipe that silly grin off your face and start praying or, man, you've sinned.

Also, until I read his marginal number 228, I always thought "you can shake it twice to clear the bore, but if you shake it thrice you've sinned some more" was just a dirty joke.

James O'Malley
New York, New York

Jone's book was brought to our attention by a reader wishing to clarify Catholic doctrine regarding masturbation, since several letter writers had previously given widely conflicting versions of this teaching. "Moral Theology" bears the Church's official imprimatur and nihil obstat with the explanation that "The nihil obstat and imprimatur are official declarations that a book or pamphlet is free of doctrinal or moral error."

Mr. O'Malley has paraphrased number 229 correctly. Number 228's marginal note reads:

Wherefore, it is lawful to wash, go bathing, riding, etc., even though one foresees that due to one's particular excitability in this regard, pollution will follow. Similarly, it is lawful to seek relief from itching in the sex organs, provided the irritation is not the result of superfluous semen or ardent passion. In case one doubts about the cause of the itching he may relieve it. It is likewise lawful in case of slight itching if only slight sexual stimulation is experienced therefrom. The supposition is always, however, that one does not consent to any venereal pleasure.

FRIGIDITY AND ADULTERY

I read with sympathy the letter from the man in Mesa, Arizona, who complained about the agonies of having a frigid wife (*The Playboy Forum*, October). I have lived with this problem for six years—if you call it living. I have children and for their sake don't want a divorce, but I am frequently unfaithful to my wife. She hasn't had a single orgasm in her life, and I think it's her fault, as I have had no trouble in bringing other women to climax. I have tried everything possible with my wife, including hours of foreplay, and there has been no success. The only sensation she experiences is pain. I have reached the point where I just don't give a damn anymore.

I think my case is a valid argument for premarital sex, because if I had known before the wedding what my wife was really like, I would have avoided this marriage. There are undoubtedly many people who have found this out, as I have, only after it was too late.

(Name withheld by request)
Parsons, Kansas

SECOND TIME AROUND

I read with interest the letter entitled "The Double-Standard Blues" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) from a Biloxi, Mississippi, woman who believes sexual fidelity is impossible. I disagree when she says that a woman is lying through her teeth if she claims she wants only one man. During an unfortunate first marriage, I did experience desire for more than one man, but no longer do so in my happy second marriage. I prefer to think it was the fault of the marriage and not an inevitable fate for all couples. I chose wisely the second time around and all other forms of would-be temptation, including members of the opposite sex, are now meaningless to me.

Mrs. James Heflin
Boston, Massachusetts

SEXUAL RIGHTS FORUM

The Stanford Sexual Rights Forum (SSRF) was introduced to the Stanford University campus recently, despite strong administration pressure placed against the five founding members (who included two coeds).

The SSRF's statement of principles is as follows:

We view sexual rights as a proper extension of civil liberties.

We prefer open, honest acceptance of varying personal sexual practices to the massive hypocrisy of many parts of our society. Our fundamental tenet is that the private sexual activities of consenting adults are *not* the concern of governments, churches or schools.

1. Laws making abortion illegal should be repealed.

2. All laws punishing cohabitation, sodomy, homosexuality, premarital intercourse and adultery should be repealed.

3. Job discrimination by reason of homosexuality should be outlawed.

4. Prostitution should be legalized and socially useful medical controls established.

5. "Free beaches" should be established where public nudity would be allowed.

6. All censorship of books, magazines and movies should be eliminated.

Campus Issues:

7. Women's social regulations should be abolished.

8. The University Health Service should provide birth-control information and prescribe contraceptives to all students desiring them.

9. Nonprescription contraceptive supplies should be available at the Tresidder Memorial Union store to any student who wishes to purchase them.

10. All students should be permitted the opportunity to live in private off-campus housing.

11. On-campus *truly coed* residence apartments should be established in which residents would have a roommate of the opposite sex.

In the winter quarter, the SSRF, with the aid of about 50 students, circulated petitions to have a student vote on liberalization of the Health Service's contraceptive policy. Obtaining over 650 signatures, the initiative was held as part of the spring elections. By a vote of 1866 "yes" to 853 "no," the Associated Students of Stanford University "urged that the University Health Service be authorized to prescribe contraceptives to any student desiring them." The present policy is to prescribe to married students only.

To finance the distribution of literature, the SSRF has been selling several kinds of buttons at 25 cents apiece. The best-selling buttons are: IF IT MOVES, FONDLE IT; UNBUTTON; and MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR.

James K. Sayre, Chairman
Stanford Sexual Rights Forum
Stanford, California

PUTRID PROMISCUITY

I don't condemn the Sexual Freedom League (PLAYBOY, November), but I question its ideas and motives. Mr. Buch, the executive director of the League, stated that "the love-roses-and-marriage bit . . . is a pretty sick aspect of love." Can anyone really consider S. F. L.'s policy of putrid promiscuity to be normal and mentally healthy?

Let the S. F. L. go its way and I'll go mine. I'll take archaic love and fidelity every time.

N. L. Engle
Long Beach State College
Long Beach, California

PLAYBOY AND THE CLERGY

I have been disappointed in all the letters I have read in *The Playboy Forum* from other members of the clergy. Those who have praised you highly seem to have little knowledge of true Christianity and those who have disagreed have used extremely poor logic.

I think that there are moral dangers in much of what you have to say, but I would be less than honest if I did not add that you are right in other areas. Certainly the Church's teaching about sex is archaic and illogical. Present-day theologians and leaders in the Church are failing miserably to answer problems confronting us in 1967. This, however, is the fault of individuals within the Church rather than of the Bible or of Jesus Christ.

I am enclosing two dollars for the four booklets of your *Philosophy*.

Nicky Blackford, Pastor
Ochelata Methodist Church
Ochelata, Oklahoma

BREAD, WINE AND ACID

The following item, from *The New York Times*, astonished me:

Laws banning use of the controversial drug LSD are based on ignorance and prejudice, a Roman Catholic philosophy professor asserted at the opening session of the Education Convention of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe here recently.

The Rev. Michael J. Faraon told Catholic teachers that, in his opinion, LSD was not habit-forming and is not accurately hallucinogenic. Under LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), the individual is most "acutely aware throughout the whole trip or experience," he said.

"If there is nothing wrong with using a microscope as an external extension of the body, why can't LSD be used as an internal extension?" Father Faraon asked. He is chairman of the department of philosophy at the College of Santa Fe (formerly St. Michael's College).

A person can use LSD to channel his thoughts on a religious theme, the priest said.

"Once LSD was made available for regular use, it would be the end of that darned poison called gin," he commented.

If the churches take up the cause of LSD and make Leary a saint, will his slogan be altered to "Turn On, Tune In, Drop a Dime in the Collection Box"?

James Donagan
New York, New York

DR. LEARY AND SAINT PAUL

Dr. Leary's message ("Turn on, tune in, drop out") is the basic message of the New Testament. I quote from Saint Paul in *Romans 12: 2*:

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind.

George Bauer
Bronx, New York

LEERY OF LEARY

The sound of the organ of Corti trembling in the inner ear, which apparently gives so much ecstasy to Dr. Leary and other psychedelic theorists, does not normally reach focal awareness, because it is of no importance whatsoever. It is not sensory data that man must identify and correlate to enable him to act rationally. To be aware of the noise of an approaching predator, in a primitive society, or to hear (and understand) the words spoken by one's employer, in a modern society, has survival value. Hearing a buzz in the inner ear has none. It is rather pathetically humorous to visualize Dr. Leary, hunched on a floor in his LSD reveries, moaning about "new forms of wisdom and energy that dwarf and humiliate man's mind," beneath a roof designed and created by the minds of such men as are capable of achievement. The actual confession of Leary is that his dwarfed and humbled mind *isn't* capable of dealing with reality, but he has found a new version of the old escape route, a new claim to a "superior" reality. Scratch a mystic and find an inferiority complex.

Marilyn Harper
Big Spring, Texas

MENTAL APHRODISIAC

Is there a law against that wonderful aphrodisiac for the mind, the open exchange of ideas? Since there undoubtedly is, I can only hope there are no action-

hungry law enforcers around with enough power to silence *The Playboy Forum*.

Evelyn C. Wessell
Newport Beach, California

SEMINARY DROPOUT

In your September 1966 issue, you printed a letter of commendation from Thom Gier, who stated he was a seminarian at Immaculate Conception Seminary, Conception, Missouri. As I rather doubted this to be the truth, I wrote the rector and today received the following letter, which I think you should print, in fairness to the Catholic religion as well as to the seminary:

Thomas Gier was a student in our seminary until May of this year, at which time he dropped out of the seminary. His attitude and behavior during the past year were such that he would have been dismissed if he had not quit voluntarily. The letter to which you refer was possibly written earlier in the year and only published now. At any rate, at the present time he is not a seminarian and from the quotation you made, apparently in danger of ceasing to be a Christian, too. He would seem to be in great need of our prayers that God may help him get his confused mind straightened out.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
The Very Rev. Conrad Falk, O. S. B.
Immaculate Conception Seminary
Conception, Missouri

I might add that the article contained in your magazine concerning LSD Leary was disgusting and disgraceful, too—and only another reason why this magazine should be kept off of all newsstands in this country for its obscenity and downgrading of Christian principles! Of course you are overjoyed if you destroy the moral fabric of American youth—that is the purpose for your trash and of those behind you financially.

This letter must be printed in full—not part.

Mrs. C. Joseph Howak
Marion, Massachusetts

THE TOTAL MAN

I want to congratulate you for publishing a magazine whose obvious goal is the development of the total man. You have probably done more, through your magazine and Foundation, to further justice, equality and social maturity than the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Humanist Association have accomplished since their inception. Most of our ossified institutions of learning have become as dogmatic as the Holy See, so a magazine like yours is badly needed. Keep up your present standards of excellence.

Thomas E. Hartman
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

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THE VICE SQUAD'S VICE

PLAYBOY is to be congratulated for exposing the despicable techniques used by vice-squad detectives to trap homosexuals. As a practicing homosexual myself, I know all too well that many otherwise liberal persons will not speak out for our civil liberties, out of sheer fear that somebody might think that they are "faggots" themselves. Your courage is truly admirable.

On the subject of the vice squad's own favorite vice—entrapment—you might be interested in the following item from the homophile magazine *Tangents*:

When New York's Chief Inspector Sanford D. Garelik said he hoped the public would report cases in which policemen lure homosexuals into breaking the law, *The New York Times* reported that a spokesman for the Civil Liberties Union stated that Chief Garelik's appeal "shows a certain naïveté."

"It's alarming to think that the chief inspector doesn't know that a large number of police spend their duty hours dressed in tight pants, sneakers and polo sweaters . . . to bring about solicitations," the spokesman added.

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

PLAYBOY IN PRISON

I appreciated the honest and enlightened opinion of Mr. Louis Z. Gasper concerning the sexual plight of most institutionalized criminals in the United States (*The Playboy Forum*, October). It is unfortunate and tragic that many states—like Ohio—do not seem to have any conception of the "whole man" in their penological practice. Instead, as is the case in the Ohio Penitentiary, a depressing homosexual atmosphere is created and forced, along with other inhumanities, upon those who are incarcerated. And, try as they might to overcome it, many of the men fight a losing battle and in the end lose not only a sense of manliness but a sense of personal dignity as well.

It may be of further interest to your readers to have a part of the text of the letter submitted by the religious interns to the associate warden of treatment concerning the sale of PLAYBOY in the Ohio Penitentiary during the summer of 1965:

. . . We believe that this popular monthly men's magazine should be sold in the institution for several reasons. PLAYBOY magazine provides wholesome entertainment for men, consisting of good humor, the fiction of several esteemed authors, interviews with well-known public personalities and, for the most part, responsible liberal opinion. Then,

too, this magazine frequently calls into question the empty moralism and hypocrisy of our social mores, which are reflected in much of our legal code, and might serve as a healthy release for those who feel that their incarceration is in part a result of this moralism and hypocrisy. Finally, we recommend the sale of this magazine for its value as a sexual outlet; since we believe that upon placement in this institution the inmate's sexual drives do not automatically cease, the PLAYBOY "pinups" can serve the function of providing a more healthy heterosexual outlet in lieu, to a significant extent we would hope, of the bondage to a homosexual outlet which this institution, by its very nature, both fosters and perpetuates . . .

The recommendation was given very hasty consideration; all copies of the letter were immediately stopped; we were informed that the repetition of this recommendation, or any similar recommendations, would get us fired; and PLAYBOY was continued as contraband because it would "unnecessarily create control problems."

The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf
North East Ohio Conference
The Methodist Church
Cleveland, Ohio

SEX IN PRISON

I was interested to read (*The Playboy Forum*, October) that PLAYBOY and other magazines with erotic themes are prohibited in Ohio's penitentiary and that a clergyman regards this as a cause of the widespread sodomy in that prison.

I have spent some time in both British and Swedish prisons and would like to offer my "expert" testimony on this subject.

First of all, the British have the same attitude as the Ohioans—heterosexual erotica will arouse the cons, and this will result in more homosexuality; therefore, banning erotica will help control the homosexual problem. The results, alas, are the same in British pens as in Ohio—sodomy still flourishes. The British even have a rule that inmates will always sleep one or three to a cell—never two—but this doesn't help.

From what I have observed, the majority of homosexuals in prison were that way before arrest. The inmate who was heterosexual outside remains heterosexual—mentally. He only commits himself to sodomy physically. Inside his head, he is carrying on an elaborate fantasy: His partner is not "really" a man but a girl, a wife, a movie star or a doll on a paperback cover. He relives the heterosexual experiences of the past or, hopefully, those to come in the future.

Now I am in a Swedish pen and find a completely different picture. The practice of homosexuality is microscopic, compared with English prisons. Is this because the inmates have access to any magazines they want, including PLAYBOY, which is a well-established favorite? Is it possible, in other words, that heterosexual erotica provides a substitute outlet instead of leading to homosexuality? I don't really know—it could just be that Sweden, generally speaking, is more heterosexual than Britain.

Prostitutes' visits to prison would, of course, be an ideal answer to the sodomy problem. Outside of Mexico, however, I don't know of any country with sense enough to adopt that solution.

Alan G. Evans
Stockholm, Sweden

JUVENILE SODOMY FACTORIES

The man who called prisons "sodomy factories" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) sure hit the nail on the head. Right now I am in a juvenile sodomy factory, and therefore know whereof I speak. The rate of homosexual activity at the Preston School of Industry (a correctional institution of the California Youth Authority) is appalling. And the consequences can be tragic: Homosexual activity, if detected, goes down on the boys' records and can result in a longer term or a transfer to a mental institution. Recently, this led to two attempted suicides. Next time the suicides may not just be attempted.

If this letter were to result only in our having more rigid rules and tighter security, that would be a travesty of justice. Most of the boys here are in the age bracket when, according to Kinsey, sexual need is strongest. With no girls present, they must turn to each other—no matter how tight the security.

Please withhold my name, as this letter is not being sent by the institutional rules governing the use of mail. If it were sent through regular channels, it would never get out of these walls.

(Name withheld by request)
Preston School of Industry
Ione, California

MORE POSTAL PERUSING

I just read the "Postal Clerk's Confession" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) and it reminds me of a recent experience.

A few months ago, I moved from Arlington to Alexandria (Virginia)—a distance of about four miles. I neglected to inform the PLAYBOY Subscription Department early enough, so my next issue was forwarded from my Arlington address to the Alexandria post office, where I had to pay six cents forwarding dues. As the clerk handed the magazine to me, he said, "It's a good issue this month—we
(continued on page 164)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARK LANE

a candid conversation with the fiery attorney and author of "rush to judgment," the documented, best-selling indictment of the warren report

News of the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy had hardly reached a stunned world when the inevitable question was asked: Is this part of a conspiracy? When Lee Harvey Oswald, charged with the assassination, was in turn assassinated, the whispers of doubt swelled to a chorus. Scripps-Howard columnist Richard Starnes summed up the feelings of many Americans when he wrote: "Our credentials as a civilized people stand suspect before the world . . . but the real depth of the disaster that has befallen us cannot yet be imagined. In its 188th year, the Republic has fallen upon unspeakably evil days, and great mischief is afoot in the land. It remains to be seen whether more convulsions will rack us before it is over . . ."

Starnes' jeremiad was echoed abroad, where it was generally assumed that the murders of Kennedy, Oswald and Officer J. D. Tippit were all pieces in a monstrous, conspiratorial jigsaw puzzle. The Communist nations were quick to allege that the President had been murdered by a plot originating within his own Government, and that Oswald had been silenced before he could incriminate other members of the cabal. Tass cabled from Washington to Moscow on November 25, 1963, just three days after the assassination, that "All circumstances of President Kennedy's death allow one to assume that this murder was planned and carried out by the ultra-right-wing, fascist

and racist circles, by those who cannot stomach any step aimed at the easing of international tensions and the improvement of Soviet-American relations."

In other countries, too, rumors of conspiracy abounded. The London Daily Telegraph's Dallas correspondent reported on November 26 that "World opinion as much as American is not fully satisfied about this terrible affair. This has resulted in an elephantine attempt on the part of the local authorities concerned to cover up for one another." On November 27, the conservative London Daily Mail declared editorially that "facts can be produced that a right-wing plot against the President had caused his death." French press opinion was even less restrained. Paris Jour carried a front-page article entitled "Oswald Cannot Have Been Alone in the Shooting," while Liberation wrote that "There is no doubt that President Kennedy fell into a trap. He was the victim of a plot. And in this plot it is evident that the Dallas police, protectors of gangsters like Ruby, played a role one can only describe as questionable. They created a defendant, then allowed one of their stool pigeons to kill him."

In hasty pursuit of a scapegoat, conservatives and reactionaries—at home as well as abroad—were eager to blame liberals and leftists, who returned the charges. To dispel such divisive speculation, President Johnson appointed an ultra-

prestigious Presidential Commission, headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren, to investigate the assassination. Serving under Warren were former CIA Director Allen Dulles; John McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War; Senators Richard Russell and John Sherman Cooper; and Representatives Gerald Ford and Hale Boggs. J. Lee Rankin, former Solicitor General of the United States, was appointed as the Commission's Chief Counsel, directing a staff of 14 lawyers.

The very appointment of such a blue-ribbon investigative body allayed many fears, at least in America. Ten months after the assassination, when the Warren Commission released its findings, Americans heaved a national sigh of relief. There had been no conspiracy, the Commission concluded. Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone and irrationally, had murdered the President. Jack Ruby had killed Oswald on his own and without premeditation. The verdict was in, and it was almost unanimously accepted—in the United States. Two months later, when the Commission released its 26 volumes of supporting evidence—a massive 17,815 pages—the case appeared forever closed. A grateful public hailed the Commission for settling its gnawing doubts and clearing the air of poisonous rumors. Harrison Salisbury, assistant managing editor of The New York Times, echoed popular sentiment when he wrote in the Times: "No material



"History may come to know the Warren Report as the 'Warren Whitewash'; it may be ranked with Teapot Dome as a synonym for political cover-up and cynical manipulation of the truth."



"There were 90 witnesses to the assassination who were questioned and were able to give an assessment of the origin of the shots. Of those, 58 said they came from behind the fence on the grassy knoll."



"There were at least two assassins. The evidence is conclusive on that score. But the Commission wanted to disprove a conspiracy, and this desire defeated its investigative function."

question now remains unsolved so far as the death of President Kennedy is concerned. The evidence of Oswald's single-handed guilt is overwhelming."

But historians know that often enough, the more they study a complex event, the less they know about it. For each question answered, seven more spring up to take its place. The Warren investigation, with an unlimited budget, a full-time staff of 26 and complete access to the massive investigative apparatus of the United States Government, was the largest historical inquiry ever undertaken. Inevitably, it would produce a paper mountain of conflicting reports, contradictory testimony, expert disagreement and unanswered questions. By publishing the 26 volumes of hearings and exhibits—containing considerable evidence contradicting its own findings—the Warren Commission implicitly acknowledged the inscrutability of fact. Doubts were to be expected; it's surprising only that they took so long to surface. Discussions of their validity may occupy scholars for generations—or even centuries.

The ripples preceding the wave of criticism came first from England. The day the Report was issued, Lord Bertrand Russell denounced it as a white-wash and subsequently formed a "Who Killed Kennedy?" committee to pursue its own investigation of the assassination. And late in 1961, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Regius Professor of History at Oxford University, published a scathing attack on the Commission in the pages of England's establishmentarian *London Sunday Times*. According to Trevor-Roper, the Report was not only inaccurate but "slovenly." In America, less prone to conspiratorial views of history than intrigue-rife Europe, criticism was slower in coming. The first two books attacking the Commission, Thomas Buchanan's "Who Killed Kennedy?" and Joachim Joesten's "Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?," contained wild speculations that generally discredited them as serious criticism. But the flood was only beginning. In October 1965, Pulitzer Prize-winning newsmen Sylvan Fox, then-city editor of the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, published a paperback entitled "Unanswered Questions About President Kennedy's Assassination." On May 9, 1966, Harold Weisberg, a former Senate investigator, privately published "White-wash: A Report on the Warren Report." Seven weeks later, Viking Press published "Inquest," by Edward Jay Epstein, a 31-year-old Cornell graduate student. Originally Epstein's master's thesis, the book sold moderately well. Then, on August 15, Holt, Rinehart & Winston published Mark Lane's "Rush to Judgment," which has since forged its way to the top of the best-seller list. And on September 8, *World* published "The Oswald Affair," by Léo Sauvage, American correspondent for *Le Figaro* of Paris.

This barrage of books prompted *The New York Times* to comment editorially on September 1, 1966, that "Debate on the accuracy and adequacy of the Warren Commission's work is now approaching the dimensions of a lively small industry in this country." The original band of lonely doubters had multiplied to a small army. So drastically had the climate changed that *The New York Times'* White House correspondent, Tom Wicker, commented on September 25, 1966: "A public discussion group in New York sought to hold a round-table session about the Warren Report. . . . The major difficulty for the group was in finding anyone of stature who was willing to defend the Warren Report and its findings." Wicker went on to demand appointment of a new Commission to investigate the assassination. On September 28, New York Congressman Theodore R. Kupferman, citing the slew of critical books on the Report, asked the House of Representatives to establish a Senate-House Committee to conduct its own investigation of the Warren Report. Shortly thereafter, *Life* also called for a reopening of the investigation. In the November 1966 issue of *The Progressive*, Harrison Salisbury, who had earlier felt that "no material question remained unsolved," reversed his field and wrote that he was convinced "there are questions—some of them of major importance—which must be answered."

The one man most responsible for these doubts and demands is New York attorney Mark Lane. He has been investigating the assassination since early December 1963, and since the publication of "Rush to Judgment," he has been called everything from a liar to a national hero. In a lead review for the *Chicago Tribune*, Jon Waltz of the Northwestern University Law School faculty wrote: "This latest critique of the Warren Commission Report is truly horrible. [It] passes beyond the merely superficial, being frequently dishonest as well. Lane's fevered arguments have no semblance of logic or even of organization. He presents a phantasmagoric hodgepodge of unrelated and often wholly irrelevant second-guessing. If, in assembling his collection of quibbles, Lane had any ultimate purpose other than confusion and profit, it goes unstated. . . . the catalog of this book's distortions and apparent fabrications, large and small, is a long and sorry one. . . . no one will thank Lane for his book." But many people did—including Norman Mailer, who concluded his review in *Book Week* with a hurrah: "Three cheers for Mark Lane. His work is not without a trace of that stature we call heroic. . . . Lane's book proves once and forever that the assassination of President Kennedy is more of a mystery today than when it occurred." He called Lane's 400 pages of evidence "staggering facts. . . . If one tenth of

them should prove to be significant, then the work of the Warren Commission will be judged by history to be a scandal worse than Teapot Dome."

The hub of all this controversy, Mark Lane, was born 39 years ago in New York City, where he has lived most of his life. Currently, however, he travels through Europe and America lecturing on the assassination, frequently appearing on TV and radio talk shows, and stopping off occasionally in Denmark with his young wife, whom he met while in Copenhagen three years ago. They plan to settle in California shortly.

After serving in Army Intelligence during World War Two, Lane attended Long Island University and received his law degree from Brooklyn Law School. For 12 years he practiced law from a storefront in East Harlem; then, in 1958, he gained local prominence when he charged that young people confined in New York State homes for the mentally defective were being brutally treated by attendants. Governor Rockefeller opened hearings on the issue, and a number of guards were dismissed. In 1960, Lane was elected to the New York State Assembly, representing the black-and-white ghettos of East Harlem and Yorkville. He ran with the strong endorsement of Eleanor Roosevelt and Senator Herbert Lehman, with whom he had earlier helped establish a reform movement within the New York Democratic Party. He also had the endorsement of Senator John F. Kennedy, who moved into the White House at the same time Lane attended his first legislative session in Albany. In 1961, Lane became the first legislator to be arrested on a Freedom Ride—in Jackson, Mississippi. After two stormy years in the state assembly, he found himself ostracized as a troublemaker by a bipartisan preponderance of his fellow assemblymen, and did not run for re-election.

When President Kennedy was assassinated, Lane initiated what his supporters have termed "his lonely crusade." His involvement began in December, when Mrs. Marguerite Oswald appointed him—at no fee—to represent her dead son's interests at the Warren Commission hearings. The Commission refused to accept Lane as a defense attorney, but it did permit him to testify. Thus began his three-year investigation—independent, if not impartial—into the circumstances surrounding President Kennedy's assassination. Lane traveled to Dallas eight times, interviewing scores of witnesses, assisted by a group of amateur investigators who called themselves the "Citizens' Committee of Inquiry." The fruits of his researches and his conclusions comprise his book "Rush to Judgment"—and a film of the same title to be released this month.

PLAYBOY interviewed Lane in his two-and-a-half-room walk-up apartment in

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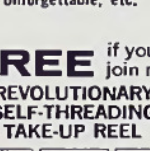
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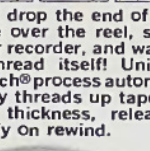
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Lower Manhattan. We began by asking for his thoughts on the integrity of the Warren Commission.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you wrote that the Warren Commission—composed of some of the most distinguished figures in American life—“covered itself with shame.” Are you accusing the Commission of lying to the American people?

LANE: I would not care to say that the Commission lied, but—however distinguished its members may be—it *did* issue a false report. I know this because I carefully compared the one-volume Report with the 26 volumes of evidence that “supports” it and, in many cases, I found no relationship whatever between the Commission’s conclusions and the Commission’s evidence. The most innocent interpretation of its shortcomings, as Hugh Trevor-Roper expresses it in his introduction to my book, is that the Commission members did what some poor historians do: They start with a preconceived theory—in this case, that Oswald was the lone assassin of President Kennedy—and sort out all the evidence supporting that theory, in the process unconsciously rejecting any contradictory fact or interpretation. I don’t know if that’s what happened here, but it’s one explanation and, compared with some of the other theories that have been advanced to account for the Commission’s behavior, a relatively comforting one.

PLAYBOY: Haven’t your critics accused you of committing the same sin you impute to the Commission—selecting from the mass of testimony those facts that agree with your preconceptions and discarding the rest?

LANE: Yes. But my book is far more thoroughly documented than the Warren Commission Report, and none of the hundreds of book reviewers across the country who’ve examined it has yet been able to discover a single inaccuracy, distortion or out-of-context statement. And let me add right here that the statements I will make in this interview are based either on the Warren Commission’s 26 volumes of evidence or on filmed interviews I conducted in Dallas that will appear in the documentary film *Rush to Judgment* that I made with Emile de Antonio. So I don’t expect you to proceed with me on faith.

PLAYBOY: You concluded in your book that the Warren Commission’s “criteria for investigating and accepting evidence were related less to the intrinsic value of the information than to its paramount need to allay fears of conspiracy.” Do you believe there was a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy?

LANE: Yes, I do. A conspiracy, as defined by the law, is simply two or more persons acting in concert to secure an illegal end. There were at least two assassins. The evidence is conclusive on that score. The Commission wanted to disprove a

conspiracy, and this desire defeated its investigative function. Remember, a Gallup poll taken shortly after the assassination revealed that the majority of Americans believed there was no lone assassin, but an organized plot to kill the President. It was this public fear of a conspiracy, and all it implied, that the Commission was determined to allay. One of the Commission’s members, John J. McCloy, said it was vital for the Commission to “show the world that America is not a banana republic, where a government can be changed by conspiracy.” And another member, Senator John Sherman Cooper, said right at the outset that one of the Commission’s major tasks was “to lift the cloud of doubts that had been cast over American institutions.”

PLAYBOY: What was so wrong about the Commission’s trying to dispel false conspiracy rumors?

LANE: Nothing, if the rumors *were* false. The trouble was that from the very beginning the Commission operated on the assumption that Oswald did it and did it alone, and relegated all facts to the contrary into this “false rumor” category. In other words, the Commission had concluded who killed Kennedy before they even began their investigation.

PLAYBOY: Let’s get down to the facts of the assassination. One of the main points of your book is that the fatal shot was not fired from the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository, as the Warren Commission concludes. Do you have any evidence that shots came from somewhere else?

LANE: The Warren Commission said unequivocally that there was no credible evidence even *suggesting* that the shots came from anyplace else. This is vital to their whole case, because if the shots *did* originate from two locations, Oswald couldn’t have been the “lone assassin.” Let’s look at the evidence. When the President was shot, his limousine had passed the Book Depository. To the right and in front of the Presidential limousine was a grassy knoll topped by a wooden fence. Some time before the motorcade reached the area, a young woman named Julia Ann Mercer saw a truck at the base of the grassy knoll, illegally parked halfway up on the sidewalk, protruding into Elm Street and partially blocking traffic. Dallas policemen were standing a short distance away, but they didn’t move the truck on. Miss Mercer saw a man leave the truck and climb the grassy knoll. Another man remained in the truck. She drove off, and the truck was gone before the motorcade appeared. In an affidavit for the Dallas sheriff’s office, she later said that the man was carrying “what appeared to be a gun case” about three and a half to four feet long. Miss Mercer was never called as a witness or even questioned by the Commission. All we have is her affidavit, signed before the Dallas sheriff’s depart-

ment on November 22. I have not been able to find her. She’s no longer in Dallas.

PLAYBOY: But this is just one woman’s testimony.

LANE: Yes, we begin with just one woman’s testimony, but let me show how it fits into a pattern of evidence proving that at least one of the shots was fired at the President from the grassy knoll. A railroad man named Lee Bowers was in a railroad tower overlooking the knoll, and he testified that he saw two men standing behind the wooden fence just before the shots were fired. Bowers *did* appear before the Commission and he testified that the moment firing broke out something attracted his attention to the fence. He described it as “something . . . which was out of the ordinary, which attracted my eye for some reason, which I could not identify.” When asked for details, he said he had seen “nothing that I could pinpoint as having happened that—” Here he was interrupted by a Commission lawyer. When I subsequently conducted a filmed and tape-recorded interview with Mr. Bowers in Dallas, I told him that for a year and a half I’d wondered what the end of that sentence was about to be. He told me, “Yes, I was interrupted by the Commission lawyers. Evidently they didn’t want to get the facts. I was just going to tell that at the time the shots were fired, I looked at the fence and saw a puff of smoke, or flash of light, just when the shots were fired.” Bowers gave me a description of the two men on the knoll that dovetails with the description Julia Ann Mercer gave the Dallas sheriff’s office of the two men in the truck. And another witness, J. C. Price, a post office employee, told the Dallas sheriff’s office, minutes after the assassination, that he was standing on top of the Terminal Annex Building on Dealey Plaza—overlooking the route of the Presidential motorcade—when the shots were fired. Price later told me that when he heard gunfire, his attention was instantly drawn to the grassy knoll. In an interview with me, he said he saw a man run from behind the wooden fence and dash across a parking lot, disappearing behind the Book Depository. Price also said the man was carrying something in his hand that could have been a gun.

PLAYBOY: So you have three witnesses who contradict the Commission’s conclusion that the shots came only from the Book Depository. Why are you sure these three are right, and all the witnesses the Warren Commission relied on are wrong?

LANE: There are many more than three. For example, three railroad employees were standing on a railroad bridge running across Elm Street above and in front of the Presidential limousine. They all said to me in filmed and taped interviews, or to Federal or local authorities,

that the moment they heard shots they looked at the grassy knoll, because the shots seemed to originate there. And each one of these three men, independently, said he saw a puff of white smoke coming from behind the wooden fence. A Dallas police officer, who was among the first to arrive behind the fence just after the shooting, said he smelled gunpowder there, and Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas stated that when his car passed the grassy knoll after the shooting, he also smelled gunpowder. In fact, the majority of witnesses to the assassination who could place the shots said—to the Federal or local police, or in their testimony—that the shots came from behind the wooden fence.

PLAYBOY: The majority? Can you give us a numerical breakdown?

LANE: There were 90 witnesses to the assassination who were questioned and who were able to give an assessment of the origin of the shots. Of those, 58—or almost two thirds—said the shots came from behind the wooden fence on the grassy knoll. I think the most significant fact here was the immediate reaction of witnesses to the shots. Twenty-five witnesses gave statements to the FBI or the Dallas police on November 22 and 23, and of those, 22 said the shots came from behind the wooden fence on the knoll, *not* from the Book Depository. And there were many others who never made statements but by their own actions indicated that the shots came from the knoll. For example, 17 Dallas deputy sheriffs ran right past the Book Depository just as the shots were fired, and rushed behind the wooden fence to begin their search. One Dallas policeman, J. M. Smith, ran to the parking lot behind the knoll and there encountered a stranger who produced credentials to show he was a Secret Service agent. Smith couldn't subsequently recall the man's name, but his account is more or less corroborated by two other Dallas officers. However, Sylvia Meagher, an independent investigator, found after painstaking research that there *were* no Secret Service agents around the knoll or parking lot at that time and suggested that an assassin may have escaped using fake Secret Service credentials. Certainly *something* was going on in that area. The Dallas police even established a command post behind the fence on the knoll, and they maintained it for more than two and a half hours. So there is overwhelming evidence that at least one shot came from the knoll.

PLAYBOY: But didn't the Commission have eyewitness evidence that shots *did* come from the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository?

LANE: The Commission had one "star" witness who testified that a man fired from that window. He was Howard L. Brennan, a 45-year-old steamfitter. There was some other evidence that

shots came from there, but it was vague and frequently contradictory, so the Commission relied largely on the testimony of Brennan. He told the Commission he was seated on a concrete wall across the street from the Book Depository, 107 feet from the building and about 120 feet from the sixth-floor window. The Commission concluded that this placed him "in an excellent position to observe anyone in the window." Brennan said he heard a noise he at first thought was a motorcycle backfire—so, naturally, he looked up to the *sixth floor* of the Depository, and saw a man standing behind the window firing a rifle. Brennan signed an affidavit to that effect on November 22, swearing that the man in the window "was standing up and resting against the left window sill." However, the Commission concluded the window was open only at the bottom. So if Oswald, or anybody else, fired through that window from a standing position, he would have had to fire through the glass—which was unbroken. The Commission slithered out of this one by determining that "although Brennan testified that the man in the window was standing when he fired the shots, most probably he was either sitting or kneeling." The reason they gave was that the window ledge was only about a foot and a half from the floor, thus creating the illusion from the street below that a person was standing rather than sitting or kneeling behind the window. But Brennan himself invalidated this explanation, for he swore he saw the man both stand up *and* sit down—and withdraw from the window more than once. In any case, here we have the Commission contradicting its own star witness on a vital point of his testimony—the position of the assassin at the time of the crime.

PLAYBOY: Important as it may be, this is just one point, on which anyone could be mistaken. Was Brennan's testimony inconsistent in other respects?

LANE: Yes, it was. When Brennan was taken to the police line-up on November 22, to pick out the man he claimed to have seen in the window, Oswald was in the line-up, but Brennan failed to make a positive identification. When Brennan later testified before the Commission, he said he had known it was Oswald all along—but didn't select him from the police line-up because of his fear that the assassination was a Communist plot and "if it got to be a known fact that I was an eyewitness, my family or I, either one, might not be safe." In other words, Brennan admitted to the Commission that he had deliberately lied to the Dallas police on November 22 when he told them he could not definitely identify Oswald in the line-up. And yet the Commission chose to believe his subsequent identification of Oswald as the man in the window. In any court of law, Bren-

nan would almost certainly have been discredited as a witness. The Commission concluded that Brennan was able to identify a man standing behind a half-closed window 120 feet away from him. This was the Commission's star witness to support their conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald fired at the President from the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that no shots actually came from the Depository?

LANE: It's not as simple as that. I believe there is no convincing evidence that Oswald fired a gun from the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository or anywhere else on the day of the assassination; but I'm not contending that it was impossible for *any* shots to have come from that window. Certainly some shots were fired from a location somewhere behind the limousine. All I'm saying is that shots *also* came from the grassy knoll, and to prove that shots came from the knoll is not to disprove that shots may have come from elsewhere as well. But this is most inconvenient for the Government's case, because it means there must have been at least two assassins, since Oswald couldn't fire at the President from both the grassy knoll and the Depository Building. So even if he was involved—and there's not sufficient proof that he was—he must have had an accomplice. This means the Commission's "single assassin" theory flies right out the window—along with, I might add, their conclusion that there is no credible evidence that the shots came from anywhere but the Book Depository. The evidence proves that some shots—including the fatal one—came from behind the wooden fence on the grassy knoll.

PLAYBOY: Is there any physical evidence to back up this assertion?

LANE: Yes: the effect of the fatal shot on the President himself. The spectator perhaps closest to the President when the fatal bullet struck was Charles Brehm, a Dallas salesman. He was standing about 20 feet away, to the left of the limousine, facing the grassy knoll. Brehm was interviewed on television in Dallas, and I spoke with him later. He told me in a filmed interview that a portion of the President's skull was driven back and sharply to the left, over the rear of the President's car. Unless the laws of physics were temporarily suspended, this offers impressive corroboration for those who say the shot came from the right front of the car—in substantially the opposite direction from the Depository.

PLAYBOY: Did the Commission call Brehm as a witness?

LANE: No, he was never called as a witness, and no Commission lawyer ever questioned him.

PLAYBOY: Is there any photographic evidence to support your contention that

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the fatal shot came from the right front of the Presidential limousine?

LANE: Yes, there is. There's an eight-millimeter motion picture taken by a Dallas amateur photographer, Abraham Zapruder, some frames of which were published in *Life*. It was taken while the shots were being fired. Frame 313 of the film—which appears in Volume 18 of the Commission's evidence—shows the President just as the fatal shot struck his head. An examination of the two subsequent frames—314 and 315—would reveal whether he was driven backward or forward by the impact of the bullet. As the frames are presented in the 26 volumes, they seem to support the Commission's contention that the shots came from the rear—that the President was suddenly driven forward. But the Commission created that illusion by transposing frames 314 and 315, and by mislabeling them. Actually, the original film shows that the President *was* driven back and to the left. One of our investigators analyzed the Commission frames and wrote to J. Edgar Hoover pointing out the deception. Mr. Hoover replied—well, here's the letter. Read it yourself.

PLAYBOY: The letter, on FBI stationery and signed "John Edgar Hoover, Director," reads, in part: "You are correct in the observation that frames labeled 314 and 315 of Commission Exhibit 885 are transposed in Volume 18 as noted in your letter."

LANE: There's another interesting aspect of the Zapruder film: The Commission published most of the frames, but they failed to publish frames 208 to 211. A street sign visible in frame 207 is only partially visible in frame 212, because Zapruder panned his camera to photograph the moving Presidential limousine. In frame 212, sharp lines of stress suddenly appear on the back of the sign—which stood in a direct line of sight between the grassy knoll and the Presidential limousine—and the lines lengthen and deepen in succeeding frames. They appear to radiate from a spot in the lower left portion of the sign, but that portion is no longer visible by the time frame 212 was photographed. These stress lines appear to be the result of the impact of a bullet. Thus, what the Commission failed to publish—frames 208 to 211—could well be photographs of a portion of the sign struck by a bullet fired from the grassy knoll: This sign was removed from Dealey Plaza just after the assassination and has since disappeared. The question of these missing frames was brought before one of the Commission's lawyers last year by David Lifton, a graduate engineering student and an associate of the Citizens' Committee of Inquiry. The lawyer was so concerned that he wrote to Lee Rankin and Norman Redlich, two other Commission attorneys, admitting that Lifton's evaluation of the stress signs as a result

of bullet impact "seemed plausible to me." This Commission attorney commented: "I have no recollection that anybody considered what happened to the sign, or that anybody was aware of the fact that the frames were omitted, or that there were peculiar marks on the back of the sign." He understood the significance of the stress marks quite clearly, for he added: "Since Oswald could not have fired fast enough to have hit the sign with one shot at frame 208 and the President with another shot before frame 225, when the President came out from behind the sign, the notion is that someone else must have been firing at the President, too." Mr. Redlich's reply was typical: "All of the evidence which we have indicates quite conclusively that no shots were fired from the front." In other words, since we start with the immutable presumption that Oswald was the lone assassin, firing from the rear, all contrary evidence must be dismissed.

PLAYBOY: Is there any evidence that some shots could have come from other locations, such as the railroad overpass?

LANE: Some shots may have originated from other locations. My only point is that it's impossible to conclude there was a lone assassin, Oswald or anyone else, after we determine that even one shot originated elsewhere. But I don't see how shots could have been fired from the railroad overpass without attracting the attention of the numerous witnesses there. They would have seen and heard someone firing a rifle, since there is no easy place to hide on the overpass. But I do believe shots came from both the front and the rear. It's possible that some shots from the rear originated in the building housing the Dallas sheriff's department—as at least one eyewitness, Charles Brehm, told me he thought at the time. But let me make clear that to say shots might have come from that building is not to imply a sheriff or policeman fired them—any more than the Commission's conclusion that shots came from the Book Depository Building implicates any publishing firms with offices there. Let's just say that Dallas law-enforcement officers would hardly be eager to investigate the possibility that the President of the United States was shot from one of their own buildings.

PLAYBOY: Are you charging, in effect, that the Warren Commission lied—by ignoring all evidence to the contrary—when it concluded that the President was shot only from the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository?

LANE: "Lied" is not my word. After all, as news media have assured us for three years now, the members of the Warren Commission are all honorable men. But concerning Oswald's presence in that window, there is one piece of crucial evidence that could prove fairly conclusively whether he was there or not. A few seconds before the first shot hit the

President, a Polaroid photograph was taken of the Presidential limousine. It was developed on the scene, and shows the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository moments before the shots were fired. The picture was taken by a Dallas resident named Mary Moorman. The 26 volumes contain a report from a Dallas deputy sheriff, John Wiseman, who requisitioned the picture from Miss Moorman. On November 23, Wiseman reported to the Dallas sheriff's department that he had looked at the picture—but he was never asked what it showed. His affidavit does state that the photo shows the window where the gunman was alleged to have been firing, but it doesn't mention whether anyone is in the window. This picture was turned over by the Dallas deputy sheriff to agents of the Secret Service. It has never been published. No one will say where it is. It is not available in the National Archives. Presumably, the Government has it somewhere, but nobody is talking. I think it's safe to assume that if this photo, taken a few seconds before the shots were fired, showed Lee Oswald or anyone else shooting at the President from the Depository window, it would probably have been published on the cover of the Warren Commission Report. Certainly it would have been published *somewhere* as irrefutable proof of Oswald's guilt—and the origin of at least some of the shots. In light of the picture's suppression, you can draw your own conclusions as to what it did or did not show.

PLAYBOY: Did the nature of President Kennedy's wounds shed any light on the origin of the shots?

LANE: That's a key question. Remember at the moment the first shot was fired, President Kennedy was facing to his front and to his right—toward the grassy knoll. Even the Commission concedes this. Now, if the bullet that struck his throat came from the knoll, then the wound would have to be an entrance wound. On the other hand, if the bullet came from the Book Depository Building, behind the Presidential limousine, then it would have to be an exit wound. Every doctor at Dallas' Parkland Hospital who examined the wound in President Kennedy's throat and made a statement to the press on the day of the assassination said the throat wound was an *entrance* wound. That means the bullet entered from the front. As I said, the Commission itself concedes that the President was looking in the general direction of the knoll at that moment. Thus, the medical evidence supports the eyewitness testimony of people in Dealey Plaza that some shots—at least this shot—came from the grassy knoll.

PLAYBOY: But the Warren Commission later concluded that the throat wound was, in fact, an exit wound, supporting their conclusion that the shots came

from the Book Depository.

LANE: Sure they did. But just saying it's so doesn't make it so, even when it's said by—as I think you called them—"some of the most distinguished figures in American life." The fact is, the Commission's conclusion that the wound was an exit wound was as questionable as the rest of their findings. They reached it because they had to; otherwise their whole case against Oswald as the lone assassin would fall apart. And to make their exit-wound conclusion stick, they conveniently disposed of—or ignored—all the embarrassing contradictory evidence. **PLAYBOY:** If the throat wound was an entrance wound, what happened to the bullet? None was found in the President's body.

LANE: Whether or not a bullet remained in the President's body can best, perhaps only, be determined by an examination of the autopsy X rays. But that evidence—constituting at law "the *best* evidence"—has been suppressed, and we are left with the opinions of military physicians. The medical authorities who conducted the autopsy at the Bethesda, Maryland, Naval Hospital took one roll of 120 film, 22 color photographs, 18 black-and-white prints, and 11 X rays of the President's body. Those photographs and X rays could answer the question of where the bullets came from. Naval Commander J. J. Humes, the doctor at the Naval Hospital who had the photos taken to assist him in determining the path of the bullet through the President's body, testified they were taken from him by agents of the Secret Service before they were even developed. The X rays and photographs have never been seen by any member of the Warren Commission, nor by any of its attorneys. This incredible fact is reluctantly corroborated by former Commission Counsel Arlen Specter, in an interview in the October 10, 1966, issue of *U.S. News & World Report*. You'll recall that the whereabouts of the photos was unknown until early last November, when, according to *The New York Times* of November 2, the Justice Department "disclosed that photographs and X rays taken of President Kennedy's body at the autopsy after his assassination were turned over to the National Archives . . . by the Kennedy family." It's comforting to learn that the photos haven't disappeared, but no non-Government investigator will be able to examine the material for at least five years. Anyway, the main point is not what the photos and X rays show, but why the Warren Commission never tried to secure them in the first place. The Commission's failure to examine them epitomizes their inadequate investigation. If they had done everything else perfectly, this one vital omission would still be enough to discredit their work.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't the Warren

Commission ask to examine the photos and X rays?

LANE: I don't know. Perhaps they thought that the evidence might confuse them. It might even interfere with their tidy preconceptions. When President Johnson was asked this at a press conference, he replied, "I think every American can understand the reasons why we wouldn't want to have the garments, the records and everything paraded out in every sewing circle in the country to be exploited and used without serving any good or official purpose." Well, no one has suggested that the evidence be utilized in that fashion—merely that the Commission should have *seen* the evidence before they signed their Report.

PLAYBOY: What did the doctors who conducted the autopsy say about the President's wounds?

LANE: At first, nothing—for the simple reason that the Government silenced them. Humes, who conducted the autopsy, told a *New York Times* reporter he "had been forbidden to talk" by agents of the FBI. Doctors at Parkland Hospital who originally said the throat wound was an entrance wound were similarly visited by the FBI and told to make no more public statements. In fact, if you turn to Volume 17 of the Warren Commission testimony, you'll find a most extraordinary certificate written by Dr. Humes. It reads: "I, James J. Humes, certify that I have destroyed by burning certain preliminary draft notes relating to Naval Medical School Autopsy Report A63-272 . . ." Think about this for a moment. Here we have a commander in the United States Navy, who is also a doctor, assigned to perform the autopsy on the assassinated President of the United States, burning his draft notes on the autopsy—really, *our* notes—and being silenced by the FBI. And we have crucial evidence, the X rays and photographs, never examined by the Commission. If Oswald was the lone assassin, if all the shots came from the Book Depository, if everything is as cut and dried as the Commission assures us it is, then why the mystery? Why the official suppression? Are we really 17 years from 1984? If you wonder why Dr. Humes burned his notes, I refer you to the statement of one of the most inventive of the Warren Commission lawyers, Arlen Specter, in that interview with *U.S. News & World Report*. Here Specter explains that Humes "had never performed an autopsy on a President" before. No doubt he was out on a house call when Roosevelt died, and therefore lacked the prerequisite experience that would have taught him that valuable Government documents are not to be destroyed.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to reach Humes yourself to find out why he burned his notes?

LANE: I wrote to him but never received an answer.

PLAYBOY: Is there any physical evidence to support the Commission's conclusion that Oswald was the lone assassin?

LANE: Only Exhibit number 399.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

LANE: Exhibit 399 of the Warren Commission Report is a bullet that is the only substantial link between the assassination and the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle the Commission claims belonged to Oswald. There are some bullet fragments that the Commission also attempted to link to the Mannlicher-Carcano, but the whole body of ballistics literature demonstrates that they are valueless for purposes of identification. The significance of Exhibit 399, however, goes beyond the fact that it was used in an effort to tie Oswald to the murder. The Commission's whole single-assassin theory rests on the fact that this bullet hit *both* President Kennedy and Governor Connally.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LANE: Because the Zapruder film shows that the *maximum* time that could have separated the wounding of the President and of the governor was 1.8 seconds. The expert who tested the alleged assassination weapon for the Government said it required a minimum of 2.3 seconds simply to work the bolt of the Carcano rifle. This was the minimum interval between the two shots, not including the time necessary to aim; thus Oswald could not have fired twice in less than 2.3 seconds. But the Warren Commission was faced with the demonstrable fact that, at most, only 1.8 seconds elapsed between the time President Kennedy was shot and the time the governor, who was sitting on a jump-seat in front of Kennedy, was hit. This meant the shot that wounded Governor Connally was fired by somebody else. As the Commission's own counsel, J. Lee Rankin, put it: "To say that they were hit by separate bullets is synonymous with saying that there were two assassins." The Commission resolved this dilemma with an imaginative invention: that one bullet struck the President in the back of his neck, exited through the front of his throat, and then struck the governor, whose reaction to being wounded was delayed. The bullet passed into the governor's back, shattering his fifth rib into multiple fragments, exited through his chest, and passed through his right wrist, smashing the wristbone, struck his thighbone and lodged in his left thigh. The bullet that did all this, Exhibit 399, is an almost pure, pristine, undamaged bullet. If you look at its photograph in the Warren Report, you'll see that it isn't even dented!

PLAYBOY: You mean this bullet made seven wounds in two men, breaking three different bones, and wasn't materially damaged in the process?

LANE: I don't mean it—the Warren Commission means it! I think the suggestion

is preposterous—and so did several of the doctors who examined Connally and his X rays at Parkland and Bethesda.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it barely possible that a bullet could do everything the Commission says this one did and yet emerge unscathed?

LANE: Not even barely, I'm afraid. The Commission's own experts fired other bullets from the Carcano into a variety of substances, and in each case the bullet came out deformed. And the Commission *never* tried to have one bullet do everything that they claim number 399 did. One Commission expert, Dr. Alfred G. Olivier, a veterinarian, fired a bullet through a gelatin block supposedly representing the President's neck. He wasn't asked about the condition of the bullet when it emerged. He also fired a bullet through the carcass of a goat, supposedly simulating Governor Connally's back and chest. That bullet was "quite flattened," he testified. Then he fired a bullet into the wrist of a corpse, and testified with pride that he had created a fracture in the cadaver almost identical with the fracture suffered by Governor Connally. He also testified, however, that the spent bullet from the cadaver was not like number 399 at all. He said, "Commission Exhibit 399 is not flattened on the end. This one is very severely flattened on the end."

PLAYBOY: Did the bullet fragments found in the governor's wrist, rib and thigh match Exhibit 399?

LANE: Of course not. How do you put a jigsaw puzzle together if someone throws in a few extra pieces? Dr. Shaw, who examined Connally, testified that there seemed to be more than three grains of metal from the bullet lodged in the governor's wrist wound, and still more fragments were found in his thighbone. But according to FBI tests, less than three grains of metal all told are missing from Exhibit 399. *Time* magazine, on September 16, 1966, summed it up this way: "The bullet offered sufficient grounds to make the single-bullet theory suspect. . . . Medical men testified that it could not have done so much damage to Connally and emerged in such good shape."

PLAYBOY: The bullet in question, according to the Warren Report, was found on Governor Connally's stretcher at Parkland Hospital. If it didn't fall out of his body, where did it come from?

LANE: Who knows? First of all, the Warren Commission artfully distorted the testimony of the senior engineer at the hospital, Darrell C. Tomlinson, to conclude that the bullet was in fact discovered on Connally's stretcher. However, if you read Tomlinson's testimony for yourself, you'll find all he would ever say was that he saw it roll from a stretcher that was left in the hospital corridor. He didn't know if it was Governor Connally's stretcher, President Kennedy's stretcher

or even the stretcher of some totally unrelated patient. Remember, many people had access to the hospital that day; even Jack Ruby was there, according to two reliable witnesses, including Scripps-Howard newsman Seth Kantor, who testified that he talked to Ruby there. The Commission, of course, disregarded his testimony.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Ruby—or someone else—planted this bullet on the stretcher to incriminate Oswald?

LANE: That certainly is a possibility that should be examined, since it would account for a lot of baffling things about Exhibit 399—including the pristine condition of the bullet after supposedly smashing the bodies and bones of two men.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't there be a more innocent explanation for the contradictions surrounding this bullet than that it was deliberately planted as part of a conspiracy to frame Oswald?

LANE: Perhaps. But none seems apparent. The more I've studied the whole question of Exhibit 399, the more fantastic it becomes. For example, two declassified FBI autopsy reports, dated December 9, 1963, and January 13, 1964, were recently discovered in the National Archives in Washington. They state flatly that the bullet in question entered President Kennedy's *back*—not his neck, mind you, as the Commission claims—and did *not* continue through his body. The FBI agents who attended the autopsy reported that Commander Humes said then—whatever he may have since claimed to the contrary—that there was “no point of exit”; that the bullet penetrated the President's back a very short distance. The two FBI agents, James W. Sibert and Francis X. O'Neill, who were present during the autopsy at Bethesda Naval Hospital, said that Dr. Humes probed the back wound with his finger and determined that the bullet had traveled “a short distance, inasmuch as the end of the opening could be felt with the finger.” Since no bullet was in the President's back and “there was no point of exit,” the agents said Humes was puzzled as to the whereabouts of the bullet. After being informed that a bullet was “found on a stretcher” at Parkland Hospital—presumably the President's stretcher—and that the President had been subjected to external cardiac massage there, “Dr. Humes stated that the pattern was clear that the one bullet had entered the President's back and had worked its way out of the body during external cardiac massage.” This explanation appears to be corroborated by Colonel Finck, another physician present at the autopsy, who was quoted by Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman, also present during the autopsy, as having said, “There are no lanes for an outlet of this entry in this man's shoulder.” Perhaps this explains why Commander Humes

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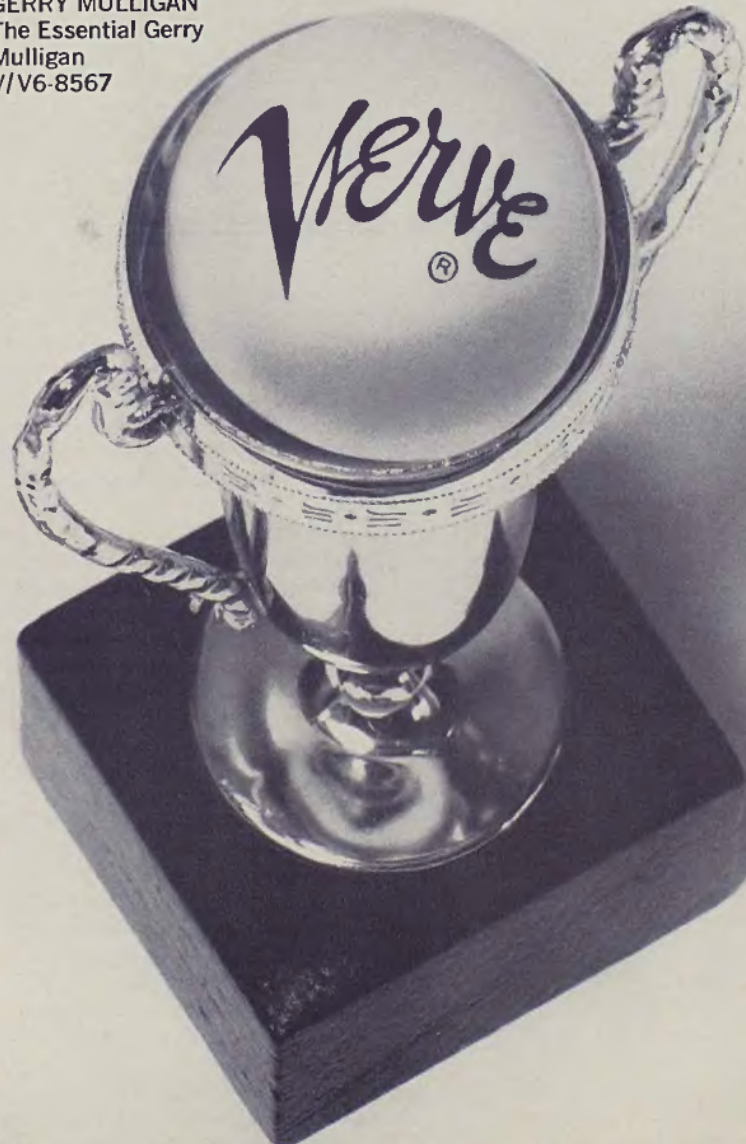
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decided to burn his original notes after the Commission's theory contradicted what he had written down. Not only is this a further indication that the autopsy records were tampered with before publication in the Warren Report but it also rebuts the Commission's fantasy about Exhibit 399 hitting both President Kennedy and Governor Connally. In addition, Governor Connally himself said on a CBS television show on September 27, 1964: "I understand there is some question in the minds of the experts about whether or not we could both have been hit by the same bullet . . . the first bullet. I just don't happen to believe that. I won't believe it, never will believe it, because, again, I heard the first shot, I recognized it for what I thought it was. I had time to turn to try to see what had happened. I was in the process of turning again before I felt the impact of a bullet." Mrs. Connally, who was seated next to the governor, also swears President Kennedy was hit before her husband and by a separate bullet. The Warren Commission chose to ignore their testimony—and if they weren't dealing with the governor of Texas, the Commission would probably have impeached Connally's integrity, as they did with less prominent nonconforming witnesses.

And here's something I just found out: I recently spent several hours in the studios of WNEW-TV here in Manhattan, searching for footage for a documentary program, and in their library I found what may be the sole remaining video tape of the press conference held in Dallas' Parkland Hospital on the afternoon of the assassination. This particular film was taped by Station WFAA-TV in Dallas, an ABC affiliate. WFAA and all the other local stations were visited after the assassination by FBI and Secret Service agents and asked to surrender all their tapes of the hospital news conference. But this film segment was flown to New York soon after the assassination and gathered dust in WNEW's files for three years, apparently without the FBI being aware of its existence. The film shows Dr. Robert Shaw, one of the physicians attending Governor Connally, speaking to the press at 4:30 P.M. on November 22. After Dr. Shaw described the governor's wounds, he said the bullet that caused the governor's wounds remained at that time in Connally's thigh. This is two and a half hours after Exhibit 399—the bullet that the Commission claims caused all the governor's wounds, including the thigh wound—was found by Darrell Tomlinson. So if anything else was needed to discredit Exhibit 399, here it is. If there was a bullet in the governor's thigh two and a half hours *after* Exhibit 399 was so conveniently found near the stretcher, where is it now?

PLAYBOY: For that matter, where is the bullet that you quoted the FBI as say-

ing entered the President's back and did not exit?

LANE: As I indicated a moment ago, that may be Exhibit 399.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be some confusion about the number of bullets fired. Would you go over them one at a time?

LANE: The Commission concluded that three bullets were fired, with two hits. They say one struck the back of the President's neck, exited from his throat and then passed on into Governor Connally. Another shot missed. Another bullet—the fatal one—then struck the President in the head. But shooting from the Depository window, Oswald simply wouldn't have been able to aim and fire three shots at a moving target in the time he had to shoot. Other evidence further rebuts the Commission's sequence. Roy Kellerman, the Secret Service agent riding in the Presidential limousine, testified that right after the first shot, he distinctly heard the President say, "My God, I am hit!" Although subjected to intense cross-examination, Kellerman insisted this is what the President said. Now when could Kennedy have said this in the sequence offered us by the Commission? Surely not *before* he was hit. Surely not after a bullet ripped through his throat, severely damaging his vocal cords. Surely not after the fatal shot drove a portion of his skull into the street. So the Commission's review of events does not accommodate the President's verbal reaction to the first shot. It also contravenes the testimony of Governor and Mrs. Connally about the first shot, and the report on the autopsy by the two FBI agents, Sibert and O'Neill, who reported, you will recall, that one bullet had entered "a finger's length" into the President's *back* and lodged there.

A more plausible sequence, which—unlike the Warren Commission's version—conflicts with none of the above evidence, is this: The first bullet struck the President in the back, causing the non-fatal, nonpenetrating "finger's length" wound to which Sibert and O'Neill testified in their FBI report. This wound was not in the back of the neck, but below the President's shoulder, corresponding exactly to the holes in the back of his shirt and jacket. I don't see how a bullet could have entered the back of his neck and made a hole in the back of his shirt and jacket more than five inches below the top of his collar. In any case, after this first, nonlethal bullet struck, the President exclaimed, "My God, I am hit!" Another bullet—let's call it Bullet Number Two, even though it may not be the second in the sequence—was fired from the knoll in front of the car, striking the President in the throat and causing the entrance wound to which the doctors at Parkland Hospital referred in their statements to the press on the day of the assassination. A third bullet, evidently from behind, struck Governor

Connally. A fourth bullet missed the limousine and its occupants, striking the curb and leaving behind lead traces later discovered by the FBI. This bullet shattered into fragments when it hit the curb, and one of the fragments—or perhaps a piece of concrete—struck a spectator, James Tague, wounding him superficially in the face. A fifth bullet then struck the President in the head, killing him. This bullet must also have been fired from in front of the car, from the direction of the grassy knoll, because the Zapruder frames—when arranged in the sequence in which they were taken—show the President driven *back* into his seat with considerable force under the impact of the bullet. That could not have happened if the bullet had been fired from behind the limousine. And as I mentioned earlier, a portion of the President's skull was driven back to the left and rear, landing in the street behind the car; if the shot had come from the rear, that skull fragment would have to have been driven *forward*. So, all told, we have five shots fired—not including the one that may have hit the traffic sign—four of them hitting either the President or Governor Connally, and at least two of them, or possibly three, fired from in front of the Presidential limousine.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the Commission consider this sequence?

LANE: Possibly they considered it, but they certainly couldn't accept it, because they must have seen at least two things wrong with it from their standpoint. First of all, five shots could not all be fired by the same man in the available time, and that would dispose of the Commission's single-assassin theory. Secondly, shots came from both the front *and* the rear of the car, and this would also have canceled out the possibility of a single assassin. In order not to contradict its theory, the Warren Commission ignored the evidence and invented its own convenient three-bullet sequence. Yet it flows from the evidence that there were, in fact, five shots.

PLAYBOY: What about the rifle from which the Commission claims all the shots were fired? You indicate in your book that Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano couldn't have been the sole weapon involved in the assassination. Why?

LANE: For the simple reason that the rifle just couldn't have done what the Warren Commission said it did. It was an old, inaccurate weapon.

PLAYBOY: The Commission concluded that "various tests showed that the Mannlicher-Carcano was an accurate rifle and that the use of a four-power scope was a substantial aid to rapid, accurate firing . . ." Do you challenge these tests?

LANE: I don't challenge the tests; I rely upon them. I challenge the conclusion the Warren Commission draws from them. The rifle tests prove the Mannlicher-Carcano could not have fired the shots.

PLAYBOY: How?

LANE: Let's begin at the beginning. The Commission says, as you just quoted, that a telescopic sight is an aid to rapid, accurate firing. As far as rapidity is concerned—and this is the critical factor—that's nonsense. Any rifleman knows it requires more time to fire with the aid of a telescopic sight than with an ordinary iron sight. The Commission also states that the Mannlicher-Carcano was an accurate rifle. Nonsense again. Rifle experts and rifle manuals and encyclopedias agree that this Italian carbine is an extremely poor, cheap and inaccurate weapon. The price alone is an indication. Oswald was supposed to have bought it from a Chicago mail-order house for \$12.78, plus \$7.13 for a scope. In fact, that surplus Italian carbine presently sells for \$3 if you buy it in lots of 25 or more. I don't have to tell **PLAYBOY** readers how much a good, accurate rifle with a scope costs; you can't get one for less than \$60.

PLAYBOY: You wrote in your book that Oswald's ammunition was almost 20 years old, implying it was defective. Was it?

LANE: Let me quote from the Warren Commission this time. The Report states flatly that the ammunition for the rifle is currently being manufactured by the Olin-Mathieson Company. In other words, the bullets could have been in brand-new, tiptop shape. Being a suspicious type, one of my investigators wrote to Olin-Mathieson, and learned that the 6.5-mm Mannlicher-Carcano cartridge has not been manufactured since 1944. Since the Commission could discover no other sources for this bullet, and since the powder in a bullet deteriorates in time, we must conclude, as Olin-Mathieson did, that "the reliability of such ammunition would be questionable today."

PLAYBOY: Let's accept your argument that the rifle was poor and the ammunition antiquated. Couldn't Oswald still have managed to deliver three lucky shots?

LANE: It's mathematically possible. If I leaned out of this window and squeezed off three shots with my eyes closed, it's mathematically possible that I could bring down a helicopter heading for the Pan Am Building. All I'm saying is it's not true, as the Commission states, that Oswald had everything going for him that day, from an "accurate" rifle to fresh ammunition. Any man using that rifle, and firing at a moving target with a telescopic sight from a sixth-floor window, was operating under a terrible handicap. And the facts show that five shots or more were fired. Since it takes 2.3 seconds just to work the bolt of the Mannlicher-Carcano—according to the testimony of FBI rifle expert Ronald Simmons—that is not mathematically possible in the 5.6 seconds that the Commission concedes is the maximum time Oswald would have had to fire from the

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PLAYBOY: Even if Oswald had poor equipment to shoot with, didn't the Commission conclude he was an excellent shot?

LANE: That conclusion is on a level with the rest of their findings. The fact is that Oswald was a relatively poor shot. If you look at Oswald's last rifle score in the Marine Corps—also the last time there's proof he ever fired a rifle—you'll find he scored only one point above the lowest Marine qualification. One of his buddies in the Marines, Nelson Delgado, told me that Oswald was such a poor shot he was the laughingstock of the squad, because when Oswald fired, "Maggie's drawers" often popped up. Maggie's drawers is a red flag waved whenever a bullet completely misses the target. And Delgado adds, incidentally, that when he told this to FBI agents, they argued with him for three hours, trying to browbeat him into changing his testimony, to state that Oswald was a good shot. Lawyers call this an attempt at subornation of perjury. The Commission also indicated that bad atmospheric conditions at the time of the test could have accounted for Oswald's bad showing; in the Report you'll find the explanation that "It might well have been a bad day for firing the rifle—windy, rainy, dark." Well, I've been a lawyer long enough to know that whenever weather is a factor in a legal proceeding, all you have to do is subpoena the records of the U.S. Weather Bureau for the day in question. So I called the Weather Bureau and they said that the weather in the Los Angeles area for the day of Oswald's Marine Corps rifle test was not "windy, rainy, dark." It was sunny, bright and cloudless, with a temperature ranging between 72 and 79 degrees. Before indulging in speculation, the Warren Commission should have contacted the Weather Bureau. Perhaps they did—and ignored the information when it proved inconvenient for their thesis that their marksman, Oswald, had done poorly on his rifle test only because of poor weather conditions. While this is a relatively minor point, it indicates how the Commission operated.

PLAYBOY: But after having Oswald's weapon tested, the Commission concluded that he had "the capability to fire three shots, with two hits, within 4.8 and 5.6 seconds."

LANE: Yes, they did say that. To test Oswald's expertise, the Commission asked three Masters of the National Rifle Association—three of the best riflemen the Commission could find—to duplicate Oswald's feat. Let's see what happened. First of all, the three experts found they could not even aim the rifle correctly, because the telescopic sight was improperly aligned; it also wobbled, because it was poorly attached.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't the sight have been loosened or damaged *after* the assassination?

LANE: Perhaps. At any rate, the Commission was gracious enough to permit a gunsmith to reset the scope by welding two or three metal shims to the rifle before the N.R.A. riflemen undertook the test. Also, Oswald had allegedly fired from 60 feet above the ground—but the Commission's experts were allowed to fire from a perch 30 feet above the ground. Oswald allegedly fired at a moving target—but the experts were told to fire at stationary targets. When Oswald allegedly fired from the sixth-floor window of the Book Depository, he could see only the head and shoulders of the President—but the experts were provided with large body silhouettes for targets. According to the Commission, the most difficult shot for Oswald was the first one, because the President was seen reacting to the wound only eight tenths of a second after he would have become visible to Oswald, the car having just passed from behind a large tree. So that's the shot that required the greatest skill—but the expert marksmen were told to take all the time they wanted for the first shot. Well, these three master riflemen shot a total of 18 rounds, and firing from half the height, at large, stationary targets with a resighted rifle, spending many seconds lining up on the target for the first shot, not one of them was able to hit the head or neck area of the target with *any* of the 18 bullets. What conclusion did the Warren Commission draw from all of this? That Oswald could easily have done what three of the top marksmen in the country, under infinitely better circumstances, could not do.

PLAYBOY: Still, weren't Oswald's fingerprints and palmprints found on the Mannlicher-Carcano?

LANE: Oswald's fingerprints were *not* found on the Mannlicher-Carcano, but one of the cornerstones of the early case against him was a charge by the Dallas police that Oswald's *palmprint* was found on the rifle. After this charge was made, the supervisor of the FBI latent fingerprint section, Sebastian F. Latona, examined the weapon carefully, using the most modern techniques available, highlighting it, side-lighting it, etc. He said he could find no trace of Oswald's palmprint anywhere on the rifle, and that even if Oswald *had* used the rifle, it would be difficult to determine if prints were there, since it was constructed of such poor wood and metal that they might not register. The Dallas police then explained that Oswald's palmprint had previously been on the rifle, but was "lost" in the process of "lifting" it from the rifle. That is, the lifted print remained in the Dallas police station while the rifle was sent to Washington.

PLAYBOY: Where is the "lifted" print now?

LANE: I imagine it's still in Dallas. At one time it was shown to Latona, who testified that he saw it—but not on the rifle, of course. Yet the Warren Commission ignored Latona's expert testimony about the rifle not showing any traces of a print, and accepted the word of the Dallas police, declaring unequivocally that Oswald's palmprint had been on the rifle. But even if the rifle did belong to Oswald, there was no reason why either his palmprint or fingerprints, or both, shouldn't be on it. The question is: Was that rifle used to fire at President Kennedy, and was Oswald the man who fired it? Merely establishing ownership of a weapon does not constitute proof of guilt, particularly since one interpretation of the body of evidence would indicate that there was an attempt to frame Oswald well in advance of November 22. And there is good evidence that not only was Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano *not* the murder weapon but that a totally different rifle was discovered in the Book Depository. The weapon originally found on the sixth floor was firmly and repeatedly identified at first as a 7.65 German Mauser, and not a 6.5 Italian Carcano.

PLAYBOY: The Commission explained that the rifle "was initially identified as a Mauser 7.65 . . . because a deputy constable who was one of the first to see it thought it looked like a Mauser. He neither handled the weapon nor saw it at close range."

LANE: The Commission didn't explain it; they explained it away. The deputy constable they refer to is Deputy Constable Seymour Weitzman, the first officer to see the weapon on November 22. The Commission says he neither handled the weapon nor saw it at close range, but in the appendix to my book you'll find an affidavit signed by Weitzman on November 23 giving a detailed description of the weapon as a "7.65 Mauser bolt action equipped with a 4/18 scope, a thick leather brownish-black sling on it." Weitzman also described the rifle as "gun metal color . . . blue metal . . ." and said that "the rear portion of the bolt was visibly worn . . ." Does this sound like the description of a man who had "neither handled the weapon nor seen it at close range"? In the event you assume that Deputy Constable Weitzman was not too bright, that perhaps he wasn't up on rifles or made a mistake, let me point out that Weitzman was a graduate engineer who before becoming a Dallas police officer had owned a sporting-goods shop where he sold rifles. And Weitzman isn't the only one who identified the weapon as a German Mauser. Two other Dallas police officers were present when the gun was found, and they both described it as a 7.65 Mauser.

According to one of them, so did the chief of Dallas homicide, Captain Will Fritz, who, by his own admission, picked up the weapon and ejected a live round from it. The police, Fritz and the Dallas district attorney told the press all day November 22 and well into the next day that the rifle found on the sixth floor of the Book Depository was a bolt-action Mauser. It was only late on November 23 that the story abruptly changed, and by some feat of legerdemain, the murder weapon became a 6.5 Italian Mannlicher-Carcano that belonged to Oswald. By that time, of course, the Dallas police had time to carefully search Oswald's home.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the Dallas police switched the Mauser for the Mannlicher-Carcano in order to frame Oswald?

LANE: I'm simply suggesting it's a possibility that should be investigated. For example, when Marina Oswald first heard the news of her husband's arrest, she rushed to the garage to check on the rifle and later testified that she thought she saw it there resting on a shelf. Then the Dallas police arrived and "later it turned out that the rifle was not there [and] I didn't know what to think." Neither do I. The Dallas police quickly explained that Marina had not really seen the Mannlicher-Carcano on the garage shelf; she had only seen a rolled-up blanket and mistaken it for the rifle. Of course, the Warren Commission wholeheartedly endorsed that explanation. The Italian carbine, which could be traced to Oswald—to the Commission's satisfaction, at least—was accepted as the murder weapon, and we heard no more about the 7.65 German Mauser.

PLAYBOY: Again, you seem to be looking for a conspiracy. Isn't it possible that in the chaos following the assassination, the rifle could have been mistakenly identified?

LANE: Yes, it's possible, but if that were the case, and the Commission sincerely desired to resolve the discrepancy, all they had to do was ask Deputy Constable Weitzman to examine the rifle and tell them whether or not it was the weapon he discovered in the Book Depository. But when Weitzman appeared, he was never shown the rifle. Consider this a moment—the policeman who first discovered the weapon that allegedly killed the President of the United States is not even asked to identify this weapon by the Presidential Commission investigating the assassination. Anyway, when I testified before the Commission, I *did* demand to see the weapon, and after some procrastination, the Commission allowed me to examine it. Now, I'm not a rifle expert or a policeman, but I was able to take one look at that weapon and unhesitatingly identify it as a 6.5 Italian rifle, not a 7.65 German Mauser.



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PLAYBOY: So you believe the weapon originally found was a German Mauser and was later switched to an Italian carbine that would incriminate Oswald?

LANE: I'm not certain. But I think it's a more plausible explanation than that all those Dallas police officers examined a rifle that had "MADE ITALY" stamped on it and then mistakenly told the world it was a German Mauser. Remember, the Mauser description lasted for a full day, and it was only after it was decided that Oswald owned an Italian carbine that the story changed.

PLAYBOY: You've said why you don't believe that the Mannlicher-Carcano could have fired the shots in the required amount of time. Assuming these initial reports of a Mauser discovered on the sixth floor of the Depository are correct, could this gun have done the job?

LANE: Rifle experts agree that a Mauser is certainly a far more accurate weapon than the antique the Commission placed in Oswald's hands; in fact, almost any rifle is better than the Mannlicher-Carcano. But the main point, the crucial point, is the number of shots and their different points of origin. I'm not a rifle expert, but I don't believe any rifle—unless it's a remarkably advanced one—could simultaneously inflict wounds from opposite directions.

PLAYBOY: If, as you claim, there's no evidence confirming that Oswald was capable of committing the crime even with an accurate weapon, is there any evidence indicating that he was even involved in the assassination?

LANE: Well, the Warren Commission certainly produced a lot of it. I'm just saying it's not very convincing.

PLAYBOY: If Oswald wasn't involved, as you seem to feel is the case, then why did he leave the Depository and, according to the Commission, kill Tippit?

LANE: It's very difficult to find out exactly what Oswald did after the President was shot. You can hardly turn to the Warren Commission as a source of unerring, accurate information on this or any other subject, and Oswald himself was shot dead before he was able to make any public statement other than that he was innocent.

PLAYBOY: But the Commission did reconstruct his movements.

LANE: Yes, they did, but their reconstruction is doubtful at best. Don't take my word for it; read *Time*. In its essay of September 16, 1966, *Time* wrote: "In trying to reconstruct Oswald's flight from the sniper's nest in the Book Depository Building, the Commission allowed for a near-miraculous series of coincidences and split-second timing." What the Commission says is that in the 43 minutes between the President's

assassination and the first report of Tippit's murder, Oswald raced down six flights of stairs, ran out of the Book Depository, walked seven blocks to a bus stop, got on a bus, got off after a few stops, hailed a taxicab, left the taxi, walked back four blocks to his rooming house, changed his clothes and then walked nine tenths of a mile to the spot where he was supposed to have shot Tippit. Let's just stop and examine one point in this reconstruction—a vital one in determining whether or not Oswald really shot at Kennedy from the Depository. The Commission says it took Oswald one minute and 20 seconds to get from the sixth floor of the building to the second-floor cafeteria. However, Roy Truly, an executive of the Book Depository, said in an early television interview that when the shots were fired he was standing in front of the building, and he immediately raced inside with a Dallas police officer and ran up the stairs to the second floor; according to him, this took only a matter of seconds. On the second floor both Truly and the policeman saw Oswald in the employee's cafeteria near a Coke machine. Remember, according to the Commission's own calculation, it took Oswald one minute and 20 seconds to get to the second floor. It would seem mathematically impossible for Oswald to fire a rifle from the sixth-floor window, hide the weapon and race four flights down to the lunchroom, all in the time it took Truly and the officer to run up one flight and confront him. How did the Warren Commission resolve this discrepancy in their time reconstruction? They did what they've done so many times before with other witnesses: They simply ignored Truly's original statement.

PLAYBOY: Did Truly subsequently change his story?

LANE: Yes, he later conformed to the Commission's version.

PLAYBOY: Why did Truly and the policeman rush into the building in the first place—unless they had heard shots coming from it?

LANE: Truly testified that he thought the shots came from the area of the railroad tracks or the grassy knoll. He said he ran into the Depository with the officer because he assumed the policeman wanted a rooftop view of this area. The policeman did go on up to the roof from the cafeteria.

Another interesting aspect of this question is the testimony of Vicki Adams, who worked for a publishing firm in the Depository. She was on the fourth floor when the shots were fired, and ran into the hallway and down the stairs at the very time that Oswald was supposed to be running down the stairs. He wasn't there, she testified.

PLAYBOY: What do you think Oswald actually did after he left the Depository?

LANE: As I said, his movements after the assassination are still shrouded in mystery. The Commission's reconstruction is a rather bad guess, I think. The sole witness who offered credible testimony about the schedule outlined by the Commission was Earlene Roberts, housekeeper of the rooming house where Oswald was staying. Mrs. Roberts is now dead. She testified that Oswald entered the house about one P.M., and immediately afterward a police car pulled up in front of the door, tooted its horn twice and drove off. Oswald then left the rooming house and a few minutes later allegedly shot Patrolman Tippit, who happened to have stopped his squad car almost a mile away.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the police-car horn was some kind of signal for Oswald?

LANE: I don't know. But this is another aspect of the case that deserved thorough investigation—and never got it.

PLAYBOY: Why did Patrolman Tippit stop Oswald in the first place?

LANE: We don't know that Tippit stopped Oswald; all we know is that Tippit stopped a man who then shot him. The Commission contradicts itself on this. At one point the Report states that the wanted bulletin on Oswald was not sent out until after he killed Tippit, based on eyewitness identification of Oswald as the killer. So Tippit certainly couldn't have stopped Oswald on the basis of a police radio all-points bulletin on Tippit's own murder. But the Commission also quotes a Dallas police officer who claimed that a roll call of Book Depository employees was taken right after the assassination and that Oswald was the only one missing, at which point a call for his arrest was broadcast over the police radio, and Tippit stopped him. But then it turned out—according to subsequent testimony—that there never was any such roll call, and that a number of employees left the Depository immediately after the assassination. Actually, however, there is evidence that a wanted bulletin for Oswald was transmitted—only 15 minutes after the assassination—well before Tippit was shot, and therefore well before any evidence could have linked Oswald to the assassination; on what information it was based we still don't know. One of the Commission's most perplexing moments must have come when it had to explain why the police wanted Oswald 15 minutes after the shots were fired—at a time, to quote Professor Trevor-Roper, when there was "no available evidence pointing toward him." On this crucial question the Commission could only speculate. They rely once again on our old friend Howard Brennan, their "star witness," to the effect that it was Oswald he had seen firing a rifle from the sixth-floor window of the Depository. "Most probably," the Commission concludes,

Brennan was the source for the premature Dallas police radio description broadcast at 12:45 P.M. Yet Brennan himself stated he gave his first description of the man in the window to a Secret Service agent who arrived on the scene at approximately one P.M.—15 minutes too late to explain the all-points bulletin describing Oswald. And so we are left with the Commission's "most probably" assumption that the bulletin was based on Brennan's identification—which, when confronted with the evidence, doesn't seem very probable at all.

PLAYBOY: Why do you challenge the eyewitness evidence that Oswald shot Officer Tippit?

LANE: It's not the witnesses' original statements I challenge. It is the Commission's use of them that is so disquieting. The eyewitness evidence shows that Oswald did not shoot Tippit.

PLAYBOY: What evidence?

LANE: Well, there were three witnesses to Tippit's murder close enough to identify the murderer. The Commission sought to obscure this fact by writing that "at least 12 persons saw the man with the revolver in the vicinity of the Tippit crime scene at or immediately after the shooting," but it was able to present the testimony of only two who said they had seen the shooting. The others saw a man fleeing from the scene or from the general neighborhood. Their efforts to identify a fleeing man, whom they had never seen before and had seen just briefly then, are to be weighed with caution. This is particularly so in view of the nature of the police line-ups conducted by the Dallas police. At least one witness said that he could pick Oswald out of the line-up—since he was loudly protesting his placement in the line-up with a group of teenagers. In addition, witnesses said that they signed the affidavit identifying Oswald as the culprit from the line-up even before they were taken to the line-up. The Commissioners said only that they were satisfied with the line-up—leading one to believe that they were too easily contented. Of the eyewitnesses to the actual murder, however, one was a Mexican-American mechanic named Domingo Benavides, who was parked in a pickup truck only 15 feet from the murder scene. Benavides told me that on November 22 he told the Dallas police that the man who killed Officer Tippit was short and somewhat heavy. After Benavides gave this description of the killer, the police evidently decided there was no use bringing him down to the line-up to view Lee Harvey Oswald, who was extremely thin and above middle height. The second witness was Mrs. Acquilla Clemons, an Oak Cliff housewife, who told me in a filmed interview that she heard shots, then ran out of her house and saw a man with a pistol in his hand standing over Patrolman Tippit's body.

She described the man as short and heavy. Mrs. Clemons further said that this man with the pistol then waved to another man across the street and the two men ran off in opposite directions. Mrs. Clemons said neither man was Lee Harvey Oswald. The Commission never called her to testify, and she was never questioned by the Commission lawyers. Now the third witness, Mrs. Helen Louise Markham, became the Warren Commission's star witness in this aspect of the case, because she eventually identified Oswald as the murderer. The only problem is that on November 22 Mrs. Markham gave a statement to the police—which the press picked up—that the man who shot Tippit was short, heavy and had bushy hair. Lee Oswald had thin and receding hair. After Mrs. Markham had changed this initial identification and told the Commission that Oswald was the murderer, I phoned her in Dallas and tape-recorded our conversation. She repeated her original description to me, reiterating that Tippit's murderer was short, on the heavy side—but not too heavy—with somewhat bushy hair.

PLAYBOY: This tape recording of your conversation with Mrs. Markham caused quite a furor during the Commission proceedings. At one point, after you refused to hand over the tape, Earl Warren said, "We have every reason to doubt the truthfulness of what you have heretofore told us." Why didn't you want to give the tape to the Commission?

LANE: That remark you quoted is just one of the many excessive statements made by the Chief Justice during the hearings. First of all, since the recording of my conversation with Mrs. Markham was made without her knowledge and consent, for me to make and divulge such a recording voluntarily would constitute a Federal crime. If the Commission ordered me to surrender the tape, however, I would no longer be liable to prosecution, since the responsibility for divulging the contents would then be theirs. I really wanted them to have it, because Mrs. Markham was then denying she had ever talked to me. But the Chief Justice refused to direct me to hand it over, and then he told the press that I had refused to give the Commission the tape. This unfair accusation was widely printed, deftly conveying the impression that I did not really possess such a tape. I returned to my office to think the whole thing over and decided that even though I could be sent to jail for voluntarily handing over the tape, a case such as this justified the risk. So I did give the tape to the Commission, and they subsequently published a transcript of it as an exhibit. When Mrs. Markham was confronted with the recording, she broke down and admitted that she had talked to me. So here we have the Commission's star witness admitting she gave

me a description of Tippit's murderer that could not have fitted Oswald—and thereby also indicated that she had apparently committed perjury in her previous testimony. And what did the Commission do about this? It chose to believe that Mrs. Markham had really seen Lee Oswald shoot Tippit. She is the sole eyewitness support for the Commission's allegation that Oswald killed Patrolman Tippit. Somewhere a short, stocky murderer with bushy hair may be walking our streets.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Mrs. Markham changed her initial identification of the killer?

LANE: You should ask her that. I don't wish to be hostile to the poor woman. As she told me, she had been ordered by the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas police not to discuss the case at all. Her son told the FBI that she "had lied on many occasions, even to members of her immediate family." He said that she was frightened to death of what would happen if she didn't testify that Oswald was the killer. And if you'll look at the Commission proceedings, you'll find that after Mrs. Markham finally admitted she had repeated her initial non-Oswald description of Tippit's murderer to me, she asked the Commission lawyer anxiously, "Will I get in any trouble over this?" and he reassured her that she wouldn't. The Commission's lawyer was simply conveying the idea that if you commit perjury on the side of the Warren Commission, you'll be protected. If Mrs. Markham had told the truth, she'd have a very good reason to worry.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

LANE: To live in Dallas and contradict the official version of the assassination can prove to be an invitation to violence. For example, shortly after our investigators visited the Markham home, Mrs. Markham's son was arrested for car theft, and, according to the Dallas police, he "fell" from a third-floor window "while trying to escape." Fortunately, he survived. Mrs. Acquilla Clemons, to whom I referred a few minutes ago—another witness who said Tippit's murderer was not Oswald—was threatened. Mrs. Clemons told me in a filmed and tape-recorded interview that she was visited by a man she believed to be a plainclothes policeman, who wore a gun in a holster at his waist. According to Mrs. Clemons, "He just told me it'd be best if I didn't say anything because I might get hurt." Mrs. Clemons said the man intimated she could easily be killed on her way to work.

PLAYBOY: Your book skips abruptly from the Tippit shooting to Oswald's arrival at the Dallas jail. Why did you leave out details of Oswald's arrest in the Texas Theater—such as his statement to arresting officers: "Well, it's all over now"?

LANE: The press reported, on the basis of information supplied by the Dallas

police, that Oswald said: "Well, it's all over now," when he was arrested. But no witness in the theater ever testified that he made that remark. And even the police seemed confused on the point; one Dallas officer said his actual words were, "This is it." Either way, this hardly constitutes an admission that he had assassinated the President and shot Officer Tippit.

PLAYBOY: What actually happened at the theater?

LANE: The circumstances of Oswald's arrest are still a bit cloudy. Most of the witnesses can't remember Oswald saying anything at all, except protesting "police brutality" and charging he had been struck with a shotgun and beaten by several police officers simultaneously. But as far as I'm concerned, there is no convincing proof that Oswald was anything other than a *spectator* at the President's assassination—and unless it can be proved he was more than that, nothing he would say at his arrest is relevant to the case. Of course, it would be a different story if Oswald had admitted guilt during his arrest—but he never did, then or later.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Oswald pull a gun on the arresting officers in the theater?

LANE: A Dallas police officer *said* he did.

PLAYBOY: You say you believe there is no convincing proof that Oswald was more than a spectator to the assassination. Does this mean you think he was completely innocent, or could he have been involved in some subsidiary role in a conspiracy?

LANE: Let me put it this way: I am convinced that Oswald never pulled the trigger of the rifle that killed President Kennedy. If Oswald were alive, there would be many questions I'd like to ask him. For example, there is a vast amount of evidence suggesting that a man looking very much like Oswald, and using his name and background, was involved in a series of bizarre activities calculated to draw attention to the fact that Oswald intended to kill the President. This other Oswald was seen at times when the real Oswald was probably somewhere else—at work or even out of the country. This "Oswald" practiced at rifle ranges in and around Dallas and Irving, Texas, making a spectacle of himself by shooting at other people's targets; he talked of the assassination two months before it occurred; he bragged to automobile salesmen that he was soon coming into large sums of money; and he spoke of going back to Russia. In short, he engaged in the kind of odd conduct that would only make sense if there were a deliberate, premeditated attempt to frame Oswald by incriminating him in advance for the President's murder.

PLAYBOY: What does the Warren Commission say about all this?

LANE: In each case, the Commission concludes that this man could not have been

the real Lee Harvey Oswald. One example of this is the testimony of Mrs. Sylvia Odio, a prominent anti-Castro Cuban exile. She told the Commission that toward the end of September 1963 a man visited her in Dallas accompanied by two other men who were either Cuban or Mexican, and who knew things about her father, then imprisoned by Castro. The men seemed to know things that no one without inside information could know, she testified. They introduced their companion to her as "Leon Oswald," and later one of them said he was a former Marine and expert rifleman. One of the men told her Oswald had said, "President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the Bay of Pigs . . . it is so easy to do it." The two men suggested to Mrs. Odio that Oswald could "help in the underground activities" against Castro. Commission counsel showed Mrs. Odio photographs and motion pictures of Oswald and asked her if she had "any doubts" in her mind "after looking at these pictures that the man that was in your apartment was the same man as Lee Harvey Oswald." Mrs. Odio replied: "I don't have any doubts." Mrs. Odio's sister also testified the man looked exactly like Oswald. But the Commission showed conclusively that Oswald was not in Dallas when Mrs. Odio was visited by the three men. So who was "Leon Oswald"—and why was he talking about how easy it would be to assassinate the President? It appears possible that there may have been a concerted attempt to frame Oswald in advance for the murder of President Kennedy. The Commission, of course, never even examined such a possibility, and simply brushed aside all evidence pertaining to this "other" Oswald.

PLAYBOY: Did Oswald's interrogation shed any light on his Cuban connections?

LANE: Perhaps, but we may never know what Oswald said. Although he was interrogated by agents of the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas police for over 12 hours, the Commission says no stenographic notes or tape recordings were made. Dallas Homicide Chief Will Fritz admitted he had made some rough notes—but tore them up after Oswald's murder! Just think about that: Here is the most important prisoner on the face of the earth, and the Commission would have us believe that his interrogation was not recorded by the FBI, the Secret Service or the Dallas police. But a Dallas newspaperman, Hugh Aynesworth, stated publicly that he saw a police stenographer enter the room where Oswald was being questioned. It's hard to understand what this stenographer was doing if not making a transcript. All we *know* is what Oswald told newsmen as he was being led back and forth through the hallways of police headquarters. He said then—and his words are preserved on video tape—that he was innocent and

had no connection with the murder of Officer Tippit. When asked if he had killed President Kennedy, Oswald looked stunned and said, "No one even asked me about that, I never heard about that. I didn't kill anyone." As the police dragged him away, he shouted that he was being made a "patsy." That's Oswald's word. In fact, one of his last words.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that there exists no verbatim record whatsoever of anything Oswald said during those 12 hours of interrogation?

LANE: That may seem surprising to you, but I'm afraid I've now lost my capacity for surprise. The Dallas police claimed Oswald had been "lying" to them. By that, I assume they mean he continued to protest his innocence—or perhaps had something so explosive to say that the authorities decided to "protect" the public from it. In any case, Oswald was executed by Jack Ruby on November 24, before he could repeat his "lies" to the press—or to a jury.

PLAYBOY: You state in your book that "No interpretation of November 24 can exclude the certainty that Ruby murdered Oswald through the complicity or complacency of members of the police." On what evidence do you base that charge?

LANE: Let me say at the outset that the Warren Commission's conclusion that Ruby murdered Oswald is the only major conclusion in the Report that is supported by the evidence. Of course, the Warren Commission could hardly have held otherwise, since the murder took place live on nationwide TV. As for the question of police complicity, let's examine the Oswald slaying. The previous day, the FBI and the Dallas County sheriff's office were warned by anonymous telephone callers that Oswald was going to be killed, but the police officers in charge of his transfer—according to the Warren Commission—were not informed of these threats. The time of the transfer was announced to the public in advance; and when it took place—an hour and 15 minutes after it had been announced—the human corridor of police officers that was supposed to flank Oswald as he passed through the basement was not in place. The police car that was to take him away was also not where it was supposed to be. Jack Ruby was able to enter the jail through the Main Street ramp and shoot Oswald without a hitch. There were police behind Oswald and on each side, but none in the front.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LANE: I don't know. I do know that all through Ruby's trial, there were always police officers to his right, to his left, in back of him *and* in front of him. So if anyone had wanted to kill Jack Ruby, he would have to kill a Dallas officer first. But Oswald's front was unprotected, giv-

ing an assassin a clear range of fire.

PLAYBOY: You say Ruby got into the police station through the Main Street ramp. Wasn't it guarded by police officers?

LANE: Yes, there was a police officer there. Whether he was *guarding* the entrance is another question. A former Dallas officer, N. J. Daniels, told the Commission he was standing outside the Main Street ramp with the police officer on duty when he saw a man who was later identified as Jack Ruby enter the ramp. Daniels told the FBI that this man had his right hand in his coat pocket, and said there was a large bulge in the pocket, which Daniels immediately assumed was caused by a pistol. Daniels didn't do anything because the policeman on guard looked directly at Ruby and let him enter without a word. "The impression I got was that the patrolman knew him . . ." Daniels testified. Well, here is evidence that at least one Dallas officer allowed an unauthorized man, his pocket bulging with what could have been a gun, to pass into the basement. What did the Commission do about this? Did they call this Dallas policeman and rigorously cross-examine him? No, they neatly disposed of the problem by concluding that Daniels' "testimony merits little credence." And that was that.

PLAYBOY: On what grounds did the Commission dismiss Daniels' testimony?

LANE: Partly on the grounds that Daniels was incorrect in remembering if Ruby wore a hat that day. When a witness said something that conflicted with the conclusions of the Commission, his testimony was frequently judged invalid on such trivial and irrelevant grounds.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried to speak to the patrolman for his version of the story?

LANE: I've never spoken with him. I would be delighted to cross-examine him in some proceeding where a structure of legal rules prevailed. In any case, with or without help, Ruby did get inside, and by some wrenching of the laws of probability, his timing just happened to be perfect. A few seconds after Ruby entered the basement, Oswald was led into the corridor from an elevator. And at that moment, just as Oswald appeared, the horn of a car in the basement sounded once. Then Oswald was led through the milling crowd of reporters toward the Main Street ramp, and as he approached it, the horn honked a second time, and at that instant Ruby rushed forward and shot Oswald dead.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that the horn was some kind of signal alerting Ruby when to shoot Oswald?

LANE: That's certainly a possibility. It had to be a police horn, because all the cars in the basement were police cars, and those two honks are clearly audible on video and radio tapes taken by reporters. It's conceivable there's a

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perfectly innocent explanation for the whole thing, but the Commission never bothered to investigate it—and never even mentioned the two horn blasts in their report.

PLAYBOY: You just pointed out that Ruby arrived on the scene at the very moment of Oswald's transfer. Do you think Ruby knew in advance the exact time this transfer was to take place?

LANE: That's a possibility, too. The transfer took place just after 11:15 A.M. The previous night it was announced the transfer was to take place at ten A.M. If Ruby had followed the official announcement, he would have been more than an hour early. The basement would have been virtually deserted. But for some reason Oswald's transfer was delayed, and this delay was not announced. I should point out here that Ruby was a "goer" to events. He was present at the Parkland Hospital when the President died; the Warren Commission denies it, but, as I said, Scripps-Howard newsman Seth Kantor and another reliable witness placed him there. Ruby was also at the assassination site minutes after the shooting; the Commission denies this, too, but there's a photo showing him there. And he was at Oswald's so-called "press conference" in police headquarters on the night of November 23; this the Commission admits. Ruby even chimed in to help out District Attorney Henry Wade when he misidentified the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. Now, he turns up an hour and 15 minutes after the transfer should have been completed but miraculously is *exactly* on time—almost like an actor on cue. And the play didn't begin until he was in place. The Warren Commission says it's just a coincidence; I'll leave it up to you.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe the photograph that supposedly shows Ruby at the assassination site "minutes after the shooting"?

LANE: Philip W. Willis, a retired Air Force major, took a series of 12 color photos just before and after the assassination. Picture eight, taken a few minutes after the President was shot, shows a man standing in front of the Book Depository Building—a man who appears to be Jack Ruby. I showed the picture to Wes Wise, a reporter for Station KRLD, the CBS affiliate in Dallas. Wise knows Ruby well, and testified at his trial. Wise said he believed the picture was of Ruby. Willis told an investigator for the Citizens' Committee that the FBI had told him it was Ruby. The Commission, however, concluded that Ruby wasn't there—and when they published picture eight, he wasn't. After Willis surrendered the photograph to the Commission, someone cropped it and removed a substantial portion of the face of the man thought to be Ruby, who was standing in the far right of the



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picture. The cropped photograph was then enlarged to make it identical in size to the other pictures, and published in the Report.

PLAYBOY: In any case, does Ruby's ubiquitousness lessen the possibility that his perfect timing in the jail was just a coincidence?

LANE: No, it doesn't. I believe in chance, in the random factor, but you reach a point in this case where the Warren Commission asks you to accept one too many coincidences. They proceed as if cause and effect are alien doctrines. The American press speaks of Europeans rejecting the Report because of their conspiracy theories of history. We Americans are asked to accept a coincidence theory instead. Europeans rejected the Commission's Report earlier than Americans, because the European press presented both sides. Here those who dissented from the findings—including me—were denied access to the press for two years following the assassination.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that Ruby killed Oswald in a conspiracy with the Dallas police—to silence him?

LANE: This is possible and should have been investigated—but it never received thorough examination from the Commission. Let me add that there is no doubt in my mind that had Oswald lived to face trial, he would have been acquitted of the assassination of President Kennedy. A Commission attorney, Alfreda Scobey, conceded that in the January 1965 issue of *The American Bar Association Journal*. Perhaps the real authors of the assassination decided to "close the case" in the most effective—and final—way possible.

PLAYBOY: What exactly were Ruby's relations with the Dallas police?

LANE: The Commission more or less accepted the statement of Jesse Curry, chief of the Dallas police, that Ruby knew "only" 25 to 50 Dallas policemen. But Joseph Johnson, who was Ruby's bandleader at the Carousel Club for more than six years, says Ruby had a "very close, warm relationship" with the police, and personally knew more than half the Dallas force. There are 1200 policemen on the force. Another witness, Nancy Perrin Rich, Ruby's former bartender at the Carousel Club, also said Ruby knew over half the Dallas police force. The Warren Commission said that Ruby would occasionally serve the few cops he knew "free coffee and soft drinks," but Mrs. Rich, who got her job with Ruby through a Dallas policeman, said in a filmed interview with me that he supplied "booze, women and gambling" to the police. There was a vast amount of evidence and testimony before the Commission attesting to the long-standing corrupt relationship between Ruby and the Dallas police. The evidence shows that Ruby bribed the officers and that in turn they quashed a

number of criminal charges and licensing violations that had been brought against him. It was a cozy, symbiotic relationship, and the final pay-off may have been Ruby's murder of Oswald.

PLAYBOY: Was Ruby linked to organized crime in Dallas?

LANE: The Commission concluded he wasn't—but many witnesses said he was. Several told the local or Federal police that before opening a gambling operation in Dallas, they were told by Syndicate kingpins in Las Vegas to clear it with Jack Ruby, who was their "contact man" with the Dallas police. One witness testified that Ruby was also deeply involved in the Dallas narcotics racket. And there is evidence that Ruby was the "bagman," or paymaster, for a clandestine group of anti-Castro Cuban exiles.

PLAYBOY: What evidence?

LANE: The testimony of Nancy Perrin Rich. She swore that her husband was contacted by an anti-Castro group and asked to run guns into Cuba and smuggle exiles out. He was selected because he'd previously accomplished similar missions for Franco during the Spanish Civil War. Mrs. Rich says she attended a meeting with her husband to discuss the terms of the deal. It was presided over, she told me, by a lieutenant colonel of the U. S. Air Force, and there was at least one man present who she thought "might have been Cuban." Mrs. Rich's husband was promised \$10,000 for the job, but they haggled with the group and eventually succeeded in raising the sum to \$25,000. But the negotiations hit a snag because there was no money at hand, and Mr. Rich demanded a large cash retainer. According to Mrs. Rich, when she testified before the Commission, she then was surprised to see her old friend Jack Ruby walk in the door, his coat pocket bulging ostentatiously. Ruby and the colonel went into the bedroom and a few minutes later Ruby came out, his pocket no longer bulging, and left soon afterward. Though she didn't see it, she testified that the money was then forthcoming.

PLAYBOY: What did the Warren Commission conclude about Mrs. Rich's testimony?

LANE: Nothing. They never even mentioned her in the Report. There was no effort to track down the Air Force colonel Mrs. Rich says presided over the meeting, or to identify anyone else involved. Let me show you how the Commission dealt with her testimony. When I interviewed Mrs. Rich in Lewiston, Maine, on April 18, 1966, she informed me that, after the meeting, the Air Force colonel showed her a cache of military armament in a shed in the back yard of the apartment building where they met. "I got the general impression from what was said," she told me, "that these were pilfered from U. S. Army or Air Force

bases." I asked Mrs. Rich if she gave this information to the Commission. She replied: "I did, but apparently they chose to discount it. . . . At the time it was given . . . Mr. Griffin [Burt Griffin, Commission counsel] said, 'Strike that from the record.'" Mrs. Rich's testimony, of course, was incompatible with the Commission's evaluation of Ruby as an honest and aboveboard, though possibly deranged, character with no shady connections—so it was ignored. And let me stress that the Commission's conclusion that Ruby was an insignificant character without criminal connections is *vital* to their determination that there was no conspiracy. If their evaluation of Ruby goes, so does much of their case against a conspiracy. In fact, Mrs. Rich's testimony about the arms cache wasn't just ignored—it was deleted from the public version of the 26 volumes. As you probably know, the Commission reserved the right to edit the transcripts on which the volumes of testimony were based, prior to publication, to improve the "clarity and accuracy" of the witnesses' testimony.

PLAYBOY: Is there any further evidence linking Ruby to the anti-Castro underground?

LANE: Yes, there's the testimony of Robert McKeown, a Houston resident who was convicted of conspiracy to smuggle arms to Fidel Castro while Castro was in the Sierra Maestra. When Castro visited the U. S. in the early days of his regime, he personally greeted McKeown and hailed him as a friend of the revolution. I have an FBI report that reveals that in January 1959 McKeown received a telephone call from one "Jack Rubenstein" in Dallas. Rubenstein, of course, was Ruby's real name. "Rubenstein" said he knew that McKeown had influence with Castro, and told him "he wanted to get three individuals out of Cuba who were being held by Castro." He stated that if McKeown could accomplish their release, "Rubenstein" would pay \$5000 for each person. The caller added that "a person in Las Vegas, Nevada, would put up the money." A few weeks after this call, a man visited McKeown in Houston and offered him \$25,000 for a letter of introduction to Castro. This man never gave his name, but according to the FBI report, "McKeown advised that he feels strongly that this individual was in fact Jack Ruby, the man whose photographs he has seen many times recently in the press." Now here is further evidence linking Ruby to anti-Castro activity, and the FBI forwarded this report to the Warren Commission; but the Commission never published it in its Report or referred to it in any way. I only came across it myself while poring over the mass of unindexed material in the 26 volumes.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you drawing a great

many conclusions from the testimony of two people?

LANE: McKeown's and Mrs. Rich's are not the only evidence of a Ruby-Cuba link. Shortly after the incident with McKeown, Ruby flew to Havana with a Las Vegas gambler named Lewis J. McWillie. Ruby told the Commission of his trip but didn't say what he did in Havana. McWillie testified that his plush gambling casino had been expropriated by Castro, and he "personally left Havana to avoid arrest." McWillie said he had known Ruby for some time, that Ruby had once procured a pistol for him, and that he knew Ruby "to be well acquainted with virtually every officer of the Dallas police." When the Commission spoke to McWillie, they already knew of the FBI report on the McKeown incident, but they never questioned the gambler about it, and never bothered to determine a possible link between Ruby's Havana trip and his earlier contact with McKeown. The Commission simply brushed off the whole incident as unimportant.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe, as some have implied, that Ruby was involved with the CIA in his alleged anti-Castro activities?

LANE: I don't know, but at that time the CIA was firmly in charge of anti-Castro exile activity in the United States. Ruby may have had nothing to do with the CIA, however; he may just have been acting for some expropriated gambling interests out for revenge against Castro. What I object to is the Warren Commission deliberately suppressing these facts. Let me add a vital point: By hushing up things like this, the Commission didn't dispel rumors; they provided more fertile ground for them. Because people naturally wonder, if there's nothing sinister here, *why* did the Commission suppress the facts? The Warren Report may have won a little time for the Government, but its methods have opened up a whole Pandora's box of rumors and speculation. No cover-up at all is better than a poor one.

PLAYBOY: Since you've mentioned rumors and speculation, let's discuss your contention in *Rush to Judgment* that on the evening of November 14, 1963, a two-hour meeting took place at the Carousel Club between Ruby, Patrolman Tippit and Bernard Weissman, the ultra-right-wing activist who placed that full-page ad in the November 22 *Dallas Morning News* accusing Kennedy of treason. Where did you hear about this alleged meeting?

LANE: I learned of it from Thayer Waldo, a respected reporter for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, who told me that an acquaintance of his, a prominent Dallas figure, was in the Carousel Club that night. Waldo's friend was a frequent visitor to Ruby's place, because he was

carrying on an affair with one of the strippers. This man told Waldo, and later repeated directly to me, that he had seen Ruby, Officer Tippit and Weissman sitting together at a back table engaged in deep conversation for almost two hours.

PLAYBOY: Why would they hold such a meeting in public view?

LANE: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: If there was such a meeting, do you believe that its purpose was to plot the assassination of President Kennedy?

LANE: I don't know *what* its purpose was. That's the whole issue. There *is* some evidence to support the contention that there was such a meeting. The Commission should have found out where those three men were that night, and told us. They didn't. Maybe my informant was wrong about seeing the men together. The point is that here is a potentially critical lead that the Commission stubbornly refused to follow up. The meeting itself could mean nothing—or everything. We'll never find out from the Commission's Report.

PLAYBOY: The Report concluded that "The Commission has investigated the allegation of a Weissman-Ruby-Tippit meeting and has found no evidence that such a meeting took place anywhere at any time."

LANE: Of course they conclude that. It assists their coincidence thesis. But let me tell you how the Commission "investigated" this meeting. As I said, Thayer Waldo was the source for my information on the two-hour Ruby-Tippit-Weissman meeting. Waldo testified on June 27, 1964—but the Commission counsel *never once* asked him about the meeting. I told the Commission I could not reveal the name of the man Waldo said had witnessed the meeting, because I had promised the man he would not be involved; he was a leading Dallas citizen; he was married, and the stripper he was going with had become pregnant. But the Commission wasn't interested in the truth, only in discrediting my report of the meeting. For example, after I told the Commission what I knew, Chief Counsel J. Lee Rankin asked me, "Do you realize that the information you gave in closed session could have an unfavorable effect on your country's interests in connection with this assassination?" Mind you, Rankin wasn't concerned with investigating the report and finding out if such a meeting had really occurred; he was only disturbed that *talking* about it could harm our country's interests. This, of course, was the whole problem with the Commission; they weren't interested in pursuing the truth, but in performing a prophylactic function, in protecting their conception of the national interest. In this case, unfortunately, they couldn't do both.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the alleged meeting

at the Carousel Club, didn't the Warren Commission conclude there was "no credible evidence" that Ruby knew Tippit?

LANE: You continue to confront me with Commission conclusions as if they were facts. Yes, the Commission did, but the evidence says otherwise. Ruby's sister, Mrs. Eva Grant, told a *New York Herald Tribune* reporter who asked her about Tippit that "Jack knew him and I knew him." She added that "Jack called him Buddy" and "We liked him. . . . He was in and out of our place many times." At least six other witnesses—including Dallas Police Lieutenant George C. Arnett—swore that Ruby knew Tippit. For example, one of Ruby's bartenders, Curtis La Verne Crafard, and another club employee, Andrew Armstrong, were at the Carousel Club when Tippit's death was announced over the radio, and both men told the FBI that Ruby told them then that he had known Tippit. Still another witness, who once sought Ruby's OK to open a numbers operation in Dallas, told the FBI that Tippit "was a frequent visitor to Ruby's night club, along with another officer who was a motorcycle patrolman in the Oaklawn section of Dallas." The FBI agents who interviewed Hardee reported that "from his observation there appeared to be a very close relationship between these three individuals."

One of the many witnesses the Commission never chose to call was Harold Richard Williams. On April 3, 1966, I filmed and tape-recorded an interview with Williams in Dallas, and he told me that early in November 1963 he had been roughed up and arrested in a raid on an after-hours club called the Mikado, where he worked as chef. Williams says he carefully studied the face of the officer driving the police car to headquarters, intending to find out who he was and make a complaint. Seated alongside this cop in the front of the car, according to Williams, was Jack Ruby, whom the driver called "Rube." Williams said he knew Ruby well, since Ruby "used to furnish us with girls" for parties at the Mikado Club. On November 22 Williams saw a photograph of Patrolman J. D. Tippit in the papers and recognized him as that same officer. When Williams told acquaintances about seeing Ruby and Tippit together, he was promptly taken into custody by the Dallas police and told to keep quiet about the incident, since "it would be very easy" to charge him with a crime "and make it work." Nevertheless, Williams agreed to tell me all he knew. Despite all these facts, the Commission concluded there was "no credible evidence" that Ruby and Tippit were acquainted.

PLAYBOY: Do you also challenge the Commission's conclusion that Ruby had

never met Weissman, the man responsible for the anti-Kennedy ad?

LANE: Yes, I do. And it's the same story here: Witness after witness told either the FBI or the Commission that Weissman was a frequent visitor to the Carousel Club in November of 1963. On August 21, 1964, the FBI showed Curtis Crafard several photographs of Weissman, and Crafard said that Weissman had been in the Carousel "on a number of occasions." The FBI report on the interview states that Crafard revealed he "has heard Ruby refer to Weissman by the name of 'Weissman' and on several occasions has served Weissman drinks at the Carousel Club." It goes on and on like that, but despite all this evidence, the Commission claimed that Ruby knew neither Tippit nor Weissman.

PLAYBOY: In any case, the Commission concluded that Ruby was too "moody and unstable to have encouraged the confidence of the persons involved in a sensitive conspiracy." Do you think they have a point there?

LANE: Well, that's an interesting bit of speculation. I personally don't know who a conspiracy would pick as its assassin. Perhaps the conspirators, if they exist, would have preferred a college professor or a Rhodes scholar. But I do know that Ruby killed Oswald quite effectively, although the odds were very much against it, with just one well-placed shot in the stomach. Unlike the Warren Commission, I can't psychoanalyze a hypothetical group of conspirators and determine their recruiting practices. All I can say is that if Ruby was ordered to kill Oswald, his employers would have no reason to be dissatisfied with the way he did his job.

PLAYBOY: How did Ruby explain his motivation for killing Oswald when he testified before the Commission?

LANE: Ruby's appearance before the Commission is one of the most fantastic aspects of the whole investigation. In the first place, the Government was far from eager to have him testify at all. The Commission was formed during November of 1963, but Ruby wasn't interrogated until June of 1964, even though he repeatedly asked the Commission for permission to testify. And when he was finally called, only two members of the seven-man Commission were present—Earl Warren and Gerald Ford. The locale for his interview was, of all places, the Dallas County jail, and in attendance at the outset were Dallas Sheriff J. E. Decker, Assistant District Attorney Jim Bowie and Robert G. Storey, special counsel to the attorney general of Texas. Perhaps the Commission assumed Ruby would be more comfortable in familiar surroundings. If so, they were wrong, because Ruby begged over and over to be taken to Washington, where he could speak freely, but Earl Warren repeatedly



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turned him down. This is all printed in the Commission evidence. "I want to tell the truth," Ruby said at one point, "and I can't tell it here. . . . Gentlemen, unless you get me to Washington, you can't get a fair shake out of me." He added: "My life is in danger here." When Congressman Ford asked, somewhat redundantly, if there were things he would reveal in Washington that he wouldn't reveal in Dallas, Ruby told him that there were. And as the hearing closed, he made one last desperate plea to Chief Justice Warren to get him out of Dallas. "You are the only one who can save me," he told Warren. "But by delaying minutes, you lose the chance." Ruby said he was anxious to tell the truth about "why my act was committed, but it can't be said here." At that point Earl Warren, instead of reassuring Ruby and trying to find out what he knew, actually told him that he had good reason to fear for his safety if he talked too much. These are Warren's exact words, from the Commission records: "I think I might have some reluctance if I was in your position, yes; I think I would. I think I would figure it out very carefully as to whether it would endanger me or not." Here is the Chief Justice of the United States questioning the one surviving principal, and in effect warning him not to tell everything he knows. It certainly was, to put it as innocently as possible, an incurious approach.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't Ruby have blurted out whatever he knew to Warren, and on the strength of that demanded some kind of political asylum? Didn't he actually jeopardize himself more by making only cryptic remarks that might be disregarded?

LANE: I think he handled things quite well from the standpoint of his own interest. If he was involved in a plot and he told the whole story, his statement would be tantamount to a confession of murder with malice. After a new trial, his "asylum" would be a cemetery. Ruby's cryptic remarks may have been intended as a reminder that he still might talk if arrangements for his release were not fulfilled. All of this, of course, is based on the presumption that Ruby may have been part of a conspiracy to kill Oswald.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't the Commission take Ruby to Washington?

LANE: The Chief Justice said that a trip with Ruby would attract "public attention" and require the presence on the plane of additional security guards. When Ruby continued to make the request, Warren snapped: "No, it could not be done. It could not be done. There are a good many things involved in that, Mr. Ruby." So Ruby never got to Washington. That was the only interview the Commissioners ever had with him, and he was never allowed to reveal whatever

it was he felt he could not reveal in the Dallas jail.

PLAYBOY: Well, what information did come out of the Dallas hearing?

LANE: Ruby testified for about three hours, but he was asked very few questions, and most of his statements were volunteered. The Commission's most fantastic omission was that Ruby was never even asked whether or not he received help in entering the basement of Dallas police headquarters. Ruby stated that when he shot Oswald "there was no malice in me." The Commission had *already* concluded that Ruby killed Oswald in a fit of frenzy stemming from his love of Kennedy and his hatred of Oswald. So, of course, they also failed to ask the logical and vital question: If Ruby didn't hate Oswald, why did he kill him? It goes like this right down the line. At one point Ruby disclosed that 36 hours before his "unpremeditated" murder of Oswald, a Dallas police officer had made a veiled suggestion to him that Oswald should be killed. As he testified to this effect, Joe Tonahill, his lawyer, passed a note to the Commission members reading: "This is the thing that started Jack in the shooting." In other words, Ruby's own lawyer intimates that a Dallas policeman motivated Ruby to murder Oswald. Yet Ruby was not asked a single question by the Commission on this point.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the Commission was only going through the motions when they interviewed Ruby, and really didn't want to learn the facts?

LANE: I don't *know* why the Commission behaved as it did. Maybe Ruby was wrong in thinking his life was in danger in Dallas. Maybe he could have testified freely there without fear of personal injury. On the other hand, if he did have police assistance in shooting Oswald, he obviously might be reluctant to talk about it in the Dallas jail. The thing to remember is that when the Commission questioned Ruby, President Kennedy, Officer Tippit and Lee Oswald were all dead; Ruby was the sole known surviving protagonist of the events that began on November 22. Even if his fears were irrational, the Commission had an obligation—to the truth and to the American people—to do everything possible to allay Ruby's fears and find out all he knew. The Commission never did that. And that's why the most revealing question of that entire day was posed by Jack Ruby to Earl Warren. He said to the Chief Justice of the United States: "Maybe certain people don't want to know the truth that may come out of me. Is that plausible?"

PLAYBOY: If Ruby's motives were uncertain, what about Oswald's? Has it been determined if Oswald ever expressed personal or political hostility toward either

President Kennedy or Governor Connally?

LANE: There has been no allegation that Oswald did. On the contrary, Marina Oswald testified her husband thought *highly* of President Kennedy, particularly of the job he was doing on behalf of civil rights. Oswald expressed similar pro-Kennedy sentiments to other people whose testimony is on the record. Marina Oswald also said that while they were living in the Soviet Union, Oswald read that Connally was running for governor of Texas, and he told her if he had been living in Texas at the time he would have voted for him.

PLAYBOY: Would you discuss the circumstances of Oswald's stay in the Soviet Union?

LANE: Winston Churchill once referred to Russia as a mystery wrapped in an enigma, and Oswald's stay there falls into that category. He lived there two years, attempted to give up his American citizenship, and expressed violent anti-American and pro-Communist opinions. Yet in his private diaries for the same period he consistently expresses bitter *anti-Soviet* sentiment. On his return to the States, Oswald dictated the beginning of a book on Soviet life based on these notes, and it, too, was anti-Soviet. His mother, Marguerite Oswald, has also repeatedly stated in public that her son was a CIA agent; but I've been unable to find any independent verification for that charge. After his return to the States, Oswald maintained his leftist public image, but there are some strange contradictions here, too: He was ostensibly pro-Castro, but he also tried privately to ingratiate himself with an anti-Castro Cuban exile group. Whether he was a rightist passing for a leftist, or a leftist posing as a rightist, or an FBI or CIA agent passing for both, or possibly just plain confused, I honestly haven't been able to figure out. I'm inclined to believe he was a sincere leftist.

PLAYBOY: If both Ruby and Oswald were linked in some way with Cuban exile groups, do you believe they were associated in any other ways?

LANE: I've heard many stories to this effect, but no one has yet presented convincing proof that the two men knew each other.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that while he was in the Soviet Union, Oswald tried to renounce his American citizenship. In September 1963, he applied for a passport in New Orleans, and his application was granted. But passport regulations require the applicant to swear he has never "sought or claimed the benefits of the nationality of any foreign state." Why was Oswald granted a passport?

LANE: I don't know. His application was wired—not mailed, as is the usual procedure—to Washington, and clearance came through within 24 hours, which

must be record time, considering his background.

PLAYBOY: Is there any evidence, as you intimated earlier, connecting Oswald with the FBI?

LANE: Well, a question might be raised by the fact that Oswald's address book contained the address and auto-license number of Dallas FBI Agent James Hosty, and this was later deleted from the police list of Oswald's addresses. And Congressman Gerald Ford's book *Portrait of an Assassin* revealed that at the outset of the investigation, Texas Attorney General Waggoner Carr and Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade informed the Commission that Oswald was an undercover informant for the FBI. These two Texas officials, Ford writes, disclosed that Oswald's FBI code number was 179, that he had been on the FBI payroll from September 1962 to the day of his death, and that his FBI salary was \$200 per month. Now, what did the Commission do upon receipt of this startling evidence? Did it launch an immediate investigation? No. Chief Counsel Rankin merely told the Commission, according to Congressman Ford: "We have a dirty rumor that is very bad for the Commission . . . and it is very damaging to the agencies that are involved in it and it must be wiped out insofar as possible to do so by this Commission." So without even examining this statement by two prominent Texas officials, the Commission labeled it a "dirty rumor" and decided "it must be wiped out." They did this quite effectively—by asking J. Edgar Hoover if it were true. He denied it. What could one expect him to say—"Oswald was working for me when he killed the President"? As far as the Commission was concerned, asking Hoover all but closed the subject. The sources of the allegation were never questioned. And since the minutes of Commission proceedings will not be made public for 75 years, we would never even have heard of the matter except for Congressman Ford's indiscretion.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you say that "The case against Lee Harvey Oswald was comprised essentially of evidence from two sources: Dallas police officers and Marina Oswald." You've already explained why you doubt the integrity of Dallas police. Why do you doubt Marina Oswald?

LANE: Marina changed her testimony so often it was difficult to determine which version the Commission accepted. At first, she declared that her husband was innocent and hadn't planned to murder anyone. Later, she told the Commission that the "facts" given to her by the Federal police convinced her that Oswald had, indeed, killed Kennedy in order to become famous. In other words, the police had to reveal her own husband's psychology to her. She at first testified that her husband was pacific and gentle

in his relationship with her; but later on, after she'd been isolated in the custody of the FBI and Secret Service for months, she stated that Oswald was brutal and beat her frequently. Marina originally said her husband never expressed hostility toward any person in public life. Later, after her confinement by the FBI and Secret Service, she testified her husband shot at General Edwin Walker. Marina also told FBI agents right after the assassination that she had never seen her husband with a pistol, and he had never owned a pistol. She also said she had never seen a telescopic sight. Yet the Commission relied on her later statement that she took the famous picture of Oswald holding a rifle equipped with a telescopic sight and wearing a pistol on his hip. And so it went: The longer she was in the custody of Federal authorities, the longer they questioned her and "revived" her memory, the more damning Marina Oswald's testimony became to her late husband. Brainwashing, it would seem, is not an exclusive property of the Chinese.

PLAYBOY: Do you impugn Marina's testimony that Oswald attempted to shoot General Walker on April 10, 1963?

LANE: I think the evidence does that. Her testimony on this subject "evolved" during the period she was in Federal custody. At first, she said she knew of no acts of violence committed by Oswald. Later, much later, she "remembered" the Walker incident. There was only one witness to the Walker shooting: Walter Kirk Coleman, a 14-year-old boy who lived in the house behind General Walker's. When he heard shots one night, he ran out and saw two men, one evidently with a rifle, jump into two cars and drive away. The Commission said Oswald could not drive. Coleman was shown pictures of Lee Oswald, and stated that neither of the two men looked anything like Oswald. The Commission, of course, never called Coleman, the only eyewitness, and relied wholly on Marina's unsupported, self-contradictory and belated allegations as to what her husband had said—not what she had seen.

PLAYBOY: Didn't investigators find a photograph of Walker's house among Oswald's possessions?

LANE: Yes—though, of course, that doesn't prove Oswald was the one who took it. Let's take a look at it: It's a rather mysterious photograph. It shows Walker's house, with an automobile parked in front. There is, however, a hole torn in the photograph, deleting the back portion of the car. Marina Oswald testified that this hole had been torn in the photograph *after* it came into possession of the Warren Commission. She testified: "When the FBI first showed me this photograph, I remember that the license plate, the number of the license plate was on this car, and was on the

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photograph. It had the white and black numbers. . . . There was no hole in the original when they showed it to me . . ." The Commission tried to get her off the subject, but she appeared fascinated by the altered photograph. "Why does the Commission not ask me about this?" she persisted. Finally the Commission lawyer said, "Off the record, please," and the subject was never referred to again. Wesley Liebeler, the junior attorney for the Commission who conducted the "off-the-record" discussion, recently said at a public meeting that he doesn't remember what was said during that off-the-record conference. And this photograph is the one piece of physical evidence used to show that Oswald shot at General Walker.

PLAYBOY: Do you know why or how the photo showing the license plate was mutilated *after* the photo came into the Commission's hands?

LANE: No, I don't. The Commission permitted a relatively inexperienced junior lawyer—Wesley Liebeler again—to handle this aspect of the investigation. The photograph raises the very real possibility that the Warren Commission tampered with evidence. Why? Well, if the license plate was dated either of the two years that Oswald spent in the Soviet Union, that would be proof that he didn't take the picture. But now you have me speculating. As I said earlier, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it proved conclusively that the photo was taken with Oswald's camera?

LANE: The FBI said so.

PLAYBOY: Why would Marina Oswald lie in an effort to incriminate her dead husband?

LANE: Marina Oswald's testimony indicates only one thing—that she was a frightened woman, a Soviet citizen in an alien and menacing country, unable to speak English, without any means to support herself and her children, thinking she was subject to deportation at any time. Marina Oswald is the type of witness every unscrupulous prosecutor dreams of, because she's totally vulnerable to pressure. Remember, she was held incommunicado for months by the Federal authorities, and when she emerged, she disavowed all her original statements protesting her husband's innocence and wholeheartedly supported the Warren Commission's conclusions.

PLAYBOY: Are you charging that agents of the United States Government intimidated a witness and persuaded her to change her testimony?

LANE: It seems very likely. Take a look at Marina's own testimony before the Commission. She testified that FBI agents "told me that if I wanted to live in this country, I would have to cooperate." Marina gave the Commission the names of the FBI agents who said this to her, but the matter was never followed up;

the Commission evidently wasn't interested in a possible effort by the FBI to tamper with a major witness. I don't know what the FBI meant by "cooperate." Perhaps nothing. But Marina also said an *immigration* official came from New York to see her before she was questioned by the FBI and "said that it would be better for me if I were to help them." She was obviously upset by her encounters with the FBI, and plaintively told Earl Warren, who throughout the hearings adopted the role of father figure toward her: "I think that the FBI agents knew I was afraid that after everything that had happened I could not remain to live in this country, and they somewhat exploited that for their own purposes, in a very polite form, so that you could not say anything after that. They cannot be accused of anything. They approached it in a very clever, contrived way." The Chief Justice quickly changed the subject. So if you're asking me if Marina Oswald was pressured by the Government to tailor her testimony to the official version, I'd say it certainly seems so. Marina was almost never subjected to what might be called cross-examination. The Commission would not permit it. It was this attitude, when Marina was appearing before the seven-man Commission, that prompted one participant to refer to the vignette as "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

PLAYBOY: What proof do you have for the charge in your book that the famous *Life* cover photograph of Oswald holding the alleged murder weapon may have been forged?

LANE: This photograph was the single document most responsible for persuading Americans that Oswald was involved in the assassination. It shows him standing on a lawn holding the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle in one hand and two Communist newspapers in the other, with a holstered pistol strapped to his waist. How pat can you get? Many copies of this picture originally and mysteriously materialized on the day of the assassination—on a desk in the Dallas police headquarters; one cannot be certain of their origin.

PLAYBOY: The Warren Report seems certain. On page 592, it states that the photo "of Lee Harvey Oswald holding a rifle [was] found among Oswald's possessions in Mrs. Ruth Paine's garage at 2515 West Fifth Street, Irving, Texas."

LANE: That's what the Dallas police said, but questions about the authenticity of the picture raise doubts about its origin as well. Many newspapers ran the picture—and *Life*, on February 21, 1964, carried it on its cover with the caption: "Lee Oswald, with the weapons he used to kill President Kennedy and Officer Tippit." The publication of that photograph raised questions in photographic circles around the world, and a number

of photographic experts charged it was fraudulent.

PLAYBOY: On what grounds?

LANE: First of all, some of the pictures reproduced in the press show a telescopic sight on the rifle, while in others there is no telescopic sight. Subsequently, responsible publications such as *Newsweek* and *The New York Times* admitted to the Warren Commission that their art departments had retouched the photo. But even more serious is the evidence that the *entire* picture was faked. As published on the cover of *Life*, the shadow from Oswald's nose falls directly down to the middle of his mouth, whereas the shadow from his body falls at about a 45-degree angle to his rear and to his right. From this, photographic experts immediately concluded that either Oswald's head had been superimposed on the picture or that the picture had been taken on a planet enjoying two suns. I repeated this observation to the Commission and they decided to test the photo's authenticity. Evidently, in order to prove that the shadows in the picture could be authentically duplicated, the FBI had one of its agents assume a similar position and took a photograph of him, which was published in the Report. Sure enough, the body shadow in the FBI picture falls at the same angle as the body shadow in the *Life* picture. But there's just one small problem: In the photograph published by the Warren Commission, the man's head had been removed! The FBI said they did this because nothing about the head was "pertinent"—while it was obviously the only pertinent factor involved, since the question was whether or not the nose and body shadows matched. But the Warren Commission showed a photo with the head deleted as proof that the *Life* photograph was accurate. Thus we come full circle. An openly doctored photograph was offered to prove that another was authentic.

PLAYBOY: So you believe the photograph was forged as part of a plot to incriminate Oswald?

LANE: *Oswald* believed that. In the Commission's 26 volumes of evidence, you'll discover that when Oswald was confronted with the photo in the Dallas jail, he charged that "The Dallas police have superimposed my head on that body, because that is a picture of my head, but not of my body." Oswald added that he'd worked for a photographer and knew something about photography, and therefore knew the photo was a forgery. He said he would prove it at his trial. There never was a trial, of course. Obviously, I'm not charging that *Life* or any other publication superimposed the head. They evidently accepted the photo in good faith, though rather uncritically.

PLAYBOY: When did Oswald make that

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statement about the photo? Didn't you say earlier that the Commission claimed there were no transcripts of his interrogation at police headquarters?

LANE: This particular remark was reported to the Commission by Dallas policemen and Federal agents who were present at the interrogation and who remembered fragments of Oswald's comments.

PLAYBOY: You said a while ago that several witnesses have reported being threatened by both Dallas policemen and Federal agents for contradicting the Government version of the assassination. Have there been other instances?

LANE: Some extraordinary things have happened in Dallas to people who gave testimony contradicting the version that Oswald was the lone assassin of President Kennedy and Officer Tippit. Since I wrote my book, much more has come to light. I mentioned earlier the Acquilla Clemons episode; her life was threatened by a Dallas police officer—or so she thought—after she said that Tippit's murderer was not Oswald. Another witness to the Tippit slaying, Warren Reynolds, was one block away from the shooting when he saw a man run past him carrying a pistol. Reynolds described the man to the police on November 22, and since his description was completely at variance with that of Oswald, he was never taken to the line-up at police headquarters. On January 21, 1964, Reynolds was questioned by agents of the FBI and shown pictures of Oswald, but he said again that Oswald was not the man he had seen fleeing the murder scene. Two days later Reynolds was in the basement of his used-car salesroom and a man behind a filing cabinet shot him through the head. Reynolds was on the critical list, but he survived. He later said that he believed the attack on him was connected with what he saw on November 22. A man was subsequently arrested and charged with the attempted murder of Reynolds. His name was Darrel Wayne Garner, and he admitted he'd phoned his sister-in-law and "advised her he had shot Warren Reynolds." But suddenly a young "exotic dancer" named Betty Mooney McDonald showed up with an alibi for Garner, claiming she had spent the night of the shooting with him. Garner was freed on the basis of her unsupported testimony, but a few days later Miss McDonald was arrested on a disorderly conduct charge after allegedly fighting with her roommate, and was taken to Dallas police headquarters—where her dead body was found one hour after arrival. The Dallas police said she hanged herself. Miss McDonald had been employed as a stripper in Jack Ruby's Carousel Club. Because of incidents like these, many Dallas residents who knew something contrary to the "official version" of the assassination

were afraid to offer their nonconforming information.

Still another witness to the Tippit slaying—who also, you will recall, said Tippit's murderer was short and stocky—was Domingo Benavides. When I visited Dallas with a film crew some months ago, Benavides agreed to speak to us, but the night before the projected interview, two Dallas homicide detectives visited De Antonio, our director, in the Tower Motel, and informed him that there would be no interview and that we were being investigated. Benavides never showed up for the appointment. When I was back in Dallas just after the publication of my book, I appeared on a local radio show and asked anyone who had any information about him to contact me. Benavides' father-in-law, a man named Jackson, called. Mr. Jackson told me Benavides was afraid to talk and had previously fled the Dallas area in fear. Jackson further revealed that after Benavides failed to identify Oswald as Tippit's murderer, Benavides' brother, who resembled him, was shot through the head and killed. Benavides quit his job and was replaced by another Mexican-American bearing a resemblance to him. Within weeks, that man was also shot through the head by an unknown person, but he survived. The assailants of these two men have never been apprehended by the Dallas police. Benavides was convinced he was the intended victim and fled Dallas, but his father-in-law, Mr. Jackson, went to the police and told them he planned to initiate his own investigation of the two assaults, since the police had made no progress. The police told him not to. Some time later, Jackson heard a noise on his front lawn and went to investigate. As he stood silhouetted in the doorway, a man jumped out from behind some bushes and fired one shot, narrowly missing him. Jackson now believes that these episodes are part of an organized effort in Dallas to silence Domingo Benavides.

PLAYBOY: Where is Benavides now? Have you been able to trace him?

LANE: The last I heard he was in Lancaster, Texas. But I can't compel him to speak to me. The Dallas police advised him not to, and he evidently respects their advice.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe witnesses are being systematically threatened—or liquidated?

LANE: I don't know, but things have been happening in Dallas that are more reminiscent of James Bond than of Sherlock Holmes. For example, immediately after Ruby killed Oswald, two newspapermen went to Ruby's apartment with his roommate, George Senator. Senator, by the way, has since indicated that he knew of Ruby's plan to shoot Oswald *before* the event. What he told these two newsmen

I don't know, but within a few months they were both dead. One of them, James F. Koethe, a respected staff writer for *The Dallas Times Herald*, was found strangled in his apartment. The Dallas police list it as an unsolved killing.

PLAYBOY: And the other newsmen?

LANE: That was Bill Hunter, a prize-winning reporter for the Long Beach, California, *Independent Press-Telegram*. He was shot by a local police officer while he sat reading in the press room of the Long Beach public safety building. The police said it was an accident.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe these two men were victims of a conspiracy?

LANE: Not necessarily. The murders could be coincidences, but there are too many coincidences in this case. Penn Jones, Jr., editor of a Texas paper, the *Midlothian Mirror*, has investigated these events. He told me that he believes a total of 14 witnesses have died mysteriously since November 22, 1963. William Whaley, the cabdriver who allegedly drove Oswald from the assassination scene and whose original testimony was very inconvenient to the Commission Report, was killed in a car crash—the first cabdriver to die in an accident in Dallas in 30 years. Lee J. Bowers, who, as I already mentioned, told me in a filmed interview that he had seen smoke or flames coming from behind the wooden fence on the grassy knoll, was killed a few months after I saw him—also in an automobile crash. When I was in Dallas with the film crew, some witnesses said they were afraid to talk to us because of the death of the two reporters and the intimidation of other witnesses. For example, the Commission reveals that a man giving his name as Lee Oswald priced a car shortly before the assassination. This man talked loudly to the salesman about going back to Russia, as I mentioned earlier, and said he expected to come into a large sum of money soon. The Commission concluded that Oswald couldn't drive and that he wasn't there that day. Anyway, we spoke to two of the auto salesman and they told us that Bogard, the man who tried to sell Oswald the car, was brutally beaten and hospitalized after testifying. He subsequently fled Dallas. These two salesman told us, "If you take this and the fact the reporters have been killed, and all the other peculiar things happening in Dallas, we're just afraid to be in your film." Thus, important witnesses seem to have been terrorized into silence or conformity.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible that some of these people were only reacting fearfully to rumors and to events unconnected with the assassination?

LANE: Yes, it's possible. But what I think emerges is a clear pattern of intimidation of nonconforming witnesses. For example, a Dallas housewife, Wilma Tice,

informed the Commission that she had seen Jack Ruby at Parkland Hospital while the doctors were struggling to save the President's life. Her testimony corroborates that of Seth Kantor, the Scripps-Howard newsman who knew Ruby well and who you'll recall also saw him at the hospital. But the Commission disregarded these two witnesses and concluded that Ruby was not at Parkland Hospital. In any case, just after Mrs. Tice was invited to tell her story to the Commission, but before anyone except the Commission knew she was to testify, she began receiving anonymous phone calls. One caller, for instance, warned her, "It would pay you to keep your mouth shut." Then, one night, Mrs. Tice was awakened by a call. There was no one on the line, but suddenly the doorbell rang and she went downstairs to find she couldn't open her front door. She then went to the back door and found it was barricaded by a ladder. When she finally testified, Mrs. Tice described these events, but the Commission lawyer was not interested in reassuring her of her safety. In fact, he even encouraged her *not* to testify. Here is a witness who believed there was a connection between her invitation to testify and the subsequent efforts to intimidate her by anonymous phone calls and by barricading her house. There is nothing more serious in any investigation than an attempt to tamper with a witness, and Mrs. Tice told the Commission she was so frightened she "wouldn't answer the phone anymore." And what did the Commission counsel reply? Did he order an immediate investigation? No, he simply dismissed her.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this pattern of intimidation—if it exists—has official sanction?

LANE: I think some aspects of the effort to silence witnesses have the sanction of the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas police. Just to take one example: Mrs. Jean Hill, a Dallas schoolteacher, indicates she was intimidated—in a slightly more subtle fashion—by the Federal police. Mrs. Hill was standing very close to the Presidential motorcade on November 22. She told me that the shots came from "the grassy knoll"—in fact, she coined the phrase. She also testified to the Commission that the shots came from there. I first spoke to her in February 1964, and when I saw her again recently, she told me that after our interview, "the FBI was here for days. They practically lived here. They just didn't like what I told them I saw and heard when the President was assassinated." When I asked her for a filmed and tape-recorded interview, she refused. She told me: "For two years I have told the truth, but I have two children to support and I am a public school teacher. A school

authority said it would be best not to talk about the assassination, and I just can't go through it all again." Mrs. Hill added, "I can't believe the Warren Report. I know it's not true, because I was there when it happened, but I can't talk about it anymore, because I don't want the FBI here constantly and I want to continue to teach here. I hope you don't think I'm a coward, but I cannot talk about the case anymore." There is definitely an atmosphere of fear in Dallas surrounding the whole question of the assassination.

PLAYBOY: But many people did consent to interviews with you.

LANE: Yes, and those people are the real heroes of this whole affair. They're the ones who make me believe that there still is hope for the truth here in America. One of these people, S. M. Holland, a middle-aged Texas railroad man, told me in a filmed interview that he had witnessed the assassination from the railroad bridge. He said he *knew* that at least one shot came from behind the wooden fence on the grassy knoll. He told me that his statements during our interview might lose him his job, but he added, "When the time comes that an American can't tell the truth because the Government doesn't, that's the time to give the country back to the Indians—if they'll take it." In my opinion, one man like S. M. Holland is worth a handful of eminent officials, when it comes to establishing the facts.

PLAYBOY: If witnesses have been intimidated—even murdered—for challenging the official version of the assassination, doesn't that place your own life in jeopardy?

LANE: Well, I hope not, because I'm not very heroic. In fact, I'm a bit of a coward. But I've become so publicly identified with this case for so long that if anything happened to me, it would only deepen and confirm suspicions.

PLAYBOY: Have you been placed under official surveillance in any way since you initiated your investigation?

LANE: Well, there are 1555 files dealing with the assassination in the National Archives; 508 of these were classified when I was there last, and some of the material can't be seen by anyone for 75 years. Of the remaining documents, so far I have discovered a total of 35 files—prepared for the Warren Commission by the FBI and Secret Service—dealing with nothing more than my speeches around the country. They make fascinating reading. One file is almost a complaint by a bored Secret Service agent compelled to listen to many of my lectures. He writes, "I enclose the seven reels of tape which we made of Lane's lecture here in San Francisco, and you will note that what he said in these speeches differs not at all from the testimony which he gave to the Warren Com-

mission." Lee Harvey Oswald was interrogated 12 hours without a taped or stenographic record of his statements, yet FBI and Secret Service agents can traipse around the country on the heels of a relatively obscure New York lawyer, tape-recording every word he utters. It's all a question of priorities, I guess.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they're still following you?

LANE: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any other trouble with the FBI or Secret Service?

LANE: When you're involved in a case like this, there's always the risk of succumbing to a touch of paranoia. I've tried to avoid that. But I *was* stopped once in 1964 outside my Manhattan apartment by two men who identified themselves as FBI agents. It was pouring, and I had a cab waiting. They asked me if I was Mark Lane and when I admitted it, they demanded that I hand over my attaché case. I refused, of course, and they then announced they had information that I possessed a file stolen from the office of the FBI. I said, "Oh, is a file missing?" and one of the agents replied, "This is no time for levity." I was inclined to agree, as I was getting soaked to the skin standing there—they were wearing trench coats—so I told them to have J. Edgar Hoover write a letter if he had anything to ask me, and not send his flunkies to accost me on the street and demand my possessions. I started for the cab, but they surrounded me—as well as two men can surround one man—and we almost had a little scuffle on the sidewalk before I was able to shove one of them aside and get into the taxi. I never heard anything more about their missing file. Our investigators in Dallas have been openly followed by uniformed Dallas cops, but that may be standard operating procedure there, so I try not to let it concern me.

PLAYBOY: Do you know if your phones are tapped?

LANE: An electronics expert examined my phone on three separate occasions, and each time he said they *were* being tapped. But I'd be surprised if the FBI *wasn't* tapping my lines, since they tap so many others. In fact, I'd feel a bit neglected if mine escaped scrutiny. They may have this apartment bugged, too, but we haven't bothered to check that out. We really don't care too much anymore. We've adjusted. But I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Hoover reads this interview before Mr. Hefner does.

PLAYBOY: Was there any Government pressure to prevent publication of your book?

LANE: Unfortunately, publishing companies are vulnerable to such pressure; many of their books are purchased in lots by Government agencies; a number of publishers are engaged in delicate

mergers skirting the antitrust laws; and everybody is open to harassment by the Internal Revenue Service. My own publisher, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, I understand, came under direct pressure from the FBI. An assistant director of the FBI called a Holt executive and urged him not to publish my book. He said that "John," meaning J. Edgar, "the Bureau," meaning the FBI, and "I," meaning him, would be very upset if Holt did. When the Holt executive said Holt was committed to the book, the FBI man told him that this decision would not be the only consideration in John's mind when he picked a publisher for his next book. Until that conversation, Holt had published many of Hoover's works—including one called *Masters of Deceit*, which I imagine is a kind of autobiography.

PLAYBOY: If what you've had to say about the assassination is true, why hasn't the Kennedy family spoken out? If the President was really killed by a conspiracy, wouldn't the Kennedys be the first to raise a public outcry?

LANE: The Kennedys are beginning to speak out, although rather softly. Richard Goodwin, who was President Kennedy's White House aide and speech writer and is now part of Bobby Kennedy's inner circle, recently criticized the Warren Commission and made a mild public request for a new investigation of the assassination. I can't believe Goodwin would have said this without first clearing it with the Kennedy family; so I think the Kennedys may share his opinions. Another Kennedy aide, Edwyn Silberling, Chief of the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section of the Justice Department under Robert Kennedy, has written an introduction to an early anti-Warren Commission book. Silberling says this book "raises questions that deserve to be answered concerning the possibility that a conspiracy existed to destroy President Kennedy." Hugh Trevor-Roper published a major attack on the Warren Commission Report in the London *Sunday Times*. He told me later he indirectly received a message from Senator Robert Kennedy saying, "Keep up the good work."

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't Senator Kennedy spoken out directly?

LANE: That question must be directed to him for an authentic reply. But I'll give you my opinion. The assassination of President Kennedy is the most delicate, and the most potentially explosive, issue in American life. The Kennedys have a human motive to avenge their martyred brother, and they also have a political motive to do it in the most effective way. Remember, the Kennedys are waging a long-term political war with President Johnson, and the assassination issue may well play a very vital role in that struggle. I think it's significant that whenever

a Kennedy is asked about the Warren Report, he always says—and I paraphrase—"I've never read it, but I accept it." They've never read it! To me those statements indicate that the Kennedys are keeping their options open and biding their time until they can announce, "We have now read the Report—and we find it false."

PLAYBOY: Rumors are circulating that President Johnson is trying to pressure Robert and Jacqueline Kennedy into blocking publication of William Manchester's book on the President's death, or at least into deleting those sections most hostile to L. B. J. Is there any truth in this?

LANE: I'm not privy to President Johnson's thinking on the subject. But I have heard such stories. *The Wall Street Journal* recently reported that the Kennedy family "fears the wrath" of the President because of the revelations in the book.

PLAYBOY: The Warren Commission was a Presidential Commission, appointed by Johnson. Do you hold him responsible for its alleged transgressions?

LANE: Yes, absolutely. Harry Truman used to say about the Executive desk: "The buck stops here." President Johnson appointed the Commission and selected its members. He is responsible for their subsequent behavior, and he is responsible for the fact that the most vital material in this case is classified top-secret until September 2039. President Johnson is responsible for the fact that the crucial material evidence—the rifle, the bullets, the pistol, the autopsy X rays and photos—have either disappeared or been left to the tender mercies of the FBI, the Secret Service and the Dallas police. With one stroke of his pen, the President could make all this material available to the American people. He has chosen not to do so. It's not only Earl Warren who's at fault, although by their behavior, Warren and his colleagues have desecrated John Kennedy's memory. The Chief Justice and his six cohorts were just front men for Lyndon Baines Johnson. The buck stops at his desk.

PLAYBOY: *New York Post* columnist Pete Hamill recently wrote that everywhere he traveled in America, he came across a theory about the assassination. "The theory says that somehow, in some way, Lyndon Baines Johnson was responsible." On September 1, 1966, *The New York Times'* Moscow correspondent reported that "the Kremlin was mounting a campaign to challenge the Report's veracity and, by innuendo, to implicate President Johnson in the assassination of President Kennedy." Intentionally or not, aren't you adding fuel to the fire of these unsupported rumors?

LANE: That is not my intention. My desire is to find out who killed our President and why he was killed. I've appeared on radio and TV shows all across

the country and I've heard these rumors myself. I've been asked many times if Johnson was involved. I know these rumors have been strengthened by the recent publication of letters from Jack Ruby, smuggled out of the Dallas jail. One of these, a note to another prisoner, reads, "The only one who had anything to gain by Kennedy's death was Johnson. Figure that out." I personally think the rumors are unfortunate, but the awful thing is that until the archives are opened, until the facts are known, such speculation will persist—and will grow. Of course, I don't believe President Johnson had anything to do with the assassination—but until all the facts are known, I cannot base my disbelief on the evidence. President Johnson has a personal and political stake in dispelling these rumors once and for all. Only the facts can replace conjecture. I've appealed to the President to open up the National Archives, assemble the evidence and allow independent, impartial and qualified investigators in the fields of ballistics, forensics, handwriting and photographic analysis to examine every document and render an objective verdict to the American people. Since President Johnson has nothing to hide, he should deal honestly with the American people by ascertaining and releasing all the facts of the assassination. Until he does, there will be a shroud of suspicion hanging over his head, and over all our democratic institutions. And if he does not act voluntarily, then the American people, through the legislature and the courts, will have to act for him. We have waited for the truth too long—three years too long.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe you will succeed in discrediting the Warren Report and initiating a new investigation?

LANE: The Warren Report already stands discredited before the rest of the world. When Waggoner Carr, the attorney general of Texas, read the Report, he told the press: "It is a document which will last through the ages." I do not believe the Warren Report will survive the next six months. In fact, a Harris poll published last October in *The Washington Post* revealed that even then only one of three Americans believed Oswald was the lone assassin. History may come to know the Report as the "Warren Whitewash"; it may be ranked with Teapot Dome and the Reichstag Fire trial as a synonym for political cover-up and cynical manipulation of the truth.

PLAYBOY: You've devoted the past three years of your life to a critical investigation of the assassination. How long do you plan to continue your efforts?

LANE: Until the American people know how and why and by whom our President was killed on November 22, 1963.





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WHERE ALL THINGS WISE AND FAIR DESCEND

*he was gifted, handsome, rich—
a golden boy—but it took a
violent death to make him a man*

fiction BY IRWIN SHAW

HE WOKE UP feeling good. There was no reason for him to wake up feeling anything else.

He was an only child. He was 20 years old. He was over six feet tall and weighed 180 pounds and had never been sick in his whole life. He was number two on the tennis team and back home in his father's study there was a whole shelf of cups he had won in tournaments since he was 11 years old. He had a lean, sharply cut face, topped by straight black hair that he wore just a little long, which prevented him from looking merely like an athlete. A girl had once said he looked like Shelley. Another, like Laurence Olivier. He had smiled noncommittally at both girls.

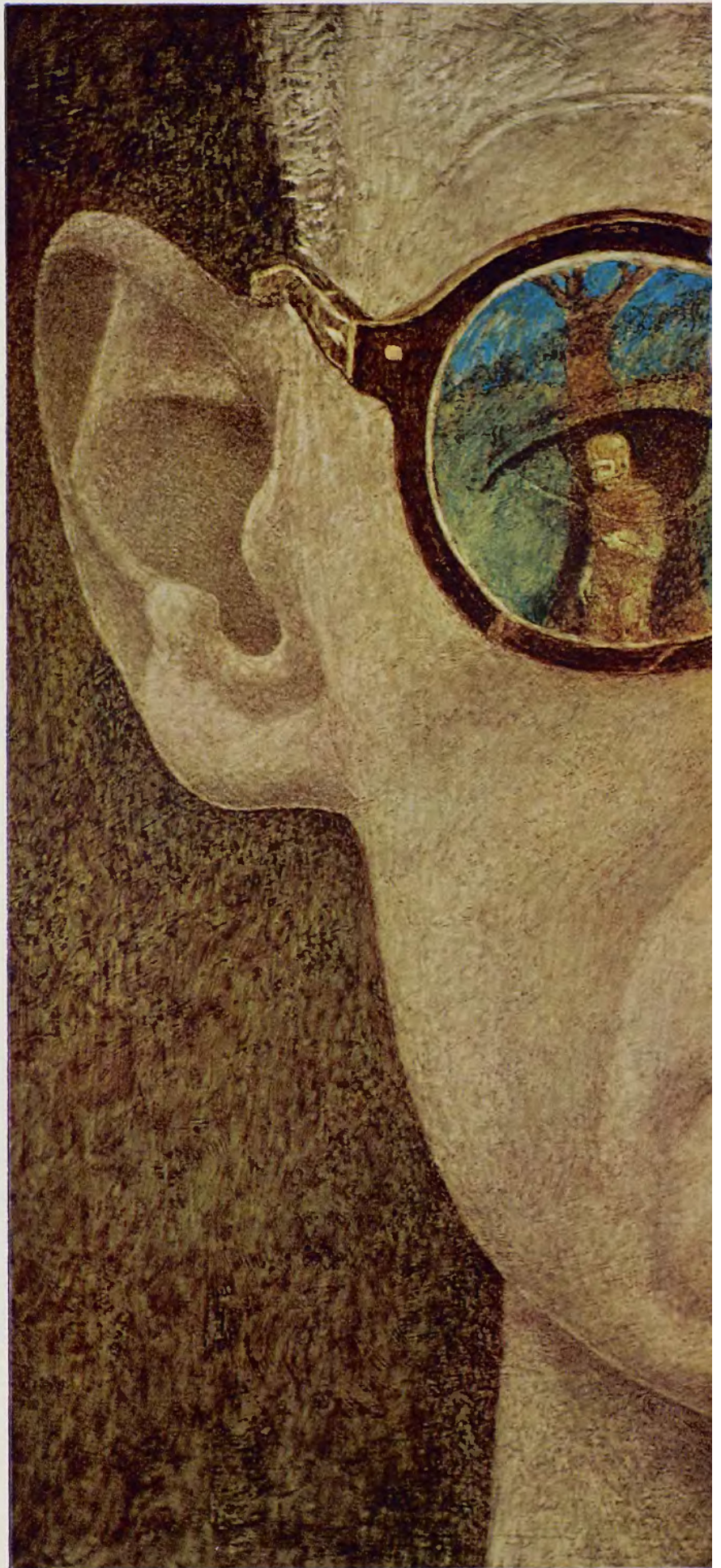
He had a retentive memory and classes were easy for him. He had just been put on the dean's list. His father, who was doing well up North in an electronics business, had sent him a check for \$100 as a reward. The check had been in his box the night before.

He had a gift for mathematics and probably could get a job teaching in the department if he wanted it upon graduation, but he planned to go into his father's business. He would then be exempt from the draft and Vietnam.

He was not one of the single-minded equational wizards who roamed the science departments. He got A's in English and history and had memorized most of Shakespeare's sonnets and read Roethke and Eliot and Ginsberg. He had tried marijuana. He was invited to all the parties. When he went home, mothers made obvious efforts to throw their daughters at him.

His own mother was beautiful and young and funny. There were no unbroken silver cords in

*He watched as Crane—peering
nearsightedly at the tree into which his
brother's car had crashed—said, "If I had
been a true brother and cut down this
tree, he would be alive today."*



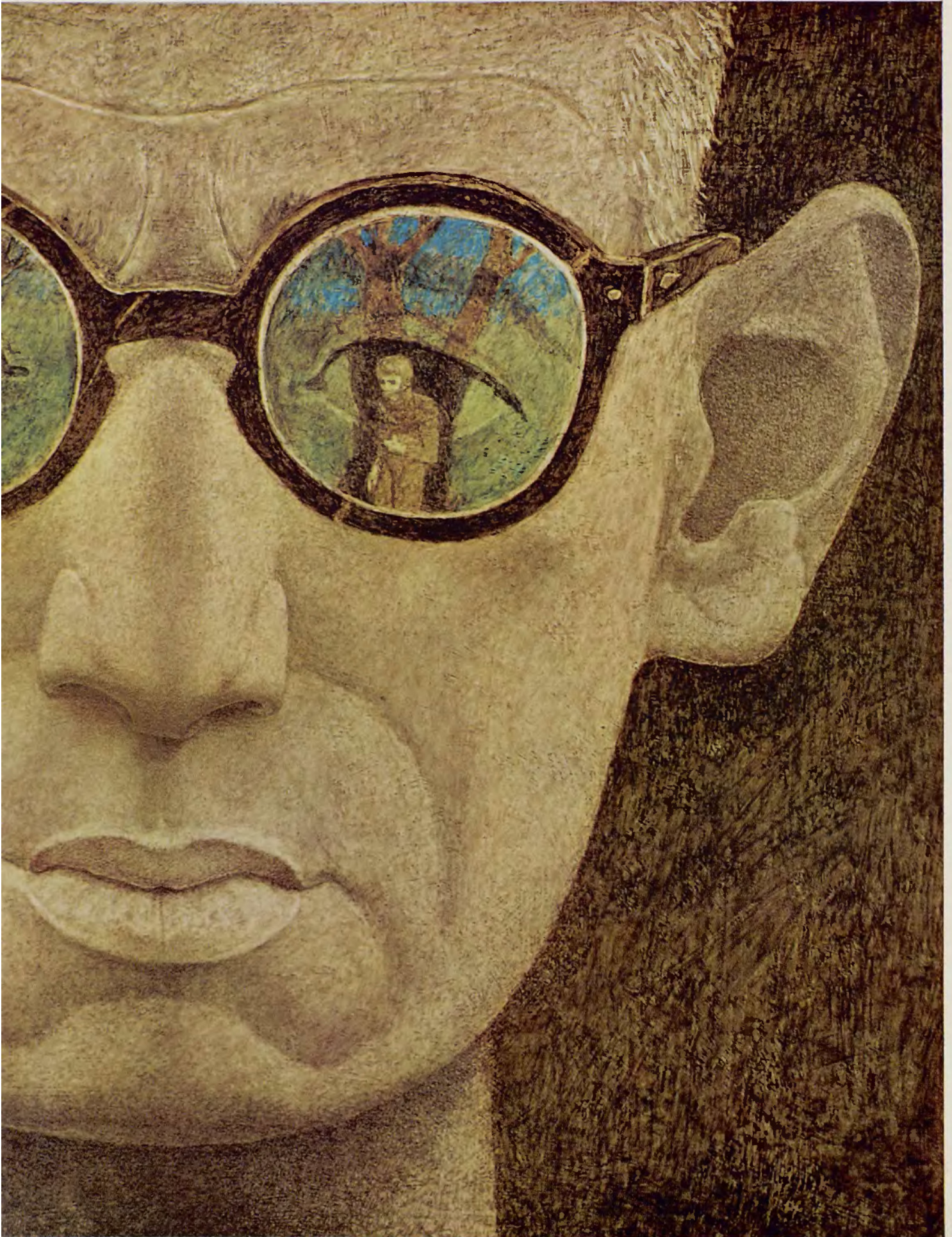


ILLUSTRATION BY MARVIN HAYES

the family. He was having an affair with one of the prettiest girls on the campus and she said she loved him. From time to time he said he loved her. When he said it he meant it. At that moment, anyway.

Nobody he had ever cared for had as yet died and everybody in his family had come home safe from all the wars.

The world saluted him.

He maintained his cool.

No wonder he woke up feeling good.

. . .

It was nearly December, but the California sun made a summer morning of the season and the girls and boys in corduroys and T-shirts and bright-colored sweaters on their way to their ten-o'clock classes walked over green lawns and in and out of the shadows of trees that had not yet lost their leaves.

He passed the sorority house where Adele lived and waved as she came out. His first class every Tuesday was at ten o'clock and the sorority house was on his route to the arts building in which the classroom was situated.

Adele was a tall girl, her dark, combed head coming well above his shoulder. She had a triangular, blooming, still-childish face. Her walk, even with the books she was carrying in her arms, wasn't childish, though, and he was amused at the envious looks directed at him by some of the other students as Adele paced at his side down the graveled path.

"She walks in beauty," Steve said, "like the night/Of cloudless climes and starry skies;/And all that's best of dark and bright/Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

"What a nice thing to hear at ten o'clock in the morning," Adele said. "Did you bone up on that for me?"

"No," he said. "We're having a test on Byron today."

"Animal," she said.

He laughed.

"Are you taking me to the dance Saturday night?" she asked.

He grimaced. He didn't like to dance. He didn't like the kind of music that was played and he thought the way people danced these days was devoid of grace. "I'll tell you later," he said.

"I have to know today," Adele said. "Two other boys've asked me."

"I'll tell you at lunch," he said.

"What time?"

"One. Can the other aspirants hold back their frenzy to dance until then?"

"Barely," she said. He knew that with or without him, Adele would be at the dance on Saturday night. She loved to dance and he had to admit that a girl had every right to expect the boy she was seeing almost every night in the week to take her dancing at least once on the weekend. He felt very mature, almost fatherly, as he resigned himself to four hours of heat and noise on Saturday

night. But he didn't tell Adele that he'd take her. It wouldn't do her any harm to wait until lunch.

He squeezed her hand as they parted and watched for a moment as she swung down the path, conscious of the provocative way she was walking, conscious of the eyes on her. He smiled and continued on his way, waving at people who greeted him.

It was early and Mollison, the English professor, had not yet put in an appearance. The room was only half full as Steve entered it, but there wasn't the usual soprano-tenor tuning-up sound of conversation from the students who were already there. They sat in their chairs quietly, not talking, most of them ostentatiously arranging their books or going through their notes. Occasionally, almost furtively, one or another of them would look up toward the front of the room and the blackboard, where a thin boy with wispy reddish hair was writing swiftly and neatly behind the teacher's desk.

"Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!" the red-haired boy had written. "Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!"

*Yet wherefore? Quench within their
burning bed*

*Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud
heart keep*

*Like his a mute and uncomplaining
sleep;*

*For he is gone where all things wise
and fair*

*Descend. Oh, dream not that the
amovous Deep*

*Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and
laughs at our despair.*

Then, on a second blackboard, where the boy was finishing the last lines of another stanza, was written:

*He has outsoared the shadow of our
night;*

*Envy and calumny and hate and
pain,*

*And that unrest which men miscall
delight,*

*Can touch him not and torture not
again;*

*From the contagion of the world's
slow stain*

*He is secure, and now can never
mourn*

*A heart grown cold, a head grown
gray in vain;*

Professor Mollison came bustling in with the half-apologetic smile of an absent-minded man who is afraid he is always late. He stopped at the door, sensing by the quiet that this was no ordinary Tuesday morning in his classroom. He peered nearsightedly at Crane writing swiftly in rounded chalk letters on the blackboard.

Mollison took out his glasses and read for a moment, then went over to the window without a word and stood there

looking out, a graying, soft-faced, rosy-cheeked old man, the soberness of his expression intensified by the bright sunlight at the window.

"Nor," Crane was writing, the chalk making a dry sound in the silence,

*when the spirit's self has ceased to
burn,*

*With sparkless ashes load an un-
lamented urn.*

When Crane had finished, he put the chalk down neatly and stepped back to look at what he had written. A girl's laugh came in on the fragrance of cut grass through the open window and there was a curious hushing little intake of breath all through the room.

The bell rang, abrasively, for the beginning of classes. When the bell stopped, Crane turned around and faced the students seated in rows before him. He was a lanky, skinny boy, only 19, and he was already going bald. He hardly ever spoke in class and when he spoke, it was in a low, harsh whisper.

He didn't seem to have any friends and he never was seen with girls and the time he didn't spend in class he seemed to spend in the library. Crane's brother had played fullback on the football team, but the brothers had rarely been seen together, and the fact that the huge, graceful athlete and the scarecrow bookworm were members of the same family seemed like a freak of eugenics to the students who knew them both.

Steve knew why Crane had come early to write the two verses of Shelley's lament on the clean morning blackboard. The Saturday night before, Crane's brother had been killed in an automobile accident on the way back from the game, which had been played in San Francisco. The funeral had taken place yesterday, Monday. Now it was Tuesday morning and Crane's first class since the death of his brother.

Crane stood there, narrow shoulders hunched in a bright tweed jacket that was too large for him, surveying the class without emotion. He glanced once more at what he had written, as though to make sure the problem he had placed on the board had been correctly solved, then turned again to the group of gigantic, blossoming, rosy California boys and girls, unnaturally serious and a little embarrassed by this unexpected prolog to their class, and began to recite.

He recited flatly, without any emotion in his voice, moving casually back and forth in front of the blackboards, occasionally turning to the text to flick off a little chalk dust, to touch the end of a word with his thumb, to hesitate at a line, as though he had suddenly perceived a new meaning in it.

Mollison, who had long ago given up any hope of making any impression on the sun-washed young California brain with the fragile hammer of 19th Century



"Say, weren't you supposed to go down with the ship?"

romantic poetry, stood at the window, looking out over the campus, nodding in rhythm from time to time and occasionally whispering a line, almost silently, in unison with Crane.

"... an unlamented urn," Crane said, still as flat and unemphatic as ever, as though he had merely gone through the two verses as a feat of memory. The last echo of his voice quiet now in the still room, he looked out at the class through his thick glasses, demanding nothing. Then he went to the back of the room and sat down in his chair and began putting his books together.

Mollison, finally awakened from his absorption with the sunny lawn, the whirling sprinklers, the shadows of the trees speckling in the heat and the wind, turned away from the window and walked slowly to his desk. He peered nearsightedly for a moment at the script crammed on the blackboards, then said, absently, "On the death of Keats. The class is excused."

For once, the students filed out silently, making a point, with youthful good manners, of not looking at Crane, bent over at his chair, pulling books together.

Steve was nearly the last one to leave the room and he waited outside the door for Crane. *Somebody* had to say something, do something, whisper "I'm sorry," shake the boy's hand. Steve didn't want to be the one, but there was nobody else left. When Crane came out, Steve fell into place beside him and they went out of the building together.

"My name is Denniccott," Steve said.

"I know," said Crane.

"Can I ask you a question?"

"Sure." There was no trace of grief in Crane's voice or manner. He blinked through his glasses at the sunshine, but that was all.

"Why did you do that?"

"Did you object?" The question was sharp but the tone was mild, offhand, careless.

"Hell, no," Steve said. "I just want to know why you did it."

"My brother was killed Saturday night," Crane said.

"I know."

"The death of Keats. The class is excused." Crane chuckled softly but without malice. "He's a nice old man, Mollison. Did you ever read the book he wrote about Marvell?"

"No," Steve said.

"Terrible book," Crane said. "You really want to know?" He peered with sudden sharpness at Steve.

"Yes," Steve said.

"Yes," Crane said absently, brushing at his forehead. "You would be the one who would ask. Out of the whole class. Did you know my brother?"

"Just barely," Steve said. He thought about Crane's brother, the fullback. A gold helmet far below on a green field, a number (what number?), a doll brought

out every Saturday to do skillful and violent maneuvers in a great wash of sound, a photograph in a program, a young, brutal face looking out a little scornfully from the page. Scornful of what? Of whom? The inept photographer? The idea that anyone would really be interested in knowing what face was on that numbered doll? The notion that what he was doing was important enough to warrant this attempt to memorialize him, so that somewhere, in somebody's attic 50 years from now, that young face would still be there, in the debris, part of some old man's false memory of his youth?

"He didn't seem much like John Keats to you, did he?" Crane stopped under a tree, in the shade, to rearrange the books under his arm. He seemed oppressed by sunshine and he held his books clumsily and they were always on the verge of falling to the ground.

"To be honest," Steve said, "no, he didn't seem much like John Keats to me."

Crane nodded gently. "But I knew him," he said. "I knew him. And nobody who made those goddamned speeches at the funeral yesterday knew him. And he didn't believe in God or in funerals or those goddamned speeches. He needed a proper ceremony of farewell," Crane said, "and I tried to give it to him. All it took was a little chalk, and a poet, and none of those liars in black suits. Do you want to take a ride today?"

"Yes," Steve said without hesitation.

"I'll meet you at the library at eleven," Crane said. He waved stiffly and hunched off, gangling, awkward, ill-nourished, thin-haired, laden with books, a discredit to the golden Coastal legend.

. . .

They drove north in silence. Crane had an old Ford without a top and it rattled so much and the wind made so much noise as they bumped along that conversation would have been almost impossible, even if they had wished to talk. Crane bent over the wheel, driving nervously, with an excess of care, his long pale hands gripping the wheel tightly. Steve hadn't asked where they were going and Crane hadn't told him. Steve hadn't been able to get hold of Adele to tell her he probably wouldn't be back in time to have lunch with her, but there was nothing to be done about that now. He sat back, enjoying the sun and the yellow, burnt-out hills and the long, grayish-blue swells of the Pacific beating lazily into the beaches and against the cliffs of the coast. Without being told, he knew that this ride somehow was a continuation of the ceremony in honor of Crane's brother.

They passed several restaurants alongside the road. Steve was hungry, but he didn't suggest stopping. This was Crane's expedition and Steve had no intention of interfering with whatever ritual Crane was following.

They rocked along between groves of

lemon and orange and the air was heavy with the perfume of the fruit, mingled with the smell of salt from the sea.

They went through the flecked shade of avenues of eucalyptus that the Spanish monks had planted in another century to make their journeys from mission to mission bearable in the California summers. Rattling along in the noisy car, squinting a little when the car spurted out into bare sunlight, Steve thought of what the road must have looked like with an old man in a cassock nodding along it on a sleepy mule, to the sound of distant Spanish bells, welcoming travelers. There were no bells ringing today. California, Steve thought, sniffing the diesel oil of a truck in front of them, has not improved.

The car swerved around a turn, Crane put on the brakes and they stopped. Then Steve saw what they had stopped for.

There was a huge tree leaning over a bend of the highway and all the bark at road level on one side of the tree had been ripped off. The wood beneath, whitish, splintered, showed in a raw wound.

"This is the place," Crane said, in his harsh whisper. He stopped the engine and got out of the car. Steve followed him and stood to one side as Crane peered nearsightedly through his glasses at the tree. Crane touched the tree, just at the edge of the wound.

"Eucalyptus," he said. "From the Greek, meaning well covered; the flower, before it opens having a sort of cap. A genus of plants of the N. O. Myrtaceae. If I had been a true brother," he said, "I would have come here Saturday morning and cut this tree down. My brother would be alive today." He ran his hand casually over the torn and splintered wood, and Steve remembered how he had touched the blackboard and flicked chalk dust off the ends of words that morning, unemphatically, in contact with the feel of things, the slate, the chalk mark at the end of the last "s" in Adonais, the gummy, drying wood. "You'd think," Crane said, "that if you loved a brother enough you'd have sense enough to come and cut a tree down, wouldn't you? The Egyptians, I read somewhere," he said, "were believed to have used the oil of the eucalyptus leaf in the embalming process." His long hand flicked once more at the torn bark. "Well, I didn't cut the tree down. Let's go."

He strode back to the car, without looking back at the tree. He got into the car behind the wheel and sat slumped there, squinting through his glasses at the road ahead of him, waiting for Steve to settle himself beside him. "It's terrible for my mother and father," Crane said, after Steve had closed the door behind him. A truck filled with oranges passed them in a thunderous whoosh and a swirl of dust, leaving a fragrance of a hundred weddings on the air. "We live at home, you know. My brother and I were the only

(continued on page 171)

THE IDEA of raffling off his wife came to John Norton in the shower, where many of his happiest inspirations had originated. He was bending over to reach for the soap, which Matilda either would not or could not put in the soap dish (she always took the first shower), when the notion struck him. For a moment, he stood still, or, rather, stooped still. Then he struggled upright, grunting and chuckling. The grunt was because he was a bit overweight, the chuckle because he was sufficiently objective to be able to appreciate the ludicrousness of the situation: a man doubled over naked behind the glass door of a stall shower, and yet, in that posture so manifestly debasing of human dignity, coming up with so splendid a conceit! He got out of the shower and began to dry himself, after carefully putting the soap in the dish.

Matilda was at her dressing table, 15 feet away, humming a tuneless, jerky song that always accompanied the plucking of her eyebrows—as if each wrenched hair were a banjo string. Five dollars a chance? he wondered, as he looked admiringly at her smooth bare shoulders and silk-sheathed hips. Worth every penny.

John had long been trying to figure out a decent way of parting from his wife. He had the highest esteem for her, and had no other entanglements that

marriage made inconvenient. But she was an expensive luxury, and they were childless, and she liked to look at *Tonight* on television. If he could get Matilda out of his life, he could get Johnny Carson out of his bedroom. Moreover, Norton liked to travel, and his wife hated airplanes. Whereas Papeete dominated his flights of fancy, it was an ordeal for her to venture beyond Patchogue. John would have been quite prepared to settle for a routine amicable divorce, but inasmuch as he had no grounds for one, he feared that Matilda would drive a hard alimony bargain. If he was going to have to pay to clothe her body one way or another, he might as well stay married and get some pleasure from it.

The raffle would solve everything. John did not propose to tell Matilda about it right off, but when ticket sales had reached a reasonable level—would ten dollars be too much to ask? he speculated, as she bent to retrieve her tweezers and he had a glimpse of her full breasts—he would inform her. He had no doubt that she would approve the venture once she heard his terms. He was prepared to offer her half of the gross proceeds up to \$200,000, and a percentage, on a handsomely escalating scale, of everything above that. Should ticket sales reach \$1,000,000, (continued on page 177)

THE RAFFLE

they all said she looked like a million—and that was precisely what he expected to gross when he put up his delectable prize

fiction By E. J. KAHN, JR.



COGNAC



Paul Dorel

once nought but medicine, this distinguished distillate of the grape has been for three centuries the headiest libation of them all

drink By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

"LIQUEUR BRANDY IS EXPENSIVE," once remarked André Simon, the venerable international authority on liquor. "It is regrettable but unavoidable. When it is good it is worth its weight in gold; it should be worth more than gold, since there is so much more gold in the world than really fine liqueur cognac brandy." The price of gold is \$35 an ounce. The most expensive cognac, Martell Extra, is about \$32 for 24 ounces—fluid ounces, that is, which don't weigh as much as gold weighs. Anyway, you rarely drink gold unless you are habituated to a certain cordial in which float flecks of 22-kt. gold, the German potable goldwasser. (In your heart you know it's kummel.) While on an excursion to the home of cognac, which happens to be a small town actually called Cognac, in the *département* of the Charente, southwestern France, I asked Michel Martell about this Martell Extra. "Oh, it is most rare," he replied. "We don't ship more than 500 bottles of Martell Extra in a year." Other cognacs of the arm-and-leg category that may be found on the shelves of your neighborhood euphoria merchant include Hennessy Extra (\$28.50), Hine Family Reserve (\$25.75), Courvoisier Grande Fine Champagne (\$25.50) and Bisquit Extra (\$22.25). However, there are rare vintages of aged cognac for which cognac collectors pay fabulous prices. At a London auction, bottles of Hennessy Grande Fine Champagne cognac 1883, the last prephylloxera cognac from this area, brought \$250 a bottle. At a New York auction in 1943, a bottle of 1783 Grande Champagne was valued at \$1000.

Cognac collecting is no hobby for the average man. The great cognac library of our time was collected by J. P. Morgan the elder. When he died, in 1913, Morgan possessed over 15,000 items of rare wines and spirits. As Sir Joseph Duveen advised Andrew Mellon on what paintings to purchase, so restaurateur Louis Sherry counseled Morgan on his liquor choices. George C. Williamson, a British gastronome and friend of the financier, says that Morgan "had the finest collection of cognac ever assembled by any one private individual. Mr. Morgan took pride in his fine brandies and he loved them better than any of his wines. There were over a thousand bottles of the rarest cognacs in the world and the two bins that Mr. Morgan valued more than any were his 1824 and his 1842, every bottle of which bore his own initials upon bottle and cork. To open one of these treasured bottles for one of his friends was the greatest compliment Mr. Morgan could pay him."

While Morgan may be the prince of cognac collectors, the unchallenged king of cognac imbibers was Winston Churchill. In his heyday, Churchill drank a bottle of cognac every night. "Churchill's consumption of fine old French brandy has been praised by virtuosi at the tippler's art," wrote Robert Lewis Taylor in his *Winston Churchill: An Intimate Biography*. Several years before he died, Churchill suffered a heart attack. Then he fell and fractured his hip. Field Marshal Montgomery visited him in the hospital. He reported that he found Churchill "roaring with vigor, sitting up and calling for more cognac. The moment Sir Winston gives up cognac, you will know he is seriously ill." In several magazine articles, Churchill wrote of the glories of wine and brandy. "The use of intoxicants is one of the distinguishing marks of the higher types and races of humanity. The story of wine is the story of human culture," he said. One sometimes got the feeling, as Taylor did, that in Churchill's philosophy, wine became a religious symbol, God was the Master Distiller, and cognac brandy was His Supreme Distillation. He agreed with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who said, "Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy."

Until he was past 90, Churchill still drank four or five slugs of cognac a night. It is possible that it was Churchill's lifelong addiction to cognac that kept him hale and hearty. There is a school of thought that holds that brandy is a healthful, rejuvenating fluid that beats vitamins,

minerals, antibiotics and four-way cold tablets. There have been doctors who have recommended brandy as being good for practically everything that ails you. It has been recommended for colic and flatulence; for relief of nervous tension; for the prevention and relief of the common cold; even for relief of symptoms in cardiac ailments, including severe spasms of angina pectoris. By all odds, the most enthusiastic medical endorser of brandy is Dr. George H. Jackson, author of *The Medicinal Value of French Brandy*. He not only praises cognac as a remedy for heart conditions and as a stimulant for the appetite but he states he has also and satisfactorily prescribed cognac in the treatment of dyspepsia, fever, diarrhea, migraine, neuralgia, asthma, influenza, cholera, grippe, typhoid—and dig this, my fellow tosspots—for the prompt relief of delirium tremens.

Personally, while I'm not unhappy that cognac has beneficial healthful properties, I have never regarded it as a medicine. I think one vulgarizes brandy if one puts it in the same category as cough syrups and blood-building tonics. For liqueur cognac brandy, sipped slowly and thoughtfully and imaginatively, can give you the most intense, the most subtle, the most nuance-filled series of sensations in the entire range of gastronomy. And before it is tasted it is smelled, it is inhaled, it is experienced by the nose. And for God's sake, don't drink cognac out of one of those phony enormous balloon snifters, with their fat bellies and the mouth of the glass narrowing so that the cognac fumes are concentrated and knock your smell out. No, serve it in a large wineglass, perhaps a tulip glass, whose mouth slopes in slightly.

You tilt the glass of cognac to your lips and you inhale the aroma and it immediately makes the grape and the wine come alive and prepares your palate for the sensations to come. A matured cognac tastes like no other potable. As it slowly is taken into your mouth, it actually penetrates, first, the roof of your mouth, then the floor of your mouth, the inside of your cheeks, your tongue and then makes its way down your throat and into your stomach, creating a warm sensation wherever it goes, like a stunning woman walking through a crowded restaurant to a table in the back. This sensation of penetration, of spreading into the skin, is the defining characteristic of a good cognac. The French call it *largeur*—broadness. An inferior cognac is said to be "short." It doesn't penetrate, it doesn't spread. A good cognac spreads and lingers.

How do you choose a good bottle of cognac? Maurice Healy, an English *bon vivant*, once asked this question of Oddenino, who operated a very fashionable London restaurant during the 1920s. "You want to buy some good brandy?" Oddenino replied. "It is easy. First you

go out to Cognac in a good vintage year. Then you find a reliable vigneron. Then you buy your brandy from him. Then you keep it in cask for twenty years. Then you bottle it. Oh, it's easy. Of course, you will be careful to choose a good year; it's most important to choose an honest vigneron. There will be others looking for him, too. Indeed, Mr. Healy, it might be better for you to go to a good wine merchant."

Since you can count the serious American wine merchants on the fingers of a dozen hands, the ambitious imbibers will have to rely on the marques of the great houses. There are many cognac brands. While dining in the Coq d'Or, which is in Cognac, the *patron*, Raymond Page, showed me no less than 103 different brands of cognac that he stocks. Here, in alphabetical sequence, are the most commonly encountered labels in the U. S.—all of which can be unhesitatingly trusted: Barriasson, Bisquit, Briand, Courvoisier, Delamain, Denis-Mounié, Exshaw, Hardy, Hennessy, Hine, Martell, Monnet, Otard, Pognac, Remy Martin, Robin and Salignac.

Until 1920, the great cognac houses shipped vintage brandies as well as blended ones. British cognac connoisseurs still write lovingly of the 1878 Martell, the 1865 Hennessy Superior Pale, the Otard 1831, the Hine 1875. Nowadays, in order to achieve a continuity of high quality, the cognac merchants no longer package vintage cognacs, although some houses will ship a few cases of vintage wet goods to a few favored dealers. Sherry Wine and Spirits, a New York dealer, currently offers two vintage cognacs: a Briand Grande Fine 1906 and their own label of 1934 vintage. The best vintage years of this century are 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1913, 1914, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1933, 1934, 1939, 1942, 1947. No vintage cognac is on sale later than 1947, since it takes at least 15 years for a fine cognac to mature.

I asked Peter Greig, who was a leading wine merchant in his palmy days and has now retired to the profession of wine-and-spirits consultant, whether vintage cognac was better than non-vintage cognac. "Only if you find a vintage cognac you really like," he said. "Then you couldn't ask for anything finer. But, in all frankness, sir, my personal taste is for nonvintage cognac, as it is for nonvintage champagne. You know what you're getting every time. I don't deny that sometimes you'll run into a vintage cognac that has the bouquet, the finesse, the flavor that is just what suits you—but usually it won't have everything you want; it may lack roundness or body or a certain nobility you want, and so I would recommend that you stick with the nonvintage cognacs of the established houses."

Probably the most enduring myth

about cognac is that there exist certain rare and delicious brandies from the age of Napoleon. Monsieur Page showed me no fewer than 15 different brands calling themselves Napoleon brandies. I put the question to an executive of the *Bureau National du Cognac* one afternoon.

"I tell you," he answered, "that around here in Cognac the expression Napoleon brandy does not mean anything, as it is not known what brandy Napoleon drank or even if he personally liked brandy altogether. The idea that there is something called Napoleonic brandy and that if one spends much money one can buy some miraculous *boisson* from the year 1805, this is crazy. If the cognac was bottled and the cork kept damp, it would not have changed in flavor. If it was kept in barrels, it would taste *boisé*, it would stink too much of the wood and be altogether undrinkable. Furthermore, there does not exist on the market any cognac of those years." The oldest cognac available at the Coq d'Or was an 1840 Castillon Grande Fine. So forget Napoleon as any criterion of age or quality in a brandy. Also forget Francis I (Otard), Charles X (Otard), Louis XIV (Martell), Prince Napoleon (Exshaw).

All cognacs can be divided into two parts: the three-star or young light brandies; and the mellow, aged, noble liqueur cognacs that, in order of quality and age and price, are labeled V. S. O. P. (Very Superior Old Pale), Fine Champagne, Grande Champagne, XO (Extra Old), Extra Vieille (Extra Old) and X or Extra (Extra). The Charente is divided by government regulation into seven districts. The district that produces the finest cognac is the Grande Champagne, in which 24,000 acres are planted to grapes. The next area is known as Petite Champagne—22,000 acres. Then come the Borderies and Fins Bois. Ninety percent of all first-class cognac comes from these four areas. The higher the proportion of Borderies and Fins Bois in a blend, the lower the price. It is possible to buy authentic French cognac for as little as five dollars a fifth. The Borderies produce a rich, full-bodied cognac, which some connoisseurs prefer to the more elegant and subtle Grande and Petite Champagnes.

Every respectable liquor library should have two bottles of cognac—one of the young light group and one of the liqueur group. In seeking out a cognac for post-prandial degustations, you will want a well-aged liquid of pungent aroma and *largeur*. More important than the initials V. S. O. P. are these two phrases: "fine champagne" or "grande fine champagne." By French law, any bottle marked "fine champagne" must be a blend of cognacs from *only* Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne, the

(continued on page 160)



"We recognize your assets, Miss Brainbridge, but we don't regard them as collateral."

article **By JOHN BENTLEY** UNDER THE COOL, dark, faintly starlit canopy of the predawn Florida sky, Apollo Saturn, Flight AS-468, stands like a colossal monolith of black and white, floodlit into dazzling relief. Poised over a 40-foot-deep trench on Pad 39, soon to become a raging inferno of flame and hissing steam, Saturn V stands aloof, charged with a quiet but terrible menace. One malfunction could trigger a pad disaster that would mushroom into a stupendous, concussive fireball, incinerating everything within a quarter of a mile. Before tanking, unconcerned technicians, gnats by contrast, swarmed over Saturn's fantastic network of systems and subsystems, each carrying a share of the most dramatic responsibility ever assumed by man and machine. On this historic morning of October 4, 1968, three astronauts perched atop a 365-foot colossus will begin the longest journey in history—a round trip to the moon of nearly 500,000 miles. Flight 468 (October 4, 1968), connected to its launch tower by a maze of cables and pipes, reaches toward the infinite, taller than an upended Nautilus-class nuclear submarine and nearly as heavy. Over 6,000,000 pounds of aluminum, titanium and propellants, a million separate functioning parts and almost ten years of design and flight testing carry a collective price tag of 20 billion dollars and represent the efforts of 17,000 industrial firms.

It is 5:30 A.M. and T minus two hours. Everything proceeds "nominally" while the mammoth spherical tanks adjoining Pad 39 pump 206,000 gallons of kerosene fuel, 350,000 of liquid oxygen into the rocket's

with the u.s. and the u.s.s.r. in a feverish race to be first with a manned moon



where

first stage. Three miles away, in the modern launch control center with its multiple firing rooms, an army of computer consoles flash myriad lights under the test conductor's eye, checking against the thousands of procedures in the 185-page countdown manual.

"Begin liquid hydrogen loading per procedure."

The press and privileged viewers can see the raised pad on large closed-circuit TV screens facing them, but the roadblocks are up and no one except the launch crew is allowed anywhere near the giant rocket. The 7,500,000 pounds thrust generated at lift-off by Apollo-Saturn's first-stage engines—160,000,000 hp—is enough to power 10,000 Lockheed Electra turboprop airliners.

T minus 65 minutes and counting. The white transfer van stops near the top of the slope to Pad 39. Three space-suited, helmeted figures descend, each carrying a portable air-conditioning unit. With them is "Doc" Wells, their flight surgeon, a graying, soft-spoken medical genius. Smiling through upraised visors, they wave casually as they start for the base of the launch tower, where an elevator will whisk them to the 340-foot level in 34 seconds. There, on the top level, clean-room technicians, white-capped and -gowned, are ready to help the astronauts into the couches aboard Apollo, which will be their home for the next eight days. Although tethered by harness and biosensor connections, given a minute's warning of impending pad

shot, here's a highly educated, dramatized prediction of how it may well come out

are

the

RUSSIANS?

disaster by the emergency detection system, the crew could still blow the hatch and slide down the escape chute into a bombproof room.

As television viewers sense the growing tension of the last few minutes before lift-off, CBS's Cronkite tries for human-interest relief: "Lieutenant Commander Walter Schiller II, a Navy man, is command pilot on this trip and a veteran of two earlier Gemini missions. Wally is a sports-car enthusiast and his red Italian Ferrari is a thing of beauty. He is dark-haired, handsome, suave and soft-spoken. But above all, he's known as a cool cat in any situation. It's the highest compliment his fellow spacemen could pay him.

"Major Roy Balchen is copilot and navigator and a seasoned jet pilot with more than three thousand hours of flight time. Roy comes from a poor family—he had to stop school in the eighth grade for a while. He flunked pilot school the first time because of educational requirements, so he took math and engineering at a resident college in Britain, sponsored by the University of Maryland. Roy taught himself basic algebra, studied an Air Force manual, and a year later breezed through the math course into integral calculus and a degree. That was how he finally made the test-pilot school.

"Roy is a compact, tightly knit young man with an open sun-tanned face and crewcut hair. He's a skindiver when time permits because, he says, that's the closest thing to weightlessness down here on the ground.

"Systems engineer on this trip is Dr. William Norlund, a noted geophysicist and a biochemist as well. He was the first applicant under NASA's civilian candidate plan and he is the first civilian of any nation to be making a space trip.

"Dr. Norlund is a slightly built, blond man with a humorous twinkle in piercing blue eyes. Prematurely gray, he looks older than his 37 years, but he can run or swim a mile and he withstood the astronaut survival course better than any other candidate. His favorite recreations—you would never guess—percussion records on stereo and karate. This is no guy to fool with."

T minus 30 minutes and counting. All systems "Go." "The booster and spacecraft are as clean as a whistle," the public-information officer announces to the press.

Now the launch director supervises the final count. Wives and parents have been interviewed, registering everything from joyful pride to near panic. All Saturn V systems are on internal power. T minus one minute. T minus 30 seconds. Ten seconds. "Five-four-three-two-one-zero! Ignition!"

The launch director confirms the computer command, eyes glued to the color-TV screens. The pad erupts in a volcanic sea of flame. "Lift-off!" Imperceptibly,

the world's biggest rocket begins to rise. Movie and TV cameras on board, at various launch-tower levels and around the pad, pick up a landslide of snow (frozen condensation) slipping from Saturn's flanks into the seething caldron below. The orange glare of the flames is dazzling as the monstrous cigar gathers speed.

"We have ignition and we have lift-off!" exults the Cape announcer, his voice partly drowned by a noise like a salvo from a battleship's guns. Around the firing room, 200 tense faces relax slightly. Some 20 seconds after lift-off, AS-468 starts a slow, clockwise roll, then the nose tilts slightly in a wide climbing arc, eastward over the ocean.

"Roll-pitch maneuver completed," Balchen tells the Cape.

"Roger. You look good."

Ninety seconds into flight, accelerative forces build up to about two Gs, gently pushing the astronauts into their couches as maximum aerodynamic pressure is reached. Biomedical sensors give readouts to Dr. Wells at the Cape's Mission Control. Schiller's pulse, 110; Balchen's, 120; Doc Norlund's, 96.

"Everything's nominal," comes Schiller's casual voice over the radio. "Beautiful sight down below."

As Saturn's speed quickly tops 5000 mph, accelerative forces pass the four-G mark. Four times the weight of each astronaut pushing down on him, but the restrictive circulation system in the space suits minimizes discomfort.

Two minutes and 30 seconds into the flight comes a jolt, a quick release of the G forces and a feeling like flying through a downdraft. "We have separation!" Cape announcer tells the press. "We have second-stage ignition as planned . . ."

"S-IC's tumbling away nicely," draws Schiller through mounting static. "S-II's fired up on the money. No anomalies, eh, Doc?"

"None," Norlund smiles into his mikes. This is the astronauts' first use of the term "anomaly" since the word "failure" was officially banned from reports. Now, as a million pounds' thrust resume AS-468's upward rush toward a 100-mile orbit, Schiller watches the clock.

With startling suddenness, when the sweep hand on Apollo's clock nudges two minutes, 54 seconds, a jolt overhead shakes the spacecraft. "LES [Launch Escape System] jettisoned," Balchen informs the Cape. "Do you read, Tom?"

"Roger. Roy. Your programmer's on the job." That's Texan Tom Beaufort, one of the backup crew, acting as capsule communicator at the Cape's Mission Control. "How do you guys feel?"

"Great," says Balchen. "Beats Coney Island any day!"

Eight and a half minutes into the mission, he flips on intercom. "Thirty seconds to go," he warns the others. Accelerative force again builds up to slightly

over two Gs, although Saturn is now going well over 15,000 mph. The S-II stage, using 2700 pounds of propellant per second, nears burnout, yet continues to ram upward its own weight plus that of the S-IVB stage and the lunar module, the service module and the Apollo command module itself—some 360,000 pounds above the stage. Again the jolt and rapid decline to zero-G; again the sinking sensation. Then a harsher, closer vibration is felt.

"There she goes," Schiller's calm voice tells Cap Com. "S-II separation. S-IVB's fired up!"

"You have ignition, all right." Houston's Mission Control comes in happily on the radio. "You ought to make orbit at 11 minutes, 52 seconds into the mission."

"That's about what we figure."

As Flight 468 reaches orbital speed of 17,500 mph, G forces, already mild, cease altogether. The third stage cuts off abruptly when the computer terminates first burn. But for their restraining harness, the astronauts would be floating, weightless. Not even vibration disturbs a silence that is almost deafening. "We have you in orbit." Houston takes over.

"Confirm S-IVB shutdown," Schiller says.

"Good show. You're looking very good. Trajectory nominal. Orbital attitude nominal."

"Roger," Schiller returns on vhf.

On the first parking orbit, the crew is busy evaluating position and checking out all systems. They have 60 minutes of daylight before entering orbital night—the vast shadow cast by earth into space when the sun is behind. Visibility is exceptional. Doc Norlund, Hasselblad already focused through the window, snaps some color shots. What seems an infinite distance below, through banks of fleecy cloud, the earth's contour is a faint bluish curve. Balchen takes readings on his magnification sextant and scanning telescope, sighting on the bright star Canopus. Schiller flips switch after switch, checking telemetry and ranging data. He picks up the U.S.S. Amanda, a tracking ship in the Atlantic, then the U.S.S. Merrimac, in the Indian Ocean. Carnarvon, Australia, follows, 90 minutes into the mission: Hawaii; Goldstone (California), the first deep-space tracking station; Guaymas, Mexico; White Sands; then Houston Mission Control Center, as Apollo sweeps toward the end of the first orbit, going better than ten miles for every heartbeat.

"Good morning," draws the tired voice of Paul Nooney, public-affairs-office communicator at Houston. "Wally, Roy and Doc. You look great from here."

"Morning," Schiller answers. "Gather TV transmission good. All systems Go. Goldstone acquisition loud and clear."

(continued on page 122)



THE CADILLAC was a mistake.

Nick began to suspect that even before Mike pulled the car up in front of the candy store. A couple of moments later, when Mike came out from behind the wheel to open the rear door for Nick and he stepped out on the sidewalk, Nick's suspicion turned to certainty. The Cadillac was a mistake.

The Cadillac was green, and it had California license plates. Nick had forgotten a lot about this corner of the Borough of Queens, but one thing he saw now he should not have forgotten: It had never been a green-Cadillac and California-license-plate neighborhood, and it still wasn't.

Already, a woman with a shopping bag on the other side of the street, two kids on their way to school, and the man

SECOND BREAKFAST

*his managers, his lawyer, his priest—
they were all tearing him apart,
and now it was this big thing
with his father*

sorting clothes in the window of the dry-cleaning store had stopped to stare.

"There's gonna be a crowd, goddamn it," Nick said. "We shoulda taken the Mercedes. It's got New York plates."

"Yeah," Mike said. "Even a taxi woulda been better. You want sunglasses, boss?"

"No, that only makes me more conspicuous," Nick said. He pulled the brim of his Tyrolean hat a bit lower. "Maybe you better get back in the car."

"Don't you want me to go with you?"

"What for?" Nick said. "To handle Mr. Imbesi? I started buying my Juicy Fruit from him when I was six. You get back in behind the wheel. If it gets rough, hit the horn. I'll wrap this fast."

Nick stepped quickly across the broken sidewalk. Too quickly. As a result, the skirt of his camel's-hair sports jacket was caught by the corner of one of the upended orange crates on which Mr. Imbesi had started displaying the morning papers for his customers long before Nick Santora had been able to spell out the headlines. He heard the small rip. Nick muttered something that would have brought a frown to the face of Father Calucci. It wasn't the three-five-oh the goddamn (continued on page 108)



"Of course, a lot of this stuff is untitled . . . !"

QUITTING TIME

WHEN AND HOW THE EXECUTIVE SHOULD UNDO THE BUSINESS TIES THAT BIND

ARTICLE BY **J. PAUL GETTY** WALTER JONES WAS 37, an executive at the middle-management level, employed by the Noname Company. He was a fine manager with an excellent performance record; his superiors considered him to be a man of great ability and promise and valued his services highly.

There was only one thing wrong. Jones had held the same position for three years and had outgrown it. He wanted—and was eminently qualified to hold—a bigger, more responsible and more challenging job. Unfortunately, the Noname Company's executive-personnel situation was such that Walter Jones was locked in. Higher posts were held by competent men, all of whom had a long way to go before reaching retirement age. To make matters worse, there was very little chance that the company would embark on any important expansion programs in the foreseeable future.

Walter talked the matter over with his superiors. They assured him he would be moved up as soon as possible, but admitted this might not happen for several years. They did, however, offer Jones a substantial salary increase if he would continue in his job until a suitable vacancy occurred.

What would *you* do under similar circumstances?

This is a good question to ask yourself—and to answer as honestly as you can. What you would do—or think you would do—is quite possibly an indication of your success potential as a business executive.

No doubt, many men would be content to stay, to wait it out, comfortable—even smug—in the knowledge that they had a virtual sinecure, a guaranteed future. This sense of security would loom as ample justification for remaining on the old job, continuing to do all the same things until, at last, time and attrition provided opportunity and reward.

Not so Walter Jones.

Aware that he'd begun to chafe because he was ready and eager for more responsibility, Walter sensed that the chafing would soon develop into intense chronic irritation. He felt the long wait might well dull the edges of his enthusiasm. He feared that, as he got deeper and deeper into an already familiar groove, he would "run down," become a progressively less and less efficient and effective executive.

It was for these reasons that Jones decided to quit—without rancor but not without regret. He'd enjoyed working for the Noname Company, made many friends in the organization and would have liked to stay. Nonetheless, he knew he could not afford to interrupt the progress of his career with a long dead period. Thus, he resigned, moved to another company—and moved up a notch to precisely the sort of challenging job he sought.

An oversimplified, too-obvious example? Perhaps—but no more so than countless thousands of similar situations that will arise every year in the business world. Innumerable executives find themselves boxed in, unable to progress due to conditions within their companies—conditions over which they have no control. Ambitious, able executives of Walter Jones' caliber react—and act—as he did. Lesser men are likely to hang on and hope or vacillate, unable to make up their minds.

"The comers are movers," declares Dr. Frank McCabe, director of executive personnel for International Telephone & Telegraph. "If they can't move on to more responsible positions inside [a company], they'll go to another company."

William P. Lear, the aircraft-instruments entrepreneur who built Lear, Inc. (later Lear Siegler, Inc.), is even more outspoken, offering executives the following straight-from-the-shoulder advice:

"As soon as you've learned how to do your job as well as it can be done, ask for more responsibility in your company—or for a (continued on page 194)

Part III of a new novel
By LEN DEIGHTON

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

it was tough enough to set up a secret meeting between a chinese scientist and an american nuclear expert—but now the french police, a blackmailing psychiatrist and a beautiful woman all wanted in

SYNOPSIS: It could have been any spring-time in Paris—the sidewalk cafés coming back to life, birds wheeling in the sun over the rooftops, painters bringing out their work for a vernissage. But underneath the pleasant surface some rather tricky games were going on. There was, for instance, the big game whose rules London wanted to find out. There was the oblique game run by Monsieur Datt, psychiatrist, operator of a mysterious clinic in the Avenue Foch, a man of powerful, hidden influence—and altogether a nasty piece of work. There was the warning game played by Sûreté Chief Inspector Loiseau; and finally, there was the tantalizing game played by the beautiful Maria Chauvet.

Move One for me, British agent: Set the stage to make sure some highly secret documents about nuclear fallout got stolen from my apartment. Move Two: Find out the truth about Datt and the scandalous rumors about his clinic. But before that, in quick succession, I first had been warned by Loiseau, then drugged and interrogated by Datt—and saved by Maria, who, for her own reasons, mistranslated what I said under the drugs, and later took me into her bed . . .

Coffee at a sidewalk café, the rain drumming on the awning overhead, two artists talking idly about painting—the time seemed right for Move One, and I casually let slip the fact that I kept something valuable sewn inside the armchair in my apartment. By the time Maria and I got back there, the place had been ransacked and the chair gutted. It seemed almost too coincidental when Jean-Paul, the artist, phoned a few moments later





ILLUSTRATION BY SAUL LAMBERT

to warn me of an impending robbery; and to announce that Maria was the ex-wife of Loiseau, and a Sûreté informant.

When I next came across Datt, this time in a bistro, the ostensible game was Monopoly, but the deeper game was about the documents. Admittedly, he'd had them stolen—by Jean-Paul—and he wanted to buy the rest of them for 10,000 new francs. Why? "I shall use them merely to stimulate my mind," he said. Going on to talk about his work, Datt said the clinic was set up for analysis of human sexual activity—and he invited me back to have another look.

It wasn't a pleasant look. Immediately we got inside, there was a scream. Moving like a figure in a fantasy, a naked young girl with perhaps 20 or 30 stab wounds on her body, stumbled down the stairs and out into the street to die. It appeared that the killer was a Chinese named Kuang-t'ien, whom I'd met on my first visit to the clinic.

But there was something more to the affair. The next day, the British courier told me that the Chinese was a top nuclear expert, working on the Chinese version of the H-bomb. The dead girl was one of our agents. Not completely coincidentally, an American atomic scientist named Hudson had just turned up in Paris and was trying to meet me.

Maria had two encounters that same afternoon. The first was with Loiseau, who told her that Annie, the murdered girl, had been working for him; the second was with Jean-Paul, who said that there were films of the sexual activities at the clinic and that Loiseau probably had them all—even "that film of you and me." Maria had to get that one back. When she left, she picked up a copy of an afternoon paper. An American tourist had disappeared—the picture was a photograph of Hudson . . .

Les Chiens is a dark, hot night club and it squirms like a tin of live bait. I was having a drink there with my English artist friend Byrd when a brawl broke out. Outside again and separated from him, I learned that the police were looking for Byrd for the murder of Annie. I also found out that Loiseau wanted to see me—at midnight, near the clinic.

I GOT TO THE AVENUE FOCH at midnight.

At the corner of a narrow alley behind the houses were four shiny motorcycles and four policemen in crash helmets, goggles and short black-leather coats. They stood there impassively, as only policemen stand, not waiting for anything to happen, not glancing at their watches or talking, just standing and looking as though they were the only people with a right to be there. Beyond the policemen there was Loiseau's dark-green DS-19, and behind

Each table in the café had its twitching mechanical figures bouncing through the silverware. The American nuclear expert picked up one and asked what it was for. "It's on sale," I replied. He nodded, put it down and said, "Everything is."

that, red barriers and floodlights marked the section of the road that was being excavated. There were more policemen standing near the barriers. I noticed that they were not traffic policemen but young, tough-looking cops with fidgety hands that continuously tapped pistol holsters, belts and batons to make sure that everything was ready.

Inside the barriers, 20 thick-shouldered men were bent over road rippers. The sound was deafening, like machine guns firing long bursts. The generator trucks played a steady drone. Near to me the ripper operator lifted the handles and prized the point into a sun-soft area of tar. He fired a volley and the metal buried its point deep, and with a sigh a chunk of paving fell back into the excavated area. The operator ordered another man to take over, and turned toward us, mopping his sweaty head with a blue handkerchief. Under the overalls he wore a clean shirt and a silk tie. It was Loiseau.

"Hard work," he said.

"You are going into the cellars?"

"Not the cellars of Datt's place," Loiseau said to me. "We're punching a hole in these cellars two doors away, then we'll mousehole through into Datt's cellars."

"Why didn't you ask these people?" I pointed at the house behind which the roadwork was going on. "Why not just ask them to let you through?"

"I don't work that way. As soon as I ask a favor I show my hand. I hate the idea of you knowing what we are doing. I may want to deny it tomorrow." He mopped his brow again. "In fact, I'm damned sure I will be denying it tomorrow." Behind him the road ripper exploded into action and the chiseled dust shone golden in the beams of the big lights, like illustrations for a fairy story, but from the damp soil came that sour aroma of death and bacteria that clings around a bombarded city.

"Come along," said Loiseau. We passed three huge Berliet buses full of policemen. Most were dozing with their kepis pulled forward over their eyes; a couple were eating crusty sandwiches and a few were smoking. They didn't look at us as we passed by. They sat, muscles slack, eyes unseeing and minds unthinking, as experienced combat troops rest between battles.

Loiseau walked toward a fourth bus; the windows were of dark-blue glass and from its coachwork a thick cable curved toward the ground and snaked away into a manhole cover in the road. He ushered me up the steps past a sentry. Inside the bus was a brightly lit command center. Two policemen sat operating radio and teleprinter equipment. At the back of the bus a large rack of MAT 49 submachine guns was guarded by a man who kept his silver-braided cap on to prove he was an officer.

Loiseau sat down behind a desk,

produced a bottle of calvados and two glasses. He poured a generous measure and pushed one across the desk to me. Loiseau sniffed at his own drink and sipped it tentatively. He drank a mouthful and turned to me. "We hit some old *parvé* just under the surface. The city engineer's department didn't know it was there. That's what slowed us down; otherwise, we'd be into the cellars by now, all ready for you."

"All ready for me," I repeated.

"Yes," said Loiseau. "I want you to be the first into the house."

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons. You know the layout there, you know what Datt looks like. You don't look too much like a cop—especially when you open your mouth—and you can look after yourself. And if something's going to happen to the first man in, I'd rather it wasn't one of my boys. It takes a long time to train one of my boys." He allowed himself a grim little smile.

"What's the real reason?"

Loiseau made a motion with the flattened hand. He dropped it between us like a shutter or screen. "I want you to make a phone call from inside the house. A clear call for the police that the operator at the Prefecture will enter in the log. We'll be right behind you, of course, it's just a matter of keeping the record straight."

"Crooked, you mean," I said. "It's just a matter of keeping the record crooked."

"That depends where you are sitting," said Loiseau.

"From where I'm sitting, I don't feel much inclined to upset the Prefecture. The *renseignements généraux* are there in that building and they include dossiers on us foreigners. When I make that phone call it will be entered onto my file and next time I ask for my *carte de séjour* they will want to deport me for immoral acts and goodness knows what else. I'll never get another alien's permit."

"Do what all other foreigners do," said Loiseau. "Take a second-class return ticket to Brussels every ninety days. There are foreigners who have lived here for twenty years who still do that rather than hang around for five hours at the Prefecture waiting for a *carte de séjour*." He held his flat hand high as though shielding his eyes from the glare of the sun.

"Very funny," I said.

"Don't worry," Loiseau said. "I couldn't risk your telling the whole Prefecture that the Sûreté had enlisted you for a job." He smiled. "Just do a good job for me and I'll make sure you have no trouble with the Prefecture."

"Thanks," I said. "And what if there is someone waiting for me at the other side of the mousehole? What if I have one of Datt's guard dogs leap at my throat, jaws open wide? What happens then?"

Loiseau sucked his breath in mock

terror. He paused. "Then you get torn to pieces," he said, and laughed, and dropped his hand down abruptly like a guillotine.

"What do you expect to find there?" I asked. "Here you are with dozens of cops and noise and lights—do you think they won't get nervous in the house?"

"You think they will?" Loiseau asked seriously.

"Some will," I told him. "At least a few of the most sophisticated ones will suspect that something's happening."

"Sophisticated ones?"

"Come along, Loiseau," I said irritably. "There must be quite a lot of people close enough to your department to know the danger signals."

He nodded and stared at me.

"So that's it," I said. "You were ordered to do it like this. Your department couldn't issue a warning to its associates but it could at least warn them by handling things noisily."

"Darwin called it natural selection," said Loiseau. "The brightest ones will get away. You can probably guess my reaction, but at least I shall have the place closed down and may catch a few of the less imaginative clients. A little more calvados." He poured it.

I didn't agree to go, but Loiseau knew I would. The wrong side of Loiseau could be a very uncomfortable place to reside in Paris.

It was another half hour before they had broken into the cellars under the alley and then it took 20 minutes more to mousehole through into Datt's house. The final few demolitions had to be done brick by brick, with a couple of men from a burglar-alarm company tapping around for wiring.

I had changed into police overalls before going through the final breakthrough. We were standing in the cellar of Datt's next-door neighbor under the temporary lights that Loiseau's men had slung out from the electric mains. The bare bulb was close to Loiseau's face, his skin was wrinkled and gray with brick dust through which little rivers of perspiration were shining bright pink.

"My assistant will be right behind you as far as you need cover. If the dogs go for you he will use the shotgun, but only if you are in real danger, for it will alert the whole house."

Loiseau's assistant nodded at me. His circular spectacle lenses flashed in the light of the bare bulb, and reflected in them I could see two tiny Loiseaus and a few hundred glinting bottles of wine that were stacked behind me. He broke the breech of the shotgun and checked the cartridges, even though he had only loaded the gun five minutes before.

"Once you are into the house itself, give my assistant your overalls. Make sure you are unarmed and have no compromising papers on you, because once

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*a u.s. congressman proposes a revolutionary plan
that would end the draft yet meet our military needs*

CONSCRIPTION & COMMITMENT

article By REPRESENTATIVE THOMAS B. CURTIS



THE AMERICAN MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT is blessed with a vast array of the most sophisticated weapons that the world has ever seen, yet it persists in processing its most important weapon—manpower—through a system that has proved itself inefficient, inequitable and undemocratic.

The draft, with its 4061 local and autonomous draft boards and its antiquated machinery, is an anachronism in the Cold War era, a relic of an earlier time when vast quantities of raw manpower were thrown onto the battlefields of Europe and Asia to overcome by their very numbers the killing power of cannon, machine gun and tank. In the age of the skilled technician, the Armed Forces of the United States still rely on the Selective Service System, a World War Two expedient, to supply them with bewildered, untrained, often poorly educated youth. Immune to technological change and changing population structure, the draft has become the weakest link in our national security system and an unnecessary burden on our society. It is within our means to eliminate compulsory military service; that we have not done so, or begun to do so, is an announcement of our failure to adapt to the changing conditions of modern society.

Criticism of the draft, from parents, students, educators, civil rights workers, veterans' organizations and Congressmen, has reached crisis

proportions in recent months; but the symptoms of obsolescence appeared long ago. The population explosion, which has affected every facet of our society, has taken its toll on the Selective Service System as well. The number of draft-eligible young men has grown from about 20,000,000 in 1951, when the present system went into effect, to 39,000,000 today, an increase of 95 percent. As a result, the proportion of men who are actually called upon to serve has declined sharply—from 70 percent in 1958 to 46 percent today. Assuming normal peacetime military strengths, it will drop to about 34 percent by 1974. Thus, many more men are allowed to escape from service altogether, and those compelled to serve feel they are being screwed by an uncaring, invisible and often unapproachable bureaucracy that calls itself "selective" but usually isn't.

The two major sources of the inequities that plague the draft are this failure to realize the effect of the manpower boom and the almost total autonomy of the local boards. Manpower procurement is a national problem; the supply of skilled manpower is limited and must be carefully allocated between the military and our booming civilian economy. Yet local boards, usually manned by "patriotic" retired veterans, see the problem only from the narrow perspective of their often idealized military experience and their often capricious assessment of national needs and priorities. The national Selective Service headquarters has attempted to promulgate some vaguely defined standards for classification and deferment, but these standards are merely advisory, and the local boards can ignore them, modify them or interpret them as they see fit.

As a result, deferments are not granted on the basis of equity but on the degree of pressure placed on the boards by Defense Department demands for manpower. When draft calls were low, as they were before the current build-up for the war in Vietnam, deferments were easy to come by. A man taking one night course was given a "student deferment"; married men were deferred across the board by Presidential order; and "occupational" deferments were liberally handed out to anyone who could claim even a faint relationship with the national security program. Today, with calls nearly at the Korean War level—46,200 for last October—standards for deferment have been reduced until the squeeze has been felt by the student, the father and the less-educated, who were previously placed low on the priority list. Many who thought they were free from the draft's reach now find their lives disrupted.

Loosely drawn standards and local autonomy produce widely varying interpretations of Selective Service regulations. One worker at a St. Louis defense plant

is drafted, while his working partner, registered with a New Jersey board, receives an occupational deferment. A farmer, whose father is totally blind and whose mother supports a family of five on \$350 a month, is drafted—while a Hollywood actor receives a "hardship" deferment on his \$200,000 annual income. The cases are legion.

In addition, where one lives is often more important than what one does, because draft calls are distributed among the states on the basis of the number of men actually classified 1-A, not on the number of potential draftees. Thus, Michigan, with 4.2 percent of the nation's draft-eligible men, was called upon to supply 17,006 draftees in the first six months of 1966, while Texas, with 5.4 percent of the potential draftees, was tapped for only 14,990 men, according to figures obtained by Michigan Senator Robert Griffin. Obviously, Michigan draft boards are more conscientious in classifying registrants, and its young men are thus unwillingly more "patriotic" than their Texas colleagues.

Many of the problems created by local autonomy could be alleviated by automating Selective Service procedures and centralizing the selection process; but Lewis B. Hershey, the glib, folksy retired Army general who has headed Selective Service since the 1930s, refuses to trust the computer. He was willing to put up with the mistakes of the local board, he told the House Armed Services Committee last June. Despite the disparity in draft-board criteria and the paper log jams that kept 522,472 men out of 641,958 in the 1-A pool unavailable in January 1966, because their records were not processed, General Hershey insists that computers have no "compassion." For the married man or graduate student who was forced into uniform because his draft board had too many men in this "paper mill," Hershey's words have an ironic ring.

An oft-heard charge that the draft is racially and economically discriminating comes from the Negroes and the poverty-stricken, who see the wealthy (and usually white) and college-educated deferred while the poor are drafted. This argument, however, is not entirely supported by the facts, which show that 56 percent of the men who have attended college eventually see service, while only 46 percent of noncollege men serve (Selective Service statistics, June 1966). Noncollege men have a far higher rejection rate for mental and physical reasons than college men and thus are more likely to be exempted from the draft altogether.

The charge that Negroes are drafted at a higher rate than whites is also unsubstantiated. While it is true that there is a higher proportion of Negroes in the Army—14 percent as opposed to a Negro population of 11.7 percent nationally—

this is due to the higher enlistment rates among Negroes, who see more job and educational opportunities in the military than they can find in civilian life. The re-enlistment rate for Negroes in the Army is 49.3 percent, compared with an 18.5 percent rate for whites. Advocates of the racial-discrimination argument point to Selective Service statistics that show that 13.4 percent of inductees in May 1966 were nonwhite—a higher percentage than their proportion in the national population—to document their charges. But the statistics fluctuate: in June 1966, the nonwhite induction rate was down to 10.4 percent.

Last June, Representative William F. Ryan told the House Armed Services Committee that there were no Negroes on any draft boards in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and revealed that one member of a New Orleans draft board was "the head of the local Ku Klux Klan." Despite this indication of possible discriminatory draft selection in the South, Ryan could not cite any figures that would show that Negroes were being drafted at a higher rate in the South than they were elsewhere.

However, draft standards, common to most local boards, that set a minimum of 15 hours of classroom study for the 2-S student deferment do discriminate against the young man who is forced to work his way through school. The part-time student, supporting a family and going to school at night, is not deferred; therefore, money does have its advantages in dealing with the Selective Service's college deferments. Also, the much-maligned College Qualification Test, a six-hour "comprehensive" examination given to over 1,000,000 college students last spring as a "guide" to local boards in granting 2-S deferments, is slanted toward the scientific-minded student. General Hershey admits that science and mathematics students would have an advantage on the tests because questions in these fields "are easier to grade." Combined with a rank-in-class standard, which gives the student at a poorer-quality school an advantage over his intellectual equal—or superior—at one of the more prestigious schools, the College Classification Test must be rated a farce, a farce that is denounced by almost all of our nation's distinguished educators, including Yale's Kingman Brewster and Princeton's Robert Goheen. Brewster said the result of this deferment system had been "to encourage a cynical avoidance of service, a corruption of the aims of education and a tarnishing of the national spirit." A group of 142 Midwestern university professors began a campaign last April "to discourage the use of the institutions of higher learning as instruments of the Selective Service System," and student sit-ins at Oberlin, the University of Chicago and City College of

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Isatru Landi

"Shut that door, O'Hara—and while you're at it, put a star on it!"



THE INDOOR PICNIC

how to throw a bucolic barbecue without leaving home and hearth



food and drink By **THOMAS MARIO**

FEBRUARY IS THE PERFECT TIME for an indoor picnic. By now you'll have recovered from the end-of-the-year's endless round of revelries, but spring's first zephyr—and the promise of the warm outdoors—is still a long way off. The most natural site for a winter picnic is directly in front of a glowing fireplace. Guests then can gather near the hearth, preferably picnic style on the floor, and grill to their hearts' content. Like any well-

bred picnic, your party should be a communal cook-in. As host, it's up to you to supply at least the main course; co-picnickers can be called upon to supply a magnificent bean salad or a box of delicious mignon éclairs. You should also furnish all the necessary accouterments—a hibachi or two, tableware, barware, brushes for basting, extralong tongs, and spatulas and forks for scooping food from the grill.

Too many cooks can spoil a broth, but not a picnic. In fact, to keep a picnicker from cooking is an implied insult. While some of the party thread swordfish on skewers, others can be

basting the baby lobster tails or split squabs. Martini mixers will be twirling away while others open bottles of wine, and the couple in the corner, oblivious to the world, will brew its own version of Irish coffee.

Guests bearing liquid gifts will probably show up with whiskey, gin and vermouth, which do yeoman's service on any bibbing occasion. Perfect for an indoor picnic is a gallon vacuum jug filled with bloody marys that have been pre-mixed with ice, then drained into the jug and now stand ready to be served on the rocks in old fashioned glasses. Chilled all-purpose wines such as Riesling should come to the party with the cold bloom still on the bottles. Among reds, the eye-opening flavor of zinfandel is the perfect complement for charcoal-broiled meats and seafood. For those who like to swig rather than sip, we recommend the new two-and-one-quarter-gallon "tapper" keg of draught beer. At extra-large turnouts, the standard half keg of beer will fill to the brimming over a hundred ten-ounce mugs.

Other welcome items are such appetizing taste appeasers as hot potato salad made with oil and vinegar rather than mayonnaise, underscored with parsley and dill; noodles Alfredo fairly swimming in cream, butter and parmesan cheese; and kidney-bean salad with minced baked red onions and tomatoes. Desserts should be of the kind that can be easily held in the palm of one hand—apple or apricot turnovers in a puff-paste dough, macarons made from almond paste, frosted *petits fours*, cheeses such as Swiss appenzeller, French port-salut or German tilsiter, ripe Comice pears and Stayman Winesap apples.

A hibachi is perfect for the man who likes to play with fire. You'll need two double-sized hibachis for a picnic party of eight to ten. Place them side by side, not back to back, to avoid grilling hands and wrists. If you lack a fireplace, the best technique is to light your hibachi outdoors. When smoke no longer gets in your eyes, bring the fire equipment inside. Place it on a stove or near a ventilating fan or hood. If your barbecue party stretches into several hours, build a double bed of charcoal about two inches thick. Stack extra coals on the right and left sides of each brazier to provide even fire on flaring ends.

Indoor picnics are largely cook-it-yourself affairs. There should be plenty of vegetables for kabobing. Viands such as baby lobster tails or split squabs aren't comfortable on a rapier and should be placed between the two faces of a wire grill before committing them to the flames. For all impromptu skewering, we recommend disposable bamboo skewers. One end of each bamboo strip is a sharp point for stabbing the food of your choice. On the opposite end, you should

allow about an inch of free space for easy turning. Incidentally, it isn't always necessary to marinate skewered foods for hours or days. A generous brush before broiling and again before turning the food, and a light brush afterward will subtly bequeath the rich flavors of soy sauce, barbecue sauce or even drawn butter to foods on the hibachi.

Quantities suggested are for six portions. Just what a portion is has never been scientifically spelled out. Some men, and women, too, will expect two or three portions. The more intimately you know the appetites of your picnickers, the more accurate your estimation of the following bait.

BASTING SAUCES (Approximately one pint)

Soy Sauce: Into a blender pour $\frac{2}{3}$ cup soy sauce, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup dark Jamaica rum, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup salad oil and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion powder. Spin blender 1 minute at high speed. Oil will eventually separate. Stir frequently while basting.

Barbecue Sauce: Lower 4 large fresh, firm, ripe tomatoes into a large pot of rapidly boiling water for 20-30 seconds. Remove tomatoes from pot and hold under cold running water to cool. Remove skins and stem ends. Cut tomatoes into medium-size dice. Spin in blender at high speed for 1 minute with 1 cup catsup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Tabasco sauce.

Herb Basting Sauce: Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried tarragon and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried leaf thyme in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil over very low flame for 3 minutes. Heating "releases" flavors of herbs. Pour into electric blender. Add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups olive oil at room temperature, 1 tablespoon minced fresh parsley, 2 tablespoons shelled pine nuts or pistachios, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Dijon mustard, 1 large clove garlic, minced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white-wine vinegar. Spin blender for 1 minute at high speed.

VEGETABLES FOR THE SWORD

Button Mushrooms: 1 lb. very small white, firm, fresh mushrooms. Remove stem ends parallel with cap. (Ends can be minced, sautéed and folded into omelets or scrambled eggs.) Place mushrooms in large saucepan with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Sprinkle with lemon juice and salt. Cover pan with lid. Simmer over moderate flame until mushrooms are just tender. Don't brown. Drain and chill.

Green Peppers: Slice 3 large green peppers in half through stem end. Remove stems and insides. Cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. squares.

Water Chestnuts: 2 six-oz. cans, drained. Water chestnuts won't brown on the skewer, but their incomparable crunchiness will remain until they're swallowed.

Tomato Halves: (Although cherry tomatoes seem like an ideal vegetable for the skewer, their tough skin and weak-as-a-drink-of-water flavor are always a letdown in the mouth.) With small, sharp paring knife, remove stem ends of 6 firm, ripe tomatoes. Cut each tomato in half crosswise. Stab each tomato with two bamboo skewers. The double-skewer treatment will keep the tomatoes from revolving when turned.

MEAT PLATTER

Beef: 3 lbs. boneless shell steak, tenderloin steak or sirloin steak cut 1 in. thick. Cut away all fat from rim of meat to prevent flare-up. Cut beef into skewer-size pieces about 1 in. square and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick.

Ham: 2 lbs., canned or cooked, boneless, in one chunk. Cut into 1-in. squares, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, or as close as possible to these dimensions.

Spareribs: 5 lbs. fresh spareribs boiled 30 to 40 minutes or until tender, drained, chilled and cut into serving-size pieces, about 4 by 4 inches. Cleaver may be used for dividing into portions. Cut off and discard loose fat where possible.

Beef and Oyster Patties: Drain $7\frac{3}{4}$ oz. can whole oysters, reserving 3 tablespoons liquor. Put oysters in blender, add liquor and spin blender until oysters are puréed. In mixing bowl combine puréed oysters, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. chopped lean beef, 2 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Shape into 6 patties, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick.

BLANCHED BACON

Although it's meat, bacon is used for wrapping around shellfish such as oysters or scallops to guard their tenderness and to add its countrylike mellow flavor to chicken livers and to ingredients such as mushrooms and water chestnuts. Blanching or parboiling prevents the uncontrolled flare-up when raw bacon is placed above a charcoal fire. There may be a slight flare-up after blanching, but it won't be nearly as fierce. Place 2 lbs. sliced bacon in wide, shallow saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Place tight-fitting lid on pan. Bring water to boil. Reduce heat and simmer 20 minutes. Drain bacon. Cut each slice into thirds for wrapping around other morsels destined for the skewer.

FIRESIDE FOWL

Skewered Chicken: 3 whole breasts, boned and skinned. Remove narrow fillet from top portion. Cut fillet crosswise into three pieces. Cut breast into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in.-thick slices for threading on skewer. If slices

(concluded on page 160)

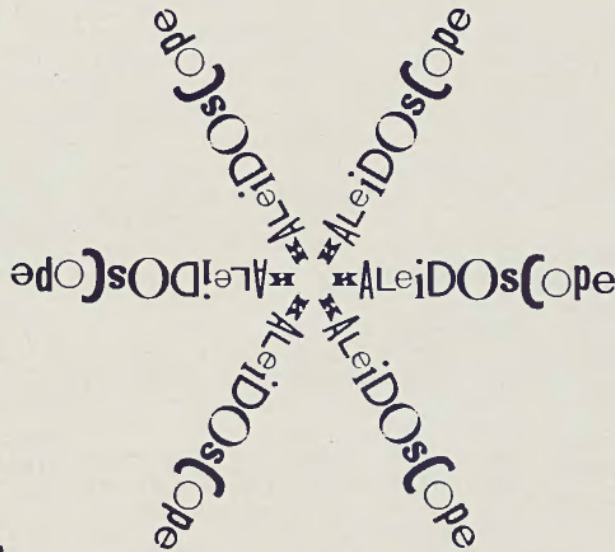
WORD PLAY *satire* By ROBERT CAROLA

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

PROTECT



ELEPHANT



BULGE

emphasis

PIMENTO

CHeM₁CaL

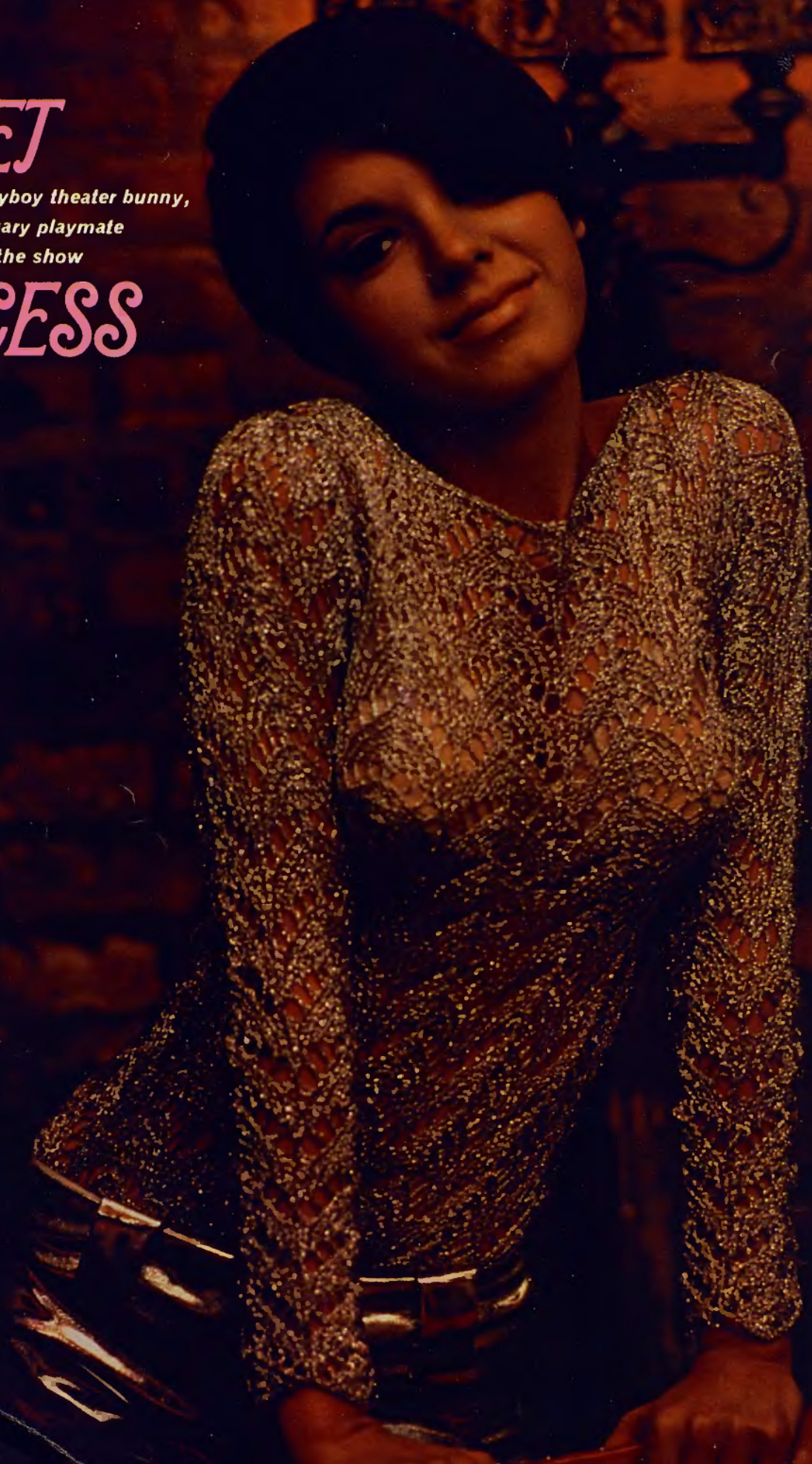
Ra N Som

anteater

TICKET

JO as a playboy theater bunny,
our february playmate
stole the show

SUCCESS



IT IS PART of human nature, observed an 18th Century British writer, that great discoveries are made accidentally. Proof of this maxim is our valentine Playmate, Kim Farber, who was steadfastly taking tickets at Chicago's Playboy Theater when she was pointed toward a gatefold appearance by a PLAYBOY staffer who had gone to the theater and discovered that its prime attraction was not on the screen. Kim gratefully consented to pose for Playmate test shots ("Of course, I'd always wanted to be a Playmate, but once I got settled in my Theater Bunny routine, I never thought I'd get any closer"), and the results, displayed herewith, leave no room for doubt about the qualifications of the well-sculpted (35-20-34) Windy City native. The 20-year-old Kim, a full-time member of her eclectic, turned-on generation, is an occasional motorcyclist and a fervent follower of the latest musical imports from Great Britain; when relaxing from her current job (Kim now models and sells Mod styles in the boutique of Cheetah's Chicago branch), she tunes in to jazz, from the arpeggios of Ahmad Jamal to the funk of Ramsey Lewis, settles down with a book of impressive weight (she's sold on the works of Eugene O'Neill, the original Tom Wolfe and, of more recent vintage, James Michener), or sets out to sample the diverse fare of metropolitan Chicago's theaters, discos, restaurants and coffee shops. To keep the Farber figure in its bountifully fine fettle, Miss February turns to an occasional tennis match or an ice-skating stint as a supplement to her energetic dancing during off-hours at Cheetah. Fond as Kim is of her native town ("Chicago's right in the center of things—just take a look at the map"), she is about to embark on a tour of Europe and the Middle East, followed by a stint as a Bunny at the London Playboy Club. When she finally returns Stateside, Miss February hopes to pick up the thread of an apprenticeship in fashion coordination and design ("If I had my way, I'd drape the whole world in bright orange"), which she interrupted to become a Playboy Theater Bunny. "Before I commit myself to a career," the dark-haired beauty explains, "I want to get some traveling out of my system, and working for PLAYBOY gives me the means to travel—so you see, I may be trying to do everything, but I'm trying to do everything in the right order." We agree that everything has its time and place, and now's the time for Kim Farber to take her proper place as PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Month.



Arriving for work at the boutique of Chicago's mammoth discothèque, Cheetah, Kim carries a cake honoring the birthday of the shop's manager. Below left: Kim changes into one of the Mod outfits on sale (she wears several each night), then takes her post as Mod model-salesgirl. During a lull, she displays her terpsichorean finesse.



On a day off, Kim accompanies a colleague to Chicago's Old Town section, a colorful potpourri of way-out shops frequented by tourists and hipsters. To see what the men's boutiques are offering ("Strictly professional curiosity," explains Kim), the models browse through Man at Ease (below) on Wells Street, Old Town's main drag.





MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



After playfully trying a "prison" shirt on for size, Kim and her friend find an old English hunting horn, and Kim tries to coax a few notes out of its antique tubing ("I guess the air took a wrong turn somewhere inside"). Back on Wells Street, where large and exotic dogs are much in vogue, Kim befriends a pair of Afghan hounds, persuades their owner to let her walk them. Below: A long stone's throw from Old Town is Lake Michigan, where, after a romp on a rainy afternoon, Kim inscribes in the sand a record of her visit.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

She was a calendar model—until she missed a couple of months.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

bitch as an underdog.

rape as assault with a friendly weapon.

pansy as one who likes his vice versa.

prostitute as a busy body.

masochist as a person who gets his kicks getting his kicks.

death as nature's way of telling us to slow down.

burlesque theater as a place where belles peel.

bachelor as a man who believes in wine, women and so long.

cherry tart as a contradiction in terms.

mermaid as a bottomless girl in a topless suit.

When Ali, the sheik's most devoted eunuch, died unexpectedly in the middle of the night, the potentate's teenaged son asked his father how this unhappy event had come to pass.

"My son," said the sheik, "Ali's death teaches us a valuable lesson. Last night, upon retiring, I commanded him to hasten to my harem and select for my pleasure the one most beautiful among the hundred houris waiting there. He returned with surprising swiftness with a ravishing brunette, but this tasty morsel merely whetted my appetite for further amour, so I summoned Ali again and told him to fetch forth the most sensual female of the harem. This time he returned even more quickly—though the harem is a considerable distance from my quarters, as you know—with a female whose hair was red as flame, with a passion to match.

"This erotic creature further increased my desire and I instructed Ali to have the most

innocent maiden he could find brought to my bedchamber; he reappeared soon after, short of breath and perspiring from his efforts in my behalf, with a honey blonde that was the very image of innocence.

"So it went throughout most of the night—with a fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh—faithful Ali scurrying back and forth between harem and bedchamber again, and again, and again, and again, until he dropped dead at my feet . . ."

"And what is the valuable lesson to be learned from all this?" the perplexed son of the potentate wanted to know.

"There's no harm in sex," said the sheik with a wise smile; "it's the running after it that can kill you!"



A Chinese Communist diplomat was having more than his share of troubles fielding questions thrown at him by a British newsman. "Next thing you'll be telling me," said the columnist, "is that China has elections."

The Oriental nodded gravely as he replied: "Ah, yes—you have analyzed China's biggest problem—too many elections every night."



A noted French physician maintains that if a man consumes a glass of brandy after dinner each evening for 1200 months, he will live to be 100 years old.

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I was just about to process some data brought in by Agent 37 . . ."

HIGH-STYLE. WIDE AND HANDSOME

new ties and belts brighten and broaden the fashion scene

BY ROBERT L. GREEN

"Think fat" is increasingly the order of the day when one is about to tie one on or take a belt. Mod-inspired and modish is this colorful sampling of what's making the news in neck- and waistwear. Clockwise from the bird sporting male plumage: Four-inch cotton polka-dot tie, by Taylor, \$3.50; roughed-up cowhide reversible two-inch belt with cotton corduroy edging and lining, brass buckle, by Harness House, \$5. Rich-colored silk four-inch tie with dark polka dots, by Hut, \$4; brushed cotton denim two-inch belt, cowhide trim, gilt buckle, by Paris, \$3.50. Paisley wool-taffeta four-inch tie, by Berkley, \$5; checked gingham silk tie, by Resilio, \$5; giant-dots-on-dark-cotton two-inch belt with black-leather tabs, brass buckle, by Harness House, \$4. Light-colored silk and cotton four-inch tie with black stripes, by Berkley, \$5; deep-toned split-cowhide three-inch belt, brushed-gilt buckle, by Paris, \$7.50.





we come in you might well be taken into custody with the others and it's always possible that one of my more zealous officers might search you. So if there's anything in your pockets that would embarrass you . . ."

"There's a miniaturized radio transmitter inside my denture."

"Get rid of it."

"It was a joke."

Loiseau grunted and said, "The switchboard at the Prefecture is being held open from now on"—he checked his watch to be sure he was telling the truth—"so you'll get through very quickly."

"You told the Prefecture?" I asked. I knew that there was bitter rivalry between the two departments. It seemed unlikely that Loiseau would have confided in them.

"Let's say I have friends in the Signals Division," said Loiseau. "Your call will be monitored by us here in the command vehicle on our loop line."*

"I understand," I said.

"Final wall going now," a voice called softly from the next cellar. Loiseau smacked me lightly on the back and I climbed through the small hole that his men had made in the wall.

"Take this," he said. It was a silver pen, thick and clumsily made. "It's a gas gun," explained Loiseau. "Use it at four meters or less but not closer than one, or it might damage the eyes. Pull the bolt back like this and let it go. The recess is the locking slot; that puts it on safety. But I don't think you'd better keep it on safety."

"No," I said. "I'd hate it to be on safety." I stepped into the cellar and picked my way upstairs.

The door at the top of the service flight was disguised as a piece of paneling. Loiseau's assistant followed me. He was supposed to have remained behind in the cellars, but it wasn't my job to reinforce Loiseau's discipline. And anyway, I could use a man with a shotgun.

I stepped out through the door.

One of my childhood books had a photo of a fly's eye magnified 15,000 times. The enormous glass chandelier looked like that eye, glinting and clinking and unwinking above the great formal staircase. I walked across the mirrorlike wooden floor, feeling that the chandelier was watching me. I opened the tall gilded door and peered in. The wrestling ring had disappeared and so had the metal chairs; the salon was like the carefully arranged rooms of a museum: perfect yet lifeless. Every light in the place was shining bright; the mirrors repeated the nudes and nymphs of the gilded stucco and the painted panels.

I guessed that Loiseau's men were

moving up through the mouseholed cellars, but I didn't use the phone that was in the alcove in the hall. Instead, I walked across the hall and up the stairs. The rooms that M. Datt used as offices—where I had been injected—were locked. I walked down the corridor trying the doors. They were all bedrooms. Most of them were unlocked; all of them were unoccupied. Most of the rooms were lavishly rococo with huge four-poster beds under brilliant silk canopies and four or five angled mirrors.

"You'd better phone," said Loiseau's assistant.

"Once I phone, the Prefecture will have this raid on record. I think we should find out a little more first."

"I think—"

"Don't tell me what you think or I'll remind you that you're supposed to have stayed down behind the wainscoting."

"OK," he said. We both tiptoed up the small staircase that joined the first floor to the second. Loiseau's men must be fretting by now. At the top of the flight of steps I put my head round the corner carefully. I put my head everywhere carefully, but I needn't have been so cautious, the house was empty. "Get Loiseau up here," I said.

Loiseau's men went all through the house, tapping paneling and trying to find secret doors. There were no documents or films. At first there seemed to be no secrets of any kind except that the whole place was a kind of secret: the strange cells with the awful torture instruments, rooms made like lush train compartments or Rolls-Royce cars and all kinds of bizarre environments for sexual intercourse—even beds.

The peeholes and the closed-circuit TV were all designed for M. Datt and his "scientific methods." I wondered what strange records he had amassed and where he had taken them, for M. Datt was nowhere to be found. Loiseau swore horribly. "Someone," he said, "must have told Monsieur Datt that we were coming."

Loiseau had been in the house about ten minutes when he called his assistant. He called long and loud from two floors above. When we arrived, he was crouched over a black metal device rather like an Egyptian mummy. It was the size and very roughly the shape of a human body. Loiseau had put cotton gloves on and he touched the object carefully.

"The diagram of the Couzins girl," he demanded from his assistant.

It was obtained from somewhere, a paper pattern of Annie Couzins' body marked in neat red ink to show the stab wounds, with the dimensions and depth written near each in tiny careful handwriting.

Loiseau opened the black metal case.

"That's it," he said. "Just what I thought." Inside the case, which was just large enough to hold a person, knife points were positioned exactly as indicated on the police diagram. Loiseau gave a lot of orders and suddenly the room was full of men with tape measures, white powder and camera equipment. Loiseau stood back out of their way. "Iron Maidens, I think they call them," he said. "I seem to have read about them in some old schoolboy magazines."

"What made her get into the damn thing?" I said.

"You are naïve," said Loiseau. "When I was a young officer we had so many deaths from knife wounds in brothels that we put a policeman on the door in each one. Every customer was searched. Any weapons he carried were chalked for identity. When the men left, they got them back. I'll guarantee that not one got by that cop on the door, but still the girls got stabbed, fatally sometimes."

"How did it happen?"

"The girls—the prostitutes—snuggled them in. You'll never understand women."

"No," I said.

"Nor shall I," said Loiseau.

. . .

Saturday was sunny, the light bouncing and sparkling as it does only in impressionist paintings and Paris. The boulevard had been fitted with wall-to-wall sunshine and out of it came the smell of good bread and black tobacco. Even Loiseau was smiling. He came galloping up my stairs at 8:30 A.M. I was surprised; he had never visited me before, at least not when I was at home.

"Don't knock, come in." The radio was playing classical music from one of the pirate radio ships. I turned it off.

"I'm sorry," said Loiseau.

"Everyone's at home to a policeman," I said, "in this country."

"Don't be angry," said Loiseau. "I didn't know you would be in a silk dressing gown, feeding your canary. It's very Noel Coward. If I described this scene as typically English, people would accuse me of exaggerating. You were talking to that canary," said Loiseau. "You were talking to it."

"I try out all my jokes on Joe," I said. "But don't stand on ceremony, carry on ripping the place apart. What are you looking for this time?"

"I've said I'm sorry. What more can I do?"

"You could get out of my decrepit but very expensive apartment and stay out of my life. And you could stop putting your stubby peasant fingers into my supply of coffee beans."


"I was hoping you'd offer me some. You have this very light roast that is very rare in France."

"I have a lot of things that are rare in France."


(continued on page 178)

*Paris police have their own telephone system independent of the public one.

humor
By RICHARD ARMOUR



A SHORT DISSERTATION ON LIPS



*tight, grim, sweet, hot, white, red,
thin, full, pouting, bee-stung
and stiff-upper—all are appraised
by an avid collector of labial lore*

LATELY I have been making a study of the female lip. A study in depth, you might call it, though I am more concerned with the exterior of the lip than all the blood vessels, nerves, muscles and whatnot underneath.

☞ What started me thinking, I suppose, was that lower lip of Sophia Loren's. It is what is called a full lower lip. The other kind is simply called a lower lip, not an empty lower lip. What a full lower lip is full of is a rather personal matter, and I would just as soon not go into it. I had a great-grandmother from Kentucky, and I know what her lower lip was full of. Snuff. But Sophia Loren isn't from Kentucky, she's from Italy, and her lower lip is full of something else. Maybe honey. ☞ That full lower lip of Sophia Loren's is an amazing thing. It has a curious sensual appeal. It gives you the feeling that she is pouting because no one has kissed her for the last few minutes. You have a great urge to plant a kiss on that marvelous lip yourself, rather than keep her waiting any longer, and you are

(concluded on page 128)

SECOND BREAKFAST (continued from page 83)

jacket had cost. It was the time. All he had was 36 hours in New York. He was cutting things fine enough to make it out here at all. If now he had to go back to the hotel to change his clothes, how the hell was he going to make the recording session on time?

It wasn't until the door of the candy store crashed shut behind him that Nick realized it had been a mistake to bang it. The white-haired old man in thick glasses who came out of the back looked terrified.

"What do you want?"

"I'm sorry about the door, Mr. Imbesi. I didn't mean to slam it."

"What do you want?"

What the hell was he scared about, Nick thought. Didn't the old boob ever hear a door slam before?

"It's Nick Santora," he said. "I came to see you about my father."

That was another mistake. Nick could see the confused old man struggling to handle the two statements. Not so fast, Nick said to himself. Take it easy. You're the only one knows you're in a hurry.

"Nick Santora?" the old man said slowly.

"That's right," Nick said.

He tried a smile. It didn't seem to help.

"Nicky?" the old man said, even more slowly, feeling his way toward what was clearly an improbable idea. Nick could understand that. A crappy little candy store at the back end of Queens was not the place where you expected Nick Santora to show up in a \$350 sports jacket at 9:30 on a lousy Tuesday morning.

"Look," Nick said, and he took off his hat. "It's me."

That did the trick. Probably because for the first time Mr. Imbesi actually saw the famous smile.

"Nicky!" he said, almost screaming the two syllables in a strangled mixture of wonder and joy and disbelief. "Maria!" the old man shouted as he started to run back, along the edge of the yellowish marble soda fountain, toward the beaded curtain that shielded the store from the two rooms in which he lived with Mrs. Imbesi. "Maria!" he shouted. "It's Nicky! Little Nicky Santora! He's here! Here in the store!"

He disappeared through the beaded curtain, but out in the store Nick could hear the old man yelling his wife's name and telling her about the miracle. Nick supposed he should be flattered, but who the hell wanted to be flattered on a street called 132nd Avenue? In the goddamn Borough of Queens. At a time when he had a recording date on West 53rd Street in like say 90 minutes?

"Mr. Imbesi?" Nick called. He walked toward the rear of the store, past the old jukebox and the rack of girlie magazines. "Mr. Imbesi?"

The old man came poking back through the beaded curtains. He still looked exalted, but some of the radiance was gone.

"She went to the butcher," Mr. Imbesi said. "She always goes early, before it gets crowded. She likes to have the meat for the night in the icebox before the kids start coming in for candy. She won't be long. A few minutes. When she sees you, Nicky, when Maria sees you—"

"I haven't got much time," Nick said. "It's about my father. I got this call from my mother, see. She—"

"She won't believe it," Mr. Imbesi said. "Maria won't believe it." He laughed. A foolish old man's laugh, uncontrolled and giggly. "I don't believe it myself," Mr. Imbesi said. "Nicky Santora, here in my store. In the papers, the magazines, on television, sure. We always watch. Here, look." He came out from behind the fountain and touched the jukebox. "Your records," the old man said. "All the time, they play them. The kids. They're in school now, in the morning. But after school, at night, you should see them. They're crazy about Nick Santora from the old neighborhood. You should see when I tell them you were here."

Mr. Imbesi stopped babbling abruptly, as though he were a child in school and a teacher had reprimanded him for talking in class. "Nicky," he said shyly, and the old man rubbed his palm on his spotted apron before he put out his hand. "It's a pleasure to see you again, Nick. Here in the old neighborhood. It's—I don't know how to say it, Nick."

"Me, too," Nick said, shaking the old man's hand. "I wish I could get back here more often, but you know how it is."

"Of course," Mr. Imbesi said. Nick gave him a sharp look. But there was no room for sarcasm in that lined, leathery, guileless, adoring face. Then, abruptly, the face looked troubled. "Your father, Nick? You said your father?"

"Yeah," Nick said. "Momma called me. Two days ago. I was in Honolulu. I got this arrangement. Every night at six, no matter where I am, she calls the switchboard in New York, my music publishing company, and no matter where I am, they got their orders. They get me on the blower, and they put her through to me."

"I know," Mr. Imbesi said. The white head nodded like an adoring metronome. "The whole neighborhood knows. A few weeks ago, I forget exactly, my head it's not so good like it used to be. I remember your father came in. Every morning he comes, you know. He comes for the paper. Ten o'clock sharp, you could set your watch, that wonderful old man. Like a watch, ten o'clock he comes in, and he

said that morning, he said last night, six o'clock, guess where we talked to Nicky? Guess!"

Oh, Jesus, Nick thought, but he said, "It's hard to guess. I mean I sometimes don't know. I move around a lot."

"I know," Mr. Imbesi said. "We read in the papers. But guess anyway. Where you talked to Momma?"

Nick pretended to close his eyes, but actually he was comparing the clock over the Coca-Cola sign with his Patek Philippe. Eighteen minutes to ten. Jesus, he thought, and then remembered what happened to Father Calucci's face when someone used the name of Our Lord in vain.

"I'm sorry," Nick muttered to the portly man in Los Angeles who worried about the spiritual life of the world's most famous pop singer. "I'm in a bind, Father," Nick said silently. "I got this recording. Father. I came East especially for it. If it goes off right, Magna comes in on my Santora label and it's five big ones in capital gains. Five million, Father. I can't foul this up. They're not saying so, but they want to see if the pipes are still as good as they used to be. I gotta be there on time, Father. And I gotta be able to sing like I never sang before. Five big ones are riding on this lousy recording session. Five with six big fat zeros after it. Don't hound me now, Father. If this goes through, the Church gets its cut, like I promised. So be reasonable, for Christ's sake. Be reasonable, Father."

Mr. Imbesi's glowing face came closer, as though it were a taper and with it he was about to ignite a candle.

"Guess," the old man said again.

Oh, Jesus, Nick prayed, but he said, "Hong Kong?"

Mr. Imbesi laughed.

"No, but I think near there," he said. "You talked to Momma from Vietnam."

"Oh, yeah, Saigon," Nick said. "We were there for the troops. Entertaining the soldiers."

"And Momma spoke to you," Mr. Imbesi said. "And the next morning, your father, Poppa, he came in at ten o'clock for his paper, and he told us. Me and my wife." He turned toward the beaded curtain at the rear of the store and shouted, "Maria!" But there was no answer. "She'll be here," the old man said. "Any minute."

"Good. fine, OK, swell," Nick said. "Be nice to see her. It really will. But what I came out for this morning, Mr. Imbesi, I had this call from Momma two days ago. In Honolulu. She says every morning Poppa comes in here at ten o'clock."

"Like I said," Mr. Imbesi said. "Every morning. Sharp, on the dot, ten o'clock. You could set your watch. That wonderful
(continued on page 150)



the author-comedian-actor, with a visual assist from our photographers, offers antic comments and ample evidence that these femmes—fatale and fabulous—are the most plenteous and pulchritudinous to appear in a James Bond flick, the nuttiest ever filmed

THE GIRLS OF "CASINO ROYALE" BY WOODY ALLEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY
SHAW AND TERRY O'NEILL

LAST WINTER, producer Charles K. Feldman approached me to appear in his new James Bond extravaganza, *Casino Royale*—not, as I had expected, as James Bond, but as 007's nephew, Little Jimmy Bond, who eventually is unmasked as the evil Dr. Noah. We dickered for a few days, until I asked him if there were going to be any girls in the picture. He started listing them, and three hours later I interrupted to accept his original cash offer of three dollars. Armed with assorted aphrodisiacs and my fatal good looks, I quickly embarked for London. Soon I was submerged in more flesh than Flo Ziegfeld ever imagined in his wildest fantasies, with Ursula Andress on my right, Joanna Pettet on my left, Barbara Bouchet on top of me and 24 girls beneath me, making the world's most electrifying blanket. They were only a portion of the numbingly voluptuous women in *Casino Royale*—Killer Girls, Fang Girls, Guard Girls, Orgy Girls—but I dealt with each one as a master: now half mocking and aloof, now suddenly coy and roguish. Ursula was simple. She was



JOANNA PETTET, displayed in various states of uncoverage on the opening page, and at left and above, went from *The Group* to *Casino Royale*, plays Mato Bond, daughter of Moto Hari and Sir James Bond. Woody's comments on *Casino's* girls began with: "I'd hate to tell you where that Buddha has his hands, but you'll notice he's smiling."



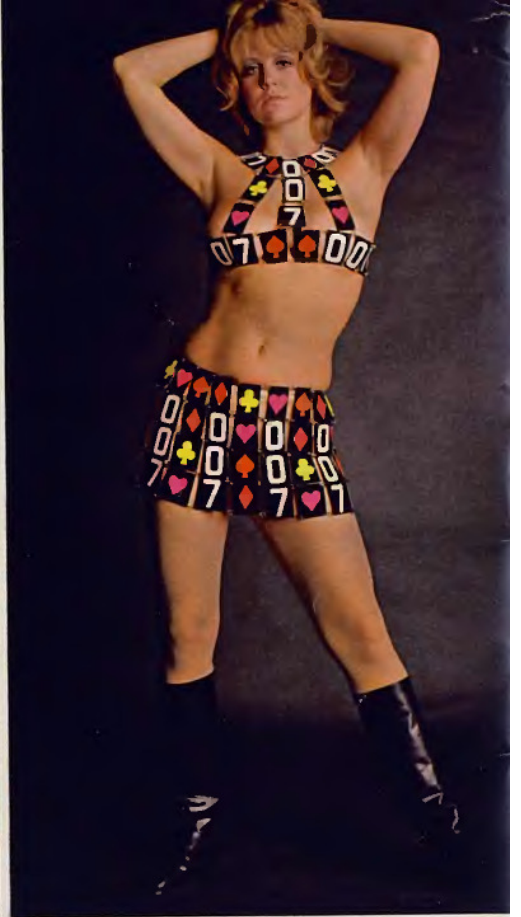
an animal and I was an animal. I toyed with her, leading her on for the good of the picture and finally extracting from her a performance so stunning it compares favorably with my own. Joanna Pettet was a completely different problem. She saw me as a symbol of all men—the understanding father, the amusing little boy, the poet driven mad by a relentless passion. It was all I could do to keep Joanna from going over the line, but I managed it. I tried to imply nothing in our on-screen kisses that would give her too much hope. Just enough to keep her looking forward to the next take. I was cruel in order to be kind. Of Barbara Bouchet, I will say nothing except that to this day I receive flowers from her now and again with a perfumed note that reads, "You made me feel like a woman for the first time. Thank you." Finally, there were the 24 girls who were hired to guard the character I portray. It was hell. I resisted temptation like a preacher. The only time I slipped at all was with numbers 4 to 21, inclusive. But nobody is perfect. Certainly not those few of the movie's six directors who were unable to find roles for themselves amidst the lovelies; but *Casino* is at least two up on all other Bond extravaganzas: It boasts three 007s. Imperfect, too, I dare say, are the PLAYBOY editors, who begged me to act as an editorial consultant for the captions accompanying these 13 pages of pictures of my conquests—the girls of *Casino Royale*. You'll notice a certain flippancy in their treatment of my inside revelations, which they've subverted with a host of irrelevancies they call facts. There's only one reason I'm letting them get away with it: They're giving me a free copy of the issue.

KILLER GIRLS Alexandra Bastida and Tracey Crisp, shown stripping David Niven—as Sir James Bond—and Angela Scoular, sharing his sudsy tub, are three Britishers just beginning to be seen on the London cinema scene. As the daughter-accomplices of M, played by Jahn Hustan, they persuade Sir James out of retirement even as he drinks two of their number under the table (bottom right). Hustan, who scripted and directed *Casino's* opening sequence, is shown hunching through its bathtub set (below center), worlds away from his portrayal of Naah in *The Bible*.



URSULA ANDRESS, *Casino's* leading Bond-flick veteran (she was Dr. No's sea siren, Honeychile Rider), plays wealthy farmer spy Vesper Lynd, who is talked into teaming up with Sir James and Mata Band. "If Botticelli were alive today," Woody claims, "he'd probably want to jump on Ursula like the rest of us."





FANG GIRLS—led by Britain's blonde Baker twins (shown above on either side of Orson Welles, *Casino's* evil Le Chiffre)—include Fiana Lewis, top right and center, who will soon appear in Roman Polonski's *The Vampire Killers*. Gunning for the Fang Girls at top left is an obviously high-caliber Ursula—whose emergence as filmdam's reigning sex queen was depicted in two *PLAYBOY* features, *She Is Ursula Andress* (June 1965) and *Ursula* (July 1966). Series of three top photos, according to Woody, "provides the framework of a brilliant new panel show, in which blindfolded contestants would have to figure out by touch which girl is Ursula."

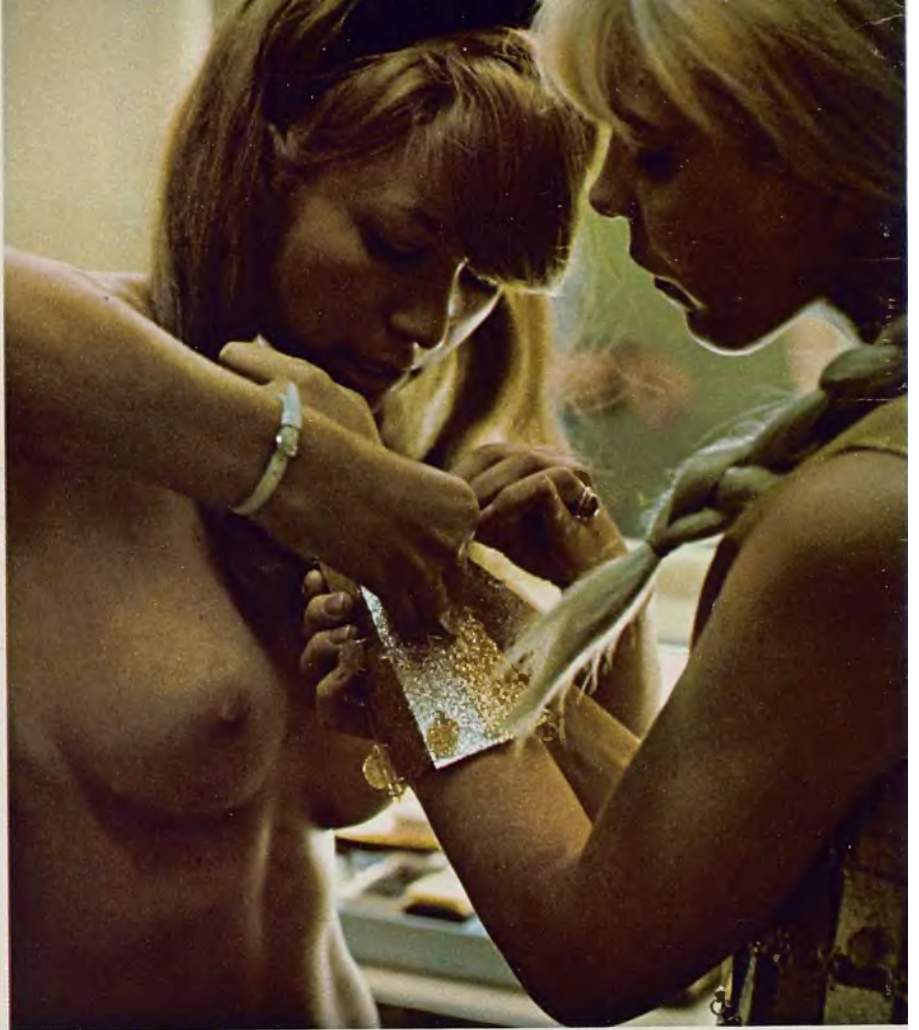


DREAM GIRLS appear when Welles torments Peter Sellers into fantasizing a surrealist beauty contest, above and below, as well as nostalgic visions, such as one at right of tramp-caps Geraldine Chaplin and Dick Talmadge, the segment's director. Woody says Ursula's answer to query What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt? has "a sexistential elaqueence."





BARBARA BOUCHET plays Miss Manypenny considerably sexier here than in previous Band epics. She was the girl in the nude surf smooch with Hugh O'Brian in *PLAYBOY's* May 1965 feature *The Kiss*—Circa '65. At top right, she spoofs the opening *Goldfinger* scene by slipping out of diving gear to reveal flimsy formal attire, then accompanies Niven on a break into Le Chiffre's headquarters, right center, only to end in literal bondage herself. Woody insists that Barbara's "proud, defiant look," in the shot above, is a result of the fact that she had just had the privilege of sampling the Allen body—"I fell on her when somebody ripped off my pasties. Barbara later confessed to me that the incident filled her with precisely the same animal excitement one feels when shuffling a deck of cards."



GUARD GIRLS protecting the nosy Dr. Nooh, one of Woody's two roles in *Casino Royale*, include the appealingly unguarded Samantha Jewell, adjusting Tony Burnett's brocelet, above; Vonesso Sutton, left; and Morilyn Ricard and Jone Forster, below. At work, top left, is designer Poco Robonne, creator of the Guord Girls' wild plastic costumes. Woody asserts that "o miracle of make-up, o putty mommy, is shown above. This technique was also used on Anthony Quinn's nose in *Lawrence of Arabia*, the result being that Quinn's nose is constantly being fondled on subways."



Woody's galaxy of Guard Girls shown here represents only a fraction of the hundred-plus beauties who make up Casino's several good and evil girl gangs. Vol Guest, one of the film's six directors, discovered most of the girls, reportedly under orders from producer Charles Feldman that there would be "no background dogs in *Cosino Royale*." Marilyn Ricord, on Woody's left, and Jean Rolands, on his right, are among his guardian angels. "You'll notice," Woody says, "that Marilyn and Jean are pretty well backed up with reinforcements—they decided to assign me one Guard Girl for each part of my body. Most of them had never acted before, so I worked with them individually, often far into the night, to get a first-rate performance. Sometimes, making love to them was the only thing I could do to quell their jangled nerves." Bottom, Barbara Bouchet and Terence Cooper, *Cosino's* third 007, effect on escape through a shattering barrage of Guard Girl fire.





ORGY GIRLS highlight *Casino Royale's* most satirical sequence, in which top-ranking officers of the world's armed forces bid in auction for Le Chiffre's still shots of a previous night of piece-keeping operations. Brightening the frame-up photos are Playmate-Bunny Dolly Read, below; London model Samantha Jewell, draped in grapes at bottom left; and Tony Burnett, bottom right, whose face is blocked from view but whose figure reveals her qualifications as England's leading nude model. Miss Burnett is the featured attraction of *The Naked World* of George Harrison Marx, a continuing smash at first-run London theaters.



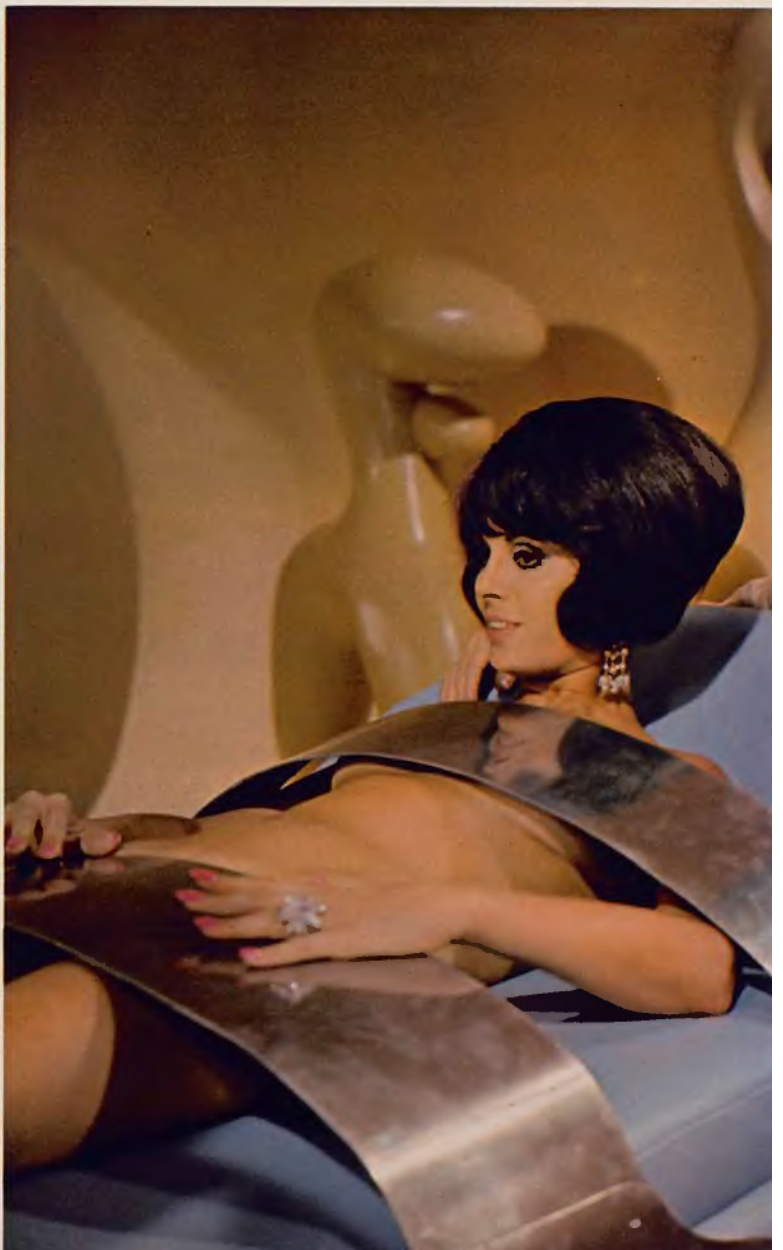


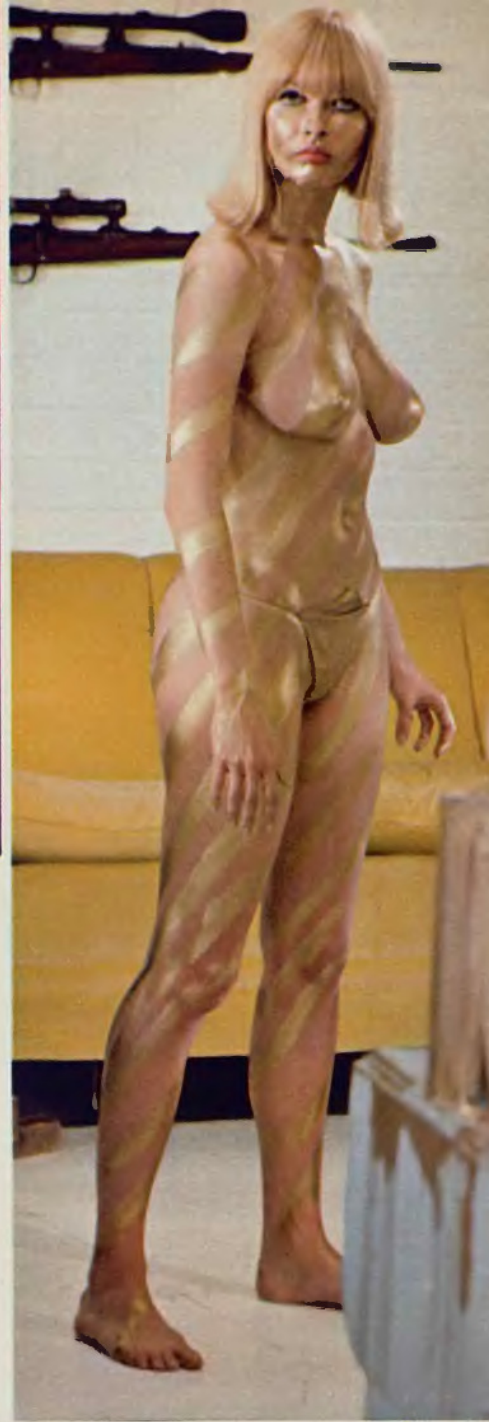
Armed forces orgy takes a militant turn at the moment—caught in the shot at bottom right and projected on screen at upper left on facing page—when the generals discover that Le Chiffre has been making five-star stag films of their fun. In the center of the bacchanal, above, is Samantha Jewell, one of the tastiest morsels in Casino's surfeit of honeys. Animosities built up during the frantic bidding for the blackmail shots—in which the Oriental gentleman in both tub bids 30,000,000 Chinese—were further aggravated when Moto Bond substitutes real war films for blue material. "I was technical director for the whole sequence," Woody notes, "calling on my vast experience as idea man in a French brothel. I contained myself magnificently during the shooting, although I must admit I still have a fair amount of Max Factor on my hands."





DALIAH LAVI portrays The Detainer, a special British spy whose function is to slow down the evil forces of the world by dalliance. Daliah starred in *Lard Jim* and *The Silencers* after an Israeli childhood and a teenage membership in the ballet company of Sweden's Royal Opera House. At top right, Daliah is effectively detained herself, on a table that exemplifies the wild imagination of Casina's chief production designer, Michael Stringer. Concerning these pictures, Woody chuckled and said, "Look closely at the one above. I am standing next to Daliah and am employing one of my oldest ruses, the fake arm. My apparently immobile left arm is not real. It is cloth stuffed with sawdust. My real arm is behind Daliah, engaged in a series of moves that would astound Jahn Scarne. Note the expression on Daliah's face: She's loving it, although the whole episode did catch her a little off guard. After a while, I became known as the man around the production to look out far and was forced to abandon the cloth arm for more complicated fakery. On the right, I have Detainer Daliah strapped down with shiny aluminum bands and am searching desperately for a reflection."





GOLDFINGER GIRLS—including London stage actress Anne Thompson, above, and Conadion model Greto Van Rentwyck, right—are discovered being gilded en masse in a special Cosino studio when a concealing mirror is demolished during a 12-minute, million-dollar fight scene, providing gilt-edged evidence of producer Feldman's determination to top all previous Bond films in lavish zoniness. "Frankly, pointing girls is not my scene," Woody told *PLAYBOY*, "although I must admit that I did croon a waitress in lowo once—but there isn't much to do in lowo, and I was stuck there overnight. The girl in the photo below, by the way, is not a professional octriss but one of the witnesses before the Worren Commission. This is how she appeared after the hearing—obviously having been finger-pointed. The fact that she is not mentioned in the Report is the real factor in the drive to reopen the investigation."





Casina climax comes when Woady—now revealed to one and all as the supremely villainous Dr. Noah—accepts Daliah's offer of a nuclear pill, chokes on it and blows the whole Casina and everyone in it, including Ursula, below, out of this world. Swimsuited couple, above left, manages to carry on during wild finale, perhaps because Jennie Lefrie is England's leading stunt girl. Among the accouterments of the Casina-headquarters is a fake gaming table hiding a secret cache of weapons; underside of lid, top left, is an elaborate collage of PLAYBOY art and photos prepared especially for Casino Royale by artist LeRay Neiman. Woody insists, of course, that he is making love to Daliah again in the shot above right. "The discrepancy in our heights presented some problems, so I tried to secure the box that Alan Ladd used to stand on while making love to his leading ladies; unfortunately, I wound up instead with a deep box Gary Cooper kept around to play down his enormous stature. The result was much wasted footage, as I only came up to Daliah's thigh, in which I believe she still carries my two left molars. The shot below—which Sellers took with a Polaroid through Ursula's hotel window—is final testimony, I think, to the power of the incredible Allen charms."





Heavenly curtain calls are allowed Barbara Bouchet, above, and film's other stars following *Così*'s climactic carnage. In a final *PLAYBOY* spoof, Terence Caaper reveals that—even in heaven—a James Bond always will find fallen angels like Samantha Jewell. Waady tried to persuade us to say Samantha is really a member of the Teamsters Union in the world's greatest drag costume, but we decided to keep this final captian straight.



Where are the Russians? *(continued from page 82)*

"Roger. TV excellent. World-wide retransmission through Early Bird. We'll make Go-No Go decision during second pass. You're getting a lot of attention down below." In fact, the largest recovery force ever assembled is fanning out toward specified points in the Atlantic and Pacific, with backup in the Indian Ocean.

So far, AS-468 has passed through a 60-minute day, 30 minutes of darkness and emerged into sunlight again. Soon it's Beaufort, at Cape Kennedy, part of the communications loop. "How's business, Wally?"

"Everything nominal. Give me a mark as we pass over Cape."

"Roger." A few minutes later comes the "Three-two-one-mark!"

Apollo's clock reads 01:41:52 into the mission. Deducting orbital climb time, the first orbit took exactly 90 minutes. "You can't hardly beat that," Schiller tells his crew on intercom. "Do we go next time?" He gets a vigorous "Affirmative" from Balchen and Norlund. "Don't know why not!" That settles it. "We'll begin translunar injection firing program this orbit, Tom," Schiller radios. "Notifying Houston. Over."

"Roger. Have a good trip, you all. Hear?"

At 02:49:50 into the mission, Schiller tells Houston, "Translunar injection firing program complete. It's Go from here."

There's a brief pause, then the long-anticipated reply, "Roger. Go ahead."

"Begin lunar injection countdown in eleven minutes."

"Roger. Eleven minutes. Ascension, Madrid, Antigua notified."

With five seconds to go, Balchen gets set. "OK. Three-two-one-mark!" Right on time, S-IVB fires up, its roar reduced in the void to a soundless vibration and a cone-shaped streak of flame. The astronauts feel an immediate acceleration force of half a G as Apollo surges toward 25,000 mph to escape the earth's gravity. Acceleration increases with fuel burn; it rises to two Gs. One second beyond predicted time, the engine cuts and vibration ceases.

"Confirm translunar injection," Schiller tells Houston from over the United States 03:05:58 into the mission.

"Roger. Stand by." Then, after a seeming eternity, Houston confirms. "Go ahead and bring home the bacon!"

"Roger. We will initiate turnaround at 14 minutes, 15 seconds from now," Schiller announces. This is a tricky maneuver. The command and service modules, firing small thruster rockets, do a 180-degree turnabout and dock nose to nose with the lunar module. Scheduled time for this maneuver is 27 minutes. Schiller takes 58 seconds longer. "Transposition and docking complete." Then a short coast. At 03:50:58 into the mission, a

final jolt heralds the separation of the burned-out S-IVB stage.

Now Schiller, Balchen and Norlund are on their way to the moon. Almost any malfunction would compromise the mission. A few minutes later, they inform Houston, "Landing legs deployed." A lonely journey of 65 to 70 hours lies ahead, a journey no human being ever undertook before.

. . .

October 3, 1968: At noon an Ilyushin turboprop airliner touches down on the skid strip of cosmodrome number two, in Tyura-Tam, Russia. General Vladimir Efimovich Staknovsky, chief of the Soviet space program, and Professor Grigori Pavlovich Denisov, top scientist of the Soviet Academy, have arrived from Moscow. Colonel Grazenko, commanding officer of Tyura-Tam Cosmodrome, salutes the distinguished visitors. Peppery, paunchy, eagle-eyed and gray-haired, General Staknovsky grumbles, "What is this infernal weather doing to our launches?"

"Weather reports indicate a clearing sky and good tracking visibility in three hours, Comrade General," Grazenko assures him. "As you know, the sun usually burns out this stuff."

"It had better do so! Any unscheduled holds in the countdown?"

"None so far, Comrade General." Grazenko strikes a match for the general's cigarette. "We had minor problems with a gyro-stabilizer during precount, but correction time was absorbed by a built-in hold."

"Ah," Staknovsky, inveterate smoker, puffs through a long holder. "The *Amerikantzi* go tomorrow morning with their Saturn. No delays are foreseen. *Ponemayete?*"

"Yes, I understand, Comrade General. If only—"

"If this, if that. Lift-off number one is still scheduled for 1700 hours, then?"

"Barring the unforeseen—*da!*"

"*Harasho.*" nods the general. "It is vital to Comrade Premier Kobaev, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Communist world that we succeed in this lunar mission!"

"We will, Comrade General."

"Still, the *Amerikantzi* may well get there before us," Staknovsky frowns.

"They will launch before we are ready, but our trajectory will take much less time," Professor Denisov points out. "At the least we will be the first to return to earth."

"Will there be a public announcement?" the colonel inquires.

"Of our real intentions? *Absolutno nyet!*" snaps the general. "Tass agency will announce orbital maneuvers, since it is impossible to conceal this; but nothing more will be said until the journey is almost completed."

In the huge command blockhouse, Professor Denisov reviews launch plans for the general. "Our idea is exactly the opposite of the *Amerikantzi*, as you know, General. Instead of lifting what is needed into an earth orbit and then assembling for the trip to the moon, the Americans lift all the hardware and three passengers on one rocket and aim directly for a moon orbit. There the lunar excursion module separates and lands two of them on the moon. Later, the upper half of the lunar excursion module takes off and docks with the so-called command module. The two astronauts transfer to the command module to join their pilot, discard the lunar excursion module and come home.

"We have decided on the earth orbit as the first stop. This permits us to lift everything we need and assemble it in orbit close by. But we will need three launches to do the job. We have our first launch at 1700 hours this afternoon. The payload is the lunar excursion module on top of a lunar braking module. These will not be used until lunar descent and so they are sealed to minimize corrosion and contamination.

"To reduce maneuvering and docking problems with later modules, this payload must be put into a precise orbit." Professor Denisov's dry voice continues. "If it gets away from us, the entire lunar mission will be compromised and the *Amerikantzi* will beat us both ways."

"*Da, da.*" General Staknovsky is a little impatient.

"Our second launch will be one orbit later, at 1830 hours. The payload is the Voskhod three-man spacecraft, below it a sealed service module, and below that an earth orbit maneuvering module that performs the docking maneuver with the sealed lunar braking module.

"Countdown of the two launches is concurrent but independent. There is, however, *interdependence.*"

"*Pravda.* Comrade Professor," agrees the general. "The ninety-minute launch schedule must therefore be met or we'll be in as much trouble as if we lost the first payload."

"Theoretically," Denisov reminds him, "we have five hours available—"

"Theoretically nothing!" snaps the general. "There is no time left to play games. Let us now have the latest information on the third launch, *pojaloosta.* If that one doesn't go and the other two are in orbit, we have no choice but to abort the mission."

"The third launch," Denisov takes up the narrative, "will be at ten A.M. tomorrow morning—seventeen hours after the first launch. The payload is the translunar injection module that will accelerate the multiple docked modules of the first two launches to escape velocity. This is our locomotive. To lift it into orbit, we

(continued on page 152)

fiction By RICHARD FARIÑA

long time coming and a long time gone



he thought of them invading the south in their buses, stirring things up with their speeches, polluting the places he ate, and he knew that somebody had to be the avenging angel to strike them down

CHICKEN FAT. Black chicken fat, that's all he smell like. Three four mile away he come stepping off the bus, no matter what kinda grease he got up under his arms, no matter what kinda pomade, you smell him, whiff.

True enough I don't get that close 'cept the one time I give him the business. But down the Preparation and Readiness Club there's a couple that got it good. They're waiting at Trailways when he come off, Harlem New York suit, little secret lapel pin, shined shoes, press reporters paying out attention like he was up for space in the legislature. The TV taking down words what he speak. Nicreamus his name, something like that, stole out of the Bible, Nicreamus Loam. Agent for the conspiracy.

The two boys from the club hang back, let pictures get took, count the crowd standing around, see who there and who ain't, take names, listen to the speech he make.

Sedition. Full of black sedition and propaganda. Anyone can tell. "Hundred years," come Murtagh Feud, mocking, pinkies in his nostrils. Murtagh looks the part when he minds, head like a bull's only bigger, baby fat. He's local deputy, full time, acting chancellor of the Preparation and Readiness Club. He roll back his lips, bug his eyes, keeps going. "Hundred years the spade say. E-mancipation, civil rights, using words like he ain't no nigga atall, regular Yankee voice like some announcer in the newsreel."

"He's passin'," come Billy-Dick Mangle, other boy who scouted the bus stop. "Pretty (continued on page 174) 123

A Movable Feast of



Minigarbed girls bear up smartly under a litter literally loaded with the last ward in portable sights and sounds. On this page (clockwise from one): Our electronic emir directs his lead bearer over an SR-J40X walkie-talkie, by Standard Radio, \$34.95 each. Three-inch Minni TV can be recharged from auto battery, weighs 5½ lbs. with batteries, by Symphonic, \$159.95. Nav/Cam unit includes 90-channel transceiver and 100-channel navigation VHF receiver, weighs 17 lbs. with batteries, by Bayside Electronics, \$1399.50. Part-mount stereo cartridge tape player for car, boat, plane, by SJB, \$169.95. Under-the-dash stack, by Tenna, includes marine converter, \$39.95, FM multiplex adapter, \$99.95, AM/FM car radio, \$79.95. Model LB-3 car stereo headphone adapter, \$7.95; SP-3XC stereophones, \$24.95, both by Koss Electronics. Automatic 4- and 8-track car stereo cartridge tape player, by Tenna, \$129.95. Nova CB 5-band portable citizens-band receiver and radio direction finder, by Nova-Tech, \$149.95. Model RF-5000A radio tunes AM, FM, short-wave, marine and amateur bands, by Panasonic, \$299.95. Model WRC-150 television recording camera, weighs 30 lbs.; case at chap's left elbow holds batteries and tape supply, by Westel, \$10,500 plus lens. Tapes must be played on Westel's WTR100 studio recorder (not shown), \$15,000.

Sights and Sounds

**new portable
entertainment and
communication gear
for the guy
on the go**



Clockwise from 11: Model TV-700U 7-inch portable TV, with black screen for outdoor viewing, operates on AC, rechargeable battery, 12-volt car/boat battery, weighs 8.6 lbs., by Sony, \$125. RadioCorder combines AM, tape recorder, AC or battery operated, has remote control on microphone, by Concord Electronics, \$89.95. Portable solid-state unit featuring 9-inch TV, AM/FM, 4-speed stereo changer, has accessory adapter cord for operation from car, boat, trailer, external 12-volt battery, weighs 27 lbs., by Delmonico International, \$219.95. Standby 1 portable aviation VHF 10-channel transceiver, weighs 2 lbs., by Regency Avionics, \$179.95. Portable 8-track tape cartridge player, works on rechargeable batteries or AC, by Leor Jet, \$179.95. Portable cartridge tape recorder weighs 4½ lbs., has remote control, by General Electric, \$69.95. Versatile III pocket tape recorder, weighs 13 ozs., operates 15 hours on 3 penlight batteries, records and plays back up to 45 minutes, by DeJur-Grundig, \$69.50 plus case. Model MWW-13A marine radiophone, includes 25-watt transmitter, 8-transistor receiver, 4 crystal-controlled channels, by Heathkit, \$164.95. Micro-TV has 4.5-inch screen, AM/FM, operates on 6 flashlight batteries or rechargeable power pack, AC, weighs 8.8 lbs. with batteries, by Crown Radio, \$199.95.



"Post time, darling."



a strange device for a faithful wife

from the Chinese tales of Min-chien

ONCE THERE WAS A RICH MERCHANT in China who decided to buy a young and beautiful wife. The woman of his choice was unwilling, for she had long admired in secret a handsome young man, and the merchant was paunchy and old. However, knowing no one would heed her protests, she kept silent. The merchant paid her father a reasonable sum and bore her off to his village.

Once there, however, he was overcome with fears. Her beauty was so great that he could not bear to leave such a priceless possession exposed to the world. "Alas!" he thought. "How many of my friends have guarded their wives as well as I guard mine—and yet have been cuckolded before they reached the main street of the village!"

Since his affairs of trade sometimes required him to be absent a whole day, he finally sought help from a soothsayer said to possess certain mysterious powers. He was not disappointed. On receipt of a large and perfect pearl, the soothsayer presented him with a small bottle colored the soft green of old jade. "When you have to leave your young wife," he said, "and alas that it should be so—simply look at her and blow across the neck of this bottle. She will instantly be transported inside it, and you can go your way with no concern for her chastity. When you wish her return, simply remove the cork, repeat the process and there will be your wife, ready for your pleasure."

The merchant was overjoyed, and the following morning he looked at his beautiful wife, standing radiant in her silken robe, and blew across the neck of the bottle. Instantly she disappeared, but a faint cry of dismay from inside the bottle told of her safe imprisonment. Knowing she was secure, the merchant clapped the cork into the bottle and went his way.

When he returned, he blew across the neck of the bottle and instantly there she stood, in all her beauty, puzzled as to how she had spent the day but, after the dullness of her solitude, ready to submit to any pastimes he might have devised for his entertainment. In this way, some time passed in total peace of mind for the merchant. Though his wife began to pine as a result of the dullness of her life, her husband congratulated himself daily on the success of his device.

One day, however, since he planned to remain at home, he permitted her to retain her freedom and instructed her to wash his robes in the river. His young

wife was delighted at the chance to see the outside world, even though it meant performing duties that a man of his wealth might have entrusted to a servant. She sang as she scrubbed at the riverbank. Suddenly she felt something hard in the folds of her husband's sleeve and drew out a little bottle. Uncorking it, she raised it to her nose to smell what it contained—then realized dazedly that this object was always the last thing she saw each morning. Startled, she raised her head and, looking up, saw, on the moon bridge above her, the young man she had admired so much in her village. She gasped and then breathed out softly across the neck of the bottle. Instantly the young man disappeared. Confused and troubled, she fell to scrubbing, and returned quickly to her home, replacing the bottle where she had found it.

The next morning the merchant, having to go to his storehouse, again blew across the bottle, and his wife was transported therein.

And what was her delight but to find herself in intimate contact with the young man she had so long admired. Instantly he pressed his advantage, and she herself was entranced to find her day so enlivened. Their small size in no way diminished their pleasure, and it was night, and time for the husband to return, before they were even remotely tired.


On returning, the merchant complacently picked up the bottle and blew across the neck, as was his custom. What was his surprise to find standing before him not only his devoted wife but, holding her hand, a handsome young man!

"Oh!" he cried, stamping his slippered foot. "Is it, then, impossible to keep a young wife to oneself?"

But that was all he had time to say. In his horror, he had dropped the bottle. His young wife had picked it up. The last he saw was the look in her eyes, fixed intently on him, as she blew across its neck.

Though he could not see, he could hear. There was no doubt about the sounds that came from the silken bed—obviously a pleasant change from the hard sides of the bottle.

From that day on, the young man enjoyed the merchant's wealth—and his other perquisites. But such was his own charm that he had no need to restrain his fair wife with anything but the chains of love.

—Retold by Kenneth Marcuse 

DISSERTATION ON LIPS (continued from page 107)

just about to step up and do it when you recognize from the pictures that the man standing next to her is her husband. That lip is his. That is, it is Sophia's but he has charge of it.

Back in the Twenties and Thirties, the great sex queens of the movies, like Clara Bow and Jean Harlow, had tiny Cupid's bow lips. Their tongue, I guess, was the arrow. Sometimes a screen star looked as though she had just eaten a green persimmon. What was attractive about her lips was that they looked all puckered up and ready. But they rather monotonously stayed puckered all the time, even when their owner was screaming for help, forced to do something she insisted she didn't want to do, such as getting into an automobile with a stranger.

Until Marilyn Monroe came along, a woman with her mouth always slightly open and her lips quivering probably had adenoids and a nervous tic. But Marilyn Monroe made parted lips popular. If they glistened a little, as if covered by nail polish, so much the better. Imitating Marilyn Monroe, starlets went around with their mouths slightly open and their lips quivering. They might not have done it as well as Marilyn, but they gave a man the general effect. The general effect was helplessness and willingness, tinged with imbecility.

Once I knew a girl, when I was in high school, who had upside-down lips, or at least so they appeared. That is, her upper lip was where her lower lip should have been and her lower lip was where her upper lip should have been. She was pretty, in a freakish sort of way, and stood out in a crowd. They say this sort of thing happens only once in 10,000,000, so I was privileged to get in on it.

Of course, all of us boys wanted to know how it felt to kiss a girl with upside-down lips, and we had our chance. At the senior class party there was a booth where kisses were for sale, and this girl was on duty for about an hour. She made a killing. I guess there's nothing like doing something different, or doing the same old thing in a different way. I kissed her three times, at 50 cents each, and could have done it again if I had had the money, but \$1.50 was all I had on me. There was something special about it, something once in a lifetime. You had the curious feeling of kissing a girl who was standing on her head and yet her face was up at the usual place. It could be that this is what started my interest in lips, even before Sophia Loren.

In college there was a girl who was said to have the hottest lips in our class. When she was kissed, she gave off sparks, or maybe it only seemed that way. There was a rumor that she sprin-

kled her lips with cayenne pepper. Certainly there was a distinct aftertaste, though to me it was a little more like spearmint. Her upper teeth stuck out a little, but instead of getting in the way or being uncomfortable, they gave you an extra thrill. There was a kind of intensity and purposefulness about her kissing that was possible only with teeth like that. They scraped your own teeth a little and there was something really intimate about the whole business.

But this is not about teeth, it's about lips. The word "lip" goes back through Middle English to the Anglo-Saxon *lippa* and is related to the Latin *labium*, which some find a little embarrassing. More interesting, or more discussible, is the theory held by some philologists that "lip" has some connection with "lap." Just how one's lip is connected with one's lap is something for the student of anatomy to look into. It may be connected, but there is quite an area in between. Fortunately, there is not an upper lap and a lower lap, just a lap.

This gives rise to an interesting speculation. What if you had only one lip? And what if you had a choice and could have either an upper lip or a lower lip, but not both? I know which of Sophia Loren's lips I would rather have, even for only a few minutes. As for Elizabeth Taylor, whose lips I have been studying with some thoroughness lately, the upper and lower are equally good, and it would be agonizing to have to make a choice. The time I like Elizabeth Taylor's lips best is when they are pressed tightly against Richard Burton's. They may look all flattened out and squashed, but since I always identify perfectly with Burton, I am having such a good time I don't notice.

This suggests that it isn't so much how a woman's lips look as how they feel. If they are smooth and resilient, it doesn't matter what shape they are. They should give, but they should also bounce right back and not remain flat. They should also be warm. A good temperature is 98.6 degrees. Whether they should be moist is a matter of taste.

As long ago as the ancient Egyptians, women colored their lips so that men would notice they had them. At first they used things like overripe berries, and berries could be a nuisance and were hard to carry around in a handbag, where they could make a mess if they got smashed. The coming of lipstick made it possible for women to color their lips when berries weren't in season. It also made it possible to stand in front of a mirror, putting on lipstick, for hours, for the sole purpose of being late. When a woman puts on lipstick, she first rubs the lipstick all over and then does a

finish job with her finger, around the edges. Then she purses her lips until they completely disappear and then pops them out again. Then she rubs her upper lip with her lower lip until she has got rid of most of the lipstick. Then she starts in with her lipstick all over again.

Until recently, women colored their lips red, either because they thought that would be the color of their lips if they were healthy, normal women or because they thought that was the color men liked women's lips to be. Now they color them to match their eyes, which may or may not be red, or their dress or their draperies or the upholstery of their car. This leads to some interesting shades of blue, green and purple. The most recent vogue is for a kind of gray lipstick that makes the lips look as if they were chapped or, in some instances, not there at all. This causes men to stare, wondering, "Where are her lips?" and once a man has started to stare, he may see something else he likes and be hooked.

When lips have been completely obliterated, the next step is obvious. Women will draw, or perhaps have tattooed, another pair of lips in an unusual place, as a conversation piece. Maybe on their cheek, or on their forehead, or on the back of their neck, or any old place. They may even have several pairs of lips, and a man who is trying to steal a kiss will, understandably, be confused.

"Where are the real ones?" he will pant, pretty wrought up after several false starts.

"Keep trying," she will say. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lips."

When you analyze them, there is nothing really beautiful about those two strips of flesh known as a woman's lips. But usually you don't analyze them. You feel rather than think, and when you feel, they feel good. The poets have hymned women's lips in many a deathless line. Take Shakespeare's "And steal immortal blessing from her lips." Or Christopher Marlowe's "Her lips suck forth my soul." Or Suckling's description, which brings me back to Sophia Loren:

*Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly).*

This is a far cry from the scientific description of lips: "Fleshy or muscular parts composing the opening of the mouth in man and many other animals, and covering the teeth." The man who wrote that ought to get out of the laboratory, or hire a more attractive assistant.

Whatever their size or shape or color, women's lips are going to be around for a long time. If you haven't had any contact with them lately, you are missing something.



JAZZ '67

a look at the current jazz scene—plus
the winners of the 11th annual playboy
poll and readers' choices for the playboy
jazz hall of fame and records of the year

By NAT HENTOFF



THE 1967 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

WHAT COULD TURN OUT to have been the most significant trend in the jazz year just past was the increasing use of the music as an organic part of neighborhood and public school activities. In New York City, for example, the traveling Jazzmobile gave more than 40 concerts during the summer in what the sociologists call "disadvantaged" neighborhoods. Such prestigious jazzmen as Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver and Coleman Hawkins participated at union scale (about \$20 a performance). Pianist Billy Taylor, director of the project, described its appeal to the musicians as well as the listeners: "We're invited in to play by block leaders. We start with a kind of parade and we cruise down the street to a specific area, stop and play for an hour. The faces on those kids made up for the little pay we were getting." The Jazzmobile is supported by Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians and a beer company.

Jazz also became part of a number of antipoverty operations. Harlem's Har-You-Act included a resident jazz orchestra; and in Brooklyn, jazz bassist

**CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY,**
alto sax

**RAY
BROWN,**
bass

GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax





**DUKE
ELLINGTON, LEADER**

**BUDDY
DE FRANCO
CLARINET**

**STAN
GETZ,
tenor sax**

**BUDDY
RICH,
drums**

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo

THE 1967 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

Ahmed Abdul-Malik, music director of Bedford-Stuyvesant's Youth in Action, gave classes in jazz and set up concerts by bands composed of local youngsters and professionals. In California, when community leaders of Watts wanted to mark the anniversary of the 1965 violence in that neighborhood, they decided to hold a three-day Summer Art and Jazz Festival in August. Said one of the organizers: "The revolt of last year marked the end of Watts' passivity. This year's festival is within the new tradition of positive, forceful community action."

On a Federal level, jazz was still beyond the boundaries of official recognition. In May, when the National Council on the Arts decided to allocate \$3,000,000 to support theater, literature, music and the graphic arts, there was no mention of jazz. However, there were nascent signs that state cultural establishments were becoming slightly more hip. For the first time, the New York State Council of the

**FEMALE
VOCALIST**



**ELLA
FITZGERALD**

**MILT
JACKSON
VIBES**



**OSCAR
PETERSON**

PIANO

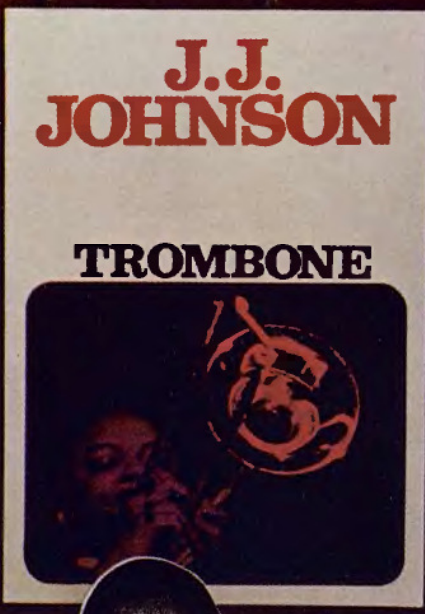
VOCAL GROUP



DOUBLE SIX



FRANK SINATRA
MALE VOCALIST



WES MONTGOMERY, guitar



THE 1967 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND

CHARLES MINGUS
bass

SUPREMES
vocal group

CHARLIE
BYRD
guitar

JOE MORELLO
drums

1967
PLAYBOY
STARS

CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY
first alto sax



DAVE BRUBECK
piano, instrumental combo

FRANK SINATRA
male vocalist

NANCY WILSON
female vocalist





MILES DAVIS
first trumpet

AL HIRT
second trumpet

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
third trumpet

DIZZY GILLESPIE
fourth trumpet



J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

SI ZENTNER
second trombone

KAI WINDING
third trombone

BOB BROOKMEYER
fourth trombone



PAUL DESMOND
second alto sax

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

JOHN COLTRANE
second tenor sax

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet



HENRY MANCINI
leader



LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

UTTERBACK

Arts acknowledged jazz, sponsoring a week-long tour of colleges and universities by a challengingly avant-garde caravan including Sun Ra, Giuseppe Logan and Burton Greene. And the California Arts Commission, the only such state unit to have a board member from the jazz community—Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Festival—began to consider including jazz in its concert plans.

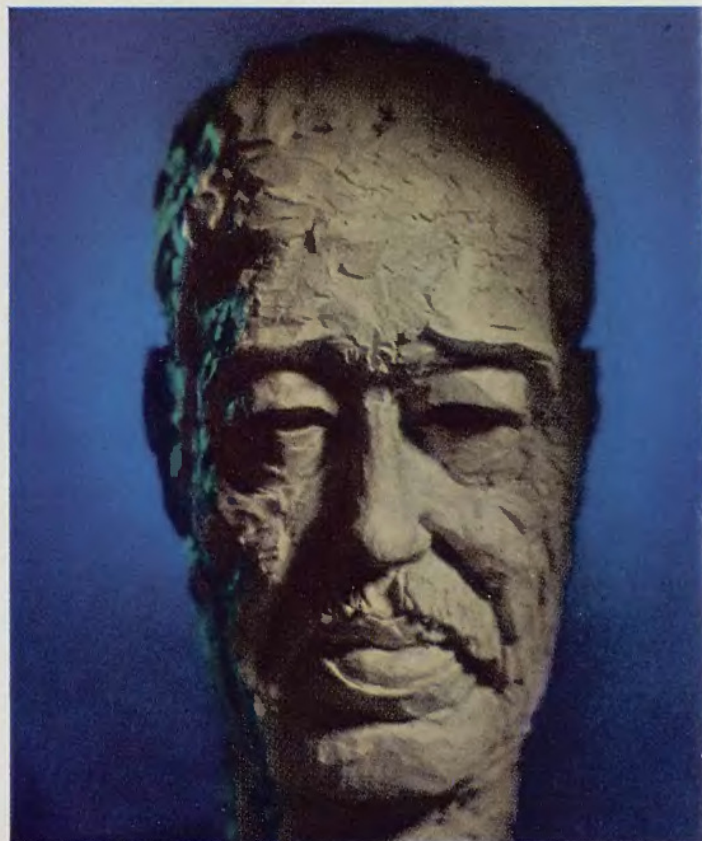
As for the public schools, in the first of what will surely be a series of such attempts throughout the country, the Seattle, Washington, Jazz Society has applied for \$160,000 in U. S. Office of Education funds for a jazz-concert and lecture-demonstration series during the school year.

Another strong indication that jazz is achieving a new degree of status among some elements of the establishment was the extraordinary increase in the fusion between jazz and religion. The 20th annual Los Angeles Music Festival in May, for example, featured not only Igor Stravinsky but a performance of Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*. Throughout the country, from Los Angeles' St. Alban's Episcopal Church to the Presbyterian Chapel of Lake Forest College in Illinois to the United Church of Christ in New York, jazz services abounded.

At the Newport Jazz Festival, the Reverend John Gensel, officially appointed by the Lutheran Church as Pastor to the Jazz Community in New York City, conducted a Jazz Workshop Service on Sunday morning, July 3. Throughout the year, the amiable pastor presided over Sunday jazz vesper services in New York in which many leading jazzmen participated. Also at Newport was the Reverend Malcolm Boyd, whose readings from his book of prayers in the contemporary idiom, *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*—with accompaniment by jazz guitar—later were heard on record and in night clubs, most notably during a sizable run at the hungry i in San Francisco.

Dave Brubeck, meanwhile, spent much of the year composing a religious service for the Unitarian Church in Westport, Connecticut, where he lives. Its theme is the temptation of Christ and the 40 days in the desert, and Brubeck has arranged the work so that it can be performed by any church of any denomination.

The one jazz figure who most benefited from the surge of interest in syncopating religion was Duke Ellington. His program of religious jazz, first



THE PLAYBOY JAZZ HALL OF FAME

In our October 1965 issue, PLAYBOY readers were given their first opportunity to vote for the three outstanding jazz artists—instrumentalist or vocalist, living or dead—who they thought were worthy of enshrinement in the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame.

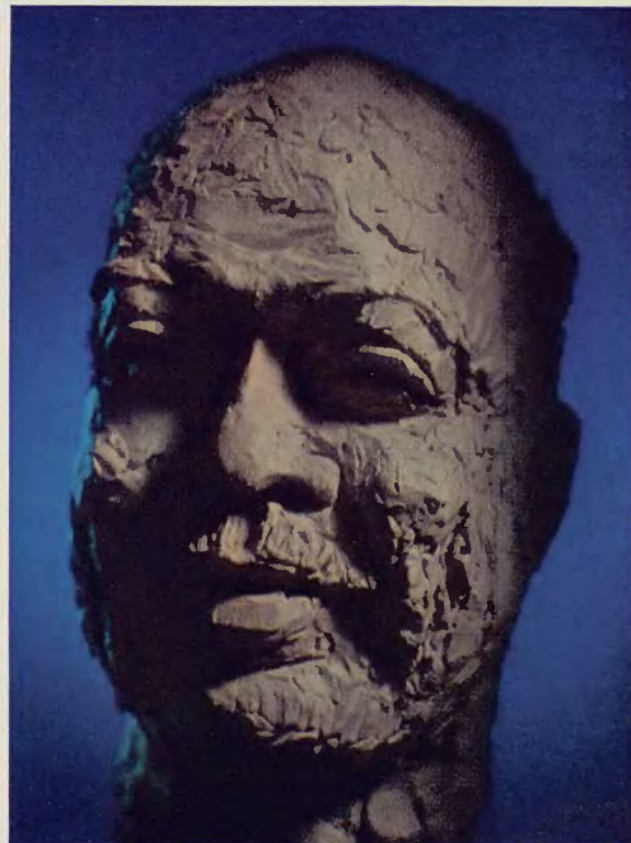
In this second year of balloting for the honor, a royal triumvirate—a Queen, a Duke and a Count—easily outdistanced their competitors to join 1966's winners, Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck and Frank Sinatra, in our jazz pantheon. Each October, our readers will be polled to elect three new artists to the Hall of Fame to take their places alongside those already honored.

DUKE ELLINGTON *Edward Kennedy Ellington presents jazz critics with a unique problem: Confronted by the sheer magnitude of his talent, they find it nearly impossible to keep him in human proportions. If only as a composer (with such beautiful creations as "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady" and "Black, Brown and Beige" to his credit), Ellington's place in the jazz hierarchy is assured. But many critics maintain that Duke's greatest contribution rests in the orchestra that he has molded and for which he has created a brilliant body of arrangements. And the Duke has always used his piano masterfully in the big-band context. Not content to praise his music, jazz writers have also complimented the dapper Duke on everything from his sartorial élan to his quick wit. The Duke's myriad fans (and PLAYBOY readers, obviously) have never felt a like need to categorize. They just know that Ellington—now 50 years a jazz musician—is the greatest.*

performed in the fall of 1965 at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, was in persistent demand throughout 1966. He, his orchestra and often tap dancer Bunny Briggs praised the Lord "with the timbrel and dance" in churches across America, at Coventry Cathedral in England, at several churches in West Germany, and even at such secular refuges as St. John Terrell's Music Circus in Lambertville, New Jersey. Explaining the latter site, Duke observed, "You can pray anywhere you can play."

Ellington's secular year was as crowded as usual. He crisscrossed the United States and Europe, created new pieces, and perpetuated the illusion that he had somehow stopped the aging process. In April, Ellington led the United States contingent to the first World Festival of Negro Arts in Dakar, Senegal. "In the Cold War battle for prestige at the festival," *The New York Times* reported, "Duke Ellington's smash performances clearly established

SCULPTURES BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK



ELLA FITZGERALD *In the three decades plus since bandleader-drummer Chick Webb found her singing in a 1934 Harlem amateur show, Queen Ella has seldom been far from the top of the list of favorites with jazz and pop fans. Miss Fitz' career—punctuated with more exclamation points than a Tom Wolfe essay—has included successes as varied as her 1938 novelty hit single "A-Tisket A-Tasket," her scat classics of the Forties, "Oh, Lady Be Good" and "How High the Moon," and her definitive series of LP "Song Books" (Porter, Ellington, Arlen, Rodgers and Hart, Gershwin and Berlin). As fellow Hall of Famer Ellington has put it, "She captures you somewhere through the facets of your intangibles. She's just plain good." She may, in fact, be too good; Ella makes the singer's art seem so effortless, one is prone to accept nothing less than perfection from her. She was perfect enough, however, to be named by PLAYBOY's readers as the first distaff member of the Hall of Fame.*

COUNT BASIE *Since he took over Benny Moten's Kansas City aggregation in 1935, Bill Basie has used his band as a platform for an outstanding assemblage of soloists. Several elements make up the distinctive Basie sound: the spare, tentative piano style of the leader; the infectious pulsating arrangements executed by first-rank chartists of the likes of Eddie Durham, Ernie Wilkins and Quincy Jones; and the most consistently solid rhythm section (led by the longest-standing Basie-man, guitarist Freddie Greene) in big-band history. Over this foundation have soared the brilliant solos of such jazz luminaries as tenor men Lester Young and Illinois Jacquet, trumpeters Harry Edison and Buck Clayton, trombonists Dickie Wells and J. J. Johnson, and such exemplary singers as Jimmy Rushing and Joe Williams. Installation of the Count in the Hall of Fame is a tribute not only to him but to all he has done for jazz.*

the United States as the festival favorite."

There were other distinctions conferred on the Duke—an honorary doctor of fine arts degree from the California College of Arts and Crafts; an appointment to deliver one of the Corbett Music Lectures sponsored by the University of Cincinnati (Igor Stravinsky had been his predecessor in 1965); and the bestowal on him of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences' Bing Crosby Golden Achievement Award.

As Ellington added to his diadems, two seminal figures returned to the jazz scene after temporary excursions, one into limbo and the other outside America. After an absence of more than six months, part of it in a Los Angeles hospital, a decidedly invigorated Ray Charles was back on the concert circuit while also overseeing his record company and recording more albums to add to his royalty annuities. Ornette Coleman, having exiled himself to Europe, decided to return to his roots and found a growing audience awaiting him at concerts and in night clubs.

Stan Kenton also became more visible and audible than he had been the previous year. The concerts in Los Angeles by his Neophonic Orchestra drew larger crowds, and he also reorganized his summer clinic in modern music at Redlands University, California. There, in addition to a wide-ranging curriculum for the young, Kenton further ensured the extension of his influence by setting up courses for music educators.

The white-maned missionary, having predicted the death of jazz only two years ago, ended 1966 on a buoyant note of prediction that finally the big bands were indeed coming back. Declared Kenton: "I'm fully convinced that in not more than three years, this whole field of big-band music will explode again."

While doubters remained, there were some auguries to bear out Kenton's optimism. In New York, the Mark Twain Riverboat, a spacious restaurant in the Empire State Building, proved that a booking policy based primarily on big bands could be consistently profitable. Among the orchestras: Woody Herman, Count Basie, the Glenn Miller band under its new leader, Buddy DeFranco, Les and Larry Elgart, Lionel Hampton and a Tommy Dorsey orchestra led by Urbie Green. The dancers being insatiable and the supply of big bands occasionally thin, the Riverboat also stimulated the revival of Bob Crosby's Bob Cats and persuaded Benny Goodman to play once more for dancing.

On the West Coast, the Los Angeles Playboy Club spurred hopes of a renaissance of big bands. Among others, the large orchestras of Terry Gibbs and Gerald Wilson found an eager audience there. Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe continued as oases for big bands—from such established enterprises as those of

Harry James and Count Basie to the new big band of Buddy Rich. Another new aggregation, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra in New York, played a series of tumultuous Monday nights at the Village Vanguard, recorded an album and was featured at the Newport Festival.

By year's end, the climate for big bands seemed so encouraging that even the once-ubiquitous Charlie Barnet roused himself from five years of lotus eating at Palm Springs to form an orchestra that already had bookings at New York's Basin Street East in December and the Tropicana in Las Vegas this month. And Woody Herman, who has survived the leanest of the big-band years, was sanguine about the future as he observed that his unit was increasingly being booked for college concert dates—an area almost monopolized in recent times by folk and rock groups. Furthermore, Herman was encouraged by the persistent growth of stage bands in high schools and colleges. "They play our music," Woody emphasized, "along with Basie's and Ellington's. Whatever future there is for big bands lies with these young people."

Judging by the quality of competition at the various intercollegiate jazz festivals during the year, "these young people" were playing better than ever. There were tournaments at Villanova (Stan Kenton, emcee), Notre Dame, the University of Kansas, the State College of Iowa, Gonzaga University, Olympic College, and other academics. A significant new event was the Mobile Jazz Festival. As John S. Wilson pointed out in *The New York Times*, "Instead of being student-run, with the consequent changing levels of efficiency caused by the annual turnover in committee members and the limited funds available to student groups, the Mobile Festival gets its financial support from Mobile businessmen."

In addition to making music, college students were an increasingly important source of engagements for professionals and of proselytizing activity for jazz as a whole. Concert series, workshops and symposia were held at Columbia, New York University, Hunter, Wayne State, the University of Chicago, San Francisco State College and the University of California at Berkeley and at Los Angeles. The most ambitious undertaking of all was the final half of the Stanford Jazz Year—the first full-scale program of and about jazz at an American university, encompassing concerts, lectures and exhibits.

There was further evidence that more of a place is being made for jazz in the academy. Rutgers University acquired the archives of Professor Marshall Stearns' Institute of Jazz Studies, the most extensive collection of jazz recordings and writings in existence. The university announced its intention to sponsor seminars in jazz and develop jazz re-

search projects, including an oral history of the music that would involve taping the memoirs of jazz musicians. Rutgers and the Institute also inaugurated a series of jazz concerts to take place at Carnegie Hall and at the university.

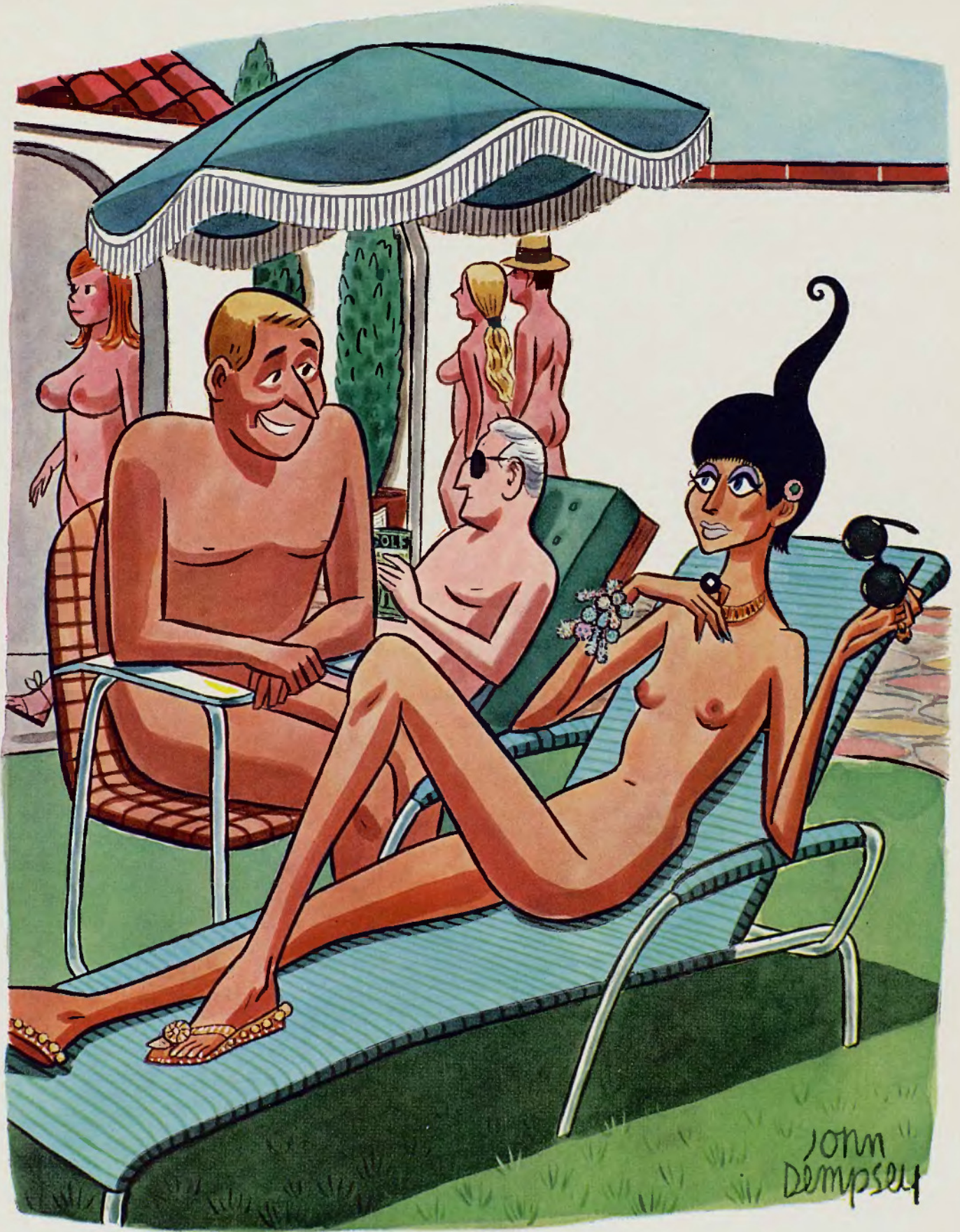
Another partnership between jazz and the campus resulted in the University of California and the Monterey Jazz Festival holding a weekend conference in November for high school and junior college educators on "Jazz in the Classroom." Meanwhile, the Manhattan School of Music, long a major training center for classical musicians, elected John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet to its board of trustees and asked him to plan a jazz training program.

For several years, the most successful jazz educator in the Midwest has been Jerry Coker of the University of Indiana. The former Woody Herman sideman has now been recruited by the University of Miami, where he is in charge of a degree-granting jazz curriculum. Taking Coker's place as head of Indiana University's jazz department was jazz cellist Dave Baker.

Continually cognizant of jazz happenings on campus is the U. S. State Department. At the end of January, it sent the Indiana University Jazz Ensemble, trained by Jerry Coker, on a 15-week tour of the Near East and South Asia. In the spring, the Northwestern University Saxophone Quartet journeyed to the Far East.

The State Department also commissioned two groups of professional jazzmen to transmute jazz into diplomacy. From April to June, Woody Herman's band appeared in Romania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, the United Arab Republic, Morocco, Tanzania, the Congo and the Ivory Coast. On his return, Woody had acerbic advice for the State Department: "How many times we just sat on our keisters, waiting, waiting, when we could have been playing. And how many times did we have to play for strictly the VIP element. We wanted to get out and play for the little guys, like the time we played to 7000 in Elizabethtown, out in the square. It was great. The State Department is tremendously interested in jazz as a vital commodity, but it needs guys who are interested in showbiz."

In July, an Earl Hines combo began a six-week tour of Russia under the auspices of the State Department. Several musicians in the band shared Woody Herman's dissonant view of State Department acumen in planning a jazz tour, but the major unpleasant surprise during the trip was caused by Russian officialdom. Observing the enthusiasm with which young Russian audiences reacted to Hines' initial concerts, Soviet functionaries canceled the group's concerts in Moscow, Leningrad and Alma-Ata, rerouting the combo to three smaller



"How's everything at Vogue?"

cities in the Black Sea area. Because of its position on the war in Vietnam, the Soviet government apparently did not want what it considered undue affection given representatives of the American Government. The United States officially protested, but to no avail.

In any case, the reception of Hines by the young, together with growing indigenous jazz activity in the Soviet Union, indicates how strongly rooted the music has become in Russia. No longer attempting to repress jazz as "alien" culture, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, policy-making journal of the Young Communist League, proclaimed this year: "It is imperative that we organize regular, specialized jazz training. This is the only way to bolster our successes—yes, our successes!—that have been achieved by the talent and enthusiasm of today's generation of musicians."

The steady evolution of Russian jazz was in crackling evidence at festivals in Moscow, Leningrad and Tallin. And at all three, more tunes by Soviet jazz composers were heard than ever before. Jazz, furthermore, is beginning to be played on Russian radio and television; and this past year, the first album of Soviet jazz—a record of the 1965 Moscow Festival—was released in the U.S.S.R.

The use of jazz by Europeans themselves as a possible political bridge was illustrated by "East Meets West," an unusual three-day session sponsored by the City of Nuremberg, October 21-23. In addition to groups from Russia, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Poland, a round-table discussion was held on "The Jazz Situation in East and West" with the best-known critics from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Another unprecedented European jazz occasion was the International Competition for Modern Jazz 1966, organized by Friedrich Gulda for the city of Vienna and the Vienna Art Fund. Patrons included the Austrian ministers of foreign affairs and education and the mayor of Vienna. From May 17 to May 24, nearly 100 jazz musicians from 15 to 25 were judged by J. J. Johnson, Art Farmer, Cannonball Adderley, Joe Zawinul, Mel Lewis and Ron Carter. The winners received cash prizes, and there were also six partial scholarships to the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

In October, for the first time anywhere in the world, an international jazz composition competition took place at the Third International Jazz Festival in Prague. The jury for this event resembled a World Court, with representatives from the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the United States, Great Britain, West Germany and Sweden.

Aside from the competitions, the sheer number of jazz festivals in Europe this year was startling—Frankfurt, Bologna, Budapest, Bled (Yugoslavia), Antibes-Juan-les-Pins, Comblain-la-Tour (Bel-

gium), Molde and Kongsberg (Norway), Lugano (Switzerland), Stockholm, Prague, Warsaw, Berlin, Nottingham, Birmingham, Barcelona.

The American jazz-festival rites began much earlier than usual in 1966—Boston's first winter jazz festival January 14 and 15. The producer was, of course, George Wein, who further expanded his entrepreneurial activities during the year. The city of Austin, Texas, and a group of local businessmen called on Wein to produce the First Longhorn Jazz Festival, April 1 and 2. The results were relaxed and well attended, and there will be a second. Wein was also enlisted by the Atlanta Braves baseball club to introduce Atlanta to the jazz-festival fever, and so he did in May.

The capital city of Wein's summer empire remained Newport, and from July 1 to 4, the Newport Jazz Festival celebrated its 13th year, along with the first permanent stage in its history and a new two-story performers' building. There was a record-breaking turnout of 60,000 for the four days.

In further pursuit of the jazz grail, Wein successfully produced the fifth annual Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati on August 5; created the first Cleveland Jazz Festival the following night; and went on to Detroit the next night.

In the West, all previous attendance records were broken at the Monterey Jazz Festival, September 17-19, but Monterey—once considered the model of what a jazz festival should be—was sharply criticized this year for uneven programming, quixotic staging and insufficient rehearsal time. Other American festivals included Kansas City (May 1), Pittsburgh (July 2-4) and the first annual Pacific Jazz Festival in Costa Mesa (October 7-9).

While jazz remained a rarity on television, one major series, *The Bell Telephone Hour*, announced that it would present during the 1966-1967 season an on-location documentary of this past summer's International Jazz Festival at Comblain-la-Tour, Belgium, with, among others, Benny Goodman, Stan Getz and Anita O'Day.

In the television background, jazzmen were more active than before. Quincy Jones, using an all-jazz combo, wrote the score for the *Hey, Landlord* series. Lalo Schifrin did the music for *T.H.E. Cat* as well as for a documentary on Wall Street, and Neal Hefti invented the theme for the TV revival of *The Green Hornet*. Jazz sounds became increasingly evident in commercials, with Rod Levitt, for example, winning an award for his Chemical New York Bank commercial at the American TV Commercials Festival.

Films were also opening up for the jazz composer. Quincy Jones, now based on the West Coast, scored *Walk, Don't Run*, *Tobruk* and *Enter Laughing*. Lalo

Schifrin's assignments included *The Venetian Affair*, *The Doomsday Flight* and *Murderers' Row*, while André Previn wrote the music for *Anyone for Venice?* Gary McFarland went to London to fulfill his first film commission, *Thirteen* (starring David Niven and Deborah Kerr), and Sonny Rollins received considerable acclaim for his score for the British movie *Alfie*. Neal Hefti also won commendation for his tension-building music for *Duel at Diablo*, and avant-gardist Don Cherry scored the avant-garde film *Zero in the Universe*.

In opera, an area previously alien to jazz, there was significant work during 1966. Early in the year, *Without Memorial Banners*, described as "a new American opera in the jazz idiom dedicated to Charlie 'Bird' Parker," was performed for the first time in Kansas City under the sponsorship of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music and the University of Missouri at Kansas City. Herb Six wrote the music and the libretto was by Dan Jaffe. Everyone was enthusiastic about the breakthrough—critics, audiences, even hipsters.

In October, third-stream composer Gunther Schuller's jazz opera, *The Visitation*, received its world premiere in Hamburg. Based loosely on Franz Kafka's *The Trial*, the Schuller work has been reset in the United States with a Negro protagonist (sung by McHenry Boatwright). A septet of jazzmen shares the pit with the full symphony orchestra.

On the recording scene, jazzmen riding the hit album charts as the year ended included Ramsey Lewis, organists Jimmy Smith and Richard "Groove" Holmes, and Herbie Mann. This was also the arrival year for "soul singer" Lou Rawls. The annual National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences' Grammy awards included *Ellington '66* (best instrumental jazz performance by a large group); Ramsey Lewis' *The "In" Crowd* (best instrumental jazz performance by a small group); and Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* (best original jazz composition of the year).

Jazz began to benefit through the rapidly increasing use of stereotape players and cartridges in automobiles. For the young driver, especially, the jazz beat appeared to be a stimulating corollary to the open road. For those who want to read about as well as see and hear jazz, the year included the best single primer on the music, Martin Williams' *Where's the Melody?*

The obituary list was long. Earl "Bud" Powell died at 41, and 5000 lined the streets for his funeral procession in Harlem. One of the earliest of jazzmen, drummer and bandleader George "Papa Jack" Laine was dead at 92 in New Orleans. Also gone were bandleaders Lucky Millinder and Boyd Raeburn; pianists Billy Kyle and Teddy Roy; drummers Osie Johnson and Charlie

Smith; banjoist Johnny St. Cyr; trumpeters Paul Webster, Russell Smith and Kid Howard; clarinetist Darnell Howard; trombonist Fred Assunto; jazz singer Dave Lambert; New York concert promoter Bob Maltz; and booker Milt Shaw.

But young voices and new sounds continued to replenish the jazz reservoir. Gaining wider recognition in the past year were tenor saxophonist-leader Charles Lloyd; Albert and Don Ayler; trombonists Roswell Rudd and Grachan Moncur III; alto saxophonists Marion Brown and Byron Allen; reed men Pharoah Sanders and Giuseppe Logan; clarinetist Perry Robinson; violinist Jean-Luc Ponty; vibist Bobby Hutcherson; pianists Andrew Hill and Keith Jarrett; bassists Richard Davis, David Izenzon, Eddie Gomez and Cecil McBee; drummers Sonny Murray, Milford Graves and Joe Chambers; and singer Betty Carter.

After years of struggle, pianist-composer Cecil Taylor was finally being acknowledged as a pervasive influence on the new jazz, and John Coltrane remained its continually self-renewing patriarch. One indication of what is yet to come was the seizing performance at the Monterey Festival of Don Ellis' 21-piece band with three drummers, three basses, occasional inclusion of prerecorded tapes, and a composition based jointly on an Indian raga and the blues. Another jazzman, guitarist Gabor Szabo, started to double on the Indian sitar. And

alto saxophonist Sonny Stitt astonished his colleagues by wailing with new *elan* on an electronically amplified alto saxophone. Clearly, jazz continues to be "the sound of surprise."

And there are fewer and fewer places where that sound is not being heard. In July, Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times* ventured into Ulan Bator in a yak-herding section of Mongolia. There, in the main dining room of the Ulan Bator Hotel, was a combo of young men of the town specializing in modern jazz. The young in the audience wore boxy hip-length sweaters, Oliver Twist caps, skintight trousers and miniskirts. Whatever the political conflicts that continued dangerously to divide the world, more and more of the young were at one in style, in the sounds they liked and in skepticism of their elders.

ALL-STAR MUSICIANS' POLL

The eleventh annual Playboy Jazz Poll balloting for All-Stars' All-Stars was every bit as exciting as in years past. 1966 Playboy Jazz Medal winners eligible to vote were Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Elvin Jones, John Lewis (Modern Jazz Quartet), Henry

Mancini, Charles Mingus, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, N. Paul Stookey (Peter, Paul & Mary), Barbra Streisand, Ward Swingle (Swingle Singers), Kai Winding and Si Zentner.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: The two highest ranking members of the jazz royalty (and two of this year's trio in the Hall of Fame)—Duke and Count—held the first and second spots, respectively, with Herman returning to third and Dizzy Gillespie moving up into fourth. Fifth place divided between New York's Thad Jones—Mel Lewis duumvirate and the West Coast's Gerald Wilson. **1. Duke Ellington; 2. Count Basie; 3. Woody Herman; 4. Dizzy Gillespie; 5. Thad Jones—Mel Lewis, Gerald Wilson.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: No one retained his previous position, as Miles Davis exchanged second slot for Dizzy Gillespie's place as last year's winner. Freddie Hubbard and Clark Terry exchanged the third and fourth spots, while Nat Adderley moved from fifth to fourth and into a tie with Terry and poll newcomer Doc Severinsen. **1. Miles Davis; 2. Dizzy Gillespie; 3. Freddie Hubbard; 4. Nat Adderley, Doc Severinsen, Clark Terry.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: J. J. Johnson and runner-up Bob Brookmeyer had no trouble holding off challengers to their top rankings, but below them the
(continued on page 144)

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ERNEST LEHMAN *dolly meets the woolf man*

WHEN SCREENWRITER Ernest Lehman read Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* prior to its Broadway opening, his reaction was kinder than those of most movie colleagues, who said it couldn't—and shouldn't—be filmed. "I was very impressed, slightly appalled and consciously determined never to see it," Lehman remembers. A year later, he broke his pledge. "The play shattered me," Lehman says. "I laughed and wept uncontrollably—and I knew I wanted to make the movie." Premiering as a producer, Lehman snagged the screen rights and then spent nine months writing the filmplay. Lehman, probably Hollywood's highest paid screen scribe, has cinescripted such diverse box-office attractions as *Executive Suite* (his first hit), *North by Northwest* and *West Side Story*. Lehman's fee for writing the screenplay of *The Sound of Music* was, according to 20th Century-Fox, two percent of the net profits. (The musical, well on its way to becoming Hollywood's all-time money-maker, has already netted \$45,000,000—which puts Lehman's share at \$900,000.) When he finally decided on Elizabeth Taylor for the role of Martha, Liz, in turn, plumped for Richard Burton as her movie mate. "The Burtons are two exciting people," says Lehman, "and they are both consummate professionals. Mike Nichols was chosen as the director because the Burtons and I never doubted that he would bring imaginative freshness to his first motion picture. Liz, I think, is, like me, a little shy. I only wish I had been less fearful of being friendlier with her." Lehman and the cast viewed *Virginia Woolf* as a cinematic challenge and opportunity. "But a lot of people were waiting for us to fall on our asses with it," he reports. The \$6,500,000 production has been both an artistic and a financial triumph. Currently inhaling the sweet smell of success—a phrase he coined for his 1957 screenplay title—Lehman, 49, is already at work on the script of his next production, *Hello, Dolly!*, scheduled for release in late 1968. "No film of mine has ever satisfied me one thousand percent," he says, "but I have real hopes that *Dolly* will do it."



MARSHALL McLUHAN *mediamastermind*

"I FIND MOST POP CULTURE monstrous and sickening," says Marshall McLuhan. "I study it for my own survival." The lanky 55-year-old Canadian not only has survived but has become the decade's most controversial intellectual by nonstop, pyrotechnic theorizing about media and man. Starting with two central ideas—that "the medium is the message" ("Bell Telephone doesn't know what a telephone is," McLuhan tells Bell Telephone execs) and that the mid-20th Century has to make a traumatic transition from centuries of mechanical, linear, print-determined habits to a new tribal age of global immediacy made possible by computers and TV—McLuhan predicts ultimate universal leisure, scary central control ("We can program 20 more hours of TV in South Africa next week to cool down tribal temperature raised by radio last week") and, less grandly, the final ascendancy of football over one-thing-at-a-time baseball. A Cambridge-educated University of Toronto professor and father of six, McLuhan is personally indisposed to the sort of Happenings being staged in his name by the cult that has grown up around his ideas (a festival of the senses, in which participants were urged to rediscover their tactile faculties by caressing the bulges made by a girl writhing behind a stretched plastic fabric, was staged recently in British Columbia) since publication of his *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and *Understanding Media*. The cultists, and McLuhan's weakness for psychiatric metaphor ("TV go-go girls in their cages represent the young energies of our time bottled up in an old 19th Century structure"), have caused howls of literate protest; but McLuhan puts down intellectual attackers like a seasoned club comic: "You're still thinking lineally," he told a student who counted 28 contradictions in one of McLuhan's lectures. Often circuitous or short-circuited, McLuhan's own thinking is still the best being done anywhere on the paraphernalia of our brave new world, and—like him or not—always fun to tune in on. OF PLAYBOY and its Playmates, he says: "Nudity is basically a sculptural and plastic form. You're successful because you conform to a basic shift in our sensory life away from the visual to the tactile."

ON THE SCENE

SOL M. LINOWITZ *copy cat*

THE SUREST OBSERVATION one can make about Sol M. Linowitz, the new U. S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States, is that he's uniquely suited for his high office. The rest of the Americas has long been a matter of concern for the genial Rochester, New York, lawyer and businessman, who displayed ample statesmanship as chairman of Xerox International, Inc., a subsidiary of Xerox that handles the company's Latin-American affairs. A corporation man with a social conscience ("Service is a major adjunct of profit"), Linowitz, 53, has led the State Department's Advisory Committee on International Organizations and the National Committee for International Development. He is co-founder of the Executive Service Corps, which exports American businessmen to give a six-month boost to industries in underdeveloped countries. While working to transform big business into a generous giant, though, Linowitz has retained a businessman's viewpoint; the executive, he has said, is often "a barometer who registers—sometimes with astonishing accuracy—the climate outside of our own shores." Spurning lucrative Wall Street offers after he left Cornell Law School, Linowitz joined a small firm in Rochester, where he built his practice—serving in a legal capacity in the U. S. Navy during World War Two—until the Haloid Company asked him to oversee the legal life of a new reproducing process that hadn't yet begun to reproduce. Linowitz took up the challenge and the profits multiplied. While guiding Xerox to its present eminence, the inexhaustible Linowitz moved in a score of directions at once. He has been trustee of the Kennedy Center, trustee of two universities and of the American Jewish Committee, advisor to state and Federal poverty programs—ad infinitum. While Xerox made him wealthy, his protean proclivities brought him steadily, if somewhat reluctantly, into public view (Linowitz, a modest millionaire, wryly belittles many of his endeavors). Last summer he was deemed a possible Democratic candidate for New York's governorship. He wasn't nominated, but it's likely that as OAS ambassador, the Xerox man can duplicate his success story.



activity was feverish, as evidenced by the addition of Carl Fontana and Urbie Green, two bonists not seen last year. 1. J. J. Johnson; 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Kai Winding; 4. Carl Fontana; 5. Urbie Green, Bill Harris.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: Two years ago Cannonball Adderley knocked long-reigning Paul Desmond from the top spot, only to see Desmond recapture the crown last year; now it's Adderley again in a contest that was hotly contested right down to the wire. And the Rabbit has returned, while Lee Konitz has dropped from sight. 1. Cannonball Adderley; 2. Paul Desmond; 3. Johnny Hodges; 4. Phil Woods; 5. Sonny Stitt.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: The tenor competition produced no surprises at the top, but Getz and Trane were the *only* returnees from last year's first five. 1. Stan Getz; 2. John Coltrane; 3. Zoot Sims; 4. Ben Webster; 5. Paul Gonsalves.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: It looks like the whole garden of baritone sax men has become perennial: Everyone's back in the very same spot. 1. Gerry Mulligan; 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Charles Davis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Tony Scott's return to America (from several years in the Far East) triggered his return to prominence on the poll. Buddy DeFranco—now leading the Glenn Miller band—took his accustomed place in the first chair. 1. Buddy DeFranco; 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Tony Scott; 4. Jimmy Giuffre; 5. Jimmy Hamilton.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Last year's top finishers remained virtually unchanged, with Hank Jones narrowly topping Dave Brubeck for third (they tied last year) and Herbie Hancock pushing out Ahmad Jamal and Thelonious Monk, who were in a fifth-place tie last year. 1. Oscar Peterson; 2. Bill Evans; 3. Hank Jones; 4. Dave Brubeck; 5. Herbie Hancock.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: The top two places are *status quo*, and Kenny Burrell moved from fourth to third, but Grant Green and Charlie Byrd weren't among last year's prime contenders. 1. Wes Montgomery; 2. Jim Hall; 3. Kenny Burrell; 4. Grant Green; 5. Charlie Byrd.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: Except for Ray Brown securely ensconced on first bass, this is always one of the most volatile categories: Davis finished fifth and Mingus third last year, while Steve Swallow and Ron Carter are newcomers to the first five. 1. Ray Brown; 2. Richard Davis; 3. Steve Swallow; 4. Ron Carter; 5. Charles Mingus.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Based perhaps on the big noise being made by his resurgent big band, Buddy Rich moved from nowhere last year to cop top honors this go-round. Everyone else

is back except Art Blakey, who was drummed out of fifth place. 1. Buddy Rich; 2. Elvin Jones; 3. Joe Morello; 4. Philly Joe Jones; 5. Shelly Manne.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: The MJQ's masterful mallet man Milt Jackson maintained the mantle of leadership in this category, despite a mighty challenge from widely popular Jimmy Smith. Not seen among the leaders last year: the ever-vibrant Lionel Hampton and multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk. 1. Milt Jackson, *vibes*; 2. Jimmy Smith, *organ*; 3. Lionel Hampton, *vibes*; 4. John Coltrane, *soprano sax*; 5. Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch*.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Frank'sville once more, but Ray Charles dropped to a surprising fourth as Mel Tormé climbed on the list and Arthur Prysock fell off. 1. Frank Sinatra; 2. Joe Williams; 3. Tony Bennett; 4. Ray Charles; 5. Mel Tormé.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Another stable stable: The only changes were Peggy Lee's return to the upper strata (over Barbra Streisand, who squeezed her off last year) and the musical chairs played by Carmen McRae and Nancy Wilson. Queen Ella added another jewel to her crown this year by also entering the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame. 1. Ella Fitzgerald; 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Carmen McRae; 4. Nancy Wilson; 5. Peggy Lee.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The Brubeck men regain the title after an upset a year ago by the MJQ. 1. Dave Brubeck Quartet; 2. Modern Jazz Quartet; 3. Oscar Peterson Trio; 4. Miles Davis Quintet; 5. Cannonball Adderley Sextet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: *Les Françaises* continue to trade top rankings as the Double Six regains the first position from the Swingles. Nashville's Anita Kerr Singers are the only newcomers, replacing the Beatles and the Supremes, who tied for fifth last time out. 1. Double Six of Paris; 2. Swingle Singers; 3. Hi-Lo's; 4. Anita Kerr Singers; 5. Four Freshmen.

JAZZ HALL OF FAME

In its short history (this is the second year), the Playboy Jazz Hall of Fame—created to honor artists whose contributions to the jazz world are deemed major and lasting—has aroused great enthusiasm among readers and musicians. Each year, the specially commissioned busts of the top three favorites in the annual balloting will be placed next to the likenesses of previous winners. Last year the Hall of Fame debuted by honoring Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra and Dave Brubeck. The following is the order of finish of this year's first 25 vote getters:

1. Ella Fitzgerald
2. Duke Ellington
3. Count Basie
4. Miles Davis
5. Benny Goodman
6. Stan Getz
7. Barbra Streisand
8. Ray Charles
9. Nat "King" Cole
10. Henry Mancini
11. Charlie Parker
12. Al Hirt
13. Gene Krupa
14. Stan Kenton
15. Dizzy Gillespie
16. Ramsey Lewis
17. Gerry Mulligan
18. Dean Martin
19. Tony Bennett
20. John Coltrane
21. Paul Desmond
22. Sammy Davis Jr.
23. Billie Holiday
24. Lionel Hampton
25. Thelonious Monk

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

Each year PLAYBOY's readers are also asked to select the best LP of the last 12 months in each of three categories—Best Instrumental (Big Band), Best Instrumental (Fewer than Eight Pieces) and Best Vocal. Naturally, the balloting in a category without nominations covers a broad spectrum, but there was wide agreement on the winners.

BEST BIG BAND LP: *Basie Meets Bond/Count Basie* (United Artists). The Count's men hopped on the Bond wagon with bouncing versions of the movie themes, including the title tunes from *Thunderball*, *Goldfinger* and *From Russia with Love*. The readers seem to have taken to Count as to Sir James himself.

BEST SMALL COMBO LP: *Whipped Cream & Other Delights / Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass* (A & M). It was neck and neck down to the wire between old-favorite Ramsey Lewis' Trio and newcomer Alpert's Tijuana Brass, but the roses went to Alpert in a photo finish as the two groups traded the top five places in the combo category. Ramsey's second-place album is *Hang On Ramsey!* (Cadet), containing such pop favorites as *Hang On Sloopy* (natch), while the Brass LP features the smash-hit version of *A Taste of Honey*.

BEST VOCAL LP: *Strangers in the Night/Frank Sinatra* (Reprise). Frank evidenced his invincibility again as he copped top honors in the balloting with a hit album featuring a hit title tune (and only Sinatra could get away with singing "doobie-doobie-doo" as a scat line). And though the Chairman was solidly a winner, Lou Rawls, the boy wonder of the r&b ballad, did stake out a strong second in the attentions of our voting readers with *Live!* (Capitol). The following are the top 25 vote-getters in each LP category:



Wild! is the word for the uninhibited jungle beat of Tigress
Parfum Extraordinaire...made in France by *Fabergé*



BEST BIG BAND LP

1. *Basie Meets Bond* (United Artists)
2. *Concert in the Virgin Islands*/Duke Ellington (Reprise)
3. *Basie's Beatle Bag* (Verve)
4. *Ellington '66* (Reprise)
5. *Oliver Nelson Plays Michelle* (Impulse)
6. *Presenting Thad Jones, Mel Lewis & "The Jazz Orchestra"* (Solid State)
7. *Woody's Winners* | Woody Herman (Columbia)
8. *Kenton Conducts L. A. Neophonic Orchestra* (Capitol)
9. *Feelin' Kinda Blues*/Gerald Wilson Orchestra (Pacific Jazz)
10. *Arabesque*/Henry Mancini (Victor)
11. *Academy Award Songs*/Henry Mancini (Victor)
12. *Ascension* | John Coltrane (Impulse)
13. *Best of Henry Mancini* (Victor)
14. *Guitar Forms*/Kenny Burrell (Verve)
15. *Doctor Zhivago—Sound Track* (MGM)
16. *The Ellington Era, Volume Two* (Columbia)
17. *Somewhere My Love* | Ray Conniff (Columbia)

18. *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*/Sounds Orchestral (Parkway)
19. *Hoochie Coochie Man*/Jimmy Smith (Verve)
20. *My Kind of Broadway* | Woody Herman (Columbia)
21. *Thunderball* | John Barry (United Artists)
22. *The Duke at Tanglewood* (Victor)
23. *Pink Panther* | Henry Mancini (Victor)
24. *Concert Sound of Henry Mancini* (Victor)
25. *Jazz Dialogue*/Modern Jazz Quartet with All Star Band (Atlantic)

BEST SMALL COMBO LP

1. *Whipped Cream & Other Delights* / Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (A & M)
2. *Hang On Ramsey!* | The Ramsey Lewis Trio (Cadet)
3. *What Now My Love*/Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (A & M)
4. *The In Crowd*/The Ramsey Lewis Trio (Argo)
5. *!!Going Places!!*/Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (A & M)
6. *Got My Mojo Workin'* | The Incredible Jimmy Smith (Verve)

7. *Time In*/Dave Brubeck (Columbia)
8. *My Favorite Things* | Dave Brubeck Quartet (Columbia)
9. *E. S. P.* | Miles Davis (Columbia)
10. *Getz* | Gilberto No. II (Verve)
11. *John Handy/Recorded Live at the Monterey Jazz Festival* (Columbia)
12. *Angel Eyes*/Dave Brubeck (Columbia)
13. *Dave Brubeck's Greatest Hits* (Columbia)
14. *Ornette Coleman Trio at the "Golden Circle," Stockholm* (Blue Note)
15. *Today*/Herbie Mann (Atlantic)
16. *"Four" & More*/Miles Davis (Columbia)
17. *Goin' Out of My Head*/Wes Montgomery (Verve)
18. *Getz Au Go-Go*/The New Stan Getz Quartet (Verve)
19. *Soul Message* | Richard "Groove" Holmes (Prestige)
20. *South of the Border* | Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass (A & M)
21. *"Gotta Travel On"*/Ray Bryant Trio (Cadet)
22. *Cape Verdean Blues* | Horace Silver (Blue Note)
23. *Soul Burst* | Cal Tjader (Verve)
24. *Collaboration* | Modern Jazz Quartet | Laurindo Almeida (Atlantic)
25. *Jazz Impressions of New York*/The Dave Brubeck Quartet (Columbia)

BEST VOCAL LP

1. *Strangers in the Night* / Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
2. *Live!*/Lou Rawls (Capitol)
3. *September of My Years*/Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
4. *Revolver*/Beatles (Capitol)
5. *Color Me Barbra*/Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
6. *Sinatra at the Sands* (Reprise)
7. *Rubber Soul*/Beatles (Capitol)
8. *A Man and His Music*/Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
9. *Blonde On Blonde*/Bob Dylan (Columbia)
10. *A Touch of Today*/Nancy Wilson (Capitol)
11. *Shadow of Your Smile*/Astrud Gilberto (Verve)
12. *Ella at Duke's Place*/Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington (Verve)
13. *Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66* (A & M)
14. *If You Can Believe Your Eyes & Ears* | The Mama's & The Papa's (Dunhill)
15. *Aftermath* | The Rolling Stones (London)
16. *The Shadow of Your Smile* | Andy Williams (Columbia)
17. *Soulin'*/Lou Rawls (Capitol)
18. *Soul & Inspiration*/Righteous Brothers (Verve)
19. *The Impossible Dream* | Jack Jones (Kapp)
20. *My Name Is Barbra, Two . . .* | Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
21. *Tender Loving Care*/Nancy Wilson (Capitol)



"Wouldn't it be something if you turned out to be beautiful and I turned out to be handsome?"

22. *Crying Time* / Ray Charles (ABC)
23. *Look to the Rainbow* / Astrud Gilberto (Verve)
24. *Don't Go to Strangers* / Eydie Gormé (Columbia)
25. *Frankie & Johnny* / Elvis Presley (Victor)

ALL-STAR READERS' POLL

PLAYBOY's readers returned most of the 1966 All-Star winners to the bandstand this year. The only shake-ups of note, other than a minor shifting of chairs in the trumpet and trombone sections, were the triumphs of the Supremes in the vocal-group category and Nancy Wilson in the female vocalist competition. But bubbling under the surface were a number of significant changes. Here's how they ran:

Henry Mancini maintained his hold in the leader category. Major gains were made by Oliver Nelson, who moved from 15th to 10th, and Skitch Henderson, who made a Brobdingnagian leap from 22nd to 4th (Skitch made a similar jump in the piano balloting, from 25th to 8th).

Dizzy and Louis traded trumpet chairs; last year Gillespie was third and Armstrong fourth. Miles Davis and Al Hirt retained their one-two punch.

J. J. Johnson was again in no trouble for his first chair in the trombone section. Si Zentner and Kai Winding exchanged seats, coming in second and third, respectively. Bob Brookmeyer was back in fourth place, the same spot he occupied last year.

In the alto battle, Cannonball Adderley and Paul Desmond held onto the two top positions. The big gains from last year were made by poll regular Benny Carter (14th to 9th) and relative newcomer John Handy (21st to 8th).

Stan Getz and John Coltrane seem to have tenor-sax honors locked in. There were no major changes, despite some slight shifting here and there among the top vote getters.

Gerry Mulligan proved unshakable as big man on baritone. Below the summit, there was frenetic action, most notably Bud Shank's surge from fifth to second.

There were no changes of any import at the top of the clarinet list. Pete Fountain was again the winner by far.

The first six positions in the piano polling also held firm, with pianomeister Dave Brubeck once more in charge of the keyboard in the All-Star Band. Of interest was Count Basie's climb from 12th to 7th.

The big news on guitar—aside from Chet Atkins' and Wes Montgomery's return in second and third positions and the continuance of Charlie Byrd as band guitarist—was João Gilberto's jump to fourth from last year's 26th position.

Charles Mingus again plucked the top bass spot, with Ray Brown and Gene



Wright second and third, the same as last year. Wes Montgomery's brother Monk surged from 14th to 7th place in the bass polling.

Drum king Joe Morello completes the rhythm section again this year. Old swinger Gene Krupa repeated in second slot. The surprise of the year here was the bang made by Sandy Nelson, who placed 18th in last year's competition. Voting was apparently catching up with record buying, as the young drummer placed 5th.

The miscellaneous instrument category was a model of stability, as vibist Lionel Hampton again took his place with the band. The only change among the leaders was the addition of Latin percussionist Mongo Santa Maria in the number-10 spot. Mongo did not make the final listings last year.

Frank Sinatra again took first place and Ray Charles followed up in the male vocalist category, but there was turmoil under the leaders. Dean Martin, who has been enjoying a resurgence by dint of films, personal appearances and records, moved from 13th to 8th. Bob Dylan went from 17th to 6th, and Lou Rawls, the r&b hit of the year, came into a very strong third; he was 15th in last year's balloting.

Red-hot Nancy Wilson not unexpectedly took the lead from Barbra Streisand; but the big excitement was produced by two r&b artists who tied for the number-33 spot last year. Marianne Faithfull managed to build up to number 10, while Dionne Warwick shot past to sixth place.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet again edged out the second-place Ramsey Lewis Trio, though not as easily as last year. Ramsey made it touch and go right up to the very end. The surprise of the year was the big jump made by Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, who were nowhere among last year's finishers; this year, PLAYBOY's readers brought them in fourth, just behind the repeat third-place grabber, the Stan Getz Quartet.

Finally, the other newcomers to the All-Stars—placing first in the vocal-group category—were the lovely and talented Supremes. The girls from Motown nudged out the Beatles (who placed second) and Peter, Paul & Mary (last year's first-place winners, who placed third in this year's contest).

The following is a detailed tabulation of the many thousands of votes cast in the PLAYBOY Jazz Poll, the biggest of all readers' polls. The names of the jazzmen who won chairs in the 1967 All-Star Jazz Band appear in boldface type. (They will be awarded silver medals, as will the All-Stars' All-Stars, our three Hall of Fame winners, and the performers, and their record companies, of the three records of the year.) In some Jazz Band categories, there are two or more winners in order to make up a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists polling fewer than 100 votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving fewer than 200 votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under 400 votes is listed.

(continued on next page) 147

LEADER

1. Henry Mancini	5,273
2. Duke Ellington	2,604
3. Count Basie	2,310
4. Skitch Henderson	1,666
5. Stan Kenton	949
6. Quincy Jones	554
7. Ray Conniff	529
8. Woody Herman	517
9. Gil Evans	413
10. Oliver Nelson	383
10. Si Zentner	383
12. Charles Mingus	336
13. Gerald Wilson	323
14. Dizzy Gillespie	299
15. Nelson Riddle	247
16. Gerry Mulligan	244
17. Benny Goodman	236
18. Gary McFarland	211
19. Lionel Hampton	199
20. Thad Jones/ Mel Lewis	183
21. Les Brown	171
21. John Lewis	171
23. Les and Larry Elgart ..	169
24. Ted Heath	107

TRUMPET

1. Miles Davis	10,301
2. Al Hirt	8,690
3. Louis Armstrong	7,825
4. Dizzy Gillespie	7,628
5. Doc Severinsen	4,471
6. Maynard Ferguson	3,974
7. Clark Terry	3,315
8. Nat Adderley	2,562
9. Jonah Jones	2,421
10. Bobby Hackett	2,048
11. Chet Baker	1,930
12. Harry James	1,673
13. Art Farmer	1,399
14. Billy Butterfield	1,386
15. Lee Morgan	1,010
16. Herb Alpert	956
17. Donald Byrd	775
18. Roy Eldridge	678
19. Freddie Hubbard	666
20. Pete Candoli	600
21. Shorty Rogers	543
22. Conte Candoli	455
23. Thad Jones	435
24. Don Cherry	410

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson	10,593
2. Si Zentner	8,845
3. Kai Winding	8,384
4. Bob Brookmeyer	7,101
5. Slide Hampton	3,129
6. Urbie Green	2,130
7. Jimmy Cleveland	1,606
8. Turk Murphy	1,593

9. J. C. Higginbotham ..	1,520
10. Frank Rosolino	1,453
11. Kid Ory	1,360
12. Dave Baker	1,250
13. Curtis Fuller	1,198
14. Carl Fontana	931
15. Bennie Green	927
16. Harold Betters	868
17. Grachan Moncur III ..	841
18. Bob Fitzpatrick	825
18. Quentin Jackson	825
18. Charles McPherson ..	825
21. Al Grey	791
22. Wayne Henderson	753
23. Lawrence Brown	751
24. Bill Harris	737
25. Dick Nash	709
26. Trummy Young	699
27. Tyree Glenn	626
28. Milt Bernhart	565
29. Benny Powell	494
30. Wilbur De Paris	486
31. Phil Wilson	436
32. Jimmy Knepper	414
33. Lou McGarity	403

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley	10,371
2. Paul Desmond	9,054
3. Johnny Hodges	1,680
4. Bud Shank	1,641
5. Ornette Coleman	1,327
6. Zoot Sims	1,186
7. Sonny Stitt	892
8. John Handy	635
9. Benny Carter	617
10. Paul Horn	602
11. Art Pepper	544
12. James Moody	488
13. Phil Woods	437
14. Ted Nash	433
15. Hank Crawford	427
16. Walt Levinsky	415
17. Lee Konitz	379
18. Charlie Mariano	344
19. Paul Winter	336
20. Jackie McLean	300
21. Al Belletto	284
22. Bob Donovan	270
23. Lou Donaldson	262
24. Willie Smith	259
25. Jimmy Woods	249
26. Gabe Baltazar	243
27. Eric Kloss	203

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz	12,466
2. John Coltrane	6,249
3. Boots Randolph	1,972
4. Coleman Hawkins	1,683
5. Sonny Rollins	1,103
6. Zoot Sims	789

7. "Fathead" Newman ..	757
8. Yusef Lateef	755
9. Roland Kirk	488
10. Al Cohn	474
11. Illinois Jacquet	411
12. Eddie Harris	395
13. Eddie Davis	379
14. Paul Gonsalves	370
15. Sonny Stitt	346
16. Bud Freeman	295
17. Stanley Turrentine ...	294
17. Ben Webster	294
19. Sam Donahue	292
19. Charles Lloyd	292
21. James Moody	278
22. Sal Nistico	275
23. Hank Mobley	261
24. Dave Pell	246
25. Georgie Auld	243
26. Corky Corcoran	228
27. Jimmy Heath	220
28. Bob Cooper	210
29. Archie Shepp	203

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan	11,866
2. Bud Shank	1,196
3. Jimmy Giuffre	709
4. Harry Carney	570
5. Pepper Adams	560
6. Charles Davis	502
7. Sahib Shihab	449
8. Chuck Gentry	437
9. Artie Kaplan	327
10. Lonnie Shaw	304
11. Jerome Richardson ..	257
12. Jack Nimitz	249
13. Bill Hood	233
14. Cecil Payne	187
15. Frank Hittner	176
16. Stanley Webb	163
17. Ernie Caceres	145
18. Ronnie Ross	131
19. Butch Stone	130
20. Clifford Scott	127

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain	6,211
2. Benny Goodman	2,530
3. Acker Bilk	1,973
4. Woody Herman	1,928
5. Buddy DeFranco	1,899
6. Jimmy Giuffre	922
7. Paul Horn	691
8. Pee Wee Russell	598
9. Tony Scott	307
10. Buddy Collette	305
11. Art Pepper	254
12. Phil Woods	242
13. Jimmy Hamilton	223
14. Sol Yaged	151
15. Edmond Hall	118

16. Peanuts Hucko	111
17. Bill Smith	103

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck	3,886
2. Ramsey Lewis	2,838
3. Peter Nero	1,507
4. Oscar Peterson	1,343
5. Thelonious Monk	1,010
6. Erroll Garner	764
6. André Previn	764
8. Count Basie	681
9. Skitch Henderson	627
10. George Shearing	556
11. Ahmad Jamal	495
12. Duke Ellington	437
13. Bill Evans	420
14. Vince Guaraldi	392
15. Earl "Fatha" Hines ..	322
16. Herbie Hancock	247
17. Mose Allison	222
18. Les McCann	209
19. Horace Silver	203
20. Denny Zeitlin	171
21. John Lewis	155
22. Sergio Mendes	130
23. McCoy Tyner	114
24. Don Shirley	110

GUITAR

1. Charlie Byrd	3,442
2. Chet Atkins	3,254
3. Wes Montgomery	2,313
4. João Gilberto	1,562
5. Kenny Burrell	1,191
6. Laurindo Almeida	924
7. Tony Mottola	620
8. Jim Hall	478
9. Herb Ellis	461
10. Barney Kessel	391
11. Gabor Szabo	347
12. Les Paul	345
13. Mike Bloomfield	343
14. Bola Sete	333
15. Howard Roberts	300
16. Eddie Condon	267
17. Johnny Smith	253
18. George Harrison	229
19. Luiz Bonfá	170
20. George Van Eps	154
21. Freddie Green	141
22. Al Viola	137
23. Al Caiola	125
24. Sal Salvador	119
25. Duane Eddy	117
26. Joe Pass	116
27. Paul McCartney	112

BASS

1. Charles Mingus	3,584
2. Ray Brown	2,767
3. Gene Wright	1,525

4. El Dee Young	1,266
5. Art Davis	570
6. Buddy Clark	500
7. Monk Montgomery ..	468
8. Percy Heath	437
9. Leroy Vinnegar	421
10. Bob Haggart	388
11. Paul Chambers	386
12. Chubby Jackson	381
13. Joe Byrd	367
14. Ron Carter	322
15. Richard Davis	320
16. Pops Foster	226
17. Milt Hinton	222
18. Norman Bates	214
19. Keter Betts	203
20. Eddie Safranski	202
21. Red Mitchell	199
22. Arvell Shaw	197
23. Don Bagley	192
24. Eddie Gomez	188
25. Sam Jones	182
26. Chuck Israels	171
27. Gene Cherico	132
27. Jimmy Garrison	132
27. Slam Stewart	132
30. Steve Swallow	120
31. George Duvivier	109
32. Charlie Haden	105
33. Bill Crow	103
33. Major Holley	103
35. Bill Lee	100

DRUMS

1. Joe Morello	4,262
2. Gene Krupa	2,601
3. Buddy Rich	1,356
4. Shelly Manne	1,243
5. Sandy Nelson	1,213
6. Elvin Jones	833
7. Art Blakey	823
8. Red Holt	641
9. Cozy Cole	620
10. Chico Hamilton	532
11. Philly Joe Jones	351
12. Max Roach	334
13. Tony Williams	285
14. Ed Thigpen	273
15. Rufus Jones	260
16. Louis Bellson	257
17. Ringo Starr	205
18. Grady Tate	204
19. Sonny Payne	196
20. Mel Lewis	194
21. Jo Jones	148
22. Connie Kay	137
23. Roy Haynes	118
24. Sam Woodyard	107

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. Lionel Hampton, <i>vibes</i> ..	3,145
2. Jimmy Smith, <i>organ</i> ..	2,753
3. Herbie Mann, <i>flute</i> ..	2,191

4. Cal Tjader, <i>vibes</i>	1,035
5. Milt Jackson, <i>vibes</i> ..	874
6. Miles Davis, <i>Flügelhorn</i>	766
7. Roland Kirk, <i>manzello, stritch, flute</i>	537
8. Yusef Lateef, <i>flute, oboe</i>	490
9. John Coltrane, <i>soprano sax</i>	473
10. Mongo Santamaria, <i>bongos</i>	461
11. Chet Baker, <i>Flügelhorn</i>	369
12. Clark Terry, <i>Flügelhorn</i>	348
13. Gary Burton, <i>vibes</i> ..	343
14. Arthur Lyman, <i>vibes</i> ..	326
15. Groove Holmes, <i>organ</i>	290
16. Art Van Damme, <i>accordion</i>	258
17. Terry Gibbs, <i>vibes</i> ..	238
18. Paul Horn, <i>flute</i>	231
19. Candido, <i>bongos</i>	205
20. Red Norvo, <i>vibes</i>	200
21. Bud Shank, <i>flute</i>	192
22. Gary McFarland, <i>vibes</i>	155
23. Paul Butterfield, <i>harmonica</i>	150
24. Bob Rosengarden, <i>bongos</i>	139
25. Buddy DeFranco, <i>bass clarinet</i>	135
26. Earl Grant, <i>organ</i>	130
27. James Moody, <i>flute</i> ..	110
28. Milt Buckner, <i>organ</i> ..	106
29. Charles Lloyd, <i>flute</i> ..	102
29. Shirley Scott, <i>organ</i> ..	102

MALE VOCALIST

1. Frank Sinatra	4,740
2. Ray Charles	1,558
3. Lou Rawls	1,374
4. Tony Bennett	983
5. Andy Williams	952
6. Bob Dylan	950
7. Sammy Davis Jr.	778
8. Dean Martin	684
9. Johnny Mathis	631
10. Mel Tormé	617
11. Jack Jones	536
12. Harry Belafonte	396
13. Joe Williams	384
14. Elvis Presley	380
15. Mose Allison	359
16. Oscar Brown, Jr.	305
17. Roger Miller	281
18. Trini Lopez	272
19. João Gilberto	199
20. Arthur Prysock	193
21. John Gary	191
22. Otis Redding	181

23. Glenn Yarbrough	175
24. Louis Armstrong	162
25. Buddy Greco	140
26. Steve Lawrence	123
26. Muddy Waters	123
28. Mick Jagger	120
29. Johnny Hartman	118
30. Bobby Darin	107
31. Jon Hendricks	106

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1. Nancy Wilson	3,135
2. Barbra Streisand	3,099
3. Ella Fitzgerald	2,333
4. Astrud Gilberto	1,386
5. Petula Clark	1,244
6. Dionne Warwick	738
7. Joan Baez	655
8. Peggy Lee	481
9. Nina Simone	415
10. Marianne Faithfull ..	401
10. Eydie Gormé	401
12. Lainie Kazan	348
13. Carmen McRae	334
14. Sarah Vaughan	329
15. Joanie Sommers	220
16. Morgana King	216
17. Lena Horne	212
18. Julie London	211
19. Connie Francis	178
20. Nancy Sinatra	173
21. June Christy	161
22. Vikki Carr	135
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24. Della Reese	105
25. Pearl Bailey	104
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4. Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass	802
5. Modern Jazz Quartet ..	770
6. Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet	689
7. Oscar Peterson Trio ..	579
8. Miles Davis Quintet ..	550
9. Jimmy Smith Trio	510
10. Herbie Mann Sextet ..	422
10. George Shearing Quintet	422
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18. Cannonball Adderley Sextet	217

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21. Horace Silver Quintet	194
22. Dukes of Dixieland ..	188
22. Erroll Garner Trio ...	188
24. Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers ...	181
25. Benny Goodman Quintet	177
26. Dizzy Gillespie Quintet	172
27. Wes Montgomery Trio	159
28. John Handy Quintet ..	152
29. André Previn Trio ..	145
30. Martin Denny Group	144
31. Gerry Mulligan Quartet	143
32. Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet	142
33. Gene Krupa Quartet ..	138
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35. Kai Winding Quartet	125
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2. Beatles	2,306
3. Peter, Paul & Mary ..	2,087
4. Swingle Singers	1,946
5. Righteous Brothers ..	1,773
6. Four Freshmen	1,027
7. Double Six of Paris ..	695
8. New Christy Minstrels	605
9. Rolling Stones	404
10. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral	397
10. Kingston Trio	397
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13. Hi-Lo's	342
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16. Byrds	283
17. J's with Jamie	267
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20. Brothers Four	196
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old man. He must be over eighty."

Nick, whose press agents had started lying about his age five years ago, let that go. He said, "Whatever he is, his age, I'm not sure, but he's too old to eat a second breakfast. The doctor told Momma he must cut it out."

"Dr. Gerstenberger," Mr. Imbesi said. "My Maria, she goes to him, too. A wonderful man, Dr. Gerstenberger. And so close. You know, his house, it's only two doors from the house your momma and poppa, they live? Right around the corner? Like from here to here. Almost next door."

"I know," Nick said, trying to keep the desperation out of his voice. He had to get the hell out of here. He had to get moving. "The thing is, Dr. Gerstenberger says he's got diabetes."

"Diabetes?" Mr. Imbesi said.

"That's what Dr. Gerstenberger says,"

Nick said. "It's not serious, but he's got to watch it. At home, that's easy. Momma sees he gets the right things to eat. But when he goes out, like he comes here at ten o'clock to get the paper, they found out he has himself a second breakfast. Is that right?"

Mr. Imbesi's face seemed to contract.

"A second breakfast, I don't know," he said cautiously. "He likes to sit down here at the fountain, you know. Have a cup of coffee. No sugar. Just black. A cup of coffee, that's not exactly a second breakfast. Just to talk, that's all. It gets lonely, two old people by themselves all day, your momma and poppa. He likes, you know, he likes it here. He sits here, this stool, and I give him the coffee, and we talk. He likes it, Nicky. He enjoys. A neighborhood like this, an old man, eighty-five, maybe more, he doesn't get anybody to talk to. It's all young people now. They move in with babies. Every-

thing is babies now. It's diapers, it's school, it's you know, they're all young. They like Poppa fine. Who wouldn't like the father of Nicky Santora? They're crazy about him. But to talk—you know, Nick, they don't know what to talk to him about. Here, here in the store, every morning, over a cup of coffee when he comes for the paper, he likes to talk."

"Fine, great," Nick said. "That's OK, but what worries Dr. Gerstenberger, the reason Momma called me in Honolulu, with the coffee he always has a piece of Danish, doesn't he?"

"So what's wrong with a piece of Danish?" Mr. Imbesi said. "It's fresh? Every morning the box comes eight o'clock? By the time Poppa sits down here by the counter, it's out of the oven maybe less than three hours? We have it together. He and I, the coffee and the Danish. A wonderful old man like that, it's a pleasure, Nick. Honest."

The minute hand on the electric clock over the Coca-Cola sign jumped.

"I know it is," Nick said. "I'm sure of it, Mr. Imbesi. The trouble is, Momma says Dr. Gerstenberger doesn't want him to have the Danish. On account of his diabetes. You see what I mean? The sugar. Dr. Gerstenberger says the sugar is bad for him. He told Poppa, but he won't listen. He says he likes Danish. So Dr. Gerstenberger told Momma, and she told Poppa, but he won't listen. So she called me. You see what I mean, Mr. Imbesi?"

The old man shook his head.

"What's there to hurt him a piece of Danish?" he said. "It's fresh. Look." Mr. Imbesi stepped to the counter and lifted the glass bell from a tray. "Taste yourself, Nick. It came this morning. An hour ago. Fresh. Go ahead, taste."

"I know it's fresh," Nick said, holding onto his voice as though it had suddenly become a plunging horse, shooting another glance at the clock. "You always had fresh things. Even when I was a kid. I remember."

"Thank you," Mr. Imbesi said.

"But if Dr. Gerstenberger says he shouldn't have it, he mustn't have it. That's why I came out here this morning. To ask you please, don't give Poppa any Danish. It's bad for him."

Mr. Imbesi's hand, which looked like a slab of bark torn from a tree in the park, came up and moved slowly, doubtfully, across his mouth.

"A piece of Danish," he said slowly. "Something to eat for an old man he has nobody to talk to over a cup of coffee."

"It's not that he mustn't eat," Nick said. "It's just the Danish he mustn't eat. Because of the sugar. If you gave him a roll, Dr. Gerstenberger said, a roll with his coffee, that would be all right."

"A roll?" Mr. Imbesi said.



"I move to admit Red China, but in deference to the United States, we should seat them in front of the air conditioner."

A roll, a roll, a roll, you stupid son of a bitch, Nick screamed silently inside his head, but he stepped across to another tray on the marble counter as though nothing was happening, as though he was not going crazy. What did they want from him? Why were they tearing him apart? Didn't they realize he was only flesh and blood? Father Calucci. Dr. Gerstenberger. The executives at Magna. His own lawyers and accountants. The whole goddamn bunch. Were they trying to destroy him? How the hell could he do all the things they wanted him to do? How could he sing in Vietnam for free? And meet the Santora payroll? And be at a recording session in 60 minutes? And tell this dopey old creep about rolls instead of Danish? How could he do it all? Did they think he was made of iron? What the hell did they want from him? Nick lifted the glass bell from the other tray.

"A roll like this would be fine," he said carefully, holding himself together. "Dr. Gerstenberger says if you gave him one of these rolls with his coffee, instead of the Danish, a roll would be fine."

Mr. Imbesi stared at the rolls on the tray as though he had never seen anything like them before.

"A little butter?" he said. "How about a little butter? A dry roll, for an old man like that, he has nobody to talk to, what's a dry roll without even a little piece of butter?"

"I don't know," Nick said, wondering if he was going to scream. "Momma didn't say, but I'll tell you what. When Momma calls me tonight at six, I'll tell her to ask Dr. Gerstenberger, and then she can come in and tell you."

"But what about today?" Mr. Imbesi said. He looked up at the clock over the Coca-Cola sign. The minute hand jumped again. "He'll be here any minute, now. It's almost ten o'clock. What about today? Should I give him with the roll a little butter?"

"How the hell should I know until I talk to Momma and she talks to Dr. Gerstenberger? What difference does it make just once, for Christ's sake? Are you joining the mob, too? Are you gonna tear off a piece of my skin along with the others? Is it gonna kill him if he eats a roll without butter just this lousy goddamn once?"

In the sudden silence, as the echo of his own screaming voice came hurtling back at him, Nick heard the horn outside sound its warning *beep-beep, beep, beep, beep-beep, beep*. He tore his glance from the look on Mr. Imbesi's face, turned and ran.

Outside, on the sidewalk, just beyond the upended orange crates, Nick stopped short. There was no crowd around the Cadillac. The woman across the street



"By the way, guess who turned over a new leaf . . ."

with the shopping bag had been joined by a couple of friends, and the man in the window of the dry-cleaning store was pointing out the green car to another man, probably a customer. But there was no crowd. What the hell went on here? Where were the creeps? Was he beginning to slip? Was this how you found out? On a lousy street corner in a broken-down neighborhood like this, for God's sake? Was this why the Magna boys wanted this recording session before they closed the deal?

Nick shoved back the fear as though it were an open bureau drawer, and ran across the broken sidewalk. He was inside the car before Mike could get out to open the rear door.

"What the hell is the matter with you? I said hit the horn only if it gets rough. You call this rough?"

"No," Mike said. "I hit the horn because look."

He pointed across the steering wheel, toward the opposite curb. Nick moved his head, to get a better view, and saw his father. He was crossing the street slowly, looking to right and left, heading for the candy store. Nick could feel the

astonishment grow inside him. How the hell did anybody get to look so old in a lousy three years? Or was it four since he had last been out here?

"You want to say hello?" Mike said.

Nick hesitated. He was suddenly thinking about something that had never crossed his mind before: how Nick Santora looked to the new kids coming up when he crossed the street. Then he saw the three women with shopping bags, and the two men in the dry-cleaning store.

"No, stupid," Nick said. "We're late already for 53rd Street. Move this thing. Move it, you stupid son of a bitch."

As the car started, he dipped down. Not to avoid the old man who didn't yet know he had been deprived of his Danish. Nick wanted to avoid the faces of the women with shopping bags on one side of the street, and the men in the window of the dry-cleaning store on the other. That's all he needed. To let creeps like that be able to tell a lot of other creeps they'd seen Nick Santora crying like a baby.

Where are the Russians? (continued from page 122)

have had to design a new two-stage Lunik booster."

"The *Amerikantzi* suspect, but don't know for sure, that we have a rocket almost as powerful as their Saturn Five," the general gloats. "It may come as a big surprise." (He is wrong. The CIA's guess is within two percent of the exact figure.)

The three cosmonauts sleep late in their specially equipped villa three miles from Launch Pad B. Their doctor is indulgent; his charges, Colonel Ivan Petrovitch Protsenko, Captain Sergei Leontovitch Bogdanov and Professor Dmitri Alexandrovitch Malinin, are in fine shape.

At two P.M. the phone rings and Captain Bogdanov grabs the receiver. It is Blockhouse A. Countdown is proceeding normally, says the test conductor. The weather is clearing. First launch schedule is still 1700 hours.

Ten minutes after the telephone call, the general struts in, brisk and business-like, exuding confidence. He shakes hands all round. "Sit down, comrades. You doubtless know more about this mission than I do. My sole purpose is to bring you up to date. Preflight medical at 1500 hours, one hour from now. At 1600 hours you begin suiting. First launch, 1700 hours. Depart for Pad B at 1730 hours. By 1800 hours you are sealed in the spacecraft cabin. Second launch at 1830 hours. Any questions?"

There are none. "All right, comrades," nods the general. "*Doska, pojaloosta, e miel!*" The blackboard is pushed forward. Someone hands the general some chalk. It squeaks as he begins writing essentials in a neat, precise hand.

"We launch you into an orbit of 58 to 60 degrees inclination to the earth's equator. This compares with 28 to 30 degrees for the *Amerikantzi*. Your orbit will be near circular, the same as theirs, but higher—about 200 to 220 kilometers, which puts you above the first launch. If all goes well, you complete rendezvous with the target modules at 2330 hours, five hours after launch. Docking and mating about 90 minutes later. Should be complete by 0100 hours, 06:30:00 into your mission. You will be tired by all this space walking—even you, Comrade Captain Bogdanov! So we have programed eight hours of sleep for you, with—if required—intermittent watches."

The cosmonauts protest, but the general holds up his hand. "Hear me out, please. At 0900 hours tomorrow morning, October 4, you will check all systems, in readiness for the third launch. This is scheduled for 15:30:00 after your lift-off. Rendezvous and docking with the 'locomotive' should be complete in five hours. You will have two extra hours to transfer oxygen, food and equipment to Voskhod. By then it will be 1700 hours, exactly 24 hours from our first

launch and 22:30:00 into your mission. It will also be 0800 hours at Cape Kennedy, or 30 minutes after the Saturn launch, but this we cannot help. You will require a further five hours of orbit evaluation and systems check before requesting permission to start the locomotive's engine and begin translunar injection."

Protsenko rises. "We could shorten the time for orbit evaluation—"

"And perhaps compromise the mission? *Nyet!* No question of that. Better return first than not leave at all; but as a matter of interest, you might also get there first! True, the American flight will inject into translunar trajectory about eleven A.M., which could be up to two hours ahead of us. With ten hours less travel time, however, we might still land on the moon hours ahead . . ."

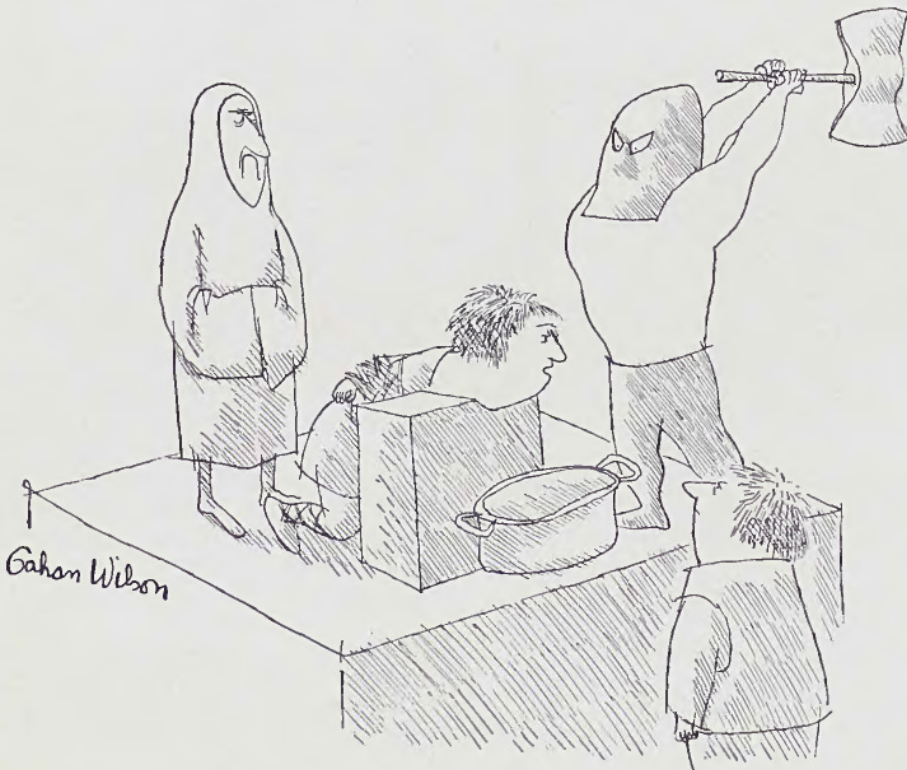
At 1600 hours two visitors arrive—engineer S. Zelnachev, designer of the spacecraft, and B. Parin, noted bioastronautics specialist. Zelnachev, a retiring man, holder of the coveted Lenin Prize, speaks briefly. "You will not wear your space suits at lift-off, comrades, but only your slacks and shirts. The space suits will be stored on board. The cabin is hermetically sealed at room temperature and normal atmospheric pressure. The general wants pictures of you walking to the pad without space suits, for future publicity use."

At 1655 hours engineer Zelnachev answers the phone in monosyllables, then announces, "Carrier rocket number one is within five minutes of lift-off. All systems working. Weather good enough for optical tracking. Countdown on carrier rocket number two proceeding normally. No holds."

Twenty minutes later the phone rings again. The first pay load has safely reached orbit. Correct azimuth and inclination. Estimated orbital height, 160 kilometers. Protsenko, Bogdanov, Malinin and their doctor exchange satisfied grins. Zelnachev and Parin already have departed.

The white transfer bus pulls up outside, looking like a New York single-decker 20 years ago. The cosmonauts stroll out, joking. The whole routine is casual beyond belief. Voskhod 9's crew might be taking a bus ride to the zoo instead of the departure point for a trip to the moon. The absence of space suits and air-conditioning units adds to the deception, though the suits are on the bus, along with Dr. Volynkin.

The bus arrives at Pad B gantry. The cosmonauts step down, their carefree smiles and informal attire duly recorded by the photographers. Floodlights bathe the touching scene where Colonel Grazenko steps forward to give each cosmonaut a traditional farewell hug. The triangular, windowless elevator begins its upward scoot on a steeply inclined rail, carry-



"I appreciate your dropping by, Harry."

ing the cosmonauts. It soon returns for the others.

At 1800 hours technicians begin sealing Voskhod 9's hatch. The interior is surprisingly roomy. The cosmonauts can stand up, swing their elbows, even change places. Three couchlike seats hold them comfortably secured for lift-off. Supplies and gear have been stowed away.

The earphones crackle. "Terminal count proceeds. No holds. Stand by for mark!"

From Professor Malinin's meticulously detailed log of the mission: "Considering the million pounds of thrust beneath us, lift-off noise is surprisingly gentle; comparable with a modern airliner. Vibration not excessive. The bumps (stage separation) remind one of freight cars coupling up. G loads easily tolerated. Transition to weightlessness a pleasant experience."

In orbit at 1843 hours, 10 seconds. Bogdanov's pulse rate is 70-72; breathing, 18-20. Protsenko, 72-75 and 20-23. Malinin, 80 and 25. This is his first trip.

Bogdanov tests the two-way ultra-high-frequency voice link. "Almaz to Zarya-1: How do you hear me?"

"Zarya-1 to Almaz: Hear you excellently. Over."

Protsenko cuts in. "Almaz to Zarya-1: commander speaking. Feel fine. Assignment will be carried out. Cabin pressure 1.1 atmospheres. Temperature, 19 degrees centigrade. Relative humidity, 58 percent."

Two orbits into the mission, Zarya-1 transmits cryptic vectors that correct navigation and tracking. Then, "Package on parallel course. Fifty [kilometers] below. Sixteen hundred ahead." Protsenko fires short bursts from the reaction control rockets. Voskhod's speed makes it impossible to communicate more than ten minutes with any one station. (All U. S. S. R. ground radio stations are connected with the communications center [Zarya-1], from which commands are issued. Landlines are duplicated for safety.)

The sky is dark. The earth appears below in many hues, rather indistinct. There is no feeling of motion. Silence reigns. Malinin takes some pictures. They eat a light meal, then take turns napping. There are still four hours to rendezvous.

A feeling of exhilaration acts like a stimulant. Protsenko is slightly nauseated, but a tablet helps.

At 2300 hours Protsenko, who has fantastic eyesight, exclaims, "There it is! Way ahead to our left and below. See?" After a moment, the others spot a dark cylindrical object drifting on the sea of infinity. They begin orbit transfer. Five minutes later all doubts are dispelled. There are the lunar landing and braking modules. They can see angular pro-

jections at the base of the landing module housing the legs.

Zarya-1 breaks radio silence. "Greetings, Almaz. Do you receive?"

"Almaz to Zarya-1," Bogdanov replies, "receiving you excellently. Over."

"Zarya-1 to Almaz: Do you have visual?"

"Affirmative. Closing rapidly. Target about three [kilometers] below, five ahead. Over."

After a brief pause, Zarya-1 replies, "Have you on radar tracking. Proceed. Notify completion of maneuver. Out."

Bogdanov slips into his space suit. Weightlessness is the main problem. With help, the task is completed in 12 minutes. Bogdanov secures helmet and umbilical connect as Voskhod closes to within five meters of target. The braking module's bell-shaped engine, tightly sealed, is starkly clear. Protsenko fires a short burst to put Voskhod ahead of the first-launch modules. When modules are realigned, it is about ten meters ahead, closing to five. They dock.

What a fantastic sight! Five modules lined up like a train, traveling at 7.7 kilometers per second, seemingly motionless. They look as if suspended by an invisible thread. Bogdanov checks emergency oxygen, releases his harness and grabs a wrench. He smiles, eases through the air-lock door, carrying his coiled life line like a huge serpent. He connects up and

tests it, then secures the door behind him. Soon, decompression is completed and Bogdanov floats out into space.

Using small steel plates secured at intervals to the aluminum skin of the spacecraft, Bogdanov gets a grip with his magnetic boots, working carefully back so as not to disturb the craft's attitude. Protsenko is ready with instant correction in roll, pitch or yaw. He makes two corrections while Bogdanov works his way back to secure the docked module. He has practiced this maneuver a hundred times on the simulator.

"*Havasho, pelot!*" he presently informs Protsenko. "Let's go. I'll need you. Malinin can fly us."

"Understood." Protsenko hands over the control and releases his harness. He is already suited but wearing no helmet. One hour remains.

"Task half completed!" Bogdanov sounds breathless. His pulse rate is too high, 160 beats.

"Take it easy," Malinin warns him. "Rest for a moment. Protsenko is coming out."

"I do no real work," Bogdanov complains, pausing for breath, "yet it is tiring. Absurd!"

With docking completed, the piloting job is simple. No closing velocities to worry about. The two outside must secure the connections between the Voskhod



"Oh, yes — the ad's correct — but there's no job involved!"

and the lunar module. Bogdanov is tied to the module and Protsenko is tied to Bogdanov, yet they have ample freedom of movement.

"I am a *dourak!*" Protsenko fumes. "An imbecile. Each time I push, the wrench pushes me back!"

"Use less force," Bogdanov tells him. "There you go . . ." Slowly, with infinite pains, they make the connections. The tethering cable remains.

"Pig!" Bogdanov pants. "Stupid pig wrench! I have just lost it in space! Luckily, I tightened the latch . . ."

"Don't worry. We have the impact wrench," Malinin reminds him. "Get back in, both of you, if you've finished. You first, Bogdanov. You've been out ninety minutes exactly."

By 0115 hours (6 hours, 45 minutes into the flight) both men are back in the Voskhod. Docking and mating the modules took 15 minutes longer than anticipated, but the hardest maneuver is completed. Protsenko calls Control. "Almaz to Zarya-3. All secure. Over."

Promptly comes the reply, "Zarya-3 to

Almaz. *Prekrasno!* Repeat, excellent! Keep biosensors connected. Rest essential, pending locomotive. Over."

Grinning, Protsenko replies, "Understood. Out."

. . .

October 5, 1968: President Lyndon B. Johnson, the lines bracketing his mouth etched deeper by a difficult second term, sits at his desk. Frowning, he scans intelligence reports. The uneasy truce with North Vietnam since 1967 threatens to flare into a new war of escalation. Johnson finds it hard to concentrate. It is nine A.M. and out there, in deep space, three U.S. astronauts have been drifting through the lonely void for 22.5 hours, on their way to the moon. This is the supreme test in the space race with the Soviet Union. Success will bring enormous international prestige. Failure—disaster? Johnson senses the entire world watching and waiting.

He removes his glasses and begins pacing the yellow carpet of the oval room, staring with unseeing eyes through the bulletproof window at the

vista of the sunny south lawn. The buzzer on his desk sounds startlingly loud.

"Yes, Marge?"

"Mr. Swanson is waiting on the line, Mr. President," his secretary tells him. "Says it's urgent."

"Very well, put him on." Johnson flicks a switch. If the chief of the Central Intelligence Agency says it's urgent, it must be. "Yes, Ludlow?"

"Mr. President, it's about the Russians." Swanson cuts all preamble. "Here's the latest information."

"OK, shoot."

"You already know about the two heavy launches on October third and that whopper, yesterday, at one P.M., EST, which means that they launched in darkness—ten P.M. their time."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, we finally got things sorted out, sir. The third launch—the Lunik booster—was twelve hours late. They ran into technical problems and the weather at Tyuratam prevented optical tracking. Anyway, this translunar injection module, which they call a 'locomotive,' docked with the other modules at eight P.M. last night. We picked up some brief, guarded radio transmissions, besides radar tracking."

"Yes." This was no news to the President—the Air Force satellite tracking system had reported the third launch last night at dinnertime. The President's Texas drawl takes on a sudden clipped tone. "So you're telling me it's the real thing, is that it, Ludlow? The Russian manned lunar flight?"

"No longer any doubt, Mr. President. They went into escape velocity at one A.M., EST—"

"Why wasn't I informed?"

"It took us about three hours to confirm all this, sir. We saw no point in disturbing you at four o'clock in the morning. It wouldn't have changed a thing."

"Maybe not, Ludlow, but I'd sooner be the judge." Lyndon Johnson brushes aside his impatience. "Anyway, where does it leave us?"

"Not too badly, sir. Not too badly at all. Taking our injection time of about eleven A.M. yesterday, we have a lead of fourteen hours. On the other hand, they're heading straight for a landing—it's bound to be that—which will shorten the Russian trip by at least ten hours . . ."

"So with any luck, our guys should land on the moon four hours ahead of them?"

"Give or take an hour, yes."

"Trust the Russians to pull a fast one!" growls the President. "All I can say is that it's lucky for us they ran into that twelve-hour delay. What does NASA say this morning?"

"Nothing about the Russians, Mr. President. Nothing official, anyway. They're too busy with Apollo and the



"But, sir, what kind of fertility rites were you expecting?"

translunar trajectory. Do you plan a press statement, sir?"

"If you mean about the Soviets, the answer is negative. What is there to say, officially? Why take the play away from our boys?"

Aboard Apollo, some of the strangeness has already worn off. Weightless, silent, seemingly motionless; a quiet drama fills each passing minute. At five hours into the mission (12:30 p.m., EST) Balchen had sighted on the stars, collecting data for mid-course correction. Apollo's guidance computer processed information; earth data support system relayed additional parameters.

The crew now works in a shirt-sleeve environment at slightly over five pounds per square inch, room temperature. Doc swivels the camera to record Schiller's expression, Balchen's hands, the instrument panel, the spacecraft window. First mid-course burn occurred at 05:05:58 into the mission, 12:36 EST. A sudden blast of orange flame licked the darkened sky. Mild G. In 30 seconds, the computer cuts the engine.

Second mid-course burn occurred at 16:04 into the mission. This was a short one. Some 30 minutes later, with all systems Go, Schiller ordered, "First watch cycle. Your nap, Doc. Roy and I take turns." Apollo's clock read four minutes after midnight, EST. Norlund slept like a cat. He can drop off anywhere, re-awaken instantly. Now at three a.m., EST, Houston comes in, fainter. "Four-six-eight, do you read? Over."

"Below strength but clear," Schiller says.

"Hold onto your seats. *The Russians are coming!*"

Schiller takes a deep breath and stiffens, wide-eyed. "Say again?"

"Russians on the way. Repeat, Russians on the way. Delayed main launch, but injection confirmed nearly two hours ago."

"Never a dull moment!" Schiller's tone is level. "Presume impact trajectory? Over."

"Roger, four-six-eight. Russian news black-out indicates."

"Impact ten hours shorter. Over."

"Roger. Your estimated lead time, four hours. Out."

Burn for the third and last course correction is over at 63:15:04 into the mission. It lasts only a few seconds. This time ground tracking corrections are minor. Apollo's clock indicates 10:45 p.m., EST, October 6. By now, the astronauts have spent three "days" and are in their third "night" aboard Apollo.

"We've had Houston, Ascension, Madrid and Antigua," Schiller yawns. "Should be Goldstone or Canberra next."

As if reading his thoughts, California comes in. "Goldstone to four-six-eight. Are you receiving us? Over."

"Four-six-eight to Goldstone. Loud and clear."



"No frugging—we must conserve the orchestra!"

"Roger. Begin preparations for lunar orbit insertion."

"Understood. Where are the Russians?"

"We lost them."

"You mean an abort?"

"Negative. Radio black-out after injection. Require Go—No Go soonest. Over."

"Roger."

"Bet the moon's getting big?"

"Enormous!" Schiller enthuses. "Fantastic sight. Everything looks sharper. Startlingly bright."

"Can you get some TV shots?"

"Affirmative. Craters, man! Craters every place. Stand by for Doc's camera. Over."

At 64:07:04 into the mission, it's Houston by relay. "Four-six-eight. Do you read? Over?"

"Four-six-eight to Houston. Hello again. Some interruption, but can read. Decision, affirmative. Everything is Go." Schiller decides. "Mission is Go. Repeat—mission is Go!"

"Roger. Start retroburn into lunar orbit in eight minutes. Parameters show you'll enter circular equatorial orbit at programed inclination. Altitude 100 miles. Powered flight, 352 seconds. Over."

"Roger. Retroburn, in eight minutes' time. Powered flight, 352 seconds. Altitude 100 miles. Out."

At retroburn, the astronauts, now suited and wearing helmets and closed visors, experience the G forces again, pressing them into their seats. Five minutes, 52 seconds later, the engine shuts down. The three men goggle at the lunar landscape below. "Man, oh, man!" Balchen exclaims. "Ever see anything like that? It's for real!" Biosensors indicate soaring pulse rates, as expected. Balchen tells Houston, "Maneuver completed."

At 65:41 into the mission (1:11 a.m., EST, October 7), the lunar module is pressurized. At 66:41, Balchen informs Houston, "Orbit completed. Crew standing by to board lunar module."

"Houston to four-six-eight. Roger. Board lunar module."

"Well," grins Schiller, "here we go. Doc. Let's take the elevator." Waving to Balchen, Wally eases through the connecting hatch in Apollo's nose, enters the lunar module and reaches for the TV camera. Norlund hands him. Doc follows, securing the bulkhead. At 68:04:14 into the mission, Schiller tells Balchen on intercom, "Initiate disconnect."

"Roger. This is the tricky one. Disconnect!"

There is a jolt and simultaneously the lunar module's reaction control thrusters open up. Apollo and the service module drift away rapidly to continue in lunar orbit; a critical coast period begins for the lunar module. They are in touch by radio and telemetry with Balchen and with the earth network. Their signals are picked up by any of the three deep-space earth stations in line of sight with the moon. Information relayed to Houston is processed for action. Standing in the lunar module is like riding an elevator with a parachute harness. The astronauts have shock-absorbing armrests and handgrips. The initial coast period lasts 20 minutes, then the descent engine fires for 35 seconds, putting the module into a Hohmann elliptical transfer orbit designed to bring them toward final trajectory. Second coast duration to the low point of orbit is 58 minutes. This will put them into an orbit within 50,000 feet of the moon's surface. During 45 minutes of the second coast, there will be a gap in communications as they swing

around the far side of the moon. Still ten minutes to go.

"We expect to come out approximately 225 miles uprange of landing point," Schiller radios. There is a delay of 2.5 seconds (the time it takes for a signal to travel between moon and earth and back).

Then, "Roger. We read you."

Schiller and Norlund are not long alone. Soon Apollo, which maintains line of sight with the module for 75 minutes during descent, is back. "Four-six-eight to lunar module. You guys OK?"

"Roger," Wally says.

"You've a sight in store. Wait till earth pops up over your horizon!"

With Schiller and Norlund busy every moment, updating information, minutes slip away unnoticed. Suddenly, Doc exclaims, "I see what he means, Wally. Look!" Earth, now frighteningly large, looms up over the lunar horizon like a monstrous balloon. The planet is almost four times larger than the moon and bright. "The earth is a blue planet—and the shape of the continents shows clearly! Look at those hues! Wish I had time for a picture."

"I have you on optical tracking as well as radar," Balchen informs them. "Your values check."

"Roger," Schiller says. "Earth sure looks big. Wonder who lives there?"

The lunar landing site has been chosen so that the module can remain in direct contact with earth throughout its 24-hour stay, once it lands. It will, however, lose line of sight with orbiting Apollo. Now Houston comes in strong, the black-out ended.

"Bet you have a ringside seat."

"Houston, this is lunar module. *Where are the Russians?*"

As before, it takes almost three seconds for Houston to answer. It seems like an hour. "Russians far behind. Jodrell Bank still tracking them. No numbers. Do you read?"

"Roger." Switching to Balchen in Apollo, Schiller says, "Fire descent stage at mark. Three-two-one-mark! Can feel push."

"Roger," says Balchen with audible relief. "Your altitude 50,000 feet. Start descent braking phase. Will black out shortly."

"Roger. Gimbal [engine tilt] OK. Variable thrust OK at ninety percent."

Balchen no longer answers, but Houston comes in. "Houston to lunar module. Allow one-four-zero seconds—repeat, one-four-zero—to High Gate at ten thousand feet. Over."

At 69:29:23 into the mission, Norlund reads off to Schiller, "Altitude 10,070 feet. Approaching primary site, 45 degrees west longitude. We're nominal."

The site has been carefully chosen on the lunar equatorial belt, at a time when it is easier to protect astronauts against temperature extremes. During lunar

"day," which lasts 14 earth days, temperature can soar to 210 degrees Fahrenheit; but at the programmed time, this extreme is reduced to approximately 150 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Houston to lunar module. You can abort any time."

"Negative."

Schiller has scarcely spoken when Doc Norlund exclaims, "Oh, my God! Do you see what I see?" He points through the lunar module's big window. "Yonder, on the left."

It takes Schiller an instant to focus, but in the crystal-clear void, he can't miss it. It is a large, man-made object with landing legs deployed and some kind of symbol painted on its side. Descent rate increases as the module arcs over toward hover and touchdown. Schiller stares, saying nothing. A kaleidoscope of bitter disappointment flashes across his mind. At precisely 700 feet (1 minute, 55 seconds later), he informs earth, "Lunar module to Houston. Low Gate."

"Roger," comes back three seconds later. "Landing site OK?"

"Pretty grim."

"Say again?" There is undisguised alarm in the mission director's voice. This is Dead Man's Zone. Loss of power would mean almost certain disaster. And that's just one possibility.

"I think they've beaten us to it!" Norlund cuts in. "Something down there, with a red flag on it. Hammer and sickle."

"You're kidding!"

"Negative. We're at hover now. One minute, five seconds to touchdown."

Fifty feet off the surface, it is obvious the module will land beside a shallow crater about 100 feet across. Schiller initiates final thrust vector on gimbals. "Lunar module to Houston, it is the Russians!" He nudges Doc as the truth dawns on them simultaneously. "OK. Relax. It's an old lunar probe. Probably Luna 15, the one they sent up over a year ago. Nothing stirring."

"Roger. You down?"

No time to reply. Four seconds to touchdown, three before engine cut, a minor cloud of cosmic dust, blasted upward by the exhaust, envelops the module, fogging their vision. Instantly, however, unsupported by any atmosphere, the dust settles. Schiller and Norlund brace against the landing jolt, but touchdown impact is mild. The module legs appear to sink a few inches into the surface, then meet firm ground. The clock reads 69:32:23 from lift-off. One hour, 28 minutes, 9 seconds after separation from Apollo. The two astronauts shake hands, pat each other on the back. At 5:02 A.M. plus 23 seconds, EST, October 7, 1968, two American astronauts have landed on the moon. Every capital, every city on earth will hear the momentous news within minutes.

"We're on time, after all!" Norlund jokes.

"We've landed level," Schiller informs Houston. Lift-off at a steep angle would be impossible. "This is it!"

"Lunar module, this is Madrid, Houston is having relay problems. Heartiest congratulations from all. Do you read?"

"Some static," Schiller replies, "but read you OK."

"Roger. Repeat: heartiest congratulations from the entire nation! Wonderful show. Stand by." There is a 30-second pause, then Madrid resumes, "Pat on the back from the President! Open line by phone."

"Please thank the President," Schiller replies. "It was easier than expected. Thanks to Doc and Roy. Relay to Balchen. He's on the other side. Over."

"Request anticipated. Roy has choice comments! How far is Luna probe?"

"Estimate six hundred yards. Will investigate."

"Roger." Schiller and Norlund begin unfastening their harnesses. "OK, Doc. Let's get this show on the road."

Stage data readouts seem nominal. Methodically, the two men run through the prelaunch check list to condition the module's flimsy-looking, aluminum-skinned ascent stage for lift-off. The astronauts' sole means of lunar escape seems in good shape. "Everything's Go," Schiller informs Houston, 1 hour, 20 minutes later. Then to Norlund, "I can't wait to get out, Doc. I know you'd like to go first—"

"You'll make a beeline for that Russian probe!" Norlund kids him. "Go ahead, Wally. Suit up."

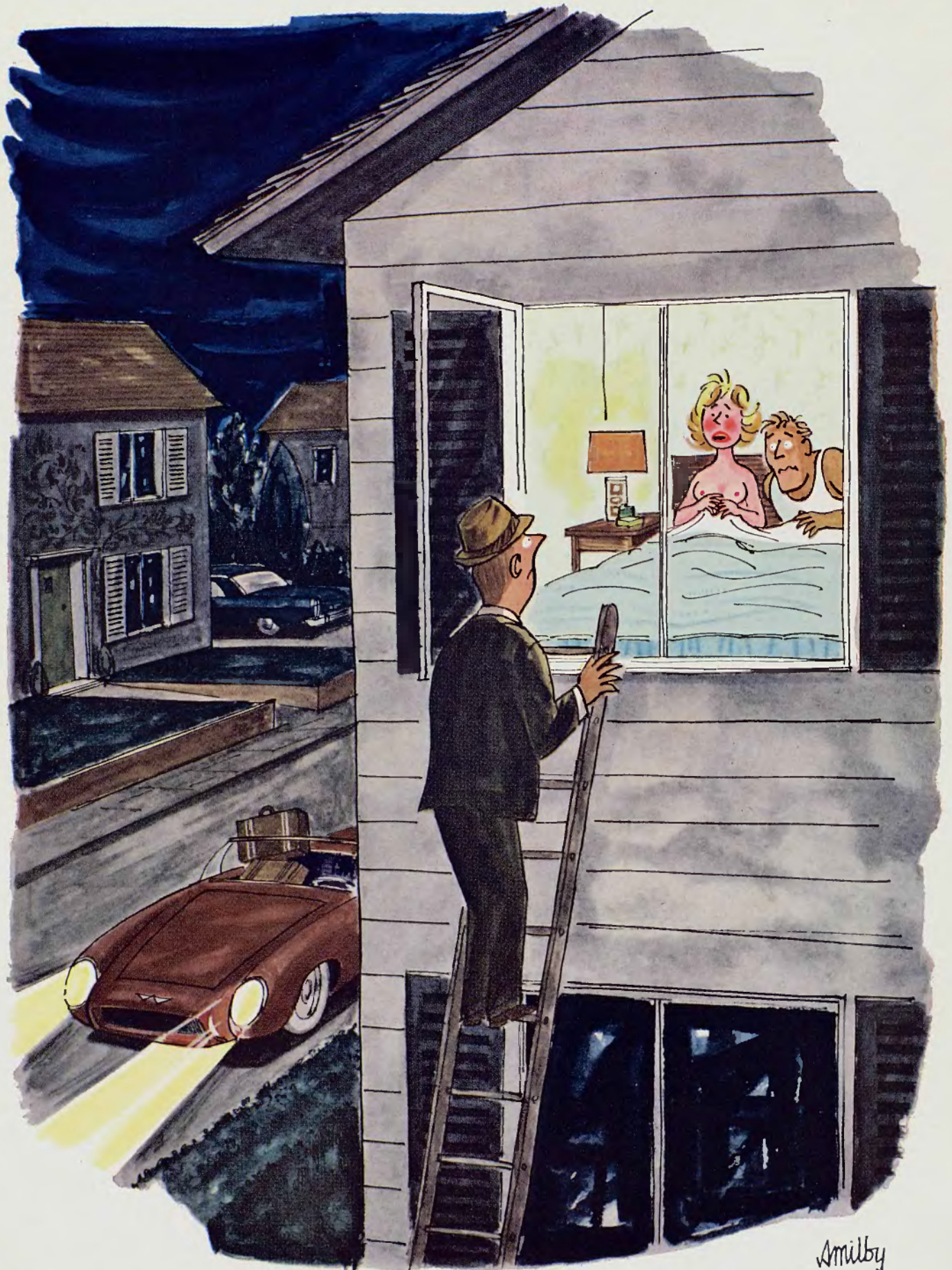
"Roger. Wonder when the Russians plan to get here?"

"Let them worry about that. We've enough problems to cope with."

All equipment nonessential to the lunar stay is switched off. Wally slips on a two-piece, loose-fitting "pajama suit." Its multilayer, aluminized thermal material insulates the wearer against radiation. It slips over the life-support system backpack. Next, Schiller dons boots, also reflective and easy fitting. Then, gloves worn over his lightweight space-suit gloves for added protection. Now, Schiller adjusts helmet and double visor while Doc checks his life-support system. This backpack includes enough compressed oxygen for four hours; contamination, humidity, pressure, ventilation, temperature and recirculatory control; electrical power; voice communication and telemetry facilities.

"OK, Doc!" Schiller claps gloved hands.

"Don't try anything funny till you find your legs." Norlund plugs his suit into oxygen and checks the supply. "Stand by for decompression." He flips a handle that vents the cabin's atmosphere through a valve into airless space. "It's all yours, Wally. I'll hand you down the stuff." Schiller hangs both legs out of the



"But, Barry—I thought we were supposed to be eloping tomorrow night . . . !"

open hatch, then seemingly floats onto the moon's surface, kicking up dust, which settles at once. "Here's the TV camera. Watch your step. And the tripod." Doc passes out the equipment. "Remember the outside antenna. Here's your still camera. Now the pick and the dust sample container. Forgotten anything?"

"Sure. Old Glory!"

"OK. Here it is, with the telescopic flagpole. Set it up first, Wally."

"You bet. I'll keep in touch. Be gone at least three hours."

"See how you feel."

While Norlund secures the hatch, Schiller opens the scientific equipment bay hatch in the descent stage and removes a 15-cubic-foot package that would weigh 200 pounds on earth. Its lunar weight is a scant 33 pounds, but it includes a radioisotopic, thermoelectric generator that supplies power to six items: an ion detector, triaxis magnetometer, solar wind detector, seismometer, lunar heat-flow gauge and medium-energy solar wind gauge. Deliberately pacing himself, conscious more of muscle restraint than of effort, Schiller first plants the Stars and Stripes, then installs the equipment some 300 feet from the module. "Take it away, Doc. I'll switch the camera to a 360-degree scan to give earth viewers more for their commercials! Have Goldstone report soonest on transmission quality."

"Roger. What's your dosimeter reading?"

"Nominal. This thermal suit is the nuts. I'm going for a walk."

Craters of all sizes and depths dot the landscape. Not a drop of water nor a speck of vegetation. Wally is reminded of a World War Two carpet bombing. Some craters are a foot in diameter and an inch deep. Others, in the near distance, are ridged with high escarpments. Everywhere, fine to coarse cosmic dust covers pumicelike porous stones with a firmer subsurface. As Schiller drifts along without effort, headed for the derelict Luna, he smiles to himself. Here is a piece of equipment the Russians kept so secret on earth it would have cost the life of any snooper to get near. At a glance, Luna 15 is even larger than our Surveyor, but not as sophisticated. Three hours go like three minutes. Schiller collects several pounds of dust and chipped rock, repositions the TV camera. "Goddard says the TV pictures are of terrific quality," Doc tells him. "Boy, those Luna close-ups really turned on the Russians!"

"I figured they would. Where are the comrades?"

At that moment, Balchen's voice cuts in from orbiting Apollo. "Speak of the Devil! Here they come now! Fantastic. Boy, what a break. They've just fired the landing engine! Look west, you guys. They're below me now."

Just in time, Schiller spots a comet of bright flame descending rapidly toward the lunar surface, just over the horizon, west-southwest. Must be a good ten miles away. Probably more. Not a whisper disturbs the airless environment. "Thanks, Roy. Did you get it, Doc?"

"Negative. But I've noted the time. 72:37:33 into the mission. That's three hours, five minutes, ten seconds after our landing. So they picked up time."

"Informing Houston. Better come back in now, Wally. I'll decompress when you wave," says Norlund.

One hour, 55 minutes, 23 seconds later, it is Doc Norlund who spots the Russian lift-off while Schiller is busy in the module. Balchen sees nothing. Apollo is on the other side of the moon. Soundless, trailing a long plume of flame, the service module and Voskhod rise straight up, gathering speed visibly, then arching westward to a pin point, just like an earth launch.

• • •

At 02:57 A.M., October 8, EST, the Russian cosmonauts break their radio silence in accordance with General Stakovsky's orders. "Ardent greetings from Voskhod 9 to the peoples of the Soviet Union, Asia, Africa and Europe. We are already seventeen hours into a transearth trajectory after a successful lunar landing and lift-off. Our health is excellent." Moscow Domestic Radio interrupts a night program of music for workers:

Our heroic Cosmonauts are now on their way back from the moon! They are Comrades Colonel Ivan Petrovitch Protsenko, Captain Sergei Leontovitch Bogdanov and Professor Dmitri Alexandrovitch Malinin. On behalf of all the world's free democratic republics, our glorious comrades planted the flag of the U.S.S.R. on the lunar surface. Any moment now, you will see televised pictures of their achievement brought to you directly from the moon! Comrade Premier Kobaev has already sent heartfelt congratulations to our intrepid cosmonauts and created them Heroes of the Soviet Union by universal vote of the Presidium. They will be the first human beings to return to earth with the dramatic story of the greatest journey ever accomplished by man. The technical superiority of the Soviet Union in manned space travel, as in other fields, is once again manifest!

The Russian national anthem follows. Early-morning editions of *Izvestia*, *Pravda* and other newspapers carry this announcement verbatim as released by Tass news agency, but give no lunar landing details, no time estimates of an earth descent, no expected touchdown area. Flowery biographies of the cosmonauts are the only other material relating

to the mission.

To President Lyndon Johnson, now asleep in the White House with a warrant officer guarding his door, this is merely Russian confirmation of news some 17 hours old. Jodrell Bank began tracking the homebound Voskhod as it escaped the moon's gravitational pull. Press Secretary Royal, awakened by phone, decides not to disturb the President. The earliest projected NASA estimate for the return of the Russian spaceship is the morning of October 10, EST. Plenty of time for an interim Presidential statement, if required. Moscow sends the White House a congratulatory telegram on the landing of our lunar module, but has published only a brief news item about the American mission. In the morning, the President decides to wait for the official Soviet announcement that the cosmonauts have returned to earth.

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October 10, 1968: The President is up and dressed by eight A.M. The return trajectories of six earthbound men in two spacecraft—Voskhod 9 and AS-468—have been tracked not only by Russia's Gorky University radio-astronomy observatory at Zimenki but also by Jodrell Bank Experimental Station at Manchester, England. Jodrell Bank's estimate is that Voskhod 9 will land on Russian soil, probably in the Baykonur area, some time between 10 and 11 A.M., EST.

"That means they'll be landing in the dark, sir," General Remington points out. "Nine hours later, local time. Not recommended for a manned flight, even in clear weather."

CIA's Ludlow Swanson, present with the general, Secretary of State Smith, the Press Secretary and Ralph C. Oakes, NASA's deputy associate administrator for Manned Space Flight, remarks, "I don't think they had much choice, Mr. President. Valid information suggests their entire timetable was thrown off by that twelve-hour launch delay, and they had no option but to go and return as quickly as possible, with a minimum lunar stay."

"Two hours was an irreducible time," NASA's Oakes points out. "Just enough to check on-board systems, plant some lunar instruments and take a stroll. The alternative, to get them back in daylight, would have been a nine-hour lunar stay. And that they were not prepared to risk, for fear we might leave first!"

"Well, this way nobody gets hurt—we hope," says the President, philosophically. "Honors are about even, with maybe an edge for the U.S. We land first and they get back first."

"As Wally Schiller remarked," Jim Royal says, "they didn't waste much time hanging around!"

"What about our guys?" the President asks, suddenly serious. "What's the latest?"

"They're on time, sir, based on a trajec-

tory of about seventy-two hours, with splashdown and recovery near Hawaii tomorrow morning," Oakes tells him.

"Let's hope it stays that way," says the President. "That lunar module lift-off and rendezvous gave the boys some sticky moments for a while, when they lost their computer . . ."

"The deep-space relay immediately went into operation, sir," Oakes says loftily. "So the rendezvous maneuver was nominal, after all."

"Don't give me that 'nominal' stuff, Ralph," Johnson frowns.

At 2:30 P.M., Press Secretary Royal brings in the expected Tass bulletin from the teleprinter room. It is phrased in exultant terms, but carefully omits landing time.

This evening, Voskhod 9 and its three heroic cosmonauts made a perfect landing in the Kyzyl-Kum area after an uneventful journey back from the moon that lasted 71 hours, 55 minutes. "The spacecraft came to rest as smoothly as an elevator," said Comrade Professor Malinin, the cosmonauts' space surgeon, back from his first mission. "It was an extraordinary experience—almost beyond description." The three men are in excellent health and their equipment functioned perfectly throughout. Comrades Protsenko, Bogdanov and Malinin will undergo an immediate medical examination, followed by a postflight debriefing, after which they will fly to Moscow for a heroes' welcome, to receive from Comrade Premier Kobelev their well-earned award. The entire Soviet Union and the Communist world are delirious with joy at this fantastic achievement without parallel in manned-space-flight history. Congratulations are pouring in from every country. To the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, to its unmatched technologists and its gallant cosmonauts goes the credit for being the first people to complete a round trip to the moon. A postflight press conference will be held in Moscow at the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, October 12, with Comrade President M. V. Starnev conducting the proceedings.

"Well," shrugs the President, making a sudden decision, "protocol says we must do it!" He lifts the receiver from the red telephone on his desk—the emergency line to Moscow—and hands it to the White House interpreter, Charles Freedman, former assistant secretary at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. "It's all yours, Chuck. Ask to speak to Premier Kobelev's interpreter. Say I want to offer my personal congratulations on the splendid achievement of the

Russian cosmonauts and to welcome the U.S.S.R. to an era of peaceful coexistence on the moon!"

There is a longish pause, then, "On behalf of the U.S.S.R., I want to thank you, Mr. President, for your congratulations and good wishes," and then, with a subtly different tone, "It is my understanding that your astronauts are on their way back even now. Our cosmonauts Protsenko, Bogdanov and Malinin would be happy to join the reception party at Cape Kennedy or in Washington to welcome them safely home."

Johnson's eyes harden. "They are welcome, of course," he says slowly. "I am sure they will want to know how their moon landing must have looked as seen from the moon."

Then, thinking to nail it down once and for all, Johnson adds, "It is a pity you did not announce your attempt earlier. We could probably have put our lunar module a little closer to your touchdown point and perhaps made it possible for your men to stay a little longer."

Kobelev shows signs of irritation. "It is not very good manners, we feel, to anticipate success, Mr. President. A little less fanfare about one's ambitions makes the winning all the more satisfying, don't you think?"

"Are you sure about the word 'winning,' Chuck?" Johnson asks sharply.

Freedman holds his hand over the receiver. "No question about it, Mr. President."

"OK, tell him this: We were first on the moon and the world was our witness. Indeed, the world watched it happen, as they always will in a free society."

Kobelev's answer has a faint singsong of liturgy as the argument moves into familiar dialectics, "We came home first, Mr. President, as the world also knows. Once again the People's Democracies have proven their superiority in science as in all efforts of a collectivist society. Goodbye, Mr. President."

"Goodbye, Premier Kobelev."



"You got me into the mood for this passionate love scene, Mr. Gazin. Maybe now you can tell me how to get out of it?"

INDOOR PICNIC

(continued from page 94)

are long and dangling, fold in half before jabbing with skewer.

Chicken Livers: 1½ lbs. fresh chicken livers. Wash well. Cut pairs in half. Place in cold salted water in saucepan over moderate flame. As soon as water comes to boil, drain livers. Chill before threading on skewers.

Squabs: 6 squabs, 14 to 16 ozs. each. Have butcher split squabs and cut each into four portions, detaching shoulder and wing bone from breast for uniform broiling. Place squab pieces between broiler grill. Set rack in high position. Broil until brown on both sides. If flesh in breast section is slightly rare, the flavor will be delightful as in mallard duck and other game. Small Rock Cornish game hens are equally adaptable at a charcoal party.

FISH AND SHELLFISH

Scallops: 1½ lbs. bay or sea scallops. Leave bay scallops whole. Slice sea scallops into halves or thirds. Season generously with celery salt before broiling. Drawn butter is the best baster.

Shrimps: 3 lbs. fresh shrimps in shell. Before impaling shrimps, remove shell and vein running down back. Put skewer through tail and head ends of each shrimp. Don't split shrimps. Keep as far above fire as possible, since excessive heat shrivels shrimp flavor and flesh.

Oysters: 4 dozen medium- to large-size, freshly shucked. More than any other shellfish, oysters will become tough when exposed to too strong a fire or when kept on a fire too long. Flavor is best when insides of oysters are merely warm, not hot. If oysters are longish, fold before skewering. Bacon is the oyster's protector.

Swordfish: 3 lbs. ¾-in.-thick steak. Buy the pink- rather than the yellow-fleshed variety during the winter. Remove skin. Cut into cubes about ¾ in. thick.

Salmon: 3 lbs. ¾-in.-thick steak. Cut salmon into ¾-in.-thick cubes, but leave skin on to keep morsels firm over fire. Pierce through flesh rather than skin side.

Baby Lobster Tails: 6 nine-oz. packages baby rock-lobster tails, 4 tails per package. Thaw tails at room temperature. With heavy, sharp French knife, cut through thin membrane of each tail to separate into halves. Break shell by hand so that inner flesh side faces up, butterfly style. Place lobster tails in hinged wire broiler rack. Baste generously with butter. Broil 3 minutes, shell side down. Broil 3 minutes—no longer—shell side up. Serve immediately.

"Every mile is two in winter," George Herbert wrote. Perhaps 't was true in the 17th Century, but nowadays you, your friends and your special girl will get maximum mileage out of winter by keeping your alfresco outing indoors.



COGNAC

(continued from page 78)

first-class districts. "Grande fine champagne" means that the cognacs in the blend are exclusively from the finest brandy-producing area in the world. Grande Champagne cognac, because of its high acidity, is more amenable to long aging, and the longer cognac is aged—at least up to 50 years—the smoother and more palatable it becomes. But these are very much matters of personal taste. The older a cognac, usually, the higher the price.

If you get hooked on cognac, you will find yourself consuming about six bottles of light cognac to one of liqueur cognac. And if you dabble in cocktails, you will also use the young brandy for the basic ingredient of such classic compositions as the sidecar, the alexander, the French 75 and the stinger. It would be sacrilegious to mix a V. S. O. P. or older grande fine cognac, however, with anything except the saliva in your mouth.

The sidecar, alas, has almost vanished from the scene, which is a shame. It was and is a mouth-puckering tart concoction of the same genre as the daiquiri, the margarita and the whiskey sour. During the jazz age, in the 1920s, the sidecar was the hip cocktail of the fast set, of the flappers and the sheiks. The sidecar has cognac and the juice of a lemon and a dash of Cointreau or triple sec. The alexander, which is even deader than the sidecar, was a popular drink during Prohibition among teenagers who wanted to emulate their elders but couldn't stomach the terrible taste of bootleg gin. The alexander was made with brandy, sweet cream and crème de cacao. It was very big with girls who wanted to make the scene but hated to drink. It looked innocent and tasted like an ice-cream soda. However, the alexander was a deceptive drink. After three or four alexanders, the girl would experience a strange and overpoweringly erotic sensation all through her body, and if the time and the place were right, she became not only willing but ardent. More girls probably became pregnant as a result of guzzling brandy alexanders than from any other single cause during the 1920s. However, as a middle-of-the-road hedonist, I am glad to see the alexander go into the dustbin of history—but not because it was conducive to sexual immorality. It didn't taste good. In fact, let's face it, the alexander is just plain *nauseating*.

On the other hand, the stinger deserves immortality. It is cold, it is bracing, it is the perfect libation for an evening of pub crawling. Into a shaker containing cracked ice, you pour three ounces of brandy and one of white crème de menthe and shake strenuously until your arms are tired. The French 75—named for a powerful cannon of World War One—is a dynamite *boisson*



that is guaranteed to do you absolutely no good. It's brandy and soda—except instead of soda you splash champagne into a highball glass containing a jigger of cognac. People who love champagne despise the French 75. People who love cognac despise the French 75. It's a kick in the head. I think I ought to put in here that Winston Churchill, though he was hooked on champagne and cognac separately, had no use for the French 75, which he called an "odious cocktail." Even the French don't drink it.

There is something about the subject of cognac that seems to bring out the worst of the normal human tendency to make mistakes. There is hardly a single magazine article published in the U.S. about cognac within the past ten years that does not contain egregious errors and historical howlers. The accepted library standard reference work, *Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits and Beers* by Harold J. Grossman, is replete with absurdities. For instance, take the explanation of how stars came to be put on cognac labels. Grossman's version—which he got the Lord only knows where, as I can find no French or English authority who has printed this nonsense—is written up in more polished fashion by another author, William E. Masee, in *Wines and Spirits*. Masee tells us: "The custom of putting stars on the bottle is said to have begun in 1811, the Year of the Comet, when sensational wines were made all over Europe. The next year was great, too, so a second star was added to the label, and so was the next, which called for another star."

Anybody who will believe this will believe that George Washington chopped down a cherry tree. It is easy to knock down the "three-star" fairy tale. "Until 1860, cognac was shipped only in barrels," states Robert Delamain, in his *Histoire du Cognac*. The wine merchant bottled the cognac and affixed his own label, which sometimes also included the name of the distiller. Furthermore, while it's true that an unusually large comet showed in 1811, it was not a vintage year for cognac. Nor was 1812 nor 1813. These years are never mentioned by 19th Century tosspots as being great years.

"My grandfather, Maurice Hennessy, invented the three-star label because he believed stars were a symbol of merit," Killian Hennessy, great-great-grandson of the Irish founder of the house, told me. "It had nothing to do with comets. It was in 1865, after we began bottling our brandies. The idea was so good that everybody copied it. We have already discontinued the three-star designation for our young cognac in France and we are now starting to do this in your country as well. Our light cognac we call Bras Arme."

In delving into the history of cognac, I sometimes had the feeling that the



American writer studies the works of Baron Munchausen, "Parson" Mason Locke Weems and the Brothers Grimm, and then retires to his study with a bottle of fine old cognac and lets his imagination run riot as he composes apocrypha. According to Harold Grossman—and, I repeat, the American Library Association's Booklist recommends his *Guide* as the standard reference work on alcoholic subjects—commercial distillation of cognac began in the 16th Century when, while taking a cargo of local wine from La Rochelle, Charente's chief port, to Holland, a "bright Dutch shipmaster" decided he could save space by "eliminating the water" in the wine and just shipping the distillation. On arriving "in Holland with his 'concentrated wine,' his Dutch friends liked it as it was. It would be a waste of water to make it wine again. Thus the brandy trade had its inception. The Dutch called the new product *brantywein* (burnt wine), presumably because fire, or heat, was used in [its] distillation. In time, this term was anglicized to the present-day word—brandy."

In an extremely lengthy and accurate article on brandy, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (11th edition) makes a point of specifically declaring that the name "brandy" is not derived from the High German or the High Dutch, but from the Old English word *brandewine*, *brandwine* or *brandy wine*. The word "brand,"

common to all Teutonic languages of northern Europe, means "a thing burning or that has been burned." Until 1670, Englishmen called distilled wine "brandy-wine," and then it was shortened to brandy. As for the flying Dutchman, he is not even hinted at in Delamain's history of cognac, or in Dujardin's *Recherches Retrospectives sur l'Art de la Distillation* or in Claquesin's *Histoire des Liqueurs*. He has never been mentioned in the bulletins of the Archaeological and Historical Society of the Charente, which has published many researches into the early history of cognac distillation. He does not exist, never did exist and never could have existed.

Grape brandy was first produced in a medical laboratory in the last part of the 13th Century and it was intended to be a medicine. What Dr. Fleming was to penicillin, Arnold of Villanova was to cognac. He discovered it. He described exactly how he made it. He described its effects on the human physiology. Arnaldus (1235-1313) was a Spanish scientist who had studied chemistry and medicine under the great Arabian medieval teachers. The Arabian alchemist Jabir ibn Hayyan had perfected an improved alembic (or still) around 800 A.D. The technique of distillation, however, was thousands of years old. All scholarly histories of chemistry—which has its roots



"My name is J. Barclay Strauss—
anyone been looking for me?"

in alchemy—trace distilling back to the ancient Egyptians, Chinese, Indians and Greeks. India was producing a distilled spirit, arrack, in 800 B.C. Alchemists during the Middle Ages were constantly experimenting with various distillations.

In the 14th Century, Europe was ravaged by the bubonic plague, the black death, which killed one out of every three persons. Arnold carried on his experiments in distillation in a desperate attempt to find a cure for the bubonic plague. He never found a cure for it, but he did find a cure for the essential agony of being human, of experiencing anxiety in the face of the unknown. In his work *Speculum Alchiae*, this extraordinary man described exactly how he made grape brandy. He claimed that, taken during epidemics, it would "maintain youth" and "prolong life." He gave us most of the phrases we use to describe alcohol: *eau de vie* (or in the Gaelic, whiskey, which means the same thing); he was the first to call alcohol "spirits," because he believed it was the spirit or soul of the wine; and he sometimes called it "*eau-de-feu*," which was what the American Indians called whiskey—that is, "firewater"—when the pioneers traded them whiskey for furs. In his *Breviarum Practicae*, Arnold listed hundreds of formulas for drugs, in which herbs and roots were compounded with his grape brandy. Among the plants he used were clove, sweet William, anise

seed, juniper berries, citron, cassia, fennel, angelica and absinthe.

Arnold's grape brandy—and the brandy produced in France for 300 years—was terrible in taste and smell. He did not know the fine art of distilling a potable spirit. And so, when people in France began distilling and selling grape brandy in trade from the 1400s on, they continued to infuse the raw brandy with various herbs and berries and spices in order to make it palatable. Its sickening smell was disguised by infusions of rose leaves, orange flowers and jasmin.

Brandy was widely produced all over France except in one place—the region of Cognac itself. The vigneron of the Charente regarded their wine as superb and they did an excellent business and had been doing an excellent business since the year 1100, shipping wine up the Charente river and the English Channel to Amsterdam and London merchants. Their wine was even shipped to the Baltic countries and to Scandinavia. During the 1630s, there were high taxes put on wine in the Charente. A depression ensued. The farmers were impoverished. Wine spoiled. There were bloody uprisings of the agricultural laborers, a *Jacquerie*. The wine brokers of London, Amsterdam and La Rochelle told the farmers they had better boil the wines in alembics and convert them into *eaux de vie*. They were outraged. What—waste the little wood they had in the forests on

spoiling good wine! Destroy the precious lumber they needed for building houses and heating them and cooking food! They'd see King Henri IV damned to hell before they'd make any of this stinking, evil-smelling "burned wine."

Then came a more serious crisis. Their vines suffered a mysterious change. Perhaps they were attacked by a fungus. French chemists who have investigated the change Charente wines underwent in the 17th Century are not certain. But suddenly the wine became enfeebled. It couldn't "travel well." It was spoiled when it arrived at its destination. Merchants refused to pay for the rotten wine. So in this crisis, they had to turn to brandy. And, in the next 100 years, they refined and perfected a method of pot-still distillation with which, by dint of controlling the fires at a certain temperature and watching fanatically as the white alcohol slowly dripped, drop by drop, and by giving it two distillations, the second being the *repassement*, and by rectifying the "heads" and "tails" of the first distillation, and, in short, by caring intensely about their product, these individualistic farmers made an *eau de vie* so pure and so clean and so sweet-smelling that it could be drunk straight—without disguising the smell or the taste with herbs and sweet-smelling flowers. By 1700 it was the most sought-after *eau de vie* in the European market.

But even so, even with all its superiority to competing *eaux de vie*, this primitive Charente brandy was still not cognac as we know it today. For this, something else was required, and this something else was also the result of an accident. During the 1730s, there were a succession of rich harvests in the Charente, an oversupply of the wine that is the raw material of cognac and, consequently, an abundance of the latter. Prices sank. Those farmers who lived only from one season to another were compelled to sell their cognac at distress prices. But other farmers, who could withstand the slump and hold out, refused to throw their cognac on the market. They laid away that year's cognac in oak barrels. They gambled on the future. Sooner or later, there would be a season of a poor harvest and the prices would inevitably rise. That they knew. But what would happen to the cognac if it remained in cask for a year, two years, three years? Would it deteriorate? Would everything be lost? Until then, nobody dreamed that alcohol mellowed when it was sleeping in oaken barrels. All that they prayed for was that the cognac would stay as it was. And eventually there were lean harvests and the foresighted risk takers suddenly made great profits when the price of cognac soared in England and northern Europe.

By the time of the Napoleonic Wars,

cognac brought the highest price in the world market. Yet between 1730 and 1795, speculation raged wildly in the cognac district. From the time England blockaded the Continent and the Charente was cut off from its richest market, the cognac trade changed. Previously, the longest cognac had aged was two or three or, at most, five years. But now it had to lie in the casks for as long as 15 or 20 years. In this way the distillers and farmers learned that the cognac of the Borderies, the Grande Champagne, the Petite Champagne, was amenable to a lengthy aging process, and now there began the modern era of putting cognac aside for reserve and no longer speculating on future shortages and gambling with land and stocks and rising and falling values in pounds and francs. Now the chemists began to study the science of alcohol and aging and grape brandy. And the cognac houses developed methods of building and curing their barrels before they put the brandy in. Yes—even the barrels are aged before the cognac is put in to age.

In the large low stone buildings they call *chais*, the barrels are neatly stacked, two barrels on the floor and one barrel sitting between the two—long rows of three barrels like this, every barrel stamped with its year and the name of the distillery and the section. The air seeps through the porous oak and oxygen goes into the cognac, causing it to change in color, taste and chemical composition. The white *eau de vie* that dripped out of the still slowly becomes yellow, then golden, then beige and gradually a burnished amber. It is becoming cognac—not merely a “burned wine.”

The cognac, as it grows older, acquires a liquidity so soft it kisses your tongue and the lining of your mouth when you imbibe it. And a whole range of smells is brought out by the oak barrels and the tannin in the oak and the oxygen mingling with the cognac. The great houses tie up millions upon millions of dollars of capital in this aging cognac, these sleeping beauties of alcohol, this “sleeping gold,” as they call it. At the time of this writing, Martell has 65,000 barrels in stock. Hennessy, with the largest reserve, has over 100,000 barrels sleeping, of which 30,000 consist of brandy five years or younger. Through evaporation, every barrel loses four percent a year, and it must be filled to capacity from other barrels of the same year and distillery once a year. In the *chais* are stacked these thousands of barrels, and the air reeks with the fumes of cognac. This, say the Charentais, is the share of the angels. And in the narrow cobblestoned ancient streets of Cognac, in the streets near the *chais*, the air is also perfumed with the lingering aroma of evaporating cognac. By the great and beautiful castle in which Francis I was

born, the Château of Cognac, owned by Otard, which looms like a battlemented medieval stronghold lying on the banks of the slow-moving Charente river, a river at times no wider than a canal, the cognac fills the air, for Otard ages its cognac right in the castle itself. And all through this city and the nearby cities such as Jarnac, the angels are sipping their share of the cognac. It is right that the angels should participate. For the production and aging of cognac is, in a way, a profound act of faith. It is based on an assumption that there will be a future and that there will be men in this future who will not be savages but who will delight themselves by inhaling and tasting and swallowing cognac after a good dinner with good friends, and that there will be a time and a place to sit, in one's house, in a restaurant, in a club, and talk to one's friends as one slowly, thoughtfully sips a cognac that is right now sleeping in a barrel that is 20 barrels down the line in a *chai* in Jarnac—and that this particular barrel may be mingled with the cognacs out of 12 or 14 or 24 other cognacs from as many barrels to make the blending of somebody's XO or V. S. O. P. Fine Champagne.

The master blender is, ultimately, the

virtuoso of each house. Like so many other noble human activities, the art of making cognac is a mixture of petty motivations and glorious ideals. It began as medicine, as a weapon against bubonic plague. It developed into greatness because of wild speculations and greed. There is a sort of aesthetics in cognac, as well—a longing for beauty. And the artisan of it is this blender who, working mainly with his nose and his palatal memory of thousands of cognacs from a variety of vintages and vineyards that he has sampled in his lifetime, puts together the great blends of the great houses.

“He who composes liqueurs,” wrote Polycarpe Poncelet in his *Chemistry of Taste and Smell* a hundred years ago, “is akin to a composer of symphonies, but he is also a scientist, for he must know intimately the natural laws as well as he must know the harmonic principles. If the blender dreams of achieving greatness in his art, he must know the laws of nature and of the human body, for his object is nothing less than to produce in the human being an agreeable sensation of heightened well-being, which we may call absolute health.”



“You tell your Mr. Ryan that I'm flattered, but I already have a date for this evening.”

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 38)*

certainly enjoyed glancing through it." Another postal clerk's confession—and he didn't bat an eye as he said it!

The copy I got had half the cover gone and was unbelievably dirty and dog-eared.

Robert H. Shroy
Alexandria, Virginia

POSTAL PRIVACY

I do not see any logic in the letter by Post Office Department Counsel Timothy May (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Mr. May says that any mail sent or received through a professional correspondence club should not be considered private, because the writers are not friends. He should know that there are innumerable ways to find companions. Is a Government bureau to tell a lonely man which way he may choose? A man may have little in common with those with whom he works, happens to meet in public or knows in his own neighborhood. If he wants to share unorthodox ideas and feelings (too exotic for his cur-

rent circle of friends), why shouldn't he be allowed to search farther afield? And if the most convenient way to find others with similar interests is through a correspondence club, then let him use it? As long as he isn't hurting anyone, what difference does it make?

Kevin McCool
Chicago, Illinois

THE MAIL JAM

Your readers might be interested in the following from Sidney Harris' column in the *Chicago Daily News*:

Some weeks ago, the Chicago Post Office, which handles a heavier volume of mail than any other city in the United States, experienced the most monumental foul-up in its history. Although emergency measures were taken, deliveries of everything but first-class mail are still shockingly slow.

This abysmal condition recalled something I'd read a few years ago, by William L. Shirer, the noted for-

eign correspondent, author of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*—a man who has lived all over the world for the last four decades.

According to this veteran traveler, "The mail service offered us citizens of this most technologically advanced nation in the world must be the worst on the face of the globe."

Shirer has lived and worked in many primitive, underdeveloped countries throughout the world. But, he went on to say, "In not a single one of them was the postal service so slow or slovenly as in this country, which has led the world into the jet-space age . . ."

Letters to New York from Boston and Washington take two full days "if you are lucky." He pointed out that mail by sailing ship or pony express from those two cities 150 years ago took hardly any more time.

Shirer then concluded his broadside by saying that "even in Kabul, Afghanistan, when I was there 30 years ago, the postal service was far superior to that in New York City today. . . . It puzzles. It raises questions about our whiz-bang society."

Could it be that our postal service is so slow because each carrier has to wait until the postal inspectors get finished hunting for correspondence-club letters in each load of mail before they release it for delivery?

Charles Dvorak
Chicago, Illinois

CONVICTED WITHOUT A TRIAL

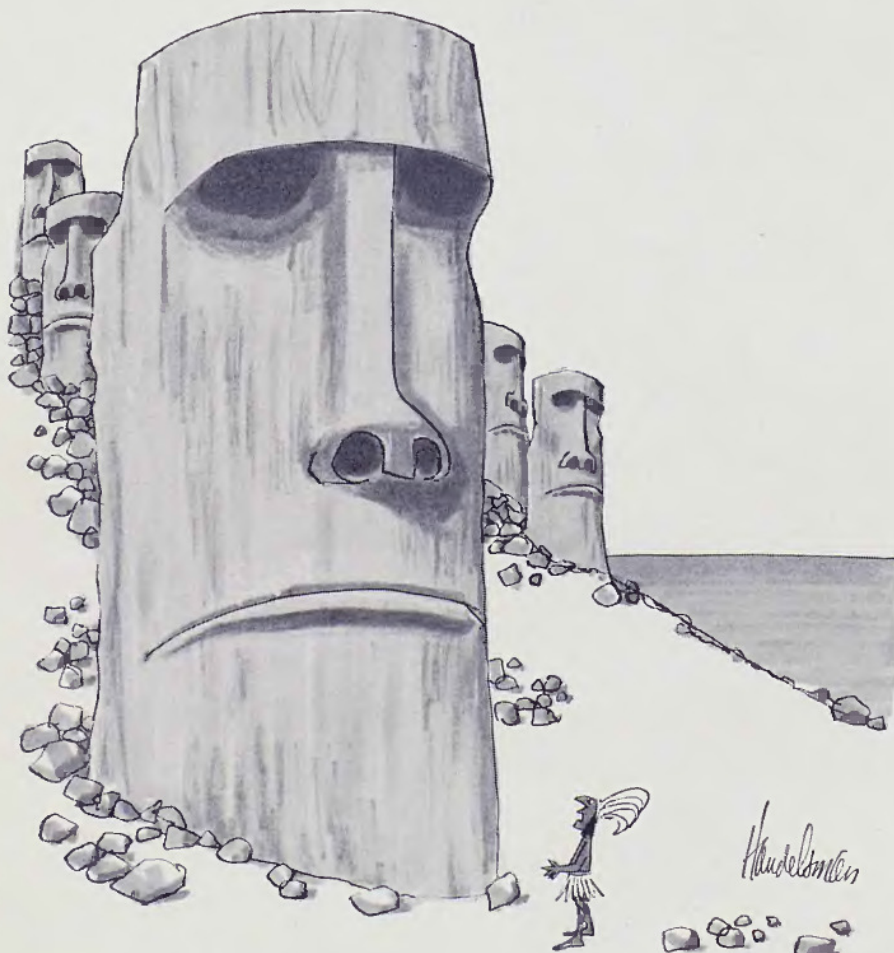
In your *Playboy Forum* for August 1966, you mentioned, as a current example of entrapment by postal inspectors, the case of John Morgan, superintendent of schools in Harlingen, Texas. Mr. Morgan had been indicted for sending allegedly "obscene" letters to "two women" who turned out to be *one man*—a postal inspector.

You will be glad to learn that the Government evidently had a change of heart. I quote from *The Brownsville (Texas) Herald*:

An obscene-mail indictment against former Harlingen schools superintendent John H. Morgan was dismissed on motion of Federal Government in U. S. District Court here late Friday . . .

Dismissal was sought mainly on the grounds that Morgan "has already suffered for his acts" and that his "health has been bad."

The 52-year-old Morgan was indicted by a Houston Federal grand jury on April 25 on three counts of mailing obscene letters. . . . Morgan pleaded not guilty . . .



"I appeal to you, because I think you've got a little more sense than the others."

Morgan since April has spent some time in Valley Baptist Hospital in Harlingen and in a Houston hospital. He was said to be suffering from "severe emotional and physical shock."

Scarcely a "happy ending"—but at least this is less of a miscarriage of justice than would have occurred before PLAYBOY began its exposure of these distasteful entrapments.

Robert Stevens
Houston, Texas

Scarcely a "happy ending," indeed. An excellent editorial in a subsequent issue of the same newspaper movingly establishes how John Morgan was found guilty of a serious Federal crime without benefit of a trial:

Without knowing any more about the case than has appeared in print, we find the Government's dismissal of obscene-mail charges against former school superintendent John Morgan most alarming.

It leaves in the hands of the authorities a weapon that could be employed to blacken the name of anyone, in or out of public life, without having to prove a single charge.

John Morgan was Harlingen superintendent of schools when he was indicted on a Federal charge of having mailed "obscene, lewd and lascivious matter" to two women in Texas and Louisiana. A postal inspector said that he, using the name of a woman, had engaged in a correspondence with Morgan during the course of which he received letters from Morgan that were "quite obscene."

Morgan was immediately suspended from his school job and subsequently resigned.

Late last Friday, the U.S. District Attorney went into court and made a motion for dismissal of the charge, which was granted.

The reasons cited for asking dismissal were, to us, shocking.

The petition stated that "defendant is no longer in a position and has no access to youth," that he "has already suffered for his acts" by losing his school job, that "no benefit will be derived by further prosecution of this case in that defendant's health is bad," and, the real topper of it all, that "defendant has suffered shame and humiliation to the extent that further prosecution should not be necessary."

In summary, it seems that Morgan has already been convicted of "acts" contrary to law, but the prosecutor now has turned humanitarian



"Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . ."

and decided that this poor fellow has suffered enough. Thus, after blackening the man's reputation and seeing to it that he will never get a responsible job in his chosen profession, the Government is willing to forgive and forget.

What happened to the old concept of law that a man is innocent until proven guilty?

There never was any allegation that Morgan had acted in an untoward manner with the school children to whom he had "access" as superintendent. Yet the dismissal motion makes much of the fact that "in the future no accessibility will be available to this defendant."

Are we to believe, then, that Morgan would never have been charged if he had not been a school official?

Recent Supreme Court decisions have put a new interpretation on the legal definition of obscenity; and the little old juror in tennis shoes must have an exceedingly blue nose to want to send anyone to jail for indulging in what appeared to be a two-way correspondence involving no one else—except that disguised postal inspector.

If the Government did not have a case, the charge should never have been brought in the first place. If the prosecution has decided, since

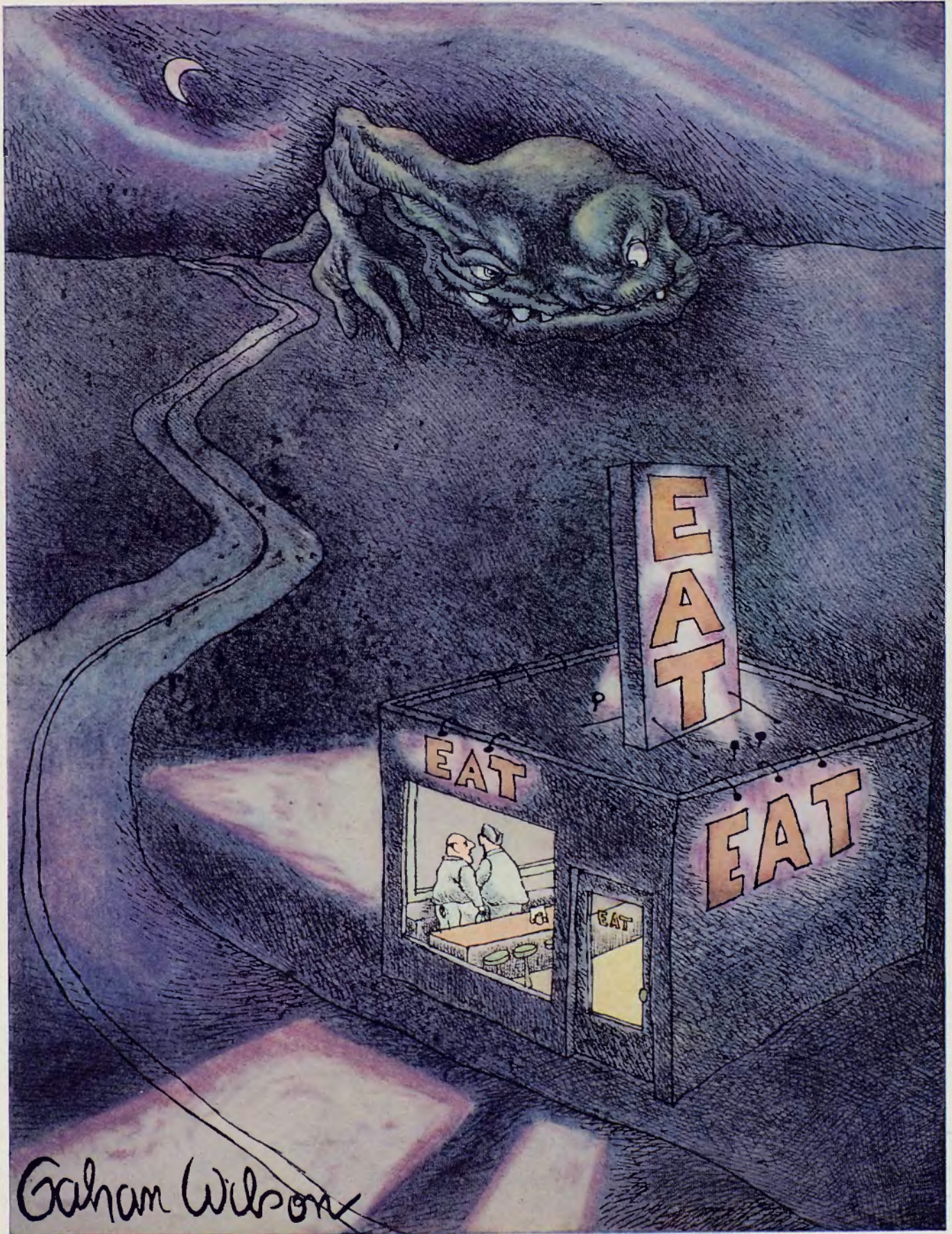
April, that it does not have sufficient legal evidence to justify trying the case, the motion for dismissal should have said so.

The prosecution certainly knew, when it first considered charging Morgan, that the charge alone would blacken his reputation and end his professional career. It seems very late now to invoke the quality of mercy.

We do not know John Morgan personally. His lawyers are not fraternity brothers of ours. In this particular case, the damage, if any, has already been done, although John Morgan, in the eyes of law, has a perfectly clean record. We are concerned that the same thing could happen again—to any of us.

"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.





Graham Wilson

"My God—do you suppose it can read?!"

CONSCRIPTION & COMMITMENT

New York, among other places, have dramatized the dissatisfaction of both students and faculty with the college-deferment system.

The social costs of the draft include far more than an inequitable distribution of the military obligation among our nation's youth. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith stated these social costs succinctly when he said, "The draft survives principally as a device by which we use compulsion to get young men to serve at less than the market rate of pay. We shift the cost of military service from the well-to-do taxpayer, who benefits by lower taxes, to the impecunious young draftee. This is a highly regressive arrangement that we would not tolerate in any other area. Presumably, freedom of choice here as elsewhere would be worth paying for."

The draft has served as a crutch for the military services, a means of avoiding the development of sounder personnel policies. As Professor Galbraith states, the young draftee is forced to suffer relative poverty in order that the Army can procure cheap labor. Yet our modern Army requires specialists and technicians, not automatons with rifles; so the military services must then waste millions of dollars training these draftees in skills they will never use in later life and skills they will forget once their tour of duty is over.

Military pay in the lower grades is lower in the United States than in any of the other NATO powers, including those, such as France and West Germany, that have compulsory service. According to Bruce Chapman, whose book *The Wrong Man in Uniform* documents the case against the draft, an Army private's pay is "less than that of a peasant on a collective farm in Communist Rumania." A private E-1 in the United States makes approximately \$90 a month—hardly enough to support himself, much less a wife and family, even considering allowances. With an increasingly lower average age for marriage in this country, it is not surprising that many married draftees are forced to depend on relief payments to support themselves. For example, in 1964, the Air Force alone found over 5000 cases of men who were receiving relief support. Such economic facts hardly encourage volunteering and certainly discourage re-enlistment.

Department of Defense figures reveal that only about 8 percent of draftees stay in the service and only 25 percent of first-term volunteers re-enlist. In 1964, the re-enlistment rate for inductees was down to 2.8 percent, and it has never been greater than 20 percent. Thus, approximately 80-95 percent of all the manpower obtained by the draft is temporary—and the skills of these men, which took about \$6000 per draftee to

(continued from page 90)

develop, are wasted in the process. The cost, in wasted training and lost skills alone, is approximately \$2.4 billion a year—for the privilege of depending on compulsion to secure manpower. This cost must be borne by Professor Galbraith's "well-to-do taxpayer"; it is the penalty we pay for our inefficient manpower-procurement system.

In addition, the draft ignores the basic changes that have occurred in the technology of war during the past two decades. Back in 1957, a report prepared by a "blue-ribbon" commission, headed by Ralph Cordiner, former president of General Electric, observed that "It is foolish for the Armed Services to obtain highly advanced weapons systems and not have men of sufficient competence to understand, operate and maintain such equipment. . . . The solution here, of course, is not to draft more men to stand and look helplessly at the machinery. The solution is to give the men already in the Armed Forces the incentives required to make them want to stay in the Service long enough and try hard enough to take these higher responsibilities, gain the skill and experience levels we need and then remain to give the Services the full benefit of their skills."

But it is precisely these skilled personnel who leave the military services for higher-paying, more satisfying jobs in civilian life. The Cordiner Report showed an inverse relationship between degree (and cost) of skills obtained and re-enlistment. "Reduced to its simplest terms," the Report stated, "the personnel problem appears to be a matter of quality as opposed to quantity." By relying on the draft, we have sacrificed quality for manpower and reduced the effectiveness of our military establishment.

This sacrifice becomes more obvious when we consider the misuse of skills and talents that permeates the current military personnel policies. On August 30, 1962, Senator William Proxmire read into the *Congressional Record* a study prepared by a former Army engineer that showed that "the effective utilized time of the enlisted scientist or engineer spent on work commensurate with his qualifications is ten percent." This waste of scientific talent was confirmed by the Army's Adjutant General's Office and illustrates the inability of the military services to use civilian-trained skills in a system where 80-90 percent of college-trained men remain in service for only the minimum two to three years.

In addition, the military has a unique talent for trying to fit square pegs into round holes. A General Accounting Office study, noted by Senator Gaylord Nelson in 1964, revealed that at least 35,000 soldiers were employed in the wrong jobs, wasting some \$48,000,000. Helicop-

ter pilots were serving as dog handlers, and airplane mechanics as military policemen. The GAO described the Army's handling of men as a "personnel system that generates misassigments."

This talent drain can be more clearly seen if it is compared with the personnel policies of the Navy's Seabees during World War Two. In the Seabees, it was the practice to take trained bulldozer operators, engineers and other skilled personnel and place them immediately in jobs with which they were familiar. This resulted in large savings in training time and costs—and encouraged enlistments, because the enlistee was guaranteed the opportunity to make use of his previous skills in a job he wished to perform. Unfortunately, even the Seabees have dropped this policy today.

Instead of utilizing the vast number of job-training programs available in the civilian sector, many of them financed by Federal funds under the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, the military establishment persists in maintaining duplicate training facilities. Even though 80 percent of military jobs are congruent with jobs in the civilian economy (according to the Department of Labor statistics), the Armed Forces continue to ignore the skilled civilian labor market in favor of untrained youths who can be "molded" into military material. These attitudes, products of the ingrained tradition of the free world's biggest bureaucracy, are motivating factors behind the military's strong reluctance to consider alternatives to the draft.

The draft's inefficiency has equally profound effects on the civilian economy, effects that are often ignored by draft boards composed of retired veterans with little or no training in economics. The current military build-up in Vietnam has intensified these pressures, as revealed in a June 1966 survey in *Personnel Management—Policies and Practices*, a trade journal published by Prentice-Hall. The Prentice-Hall study of 192 American business firms showed that 35 percent of these firms faced serious employment shortages because of the draft. A large number of companies have initiated new job-training programs but now cannot find young workers to train. Even in peacetime, the draft constricts the labor supply by forcing many companies to restrict their hiring to men over 26, or men who have fulfilled their draft obligation. Thirty-nine percent of draftees between the ages of 22 and 25, reported the Department of Defense during the June House hearings, were refused jobs in the civilian economy because of their draft liability. Even when manpower is plentiful, the draft restricts hiring and contributes to unemployment in the draft-liable 20-26 age group.

The final area of military mismanagement and inefficiency that can be

attributed to military reliance on the draft is the patent neglect of the Reserve and the National Guard. Originally established by Congress in 1955 to serve as a ready source of trained manpower in the event of a build-up, the Reserve has become a repository for overaged ex-Servicemen and young men seeking to avoid the draft. For the most part, Reserve units are untrained—a study prepared by the Governors' Advisory Committee on the National Guard indicated that 90,000 men, or 30 percent of the total strength of the Guard, had never received training. General Hershey stated to the Armed Services Committee in June that 50,000 Reservists were in "control units" and had never received training. The Army recently completed a program whereby selected Reserve units were given updated training in order to bring them to combat readiness. These Selected Reserve Force Units were produced by "a redistribution of the personnel and material resources of the remaining approximately 70 percent of the Army National Guard," said the Governors' Committee. To get a few Reserve units ready for call-up, the Army let all other Reserve and Guard units deteriorate.

There is a reason for this mess, and it again exemplifies the total lack of coordination between the military and the civilian sectors. In 1961, the Reserve was called up to meet the Berlin Wall crisis. The result was chaos in many communities; essential employees and fathers were called away from their jobs. The same situation would result today; for example, at Lambert Airport in St. Louis, many of the key employees are Reservists. A call-up would shut down this important military and civilian airport. The same deadly results would occur in many industries across the nation. Thus, the Reserve is relegated to the backwater of military planning, and the Army is content to draft and train a new 500,000 men to fill its expanded rosters.

This long history of inept handling of men and inequitable distribution of the burden of military service should lead us to welcome and encourage moves to end the draft and work toward a modern, career military force. Such a force—sustained by volunteers through increased pay and other benefits—would have a higher morale, would be better trained and more able to meet immediate military threats to our security.

The essential elements of a career force would include the following:

1. Better pay, better housing and other benefits that would make military life comparable with civilian jobs employing the same skills.
2. Coordination between military and civilian sectors in the training and use of available manpower, including using civilian personnel in military jobs as much as possible and making full use of civil-

ian training and educational establishments in producing military technicians, scientists and skilled workers.

3. Lowering physical standards where appropriate to utilize less than A-1 physical specimens in noncombat jobs.

4. Improving the capabilities of Reserve units so that they may serve as a means of retaining and maintaining needed skills for potential military usage, and coordinating Reserve organizations with the civilian society.

5. Revising the Uniform Code of Military Justice to include only those personnel engaged in combat or training for combat, and restricting its application to combat occupations.

These factors can produce a vastly different and—I would argue—superior military establishment. And yet they have never received the detailed study necessary to initiate them. The Defense Department, steeped in the traditional resistance to change that marks every bureaucratic establishment, stops short on the first point. The Department claims it would cost too much to rely entirely on volunteers. Its latest cost estimates—taken from a report offered by Assistant Defense Secretary Thomas D. Morris at the June draft hearing—range from 4 billion dollars to 17 billion dollars. However, the Department bases its figures, which are almost so vague as to be ridiculous, on its estimates of what it would cost to "hire" 500,000 new men annually without any other changes in military policies. The Department later wrote me that "no estimates were made for the draft study of the combined effects of improvement in fringe benefits upon the rate of volunteering . . . since these benefits—with the exception of training and educational opportunities—were not found to be effective inducements for *initial* enlistment" (emphasis added). Thus, the military establishment has erected an artificial monetary barrier to a volunteer Army, for it has failed to consider the large increase in re-enlistments and concomitant savings that would result from improvements in pay and other benefits.

Bruce Chapman, using 1965 figures leaked from the Pentagon study, has estimated that a pay increase totaling three billion dollars would reduce—through higher re-enlistments—the number of new Army personnel needed each year from 500,000 to 150,000. Greater fringe benefits and other improvements in military life could bring the number down even further. At the same time, the military would save at least 2.1 billion dollars in annual training costs by retaining the 350,000 men who otherwise would have left after their first hitch.

Further savings would result from using existing civilian training establishments, including college campuses, vocational schools and on-the-job training programs, to train military personnel. As

nearly 90 percent of the technical skills used by the military are also employed by the civilian economy, military training programs could be reduced to the training of only the 10–20 percent of combat and combat-support jobs (field maintenance, ordnance, battalion-level supply, etc.) that need military, as opposed to vocational, training. The resultant savings for the military could be extensive. Such a program would also be a stimulus to increased business investment in our manpower resources and could produce a greater number of skilled workers for the civilian economy.

A career military force would open up more job opportunities for those in our society who are now most disadvantaged—the Negro, the less-educated and those who are presently unemployed as a result of automation. The Department of Defense statistics used in the draft study reveal that the highest rate of enlistment under the present system is found in Southern and South Atlantic states where median annual income is only \$2441 and \$2849, respectively, and unemployment rates are the highest in the nation. Improvement of career opportunities would further increase the rate of enlistment among the disadvantaged and would provide real opportunities for those youths now unemployed because of their inability to get the vocational and technical education our automated industries require.

Furthermore, civilian personnel could be substituted for military personnel in many cases. Under a program begun by Secretary of Defense McNamara in 1965, 74,300 military jobs were replaced by 60,500 civilian positions. This substitution resulted in an over-all decrease of 13,800 jobs—since trainees and trainers could be eliminated entirely for the civilian positions. The military is limited in a replacement program of this type by the requirement that many military positions be retained in order to rotate combat troops into Stateside jobs, but extensive reductions can still be carried out.

Improving the Reserve should be one of our first priorities, since the Reserve provides a way to retain crucial skills for military use. An effective Reserve program would be coordinated with the civilian economy, so that a call-up would not endanger important industries, and Reservists under such a program would be supplied with the latest equipment and training. Such a ready Reserve could be employed in time of crisis much more rapidly than a conscript Army, which takes a year or more to develop and train. American military theory has always centered on a relatively small standing Army with a strong Reserve, and this strategy could be achieved through a voluntary Army of the present peacetime size of 2,700,000 men, plus a well-trained Reserve of 1,000,000. The neglect of the Reserve

is one of the major reasons for today's enlarged draft calls.

The question that must be asked, of the military and of Congress, is, "Why not such a system now?" The answer lies in the resistance to change that is entrenched in the military services, and the ingrained prejudices about the draft that have developed in Congress and in large segments of the public. In part, this is a generational difference: the draftees and volunteers of World War Two are now the decision-making generation in America, and their experiences are the basis from which current attitudes on the draft have developed. Changing social and economic conditions have rendered these experiences obsolete, but the old attitudes persist.

Chief among these attitudes is the feeling that "If I had to serve in the Army, then everybody else should have to, also." General Hershey summed up this feeling when he told the House Committee, "I enlisted in the National Guard in Indiana when I was sixteen years old, and there were a thousand kids that didn't, and there was nothing fair about the fact that I assumed voluntarily a responsibility they ought to share." This attitude is reflected in the opinions of the Congressmen and veterans' organizations advocating "universal military training." The feeling is understandable in a generation that fought World War Two, but it is not in tune with technological and demographic changes that have reduced the need for raw manpower while making more of it available. The persistence of this feeling

has created a wide gulf between our nation's youth—who face the draft firsthand—and the older generation that is living with memories of the past.

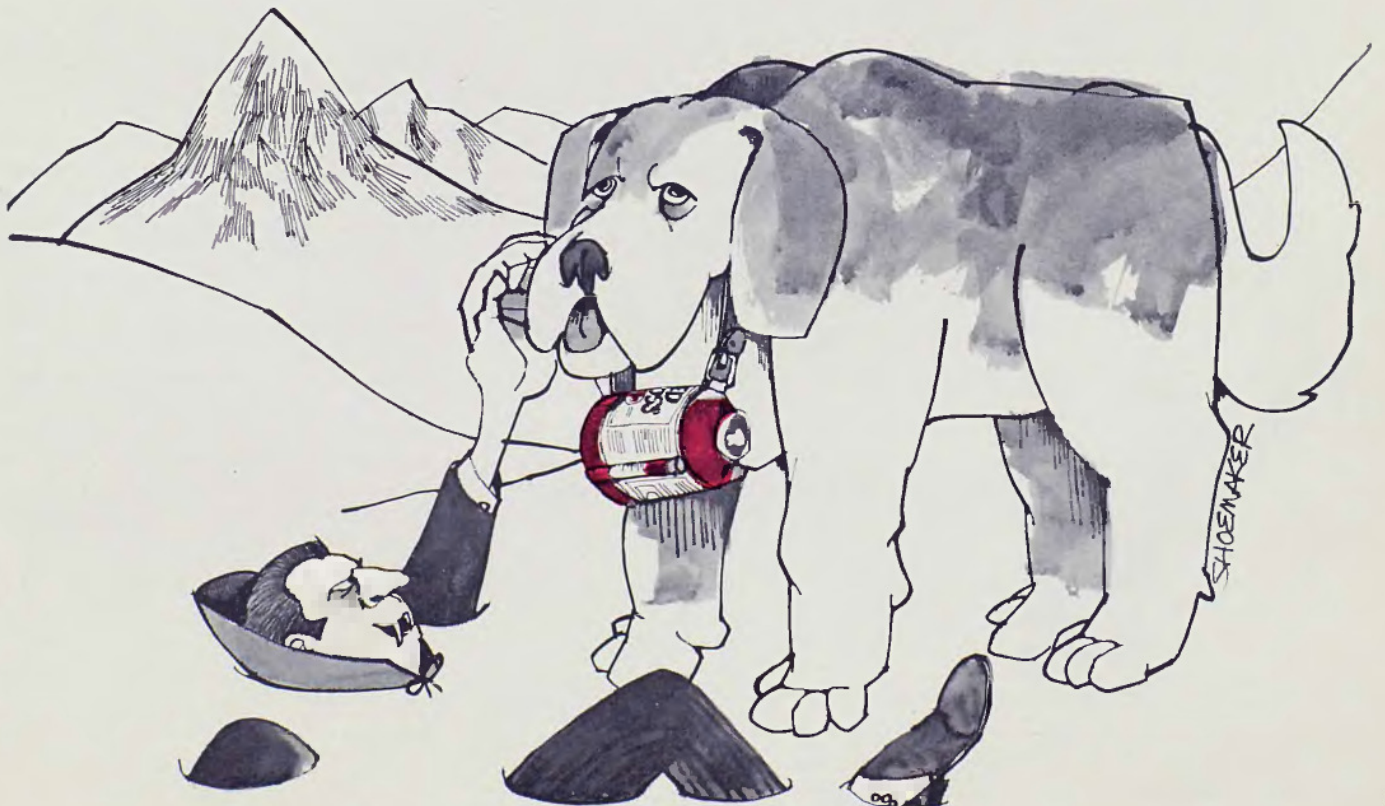
Similarly, the attitude that military training is good for everyone, that it makes better citizens, reduces juvenile delinquency and, in fact, is a panacea for all the ills of our society, is rooted in the experiences of the World War Two generation. Those days of sacrifice and heroics are fondly remembered, and all the horrors and follies of those experiences are erased by time. The experiences of World War Two gave birth in 1951 to the Universal Military Training and Service Act, which was intended by its proponents to lead to actual UMT. However, after the National Security Training Commission brought forth its report on UMT in 1951, Congress decided not to accept it, and UMT has been largely discredited since then. Nonetheless, the attitude remains, and men such as Hershey still believe in it. Hershey again advocated UMT at this year's draft hearings, and L. Mendel Rivers, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, expressed his support of the principle. It is the persistence of this feeling that has been a primary factor in the opposition to a volunteer, career Army.

Universal Military Training and its "liberal" substitute, "universal national service"—which would allow Peace Corps work or similar service to satisfy the military obligation—are abhorrent to our democratic society. Senator Robert A. Taft said in 1940, "The compulsory draft is far more typical of totalitarian

nations than of democratic nations. The theory behind it leads directly to totalitarianism. It is absolutely opposed to the principles of individual liberty which have always been considered a part of American democracy." America has long mistrusted military authority and has rejected compulsion in favor of individual freedom. The draft has only been justifiable as a measure of necessity; now that it is no longer necessary, it is no longer justifiable.

Yet the proponents of UMT, intent on realizing their past experiences in the younger generation, fail to see that these goals transgress the American value system. When General Hershey says, "I think we have gone hog wild on individual rights in this country," or when Chairman Rivers adds his "God bless you" to Hershey's advocacy of drafting Vietnamese war protesters, we must be concerned about the maintenance of our system of values. Solutions, such as UMT or "universal national service," inappropriate to our value system may pose a greater threat to our way of life than the dangers they are expected to dispel.

The voluntary system I have proposed has as one of its purposes the reduction of military authority over the lives of our citizens. The military establishment, of course, strongly objects to such concepts as replacement of military with civilian personnel, limitation in the scope of military law and the use of civilian training establishments for the Armed Forces. It is in the nature of bureaucracies, especially military bureaucracies, to attempt to extend their control over as many



people as possible. This tendency exists in a democratic society, as well as in a totalitarian one, and should be resisted as strongly as possible.

Unfortunately, the civilian chiefs in the Department of Defense and the Administration are not in a position to resist. The Defense Department is a part of the bureaucratic structure, and the Executive is limited by bureaucracy. There have been many studies of military manpower procurement—the National Security Training Commission in 1951; the Cordiner study in 1957; the Gorham study in 1964; the recent Department of Defense study of the draft; and now the Presidential Advisory Commission on Selective Service, headed by Burke Marshall, former Assistant Attorney General. Each of these committees has suffered from the same lack of democratic procedures—open hearings, free testimony, rebuttal and surrebuttal opinion and published records—that characterizes all special executive committees. These commissions and study groups are also captives of the department they are created to serve. Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, said of a proposed draft study in 1959, "Usually we end up getting the same recommendations from the commissions that we have had from the Department of Defense on the same subject. It is really a new way of asking for the views of the Department of Defense."

The President's involvement in the draft is also political, as military policy is an offshoot of foreign policy. President Johnson, committed in Vietnam, will not allow the draft, associated in the public

mind with the war effort, to be debated in Congress. In 1964, three days before 24 Republicans presented their demands for a Congressional draft study, the President announced the formation of his Defense Study Group. The results of this executive study were kept secret until last summer, when the House Armed Services hearings forced the subject into the open. Then, Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas Morris released the results of this study in a brief and nonfactual report, and immediately the President named a new commission to study the same subject. The results of the new commission's work will be ready early this year; but it will be too late for any independent study by Congress before the draft law expires at the end of June 1967.

Executive efforts have been inhibiting factors in reforming and modernizing the draft, but Congress' failure in this area is even more reprehensible. Senator Russell said in 1959 that "Congress cannot dodge or eliminate that responsibility [to study the draft]," but Congress has done just that. The current draft law has been extended three times since 1951 with only cursory debate. Vigorous attempts by Republicans such as Robert Ellsworth, Bradford Morse and myself, and Democrats such as Robert W. Kastenmeier and William Ryan to get Congress to take up this responsibility have been in vain. The draft has been a political football, booted back and forth between Executive commissions and Congressional committees. It is revealing that the draft-extension bills have always come up in nonelection years. General Hershey remarked in 1955, "Let us hope, pray or

what not that this thing expires in a year that is not divisible by two." Politics, not sincere concern for the welfare of our draft-age youth or the development of a modern Army, has motivated many Congressmen to oppose changes in the draft.

The principal responsibility for the failure of Congress in this area must rest with the Armed Services Committee, in whose jurisdiction military manpower procurement falls. Members of the Armed Services Committee have usually acted as if they were spokesmen for the military services themselves, fighting the eternal war against the civilian heads of the Defense Department. As such, they listen only to the military point of view and resist "encroachments" on their jurisdiction from other members of Congress or from the public.

The problem of manpower procurement is more than a military one, and the arguments I have advanced over the past 15 years for a voluntary Army affect the civilian sector, our American value system and the whole universe of military and civilian life. Therefore, it is imperative that the draft issue be studied in its broadest aspects before we decide on concrete proposals. I have insisted that a Congressional draft study must include members from the House Education and Labor and Senate Labor and Public Welfare committees, as well as members whose specialties and interests are more general. Only in this way can we focus on the totality of the manpower-procurement problems. The parochial jealousies, narrow viewpoints and political fears that mark the attitudes of some of our Congressional leaders toward the draft are tragic. Congress is the only body that can evaluate the draft, informing and involving the public in its hearings and debate; its failure to act is an indictment of the whole Congressional process.

The draft is obsolete and can be dispensed with; but politics, misty visions of a 20-years-past experience, ingrained bureaucratic obstinance and a refusal to face the changed condition of an automated, overpopulated society continue to give it life. For the sake of what we have labeled "security," America has sacrificed some of its liberty, has subjected its youth to the confusion and irrationality of a system long past its prime and has neglected its opportunity to streamline and modernize our military forces. We should ignore labels and prejudices to seek viable answers to a problem that affects so dearly the life of our society. We can no longer afford to be complacent, because a new generation, charged with an idealism and a purpose we have often forgotten, will not wait. If we must send this generation to war, we in Congress and in the public at large must also meet our responsibilities to make our society and its institutions as democratic, as equitable and as strong as we can.



"I understand she married him for his connection."

children they had, and they look at me and they can't help feeling. If it had to be one of them, why couldn't it have been *him*? and it shows in their eyes and they know it shows in their eyes and they know I agree with them and they feel guilty and I can't help them." He started the engine with a succession of nervous, uncertain gestures, like a man who was just learning how to drive. He turned the car around in the direction of Los Angeles and they started south. Steve looked once more at the tree, but Crane kept his eyes on the road ahead of him.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I know a place where we can get abalone about ten miles from here."

. . .

They were sitting in the weather-beaten shack with the windows open on the ocean, eating their abalone and drinking beer. The jukebox was playing *Downtown*. It was the third time they were listening to *Downtown*. Crane kept putting dimes into the machine and choosing the same song over and over again.

"I'm crazy about that song," he said. "Saturday night in America. Budweiser Bacchanalia."

"Everything all right, boys?" The waitress, a fat little dyed blonde of about 30, smiled down at them from the end of the table.

"Everything is perfectly splendid," Crane said in a clear, ringing voice.

The waitress giggled. "Why, that sure is nice to hear," she said.

Crane examined her closely. "What do you do when it storms?" he asked.

"What's that?" She frowned uncertainly at him.

"When it storms," Crane said. "When the winds blow. When the sea heaves. Then the young sailors drown in the bottomless deeps."

"My," the waitress said, "and I thought you boys only had one beer."

"I advise anchors," Crane said. "You are badly placed. A turn of the wind, a twist of the tide, and you will be afloat, past the reef, on the way to Japan."

"I'll tell the boss," the waitress said, grinning. "You advise anchors."

"You are in peril, lady," Crane said seriously. "Don't think you're not. Nobody speaks candidly. Nobody tells you the one-hundred-percent honest-to-God truth." He pushed a dime from a pile at his elbow, across the table to the waitress. "Would you be good enough to put this in the box, my dear?" he said formally.

"What do you want to hear?" the waitress asked.

"*Downtown*," Crane said.

"Again?" The waitress grimaced. "It's coming out of my ears."

"I understand it's all the rage," Crane said.

The waitress took the dime and put it

in the box and *Downtown* started over again.

"She'll remember me," Crane said, eating fried potatoes covered with ketchup. "Every time it blows and the sea comes up. You must not go through life unremembered."

"You're a queer duck, all right," Steve said, smiling a little, to take the sting out of it, but surprised into saying it.

"Ah, I'm not so queer," Crane said, wiping ketchup off his chin. "I don't behave like this ordinarily. This is the first time I ever flirted with a waitress in my life."

Steve laughed. "Do you call that flirting?"

"Isn't it?" Crane looked annoyed. "What the hell is it if it isn't flirting?" He surveyed Steve appraisingly. "Let me ask you a question," he said. "Do you screw that girl I always see you with around the campus?"

Steve put down his fork. "Now, wait a minute," he said.

"I don't like the way she walks," Crane said. "She walks like a coquette. I prefer whores."

"Let's leave it at that," Steve said.

"Ah, Christ," Crane said. "I thought you wanted to be my friend. You did a friendly, sensitive thing this morning. In the California desert, in the Los Angeles Gobi, in the Camargue of Culture. You put out a hand. You offered the cup."

"I want to be your friend, all right," Steve said, "but there're limits . . ."

"The word friend has no limits," Crane said harshly. He poured some of his beer over the fried potatoes, already covered with ketchup. He forked a potato, put it in his mouth, chewed judiciously. "I've invented a taste thrill," he said. "Let me tell you something, Dennicott, friendship is limitless communication. Ask me anything and I'll answer. The more fundamental the matter, the fuller the answer. What's your idea of friendship? The truth about trivia—and silence and hypocrisy about everything else? God, you could have used a dose of my brother." He poured some more beer over the gobs of ketchup on the fried potatoes. "You want to know why I can say Keats and name my brother in the same breath?" he asked challengingly, hunched over the table. "I'll tell you why. Because he had a sense of elation and a sense of purity." Crane squinted thoughtfully at Steve. "You, too," he said, "that's why I said you would be the one to ask, out of the whole class. You have it, too—the sense of elation. I could tell—listening to you laugh, watching you walk down the library steps holding your girl's elbow. I, too," he said gravely, "am capable of elation. But I reserve it for other things." He made a mysterious inward grimace. "But the purity—" he said. "I don't know. Maybe

you don't know yourself. The jury is still out on you. But I knew about my brother. You want to know what I mean by purity?" He was talking compulsively. Silence would have made memory unbearable. "It's having a private set of standards and never compromising them," he said. "Even when it hurts, even when nobody else knows, even when it's just a tiny, formal gesture, that ninety-nine out of a hundred people would make without thinking about it."

Crane cocked his head and listened with pleasure to the chorus of *Downtown*, and he had to speak loudly to be heard over the jukebox. "You know why my brother wasn't elected captain of the football team? He was all set for it, he was the logical choice, everybody expected it. I'll tell you why he wasn't, though. He wouldn't shake the hand of last year's captain, at the end of the season, and last year's captain had a lot of votes he could influence any way he wanted. And do you know why my brother wouldn't shake his hand? Because he thought the man was a coward. He saw him tackle high when a low tackle would've been punishing, and he saw him not go all the way on blocks when they looked too rough. Maybe nobody else saw what my brother saw or maybe they gave the man the benefit of the doubt. Not my brother. So he didn't shake his hand, because he didn't shake cowards' hands, see, and somebody else was elected captain. That's what I mean by purity," Crane said, sipping at his beer and looking out at the deserted beach and the ocean. For the first time, it occurred to Steve that it was perhaps just as well that he had never known Crane's brother, never been measured against that Cromwellian certitude of conduct.

"As for girls," Crane said. "The homeland of compromise, the womb of the second best—" Crane shook his head emphatically. "Not for my brother. Do you know what he did with his first girl? And he thought he was in love with her, too, at the time, but it still didn't make any difference. They only made love in the dark. The girl insisted. That's the way some girls are, you know, darkness excuses all. Well, my brother was crazy about her, and he didn't mind the darkness if it pleased her. But one night he saw her sitting up in bed and the curtains on the window moved in the wind and her silhouette was outlined against the moonlight, and he saw that when she sat like that she had a fat, loose belly. The silhouette, my brother said, was slack and self-indulgent. Of course, when she was lying down it sank in, and when she was dressed she wore a girdle that would've tucked in a beer barrel. And when he saw her silhouette against the curtain, he said to himself, This is the last time, this is not for me. Because it wasn't perfect, and he wouldn't settle for less. Love or no love, desire or not. He, himself, had a body like Michelangelo's *David* and he knew it



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and he was proud of it and he kept it that way, why should he settle for imperfection? Are you laughing, Dennicott?"

"Well," Steve said, trying to control his mouth, "the truth is, I'm smiling a little." He was amused, but he couldn't help thinking that it was possible that Crane had loved his brother for all the wrong reasons. And he couldn't help feeling sorry for the unknown girl, deserted, without knowing it, in the dark room, by the implacable athlete who had just made love to her.

"Don't you think I ought to talk about my brother this way?" Crane said.

"Of course," Steve said. "If I were dead, I hope my brother could talk like this about me the day after the funeral."

"It's just those goddamned speeches everybody makes," Crane whispered. "If you're not careful, they can take the whole idea of your brother away from you."

He wiped his glasses. His hands were shaking. "My goddamned hands," he said. He put his glasses back on his head and pressed his hands hard on the table, so they wouldn't shake.

"How about you, Dennicott?" Crane said. "Have you ever done anything in your whole life that was unprofitable, damaging, maybe even ruinous, because it was the pure thing to do, the uncompromising thing, because if you acted otherwise, for the rest of your life you would remember it and feel shame?"

Steve hesitated. He did not have the habit of self-examination and had the feeling that it was vanity that made people speak about their virtues. And their faults. But there was Crane, waiting, himself open, naked. "Well, yes . . ." Steve said.

"What?"

"Well, it was never anything very grandiose . . ." Steve said, embarrassed, but feeling that Crane needed it, that in some way this exchange of intimacies helped relieve the boy's burden of sorrow. And he was intrigued by Crane, by the violence of his views, by the almost comic flood of his reminiscence about his brother, by the importance that Crane assigned to the slightest gesture, by his searching for meaning in trivialities, which gave the dignity of examination to every breath of life. "There was the time on the beach at Santa Monica," Steve said, "I got myself beaten up and I knew I was going to be beaten up . . ."

"That's good," Crane nodded approvingly. "That's always a good beginning."

"Oh, hell," Steve said, "it's too picayune."

"Nothing is picayune," said Crane. "Come on."

"Well, there was a huge guy there who always hung around and made a pest of himself," Steve said. "A physical-culture idiot, with muscles like basketballs. I made fun of him in front of some girls and he said I'd insulted him, and I had,

and he said if I didn't apologize, I would have to fight him. And I was wrong, I'd been snotty and superior, and I realized it, and I knew that if I apologized, he'd be disappointed and the girls'd still be laughing at him—so I said I wouldn't apologize and I fought him there on the beach and he must have knocked me down a dozen times and he nearly killed me."

"Right," Crane nodded again, delivering a favorable judgment. "Excellent."

"Then there was this girl I wanted . . ." Steve stopped.

"Well?" Crane said.

"Nothing," Steve said. "I haven't figured it out yet." Until now he had thought that the episode with the girl reflected honorably on him. He had behaved, as his mother would have put it, in a gentlemanly manner. He wasn't sure now that Crane and his mother would see eye to eye. Crane confused him. "Some other time," he said.

"You promise?" Crane said.

"I promise."

"You won't disappoint me, now?"

"No."

"OK," Crane said. "Let's get out of here."

They split the check.

"Come back again sometime, boys," the blonde waitress said. "I'll play that record for you." She laughed, her breasts shaking. She had liked having them there. One of them was very good-looking, and the other one, the queer one with the glasses, she had decided, after thinking about it, was a great joker. It helped pass the long afternoon.

• • •

On the way home, Crane no longer drove like a nervous old maid on her third driving lesson. He drove very fast, with one hand, humming *Downtown*, as though he didn't care whether he lived or died.

Then, abruptly, Crane stopped humming and began to drive carefully, timidly, again. "Dennicott," he said, "what are you going to do with your life?"

"Who knows?" Steve said, taken aback by the way Crane's conversation jumped from one enormous question to another. "Go to sea, maybe, build electronic equipment, teach, marry a rich wife . . ."

"What's that about electronics?" Crane asked.

"My father's factory," Steve said. "The ancestral business. No sophisticated missile is complete without a Dennicott supersecret what-do-you-call-it."

"Nah," Crane said, shaking his head, "you won't do that. And you won't teach school, either. You don't have the soul of a didact. I have the feeling something adventurous is going to happen to you."

"Do you?" Steve said. "Thanks. What're you going to do with your life?"

"I have it all planned out," Crane said. "I'm going to join the forestry service. I'm going to live in a hut on the top

of a mountain and watch out for fires and fight to preserve the wilderness of America."

That's a hell of an ambition, Steve thought, but he didn't say it. "You're going to be awfully lonesome," he said.

"Good," Crane said. "I expect to get a lot of reading done. I'm not so enthusiastic about my fellow man, anyway. I prefer trees."

"What about women?" Steve asked. "A wife?"

"What sort of woman would choose me?" Crane said harshly. "I look like something left over after a New Year's party on skid row. And I would only take the best, the most beautiful, the most intelligent, the most loving. I'm not going to settle for some poor, drab Saturday-night castaway."

"Well, now," Steve said, "you're not so awful." Although, it was true, you'd be shocked if you saw Crane out with a pretty girl.

"Don't lie to your friends," Crane said. He began to drive recklessly again, as some new wave of feeling, some new conception of himself, took hold of him. Steve sat tight on his side of the car, holding onto the door, wondering if a whole generation of Cranes was going to meet death on the roads of California within a week.

They drove in silence until they reached the university library. Crane stopped the car and slouched back from the wheel as Steve got out. Steve saw Adele on the library steps, surrounded by three young men, none of whom he knew. Adele saw him as he got out of the car and started coming over to him. Even at that distance, Steve could tell she was angry. He wanted to get rid of Crane before Adele reached him. "Well, so long," Steve said, watching Adele approach. Her walk *was* distasteful, self-conscious, teasing.

Crane sat there, playing with the keys to the ignition, like a man who is always uncertain that the last important word has been said when the time has come to make an exit.

"Dennicott," he began, then stopped, because Adele was standing there, confronting Steve, her face set. She didn't look at Crane.

"Thanks," she said to Steve. "Thanks for the lunch."

"I couldn't help it," Steve said. "I had to go someplace."

"I'm not in the habit of being stood up," Adele said.

"I'll explain later," Steve said, wanting her to get out of there, away from him, away from Crane, watching soberly from behind the wheel.

"You don't have to explain anything," Adele said. She walked away. Steve gave her the benefit of the doubt. Probably she didn't know who Crane was and that it was Crane's brother who had been killed



"Don't you worry, Marge. Someday, after I'm dead, they'll be paying thousands for my paintings."

Saturday night. Still . . .

"I'm sorry I made you miss your date," Crane said.

"Forget it," Steve said. "She'll get over it."

For a moment he saw Crane looking after Adele, his face cold, severe, judging. Then Crane shrugged, dismissed the girl.

"Thanks, Dennicott," Crane said. "Thanks for coming to the tree. You did a good thing this afternoon. You did a friendly thing. You don't know how much you helped me. I have no friends. My brother was the only friend. If you hadn't come with me and let me talk, I don't know how I could've lived through today. Forgive me if I talked too much."

"You didn't talk too much," Steve said. "Will I see you again?" Crane asked.

"Sure," said Steve. "We have to go back to that restaurant to listen to *Downtown* real soon."

Crane sat up straight, suddenly, smiling shyly, looking pleased, like a child who has just been given a present. If it had been possible, Steve would have put his arms around Crane and embraced him. And with all Crane's anguish and all the loneliness that he knew so clearly was waiting for him, Steve envied him. Crane had the capacity for sorrow and now, after the day Steve had spent with the bereaved boy, he understood that the

capacity for sorrow was also the capacity for living.

"*Downtown*," Crane said. He started the motor and drove off, waving gaily, to go toward his parents' house, where his mother and father were waiting, with the guilty look in their eyes, because they felt that if one of their sons had to die, they would have preferred it to be him.

Steve saw Adele coming back toward him from the library steps. He could see that her anger had cooled and that she probably would apologize for her outburst. Seeing Adele suddenly with Crane's eyes, he made a move to turn away. He didn't want to talk to her. He had to think about her. He had to think about everything. Then he remembered the twinge of pity he had felt when he had heard about the fat girl erased from her lover's life by the movement of a curtain on a moonlit night. He turned back and smiled in greeting as Adele came up to him. Crane had taught him a good deal that afternoon, but perhaps not the things Crane had thought he was teaching.

"Hello," Steve said, looking not quite candidly into the young blue eyes on a level with his own. "I was hoping you'd come back."

But he wasn't going to wake up, automatically feeling good, ever again.



long time (continued from page 123)

soon he look just like Feud here." Murtagh scratching his head like a monkey, jump around and everybody laugh a little, ready for fun. But he stop when he getting our attention, and go so fast-serious you have to listen. "This Loam," he say, "is one nigga ain't passin' nohow let me tell you. He got certificates all right, even books his name's in. But that don't change that skin none, that hair." Everybody murmur, nod their heads. "I tell you how he's passin'. He go by you buck naked some December night with no moon, you won't see him 'less he smiles. That's how *he's* passin'."

"You smell him too," come Mangle, and the members chuckle, everybody sitting around the war table the time I'm telling about, making plans for the crisis. "You smell that chicken-fat smell."

"Couldn't be much else," say Feud, pinkies up there again. "All the grease they sopping in with hardtack. Bound to

emit some noxious fumes." Then we mix it up again, laughing, talking about his bodily parts.

Now this thing happening round the basement where the field marshal got his home. Everyone have some kinda name in west Tennessee, that's how they get to join, me the youngest, 32 next birthday, been a member one, maybe one and a half years. The club come to emergency session three four times since I join: first right after that initial sit-in Birmingham tactic, then immediate after each major crisis, whenever there's threats to what the field marshal calls sovereign personal properties. (The field marshal have a gift of speech. But he don't keep it reserved for the club alone. He got responsibilities above and beyond the brotherhood which is why I don't record his name. You gotta be careful what gets put down and what don't. Everybody being watched all the time, microphones, miniature cameras manufactured in Africa.

Wherever you go they got agents listening, keeping tabs.)

"Grease," again out of Murtagh Feud. "Flame thrower," is exactly what I say.

Everybody at the war table looking me over then and there, quiet, not fooling around, hearing just how I put it, what I'm thinking. "Cook up that chicken fat."

All the club ain't present that time. 'Bout two-thirds majority, them that's steady, dependable. Commander Fear counting heads. The rest standing, sitting, not too formal, still early, the secretary yet to arrive with the decoded minutes. Commander Fear wait for quiet, then announce the count. He discharged from the Navy after the Second World War but the uniform fit anyway and he wear it proudly every week, that gold thread sewn into the cap, thick stripes on the epaulets, he look like a prime minister. Everybody out to get his attention, he don't smile much, listens hard, stays clean, gets manicured in Chattanooga where he keeps an office. Fear say to me then, "Repeat yourself, son."

"Combat flame thrower," I just say it again, holding my hands like I got the nozzle pointed, ready to go. "Cook him up."

They glance around at each other, the brothers do, nobody saying nothing much, then over in the alcove at the head of the table where the field marshal got his throne. He sit there with that hood on his features, cowl he calls it, inscribed with crosses and portents. Under the hood, the field marshal nod. There's something weird, the way he did it, give you a feeling like if a shaft of golden sunlight picked you out in the Baptist church, shined on your face to let you know you had this one special mission to fulfill.

• • •

There's times I wash my arms 50 60 times a day. Got some kinda rash, dermatitis on my fingers, don't want it spreading. Keep it on the fingers then it don't go nowhere. Sometimes I get whatever you call them, daydreams, see it all over my body, fungus, different kinds of itch. Got to wash my arms when I see that, use special salve I get from Billy-Dick Mangle. There's gases in the air. Bacteria. Whatever Feud calls them. Noxious fumes.

• • •

Fear's the man what first told me about the world plot. It's a little bit like I knew it the whole time. Inside I got that feeling something going on all over, subversive. Niggas got their noses in it. But I don't have nothing figured till Fear come by and tell me.

Factories, he say. Engines and machines of every description. He picture it like a place where there ain't nothing but



*"You're a very difficult man to please, Mr. Green,
but I think I have a certain someone
who will be just right . . . !"*

lathes and drill presses, smokestacks, no streets, no grass, no sidewalks even. Just factories and dirt roads for trucks to pick up and deliver. So much soot you don't know what the sky's doing. Men working the machines, sleep right in the factory, mattresses full of axle grease, steel shavings, work day and night, eat swill.

"Where's that?" I ask Fear. "What kinda place people gonna do all that?"

"They're doing it," he say. "They're doing it on the other side of the very ocean that washes up on the sands of Virginia."

"Well nobody ever gonna do it in Tennessee," and I show him a fist to make it stand. All the same something drop in my stomach, some kinda heat. I see me working those hydraulic machines, chained up.

"They could assign you to their mines," Fear continue. "Digging coal, hauling salt, just a shovel, no clothes."

"Not me they don't," shaking my head.

"A cup of oily water for the entire day; some black unleavened bread."

"Mines," I say, and my eyes close tight a minute. "I don't feature nothing about mines. Down in some hole cover you up in the dark."

Rash spread to all parts of the body. Infection.

Then he smile. Commander Fear give that look of benevolence and understanding. He take out the pamphlet and put it in my hands. Looks nearly the same like what the Government give out for crop rotation, conservation. Same size, same kinda printing, drawings like them political cartoons in the papers. It get me confused because on the one side it don't look interesting nohow and on the other Fear acting like he got the word to set me straight. So I look and he's pointing out this picture. It take him some patience, some easy going to make it all clear, but by the time I stop looking I seen it all.

New Jerusalem, it's right there, come straight out of *Saint John*, big walls running around the outside buildings for security. Buttresses, thick. Lines coming off the way they do to show like its shining. White and gold. You want to be inside. Two flags blowing in the wind over the gates, one have a cross, the others stars and stripes. It all look tough.

Only one thing's wrong. Men coming to knock everything down. Two of them running a log, big battering-ram, charging hard, meaning to bust through. The log dripping a whole lot of swamp moss, slime. Printed right on it, it say **WORLD COMMUNISM**, just like that.

I got the room up over Billy-Dick Mangle's pharmaceutical supply. Fear come by there when he come. Late June it seems to me now, place used to be a



"Train? My dear, the railroad hasn't used this track in years!"

loft, got a single fan blade on the ceiling, grease fur, don't cool nohow. Sometimes lend it to Billy-Dick when he beats up on his wife, buys some poon. No stomach for women myself, they got that trouble, that indecent business. Single room's all I need, cot in the corner, hot plate, can of Sterno, weights and exercises, some back issues of *Male Body*, not much more. Spartan. Old flag over the cot used to belong to the field marshal, got the 13 original colonies all in a circle. Makes me think about the Swamp Fox, Patrick Henry, people like that, takes my mind off work. I do automatic transmissions. Pays good enough, but the job's dirty, takes half the evening washing off. Fear hinting he got something better to offer someday. He come by that evening, citronella smell on him, keeps back the mosquitoes, me sitting blindfolded on the floor taking apart my Springfield what I got from the club after that flame-thrower talk. Trying to put the weapon back together, stay sharp, you never know when you got to do it in

the dark. He show me that picture in the pamphlet then leave a moment so I look it over; give me a cigar, special kind comes in a metal tube. He don't wear the uniform then, only at meetings, but he's clean all the same, military pleats, spit shine, manicured nails. He wear dark glasses all the time, even at night, I forget to mention that, blue tint, wire rims, I don't miss too much.

"They trying to bust down the gates," I say, picking up the bolt for the Springfield. Fear puff on his own cigar a minute or two, look out the window, speak gentle.

"We are conversing in this room," he say. "And even as we speak the conspiracy gains ground."

All the time this heat feeling coiling up my stomach. Fear point to the men running with the log. First is some buck nigga strip to the waist, all stud, mean, kind you dream about, forget what kinda dream. Second's a Jew. He got that Jew star on his shirt, black beanie, beatnik beard, you know him right away. They

moving together, they gonna bust down them white gates, knock over the flags. It's like we're all inside, me and Commander Fear in his uniform like a prime minister, and Mangle, and Feud, all kinds of children crowding behind us like something terrible about to take place. The field marshal, though, he's already been transported somewhere safe, you can't take a chance on his sovereign person. I look at the picture. I study up the detail on the nigga face, the Jew face, I know somewheres I seen them faces before.

Fear telling me, "They left out the Catholics, son, but they're the ones built the ram."

"Keep talking, Fear." I say it 'cause I got to know.

"Hand in hand they connive. Hand in evil hand. Godless, without quarter they mean to pillage, annihilate, enslave whoever survives their initial onslaught."

"Niggas?" I put it to him. "Jews?"

"Whoever works to secure a victory for international communism." He turn and look at me through them glasses. "There is a world plot, son. A scheme in every nation made to fit the pattern of their master plan."

I put away the Springfield and sit on the window ledge. Down in the street ain't much going on. Garage where I work's just closed, some boys drinking beer, few old niggas asleep by the curb, bugs in the lamps, people rocking on porches.

"The field marshal put out that memorandum on the master plan," I say, remembering. "It comes from Moscow."

He lean forward, touch me on the shoulder. "They are putting chemicals in our reservoirs, trying to drug us into apathy. They are legislating against our Constitution. They are coming by the busload to make us share our very drinking glasses with the mouths of an inferior race."

It all come out then. It's like I known it the whole while but the knowledge sealed off in a plastic sack, tied up waiting for Fear to let it out.

. . .

There's times I can't stop eating. I think how I got to stop but all the time I'm thinking, I keep it up, different kinds of whipped-cream pies and cakes, mashed potatoes with gravy, chili, red beans, Almond Joys, Sugar Daddys I buy pretending they're for some nephew, Tootsie Rolls to suck.

Doctor told me I'm too fat, gonna choke my heart.

. . .

Next meeting at the club they discuss the new buses coming in. The crisis right there in front of us. The field marshal speak out from under that cowl, show how everything relate to income tax, Supreme Courts, infiltration in Government

ranks, things like that. I ask about the FBI and Feud step in to say they got their hands tied. He knows. Then Mangle explain how the Army made to work against us. Everybody got some kinda report. Only the talk getting too specific. I mean I can't follow it past a point, it get all bogged down in names, numbers, facts of every description. Details ain't nobody can do nothing about all at once. Too much confusion.

Alls I saw was chicken fat. Black chicken fat got to be cleaned out. Got to be. Somebody have to be the avenging angel, swoop in from the clouds with a white-fire sword, lay the conspiracy low. One by one I talk to the other brothers, hint how I got this feeling like I been selected, picked out. They listen, they say all right, but all the while something missing, left out. They ain't committed. The field marshal working on his facts is how I figure it. Some kinda organization, everybody planning together against this subversion, nobody see how it got to be personal. Sacrifice. A hero is positively required. Too much numbers the other way, too much figures.

I watch the ceiling up over the cot at nights, fan blade making shadows, Jews and niggas driving people into mines, practicing perverse and disgusting activities. Fungus on their fingers.

Come home from the station at night, wash my arms good, use abrasive soap and disinfectant in the water. Use my weights and springs, exercise, take apart the Springfield, put it together behind my back, look for guidance. The time coming and I feel it. Makes me excited and I eat a two-pound box of pecan praline just thinking.

. . .

One day I meet Fear right after work. He's returning from some kinda meeting in Chattanooga, been there with the field marshal. He got a book which describe in detail certain sexual and social facts about the white *vs.* nigga race. It cover everything. It go right into size and smell, brain structure, glands, disease, spoilage in the blood. I read it over and over, I think of how they coming in buses trying to mess the places I eat, chewing off the same utensils, the whole while this Nicreamus Loam giving speeches agitating the whole business, speaking propaganda, no one moving to strike him down.

That's when I carry on an investigation. I find out all about this particular Nicreamus Loam. The field marshal and Feud got files, they keep records on who moves in and out. They got what they call dossiers. Photographs, fingerprints, personal information of every description. I tell you there ain't nothing left out.

. . .

The day come and I know it by the way I feel in the morning. Saturday,

kinda quiet, certain excitement in the air. I get some Nehi and rye whiskey, oil the weapon, lie around the cot, break down the stock from the barrel, put the parts in my suitcase. I stroll over the nigga section.

Just stroll. Free and easy, me walking, nobody knowing the angel inside. Everything easy.

I wait in the goldenrod across from where he occupying some rented house. Two hours, maybe three, it don't sound like I can do it but I'm trained, me not moving, lying still, some kids stare but they see the avenging look and run, don't say nothing. When Loam walk up the path from his New York car, I just lay open the back of his head with half the clip, chew up his spine with the other half.

He go over, no fooling, like he hit with baseball bats. Twitch a little, bleed like a stuck pig, black-red blowing right out his ears.

College boy too, that Loam. Come from near Birmingham the dossier say, seven in the family, work North, win some scholarship in Philadelphia, place like that. All the information right there: Air Force man, first lieutenant, become a lawyer in Chicago later on, work for UNESCO, other front outfits, start out conspiracy work with CORE. Three children, would you believe it, two girls, one stud, the stud an intern, his woman got some name in books, artist, poet, like that—and me with the sword of white-fire step in and stop it all dead.

You gotta think about that. Man does all those things, them hours studying up, them days advancing position, going off to meetings, getting known. Then me, I cut him down.

Didn't see Fear no more after that. Only his picture once in the paper wearing that commander uniform, gold on the cap, receiving some breed of citation.

About legal expense, the Preparation and Readiness Club got special funds for all that. Billy-Dick Mangle get some medical reports written up on account of his pharmaceutical supply store, one I live over. The field marshal work behind the scenes, can't afford to get too involved, but fix it so nothing happen for seven eight months, the courts tied up with what he call litigation. Murtagh Feud the man got to make the arrest in the first place, collect evidence, him being the local deputy, and he slow to act. So ain't nothing happen. Everything circumstantial, nobody seen me. Them that did, now what they gonna say? They gonna say they seen me?

Them that say they seen the avenging angel got to hide their eyes. The light too radiant, too strong, too pure. It come from God.



THE RAFFLE *(continued from page 75)*

her share would come to around \$683,000. His share, after deducting expenses, would be in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million, and that would be ample for him to chuck his job and head for Kennedy Airport. He was confident that he could attain that monetary goal. Had not Matilda been told time and time again at the country-club bar—*there* was a place to sell tickets—"You look like a million dollars!?"

There remained the matter, of course, of whether Matilda would accept the winner. In a way, that was her problem, not John's, but he had a sense of fair play. What if an already married man won her? (John had realized from the start that he could hardly expect to make a go of the raffle if he limited participation to bachelors.) Would Matilda mind being a mistress? Not at all, he concluded, provided she was installed in a sufficiently plush love nest. What if some creep won, like Mr. Greebley, the plumber? Matilda could handle Greebley. With \$683,000, she'd figure out a way. Buy him a new truck, maybe, and send him packing.

John was basically a conservative, and he believed in doing things according to custom. The next morning, he presented himself at the offices of a fund-raising firm with which he'd had some dealings during the drive for the new wing on the parish house. The fund-raising establishment resembled a mortuary, and the youthful functionary who received John looked like a pallbearer.

"I want to raise a million dollars," John began. The young man jumped up and excused himself. A moment later his place was taken by an older man, who looked like a funeral director.

"A million dollars, you say?" the newcomer said. "Let's see—that would probably mean, in special gifts or memorials, one contribution of two hundred and fifty thousand, two or three of one hundred thousand, at least five of fifty—"

John interrupted. "I'm not interested in memorials," he said. "I want to raffle off my wife."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Look," said John. "Schools have raffles, hospitals have raffles, volunteer fire departments have raffles—why not me?"

"But your wife?"

"Charming woman," said John, holding out a snapshot taken the summer before on the beach at Quogue. "Healthy, sensual and fundamentally monogamous. She could make some lucky man extremely happy."

"I'm afraid this isn't exactly in our line," said the senior fund raiser, walking him out. "A pity. Er—how much were you thinking of charging per chance?"

"Five dollars," said John. "Anything less would be insulting to her."

"Sorry we can't be of assistance," said the fund raiser. He shook hands, leaving a folded five-dollar bill in John's palm.

. . .

Heartened that a professional in the field believed his scheme had merit, John had a small batch of tickets printed up and did some sample soft-sell soliciting among his acquaintances. He found them delighted, to a man, at being able to buy chances on a prize so refreshingly different from Thunderbird convertibles, color-TV sets and ranch-mink stoles. John's lawyer, who had long been fond of Matilda and whose own wife was known at the yacht basin as the Iceberg, bought 100 chances. "Be sure not to use the mails, now," he enjoined John. "Federal offense, you know."

John smiled. He had in his pocket a crisp fiver that he'd received earlier in the day from his suburban postmaster, Arthur Rudge, who could hardly keep from drooling whenever Matilda ap-

peared at the other side of the barred window that separated him from his dreams. Just to stay on the safe side of the authorities, though, John made a mental note to give Rudge a second chance, for free.

Within less than two weeks, the demand for tickets had reached such dizzying proportions that John's printer felt justified in turning down three wedding-reception jobs and one fairly large-sized *bar mitzvah*. On the mere promise of a complimentary chance or two, John recruited a staff of part-time salesmen: the assistant golf pro at the club, the conductor on his commuter train, the husband of the president of the League of Women Voters, the dog-food delivery man, the school-crossing policeman (not to mention the chief himself, who was reported to have sold two dozen tickets one day in a single speed trap), and the assistant manager of the local supermarket, who usually handled the express check-out line.

Soon, as word spread, orders began to



"The Board of Education requires me to give you some basic information on sex, reproduction and other disgusting filth."

come in for bulk purchases, from Elks, Moose and American Legion posts. In the Bronx, a troop of boy scouts touchingly pooled their monthly allowances and bought a single ticket. An irate minister's sermon had gratifying results, particularly among his vestry. After a gossip columnist hinted at what was going on, John had a long-distance call from a Dallas man who said he represented a syndicate and wanted to know if there was any discount on purchases of a thousand tickets or more. When, through diplomatic channels, it was disclosed that the Sheik of Qaadh was interested in 50,000 chances, at the full rate, John decided it was time to level with his wife.

As John had surmised, Matilda, though at first taken aback, readily gave the venture her blessing. She was flattered to learn that every man she knew had taken at least one chance, except her sister's husband, whose terse comment, when approached, had been,

"Once is enough." To be sure, Matilda winced when she heard that the postmaster had two tickets, but she brightened at John's pointing out that if 200,000 tickets were disposed of—a total that was, in fact, achieved within a fortnight—the odds would be 100,000 to 1 against old Rudge's hitting the jack pot. Matilda ended up so cheerful that she said she'd like to buy a chance herself.

"Sorry," said John. "I resolved from the start to confine this to men."

"Well, then, you buy one for me," Matilda said. "It's the least you can do, in the circumstances."

She had been so nice about the whole thing that John bought a chance, and when it proved to be the winning one, they took the proceeds and went to Tahiti—he by plane and she, after a leisurely stopover at I. Magnin in Beverly Hills, by chartered yacht—and there they lived happily ever after.



EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

(continued from page 106)

"Like the freedom to tell a policeman to 'scram'?"

"Like that."

"Well, don't exercise that freedom until we have had coffee together, even if you let me buy you some downstairs."

"Oh, boy! Now I know you are on the tap. A cop is really on the make when he wants to pick up the bill for a cup of coffee."

"I've had good news this morning."

"They are restoring public executions."

"On the contrary," said Loiseau, letting my remark roll off him. "There has been a small power struggle among the people from whom I take my orders and at present Datt's friends are on the losing side. I have been authorized to find Datt and his film collection by any means I think fit."

"When does the armored column leave? What's the plan—helicopters and flame throwers and the one that burns brightest must have been carrying a tin of film?"

"You are too hard on the police methods in France. You think we could work with bobbies in pointed helmets carrying wooden sticks, but let me tell you, my friend, we wouldn't last two minutes with such methods. I remember the gangs when I was just a child—my father was a policeman—and most of all I remember Corsica. There were bandits; organized, armed and almost in control of the island. They murdered gendarmes with impunity. They killed policemen and boasted of it openly in the bars. Finally we had to get rough; we sent in a few platoons of the Republican Guard and waged a minor war. Rough, perhaps, but there was no other way. The entire income from all the Paris brothels was at stake. They fought and used every dirty trick they knew. It was war."

"But you won the war."

"It was the very last war we won," Loiseau said bitterly. "Since then, we've fought in Lebanon, Syria, Indochina, Madagascar, Tunisia, Morocco, Suez and Algeria. Yes, that war in Corsica was the last one we won."

"OK. So much for your problems; how do I fit into your plans?"

"Just as I told you before; you are a foreigner and no one would think you were a policeman, you speak excellent French and you can look after yourself. What's more, you would not be the sort of man who would reveal where your instructions came from, not even under pressure."

"It sounds as though you think Datt still has a kick or two left in him."

"They have a kick or two left in them even when they are suspended in space with a rope around the neck. I never underestimate the people I'm dealing with, because they are usually killers



"Well, what do you expect—a 'Bon voyage'?"

when it comes to the finale. Any time I overlook that, it will be one of my policemen who takes the bullet in the head, not me. So I don't overlook it, which means I have a tough, loyal, confident body of men under my command."

"OK," I said, "so I locate Datt. What then?"

"We can't have another fiasco like last time. Now Datt will be more than ever prepared. I want all his records. I want them because they are a constant threat to a lot of people, including stupid people in the government of my country. I want that film because I loathe blackmail and I loathe blackmailers—they are the filthiest section of the criminal cesspit."

"But so far there's been no blackmail, has there?"

"I'm not standing around waiting for the obvious to happen. I want that stuff destroyed. I don't want to hear that it was destroyed. I want to destroy it myself."

"Suppose I don't want anything to do with it?"

Loiseau splayed out his hands. "One," he said, grabbing one pudgy finger, "you are already involved. Two," he grabbed the next finger, "you are employed by some sort of British government department, from what I can understand. They will be very angry if you turn down this chance of seeing the outcome of this affair."

I suppose my expression changed. "Oh, it's my business to know these things," said Loiseau. "Three. Maria has decided that you are trustworthy and, in spite of her occasional lapses, I have great regard for her judgment. She is, after all, an employee of the Sûreté."

Loiseau grabbed his fourth digit but said nothing. He smiled. In most people, a smile or a laugh can be a sign of embarrassment, a plea to break the tension. Loiseau's smile was a calm, deliberate smile. "You are waiting for me to threaten you with what will happen if you don't help me." He shrugged and smiled again. "Then you would turn my previous words about blackmail upon me and feel at ease in declining to help. But I won't. You are free to do as you wish in this matter. I am a very unthreatening type."

"For a cop," I said.

"Yes," agreed Loiseau, "a very unthreatening type for a cop." It was true.

"OK," I said after a long pause. "But don't mistake my motives. Just to keep the record straight, I'm very fond of Maria."

"Can you really believe that would annoy me? You are so incredibly Victorian in these matters: so determined to play the game and keep a stiff upper lip and have the record straight. We do not do things that way in France; another man's wife is fair game for all. Smoothness of tongue and nimbleness of foot are the trump cards; nobleness of mind is the joker."



"I prefer my way."

Loiseau looked at me and smiled his slow, nerveless smile. "So do I," he said.

"Loiseau," I said, watching him carefully, "this clinic of Datt's: Is it run by your Ministry?"

"Don't you start that, too. He's got half Paris thinking he's running that place for us." The coffee was still hot. Loiseau got a bowl out of the cupboard and poured himself some. "He's not connected with us," said Loiseau. "He's a criminal, a criminal with good connections, but still just a criminal."

"Loiseau," I said, "you can't hold Byrd for the murder of the girl."

"Why not?"

"Because he didn't do it, that's why not. I was at the clinic that day. I stood in the hall and watched the girl run through and die. I heard Datt say, 'Get Byrd here.' It was a frame-up."

Loiseau reached for his hat. "Good coffee," he said.

"It was a frame-up. Byrd is innocent."

"So you say. But suppose Byrd had done the murder and Datt said that just for you to overhear? Suppose I told you that we know that Byrd was there? That would put this fellow Kuang in the clear, eh?"

"It might," I said, "if I heard Byrd admit it. Will you arrange for me to see Byrd? That's my condition for helping you."

I expected Loiseau to protest, but he nodded. "Agreed," he said. "I don't know why you worry about him. He's a criminal type if ever I saw one." I didn't answer, because I had a nasty idea that Loiseau was right.

"Very well," said Loiseau. "The bird market at eleven A.M. tomorrow."

"It's Sunday tomorrow," I said.

"All the better, the Palais de Justice is quieter on Sunday." He smiled again. "Good coffee."

"That's what they all say," I said.

• • •

A considerable portion of that large island in the Seine is occupied by the law in one shape or another. There's the Prefecture and the courts, municipal and judicial police offices, cells for remand prisoners and a police canteen. On a weekday, the stairs are crammed with black-gowned lawyers clutching plastic briefcases and scurrying like disturbed cockroaches. But on Sunday the Palais de Justice is silent. The prisoners sleep late and the offices are empty. The only movement is the thin stream of tourists who respectfully peer at the high vaulting of the Sainte Chapelle, clicking and wondering at its unparalleled beauty. Outside in the Place Louis Lépine, a few hundred caged birds twitter in the sunshine and in the trees are wild birds attracted by the spilled seed and commotion. There are sprigs of millet, cuttlebone and bright new wooden cages, bells to ring, swings to swing on and mirrors to peck at. Old men run their shriveled hands through the seeds, sniff them, discuss them and hold them up to the light as though they were fine vintage burgundies.

The bird market was busy by the time I got there to meet Loiseau. I parked the car opposite the gates of the Palais de Justice and strolled through the market. The clock was striking 11 with a dull

dented sound. Loiseau was standing in front of some cages marked *CAILLE REPRODUCTRICE*. He waved as he saw me. "Just a moment," he said. He picked up a box marked *VITAMINE PHOSPHATE*. He read the label: *BISCUITS POUR OISEAUX*. "I'll have that, too," said Loiseau.

The woman behind the table said, "The *mélange saxon* is very good; it's the most expensive, but it's the best."

"Just half a liter," said Loiseau.

She weighed the seed, wrapped it carefully and tied the package. Loiseau said, "I didn't see him."

"Why?" I walked with him through the market.

"He's been moved. I can't find out who authorized the move or where he's gone to. The clerk in the records office said Lyon, but that can't be true." Loiseau stopped in front of an old pram full of green millet.

"Why?"

Loiseau didn't answer immediately. He picked up a sprig of millet and sniffed at it. "He's been moved. Some top-level instructions. Perhaps they intend to bring him before some *juge d'instruction* who will do as he's told. Or maybe they'll keep him out of the way while they finish the *enquêtes officieuses*."*

"You don't think they've moved him away to get him quietly sentenced?"

Loiseau waved to the old woman behind the stall. She shuffled slowly toward us.

"I talk to you like an adult," Loiseau said. "You don't really expect me to answer that, do you? A sprig." He turned and stared at me. "Better make it two sprigs," he said to the woman. "My friend's canary wasn't looking so healthy the last time I saw it."

"Joe's all right," I said. "You leave him alone."

"Suit yourself," said Loiseau. "But if

*Under French law, the Prefect of Paris Police can arrest, interrogate, inquire, search, confiscate letters in the post, without any authority other than his own. His only obligation is to inform the public prosecutor and bring the prisoner before a magistrate within 24 hours. Note that the magistrate is part of the law machine and not a separate functionary as he is in Britain.

When he is brought before the magistrate—*juge d'instruction*—the police explain that the man is suspected and the magistrate directs the building up of evidence. (In Britain, of course, the man is not brought before a magistrate until after the police have built up their case.)

Inquiries prior to the appearance before a *juge d'instruction* are called *enquêtes officieuses* (informal inquiries). In law, the latter give no power to search or demand statements, but in practice few citizens argue about this technicality when faced with the police.

he gets much thinner, he'll be climbing out between the bars of that cage."

I let him have the last word. He paid for the millet and walked between the cliffs of new empty cages, trying the bars and tapping the wooden panels. There were caged birds of all kinds in the market. They were given seed, millet, water and cuttlefish bone for their beaks. Their claws were kept trimmed and they were safe from birds of prey. But it was the birds in the trees that were singing.

. . .

I got back to my apartment about 12. At 12:35 the phone rang. It was Monique, Annie's neighbor. "You'd better come quickly," she said.

"Why?"

"I'm not allowed to say on the phone. There's a fellow sitting here. He won't tell me anything much. He was asking for Annie, he won't tell me anything. Will you come now?"

"OK," I said.

. . .

It was lunchtime. Monique was wearing an ostrich-feather-trimmed negligee when she opened the door. "The English have got off the boat," she said and giggled. "You'd better come in; the old girl will be straining her earholes to hear, if we stand here talking." She opened the door and showed me into the cramped room. There was bamboo furniture and tables, a plastic-topped dressing table with four swivel mirrors and lots of perfume and cosmetic garnishes. The bed was unmade and a candlewick bedspread had been rolled up under the pillows. A copy of *Salut les Copains* was in sections and arranged around the deep warm indentation. She went across to the windows and pushed the shutters. They opened with a loud clatter. The sunlight streamed into the room and made everything look dusty. On the table there was a piece of pink wrapping paper; she took a hard-boiled egg from it, rapped the shell open and bit into it.

"I hate summer," she said. "Pimples and parks and open cars that make your hair tangled and rotten cold food that looks like leftovers. And the sun trying to make you feel guilty about being indoors. I like being indoors. I like being in bed; it's no sin, is it, being in bed?"

"Just give me the chance to find out. Where is he?"

"I hate summer."

"So shake hands with Père Noël," I offered. "Where is he?"

"I'm taking a shower. You sit down and wait. You are all questions."

"Yes," I said. "Questions."

"I don't know how you think of all these questions. You must be clever."

"I am," I said.

"Honestly, I wouldn't know where to start. The only questions I ever ask are 'Are you married?' and 'What will you do if I get pregnant?' Even then, I never get told the truth."

"That's the trouble with questions. You'd better stick to answers."

"Oh, I know all the answers."

"Then you must have been asked all the questions."

"I have," she agreed.

She slipped out of the negligee and stood naked for one millionth of a second before disappearing into the bathroom. The look in her eyes was mocking and not a little cruel.

There was a lot of splashing and ohing from the bathroom until she finally reappeared in a cotton dress and canvas tennis shoes, no stockings.

"Water was cold," she said briefly. She walked right through the room and opened her front door. I watched her lean over the balustrade.

"The water's stone cold, you stupid old cow," she shrieked down the stairwell.

From somewhere below, the voice of the old harridan said, "It's not supposed to supply ten people for each apartment, you filthy little whore."

"I have something men want, not like you, you old hag."

"And you give it to them," the harridan cackled back. "The more the merrier."

"Poof!" shouted Monique, and, narrowing her eyes and aiming carefully, she spat over the stairwell. The harridan must have anticipated it, for I heard her cackle triumphantly.

Monique returned to me. "How am I expected to keep clean when the water is cold? Always cold."

"Did Annie complain about the water?"

"Ceaselessly, but she didn't have the manner that brings results. I get angry. If she doesn't give me hot water, I shall drive her into her grave, the dried-up old bitch. I'm leaving here, anyway," she said.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'm moving in with my regular. Montmartre. It's an awful district, but it's larger than this, and anyway, he wants me."

"What's he do for a living?"

"He does the clubs, he's—don't laugh—he's a conjurer. It's a clever trick he does: He takes a singing canary in a large cage and makes it disappear. It looks fantastic. Do you know how he does it?"

"No."

"The cage folds up. That's easy, it's a trick cage. But the bird gets crushed. Then when he makes it reappear, it's just another canary that looks the same. It's an easy trick, really, it's just that no one in the audience suspects that he would kill the bird each time in order to do the trick."

"But you guessed."

"Yes. I guessed the first time I saw it done. He thought I was clever to guess. As I said, 'How much does a canary cost? Three francs, four at the very most.' It's clever, though, isn't it; you've got to admit it's clever."

"It's clever," I said, "but I like canaries better than I like conjurers."

"Silly," Monique laughed disbelievingly. "The incredible Count Szell," he calls himself."

"So you'll be a countess?"

"It's his stage name, silly." She picked up a pot of face cream. "I'll be just another stupid woman who lives with a married man."

She rubbed cream into her face.

"Where is he?" I finally asked. "Where's this fellow that you said was sitting here?" I was prepared to hear that she'd invented the whole thing.

"In the café on the corner. He's all right there. He's reading his American newspapers. He's all right."

"I'll go and talk to him."

"Wait for me." She wiped the cream away with a tissue and turned and smiled. "Am I all right?"

"You're all right," I told her.

• • •

The café was on the Boul' Mich, the very heart of the Left Bank. Outside in the bright sun sat the students; hirsute and earnest, they have come from Munich and Los Angeles, sure that Hemingway and Lautrec are still alive and that someday in some Left Bank café they will find them. But all they ever find are other young men who look exactly like themselves, and it's with this sad discovery that they finally return to Bavaria or California and become salesmen or executives. Meanwhile, here they sat in the hot seat of culture, where businessmen became poets, poets became alcoholics, alcoholics became philosophers and philosophers realized how much better it was to be businessmen.

Hudson. I've got a good memory for faces. I saw Hudson as soon as we turned the corner. He was sitting alone at a café table holding his paper in front of his face while studying the patrons with interest. I called to him.

"Jack Percival," I called. "What a great surprise."

The American hydrogen research man looked surprised, but he played along very well for an amateur. We sat down with him. My back hurt from the roughhouse in the *discothèque*. It took a long time to get served, because the rear of the café was full of men with tightly wadded newspapers trying to pick themselves a winner instead of eating. Finally I got the waiter's attention. "Three grandes crèmes," I said. Hudson said nothing else until the coffees arrived.

"What about this young lady?" Hudson asked. He dropped sugar cubes into his coffee as though he were suffering from shock. "Can I talk?"

"Sure," I said. "There are no secrets between Monique and me." I leaned across to her and lowered my voice. "This is very confidential, Monique," I said. She nodded and looked pleased.

"There is a small plastic bead company with its offices in Grenoble. Some of the holders of ordinary shares have sold their holdings out to a company that this gentleman and I more or less control. Now, at the next shareholders' meeting we shall—"

"Give over," said Monique. "I can't stand business talk."

"Well, run along, then," I said, granting her her freedom with an understanding smile.

"Could you buy me some cigarettes?" she asked.

I got two packets from the waiter and wrapped a 100-franc note round them. She trotted off down the street with them like a dog with a juicy bone.

"It's not about your bead factory," he said.

"There is no bead factory," I explained.

"Oh!" He laughed nervously. "I was supposed to have contacted Annie Cousins," he said.

"She's dead."

"I found that out for myself."

"From Monique?"

"You are T. Davis?" he asked suddenly.

"With bells on," I said and passed my resident's card to him.

An untidy man with a constantly smiling face walked from table to table winding up toys and putting them on the tables. He put them down everywhere until each table had its twitching mechanical figures bouncing through the knives, table mats and ashtrays. Hudson picked up the convulsive little violin player. "What's this for?"

"It's on sale," I said.

He nodded and put it down. "Everything is," he said.

He returned my resident's card to me.

"It looks all right," he agreed. "Anyway, I can't go back to the Embassy, they told me that most expressly, so I'll have to put myself in your hands. I'm out of my depth, to tell you the truth."

"Go ahead."

"I'm an authority on hydrogen bombs and I know quite a bit about all the work on the nuclear program. My instructions are to put certain information about fallout dangers at the disposal of a Monsieur Datt. I understand he is connected with the Red Chinese government."

"And why are you to do this?"

"I thought you'd know. It's such a mess. That poor girl being dead. Such a tragedy. I did meet her once. So young, such a tragic business. I thought they would have told you all about it. You were the only other name they gave me, apart from her, I mean. I'm acting on U.S. Government orders, of course."

"Why would the U.S. Government want you to give away fallout data?" I asked him. He sat back in the cane chair till it creaked like elderly arthritic joints. He pulled an ashtray near him.

"It all began with the Bikini atoll nuclear tests," he began. "The Atomic Energy Commission was taking a lot of criticism about the dangers of fallout, the biological result upon wildlife and plants. The AEC needed those tests and did a lot of follow-through testing on the sites, trying to prove that the dangers were not anything like as great as many alarmists were saying. I have to tell you that those alarmists were damn nearly right. A dirty bomb of about twenty-five megatons would put down



"You won't reconsider?"

about 15,000 square miles of lethal radioactivity. To survive that, you would have to stay underground for months, some say even a year or more.

"Now, if we were involved in a war with Red China, and I dread the thought of such a thing, then we would have to use the nuclear fallout as a weapon, because only ten percent of the Chinese population lives in large—quarter-million-size—towns. In the U.S.A. more than half the population lives in the large towns. China, with its dispersed population, can only be knocked out by fallout . . ." He paused. "But knocked out it can be. Our experts say that about half a billion people live on one fifth of China's land area. The prevailing wind is westerly. Four hundred bombs would kill fifty million by direct heat-blast effect, one hundred million would be seriously injured, though they wouldn't need hospitalization, but three hundred and fifty million would die by wind-borne fallout.

"The AEC minimized the fallout effects in their follow-through reports on the tests—Bikini, etc. Now the more militant of the Chinese soldier-scientists are using the U. S. reports to prove that China can survive a nuclear war. We couldn't withdraw those reports, or say that they were untrue—not even slightly untrue—so I'm here to leak the correct information to the Chinese scientists. The whole operation began nearly eight months ago. It took a long time getting this girl Annie Cousins into position."

"In the clinic near to Datt."

"Exactly. The original idea was that she should introduce me to this man Datt and say I was an American scientist with a conscience."

"That's a piece of CIA thinking if ever I heard one."

"You think it's an extinct species?"

"It doesn't matter what I think, but it's not a line that Datt will buy easily."

"If you are going to start changing the plan now . . ."

"The plan changed when the girl was killed. It's a mess; the only way I can handle it is my way."

"Very well," said Hudson. He sat silent for a moment.

Behind me, a man with a rucksack said, "Florence. We hated Florence."

"We hated Trieste," said a girl.

"Yes," said the man with the rucksack, "my friend hated Trieste last year."

"My contact here doesn't know why you are in Paris," I said suddenly. I tried to throw Hudson, but he took it calmly.

"I hope he doesn't," said Hudson. "It's all supposed to be top secret. I hated to come to you about it, but I've no other contact here."

"You're at the Lotti Hotel."

"How did you know?"

"It's stamped across your *Tribune* in big blue letters."

He nodded. I said, "You'll go to the Hotel Ministère right away. Don't get

your baggage from the Lotti. Buy a toothbrush or whatever you want on the way back now." I expected to encounter opposition to this idea, but Hudson welcomed the game.

"I get you," he said. "What name shall I use?"

"Let's make it Potter," I said. He nodded. "Be ready to move out at a moment's notice. And, Hudson, don't telephone or write any letters; you know what I mean. Because I could become awfully suspicious of you."

"Yes," he said.

"I'll put you in a cab," I said, getting up to leave.

"Do that, their Métro drives me crazy."

I walked up the street with him toward the cab rank. Suddenly he dived into an optician's. I followed.

"Ask him if I can look at some spectacles," he said.

"Show him some spectacles," I told the optician. He put a case full of tortoiseshell frames on the counter.

"He'll need a test," said the optician. "Unless he has his prescription, he'll need a test."

"You'll need a test or a prescription," I told Hudson.

He had sorted out a frame he liked. "Plain glass," he demanded.

"What would I keep plain glass around for?" said the optician.

"What would he keep plain glass for?" I said to Hudson.

"The weakest glass possible, then," said Hudson.

"The weakest possible," I said to the optician. He fixed the lenses in a moment or so. Hudson put the glasses on and we resumed our walk toward the taxi. He peered around him myopically and was a little unsteady.

"Disguise," said Hudson.

"I thought perhaps it was," I said.

"I would have made a good spy," said Hudson. "I've often thought that."

"Yes," I said. "Well, there's your cab. I'll be in touch. Check into the Ministère. I've written the name down on my card, they know me there. Try not to attract attention. Stay inside."

"Where's the cab?" said Hudson.

"If you'll take off those bloody glasses," I said, "you might be able to see."

. . .

I went round to Maria's in a hurry. When she opened the door, she was wearing riding breeches and a rollneck pull-over. "I was about to go out," she said. "I need to see Datt," I said.

"Why do you tell me that?"

I pushed past her and closed the door behind us. "Where is he?"

She gave me a twitchy little ironical smile while she thought of something crushing to say. I grabbed her arm and let my fingertips bite. "Don't fool about with me, Maria. I'm not in the mood. Believe me, I would hit you."

"I've no doubt about it."

"You told Datt about Loiseau's raid on the place in the Avenue Foch. You have no loyalties, no allegiance, none to the Sûreté, none to Loiseau. You just give away information as though it were toys out of a bran tub."

"I thought you were going to say I gave it away as I did my sexual favors." She smiled again.

"Perhaps I was."

"Did you remember that I kept your secret without giving it away? No one knows what you truly said when Datt gave you the injection."

"No one knows yet. I suspect that you are saving it up for something special."

She swung her hand at me, but I moved out of range. She stood for a moment, her face twitching with fury.

"You ungrateful bastard," she said. "You're the first real bastard I've ever met."

I nodded. "There's not many of us around. Ungrateful for what?" I asked her. "Ungrateful for your loyalty? Was that what your motive was: loyalty?"

"Perhaps you're right," she admitted quietly. "I have no loyalty to anyone. A woman on her own becomes awfully hard. Datt is the only one who understands that. Somehow, I didn't want Loiseau to arrest him." She looked up. "For that and many reasons."

"Tell me one of the other reasons."

"Datt is a senior man in the S.D.E.C.E., that's one reason. If Loiseau clashed with him, Loiseau could only lose."

"Why do you think Datt is an S. D. E. C. E. man?"

"Many people know. Loiseau won't believe it, but it's true."

"Loiseau won't believe it because he has got too much sense. I've checked up on Datt. He's never had anything to do with any French intelligence unit. But he knew how useful it was to let people think so."

She shrugged. "I know it's true," she said. "Datt works for the S. D. E. C. E."

I took her shoulders. "Look, Maria. Can't you get it through your head that he's a phony? He has no psychiatry diploma, has never had anything to do with the French government except that he pulls strings among his friends and persuades even people like you who work for the Sûreté that he's a highly placed agent of S. D. E. C. E."

"And what do you want?" she asked.

"I want you to help me find Datt."

"Help," she said. "That's a new attitude. You come bursting in here making your demands. If you'd come in here asking for help, I might have been more sympathetic. What is it you want with Datt?"

"I want Kuang; he killed the girl at the clinic that day. I want to find him."

"It's not your job to find him."

"You are right. It's Loiseau's job, but he is holding Byrd for it and he'll keep on holding him."

"Loiseau wouldn't hold an innocent



“... And then suddenly there were these seven little men and their seven little beds ...!”

man. Poof, you don't know what a fuss he makes about the sanctity of the law and that sort of thing."

"I am a British agent," I said. "You know that already, so I'm not telling you anything new. Byrd is, too."

"Are you sure?"

"No, I'm not. I'd be the last person to be told, anyway. He's not someone whom I would contact officially. It's just my guess. I think Loiseau has been instructed to hold Byrd for the murder—with or without evidence—so Byrd is doomed unless I push Kuang right into Loiseau's arms."

Maria nodded.

"Your mother lives in Flanders. Datt will be at his house nearby, right?" Maria nodded. "I want you to take an American out to your mother's house and wait there till I phone."

"She hasn't got a phone."

"Now, now, Maria," I said. "I checked up on your mother: She has a phone. Also, I phoned my people here in Paris. They will be bringing some papers to your mother's house. They'll be needed for crossing the border. No matter what I say, don't come over to Datt's without them."

Maria nodded. "I'll help. I'll help you find that awful Kuang, I hate him."

"And Datt, do you hate him, too?"

She looked at me searchingly. "Sometimes, but in a different sort of way," she said. "You see, I'm his illegitimate daughter. Perhaps you checked up on that, too?"

. . .

The road was straight. It cared nothing for geography, geology or history. The oil-slicked highway dared children and divided neighbors. It speared small villages through their hearts and laid them open. It was logical that it should be so straight, and yet it was obsessive, too. Carefully lettered signs—the names of villages and the times of Holy Mass—and then the dusty clutter of houses flicked past with seldom any sign of life. At Le Cateau I turned off the main road and picked my way through the small country roads, saw the sign PLAISIR ahead and slowed. This was the place I wanted.

The main street of the village was like something out of Zane Grey, heavy with the dust of passing vehicles. None of them stopped. The street was wide enough for four lanes of cars, but there was very little traffic. Plaisir was on the main road to nowhere. Perhaps a traveler who had taken the wrong road at St. Quentin might pass through Plaisir trying to get back onto the Paris-Brussels road. Some years back, when they were building the auto route, heavy lorries had passed through, but none of them had stopped at Plaisir.

Today it was hot, scorching hot. Four mangy dogs had scavenged enough food and now were asleep in the center of the roadway. Every house was shuttered

tight, gray and dusty in the cruel biting midday light that gave them only a narrow rim of shadow.

I stopped the car near a petrol pump, an ancient, handle-operated instrument bolted uncertainly onto a concrete pillar. I got out and thumped upon the garage doors, but there was no response. The only other vehicle in sight was an old tractor parked a few yards ahead. On the other side of the street a horse stood, tethered to a piece of rusty farm machinery, flicking its tail against the flies. I touched the engine of the tractor: It was still warm. I hammered the garage doors again, but the only movement was the horse's tail. I walked down the silent street, the stones hot against my shoes. One of the dogs, its left ear missing, scratched itself awake and crawled into the shade of the tractor. It growled dutifully at me as I passed, then subsided into sleep. A cat's eyes peered through a window full of aspidistra plants. Above the window, faintly discernible in the weathered woodwork, I read the word "CAFÉ." The door was stiff and opened noisily. I went in.

There were half a dozen people standing at the bar. They weren't talking and I had the feeling that they had been watching me since I left the car. They stared at me.

"A red wine," I said. The old woman behind the bar looked at me without blinking. She didn't move.

"And a cheese sandwich," I added. She gave it another minute before slowly reaching for a wine bottle, rinsing a glass and pouring me a drink, all without moving her feet. I turned around to face the room. The men were mostly farm workers, their boots heavy with soil and their faces engraved with ancient dirt. In the corner, a table was occupied by three men in suits and white shirts. Although it was long past lunchtime, they had napkins tucked into their collars and were putting forkfuls of cheese into their pink mouths, honing their knives across the bread chunks and pouring draughts of red wine into their throats after it. They continued to eat. They were the only people in the room not looking at me except for a muscular man seated at the back of the room, his feet propped upon a chair, placing the cards of his patience game with quiet confidence. I watched him peel each card loose from the pack, stare at it with the superior impartiality of a computer and place it face up on the marble tabletop. I watched him play for a minute or so, but he didn't look up.

It was a dark room; the only light entering it filtered through the jungle of plants in the window. On the marble-topped tables there were drip mats advertising aperitifs; the mats had been used many times. The bar was brown with varnish and above the rows of bottles was an old clock that had ticked its last at 3:37 on some long-forgotten day. There were

old calendars on the walls, a broken chair had been piled neatly under the window and the floor boards squealed with each change of weight. In spite of the heat of the day, three men had drawn their chairs close to a dead stove in the center of the room. The body of the stove had cracked, and from it cold ash had spilled onto the floor. One of the men tapped his pipe against the stove. More ash poured out like the sands of time.

"I'm looking for Monsieur Datt," I said to the whole room. "Which is his house?"

There was not even a change of expression. Outside I heard the sudden yelp of a frightened dog. From the corner came the regular click of playing cards striking the marble. There was no other sound.

I said, "I have important news for him. I know he lives somewhere in the village." I moved my eyes from face to face, searching for a flicker of comprehension; there was none. Outside, the dogs began to fight. It was a ragged, vicious sound: low growls and sudden shrieks of pain.

"This is Plaisir?" I asked. There was no answer. I turned to the woman behind the bar. "Is this the village of Plaisir?" She half smiled.

"Another carafe of red," called one of the men in white shirts.

The woman behind the bar reached for a liter bottle of wine, poured a carafe of it and pushed it down the counter. The man who had asked for it walked across to the counter, his napkin stuck in his collar, a fork still in his hand. He seized the carafe by the neck and returned to his seat. He poured a glass of wine for himself and took a large gulp. With the wine still in his mouth, he leaned back in his chair, raised his eyes to mine and let the wine trickle into his throat. The dogs began fighting again.

"They are getting vicious," said the man. "Perhaps we should do away with one of them."

"Do away with them all," I said. He nodded.

I finished my drink. "Three francs," said the woman.

"What about a cheese sandwich?"

"We sell only wine."

I put three new francs on the counter-top. The man finished his patience game and collected the dog-eared cards. He drank his glass of red wine and carried the empty glass and the greasy pack of cards to the counter. He put them both down and laid two 20-old-franc pieces on top, then he wiped his hands on the front of his work jacket and stared at me for a moment. His eyes were quick and alert. He turned toward the door.

"Are you going to tell me how to get to Monsieur Datt's house?" I asked the woman again.

"We only sell wine," she said, scooping up the coins. I walked out into the hot midday sun. The man who had been playing patience walked slowly across to the tractor. He was a tall man, better

nourished and more alert than the local inhabitants, perhaps 30 years old, walking like a horseman. When he reached the petrol pump, he whistled softly. The door opened immediately and an attendant came out.

"Ten liters."

The attendant nodded. He inserted the nozzle of the pump into the tank of the tractor, unlocked the handle and then rocked it to pump the spirit out. I watched them close to, but neither looked round. When the needle pointed to ten liters, he stopped pumping and replaced the nozzle. "See you tomorrow," said the tall man. He did not pay. He threw a leg over the tractor seat and started the motor. There was an ear-splitting racket as it started. He let out the clutch too quickly and the big wheels slid in the dust for an instant before biting into the *pavé* and roaring away, leaving a trail of blue smoke. The one-eared dog awoke again as the sound and hot sun hit it and went bounding up the road barking and snapping at the tractor wheels. That awoke the other dogs and they, too, began to bark. The tall man leaned over his saddle like an Apache scout and caught the dog under its only ear with a wooden stick. It sang a descant of pain and retired from the chase. The other dogs, too, lost heart, their energy sapped by the heat. The barking ended raggedly.

"I'm thinking of driving to the Datt house," I said to the pump attendant.

He stared after the tractor. "He'll never learn," he said. The dog limped back into the shade of the petrol pump. The attendant turned to face me. "Some dogs are like that," he said. "They never learn."

"If I drive to the Datt house, I'll need twenty liters of the best."

"Only one kind," said the man.

"I'll need twenty liters if you'll be kind enough to direct me to the Datt place."

"You'd better fill her up," said the man. He raised his eyes to mine for the first time. "You're going to need to come back, aren't you?"

"Right," I said. "And check the oil and water." I took a ten-franc note from my pocket. "That's for you," I said. "For your trouble."

"I'll look at the battery, too," he said.

"I'll commend you to the tourist board," I said. He nodded. He took the pump nozzle and filled the tank; he opened up the radiator cap with a cloth and then rubbed the battery.

"Everything's OK," he said. I paid him for the petrol.

"Are you going to check the tires?"

He kicked one of them. "They'll do you. It's only down the road. Last house before the church. They are waiting for you."

"Thanks," I said, trying not to look surprised. Down the long straight road I watched the bus come, trailed by a cloud of dust. It stopped in the street outside



"Like, most chicks couldn't stay me from my—uh—appointed rounds—ya know what I mean?"

the café. The customers came out to watch. The driver climbed onto the roof of the bus and got some boxes and cases down. One woman had a live chicken, another a bird cage. They straightened their clothes and stretched their limbs.

"More visitors," I said.

He stared at me and we both looked toward the bus. The passengers finished stretching themselves and got back aboard again. The bus drove away, leaving just four boxes and a bird cage in the street. I glanced toward the café and there was a movement of eyes. It may have been the cat watching the fluttering of the caged bird; it was that sort of cat.

• • •

The house was the last one in the street, if you call endless high railings and walls a street. I stopped outside the gates; there was no name or bellpull. Beyond the house a small child attending two tethered goats stared at me for a moment and ran away. Near the house was a copse and half concealed in it a large gray square concrete block: one of the *Wehrmacht's* indestructible contributions to European architecture.

A nimble little woman rushed to the gates and tugged them open. The house was tall and narrow and not particularly beautiful, but it was artfully placed in about 20 acres of ground. To the right, the kitchen garden sloped down to two large glass houses. Beyond the house there was a tiny park where statues hid behind trees like gray stone children playing tag, and in between, there were orderly rows of fruit trees and an enclosure where laundry could just be

glimpsed flapping in the breeze.

I drove slowly past a grimy swimming pool where a beach ball and some ice-cream wrappers floated. Tiny flies flickered close to the surface of the water. Around the rim of the pool there was some garden furniture: armchairs, stools and a table with a torn parasol. The woman puffed along with me. I recognized her now as the woman who had injected me. I parked in a paved yard, and she opened the side door of the house and ushered me through a large airy kitchen. She snapped a gas tap *en passant*, flipped open a drawer, dragged out a white apron and tied it around her without slowing her walk. The floor of the main hall was stone flags, the walls were white-washed and upon them were a few swords, shields and ancient banners. There was little furniture: an oak chest, some forbidding chairs, and tables bearing large vases full of freshly cut flowers. Opening off the hall there was a billiard room. The lights were on and the brightly colored balls lay transfixed upon the green baize like a pop-art tableau.

The little woman hurried ahead of me, opening doors, waving me through, sorting among a bundle of large keys, locking each door and then darting around me and hurrying on ahead. Finally, she showed me into the lounge. It was soft and florid after the stark austerity of the rest of the house. There were four sofas with huge floral patterns, plants, knick-knacks, antique cases full of antique plates, silver-framed photos, a couple of bizarre modern paintings in primary colors and a kidney-shaped bar trimmed in



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golden tin and plastic. Behind the bar were bottles of drink and arranged along the bartop, some bartender's implements: strainers, shakers and ice buckets.

"I'm delighted to see you," said Monsieur Datt.

"That's good."

He smiled engagingly. "How did you find me?"

"A little bird told me."

"Damn those birds," said Datt, still smiling. "But no matter, the shooting season begins soon, doesn't it?"

"You could be right."

"Why not sit down and let me get you a drink. It's damned hot, I've never known such weather."

"Don't get ideas," I said. "My boys will come on in if I disappear for too long."

"Such crude ideas you have. And yet, I suppose the very vulgarity of your mind is its dynamic. But have no fear, you'll not have drugged food or any of that nonsense. On the contrary, I hope to prove to you how very wrong your whole notion of me is." He reached toward a bevy of cut-glass decanters. "What about Scotch whisky?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing at all."

"You're right." He walked across to the window. I followed him.

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. We are both ascetics."

"Speak for yourself," I said. "I like a bit of self-indulgence now and again."

The windows overlooked a courtyard, its ivy-covered walls punctuated by the strict geometry of white shutters. There was a dovecot and white doves marched and countermarched across the cobbles.

There was a hoot at the gate, then into the courtyard drove a large Citroën ambulance. *CLINIQUE DE PARADIS*, it said along the side under the big red cross. It was very dusty, as though it had made a long journey. Out of the driver's seat climbed Jean-Paul; he tooted the horn.

"It's my ambulance," said Datt.

"Yes," I said, "Jean-Paul driving."

"He's a good boy," said Datt.

"Let me tell you what I want," I said hurriedly.

Datt made a movement with his hand. "I know why you are here. There is no need to explain anything." He eased himself back into an armchair.

"How do you know I've not come to kill you?" I asked.

"My dear man. There is no question of violence, for many reasons."

"For instance?"

"Firstly, you are not a man to use gratuitous violence. You would only employ violent means when you could see the course of action that the violence made available to you. Secondly, we are evenly matched, you and I. Weight for weight, we are evenly matched."

"So are a swordfish and an angler, but one is sitting strapped into an armchair and the other is being dragged through the ocean with a hook in his mouth."

"Which am I?"

"That's what I am here to discover."

"Then begin, sir."

"Get Kuang."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean get Kuang, K. U. A. N. G. Get him here."

Datt changed his mind about the drink; he poured himself a glass of wine and sipped it. "I won't deny he's here," he said finally.

"Then why not get him?"

He pressed a buzzer and the maid came in. "Get Monsieur Kuang," he said.

The old woman went away quietly and came back with Kuang. He was wearing gray-flannel trousers, open-neck shirt and a pair of dirty white tennis shoes. He poured himself a large Perrier water from the bar and sat down in an armchair with his feet sprawled sideways over the arm. "Well?" he said to me.

"I'm bringing you an American hydrogen expert to talk to."

Kuang seemed unsurprised. "Petty, Barnes, Bertram or Hudson?"

"Hudson."

"Excellent, he's a top man."

"I don't like it," said Datt.

"You don't have to like it," I said. "If Kuang and Hudson want to talk a little, it's nothing to do with you." I turned to Kuang. "How long will you want with him?"

"Two hours," said Kuang. "Three at the most, less if he has written stuff with him."

"I believe he will have," I said. "He's all prepared."

"I don't like it," Datt complained.

"Be quiet," said Kuang. He turned to me. "Are you working for the Americans?"

"No," I said. "I'm acting for them, just this one operation."

Kuang nodded. "That makes sense; they wouldn't want to expose one of their regular men."

I bit my lip in anger. Hudson had, of course, been acting on American instructions, not on his own initiative. It was a plan to expose me so that the CIA could keep their own men covered. Clever bastards. Well, I'd grin and bear it and try to get something out of it.

"That's right," I agreed.

"So you are not bargaining."

"I'm not getting paid," I said, "if that's what you mean."

"How much do you want?" asked Kuang wearily. "But don't get big ideas."

"We'll sort it out after you've seen Hudson."

"A most remarkable display of faith," said Kuang. "Did Datt pay you for the incomplete set of documents you let us have?"

"No," I said.

"Now that our cards are on the table, I take it you don't really want payment."

"That's right," I said.

"Good," said Kuang. He hooked his

legs off the arm of the chair and reached for some ice from the silver bucket. Before pouring himself a whiskey, he pushed the telephone across to me.

Maria was waiting near the phone when I called her. "Bring Hudson here," I said. "You know the way."

"Yes," said Maria. "I know the way."

Kuang went out to get ready for Hudson. I sat down again in a hard chair. Datt noticed me wince.

"You have a pain in the spine?"

"Yes," I said. "I did it in a *disco-thèque*."

"Those modern dances are too strenuous for me," said Datt.

"This one was too strenuous for me," I said. "My partner had brass knuckles."

Datt knelt down at my feet, took off my shoe and probed at my heel with his powerful fingers. He felt my ankle bone and tut-tutted, as though it had been designed all wrong. Suddenly he plunged his fingers hard into my heel. "Ahh," he said, but the word was drowned by my shout of pain. Kuang opened the door and looked at us.

"Are you all right?" Kuang asked.

"He's got a muscular contraction," said Datt. "It's acupuncture," he explained to me. "I'll soon get rid of that pain in your back."

"Ouch," I said. "Don't do it if it's going to make me lame for life."

Kuang retreated back to his room. Datt inspected my foot again and pronounced it ready.

"It should get rid of your pain," he said. "Rest for half an hour in the chair."

"It is a bit better," I admitted.

"Don't be surprised," said Datt, "the Chinese have practiced these arts for centuries; it is a simple matter, a muscular pain."

"You practice acupuncture?" I asked.

"Not really, but I have always been interested," said Datt. "The body and the mind. The interaction of two opposing forces: body and mind, emotion and reason, the duality of nature. My ambition has always been to discover something new about man himself." He settled back into his chair. "You are *simple*. I do not say that as a criticism, but rather in admiration. Simplicity is the most sought-after quality in both art and nature, but your simplicity encourages you to see the world around you in black-and-white terms. You do not approve of my inquiry into human thoughts and actions. Your puritan origin, your Anglo-Saxon breeding make it sinful to inquire too deeply into ourselves."

"But you don't inquire into yourself, you inquire into other people."

He leaned back and smiled. "My dear man, the reason that I collect information, compile dossiers and films and recordings and probe the personal secrets of a wide range of important men is twofold: Primarily because important men

control the fate of the world and I like to feel that in my small way I influence such men. Secondly, I have devoted my life to the study of mankind. I love people; I have no illusions about them, it's true, but that makes it much easier to love them. I am ceaselessly amazed and devoted to the strange convoluted workings of their devious minds, their rationalizations and the predictability of their weaknesses and failings. That's why I became so interested in the sexual aspect of my studies. At one time I thought I understood my friends best when I watched them gambling: their avarice, kindness and fear were so much in evidence when they gambled. I was a young man at the time. I lived in Hanoi and I saw the same men every day in the same clubs. I liked them enormously. It's important that you believe that." He looked up at me.

I shrugged. "I believe it."

"I liked them very much and I wished to understand them better. For me, gambling could never hold any fascination: dull, repetitive and trivial. But it did unleash the deepest emotions. I got more from seeing their reactions to the game than from playing. So I began to keep dossiers on all my friends. There was no malign intent; on the contrary, it was expressly in order to understand and like them better that I did it."

"And did you like them better?"

"In some ways. There were disillusion, of course, but a man's failings are so much more attractive than his successes—any woman will tell you that. Soon it occurred to me that alcohol was providing

more information to the dossiers than gambling. Gambling showed me the hostilities and the fears, but drink showed me the weaknesses. It was when a man felt sorry for himself that one saw the gaps in the armor. See how a man gets drunk and you will know him—I have told so many young girls that: See your man getting drunk and you will know him. Does he want to pull the blankets over his head or go out into the street and start a riot? Does he want to be caressed or to commit rape? Does he find everything humorous, or threatening? Does he feel the world is secretly mocking him, or does he throw his arms around a stranger's shoulders and shout that he loves everyone?"

"Yes. It's a good indication."

"But there were even better ways to reach deep into the subconscious, and now I wanted not only to understand people but also to try planting ideas in their heads. If only I could have a man with the frailty and vulnerability of drunkenness but without the blurriness and loss of memory that drink brought, then I would have a chance of really improving my dossiers. How I envied the women who had access to my friends in their most vulnerable—postcoital *triste*—condition. Sex, I decided, was the key to man's drives and postsex was his most vulnerable state. That's how my methods evolved."

I relaxed now that Datt had become totally involved in his story. I suppose he had been sitting out here in this house, inactive and musing about his life and



"In fact, you're just about the only person I don't feel inferior to."



"Wait, how about longhand then?
Can you take longhand?"

what had led to this moment of supreme power that he was now enjoying so much. He was unstoppable, as so many reserved men are once explanations start burbling out of them.

"Eight hundred dossiers I have now, and many of them are analyses that a psychiatrist would be proud of."

"Are you qualified to practice psychiatry?" I asked.

"Is anyone qualified to practice it?"

"No," I said.

"Precisely," said Datt. "Well, I am a little better able than most men. I know what can be done, because I have done it. Done it eight hundred times. Without a staff, it would never have developed at the same rate. Perhaps the quality would have been even higher had I done it all myself, but the girls were a vital part of the operation."

"The girls actually compiled the dossiers?"

"Maria might have been able to if she'd worked with me longer. The girl that died—Annie Couzins—was intelligent enough, but she was not temperamentally suited to the work. At one time I would work only with girls with qualifications in law or engineering or accountancy, but to find girls thus qualified and also sexually alluring is difficult. I wanted girls who would understand. With the more stupid girls I had to use recording machines, but the girls who understood produced the real results."

"The girls didn't hide the fact that they understood?"

"At first. I thought—as you do now—that men would be afraid and suspicious of a woman who was clever, but they

aren't, you see. On the contrary, men like clever women. Why does a husband complain, 'My wife doesn't understand me' when he goes running off with another woman? Why, because what he needs isn't sex, it's someone to talk to."

"Can't he talk to the people he works with?"

"He can, but he's frightened of them. The people he works with are after his job, on the watch for weakness."

"Just as your girls are."

"Exactly, but he does not understand that."

"Eventually he does, surely?"

"By then he no longer cares—the therapeutic aspect of the relationship is clear to him."

"You blackmail him into cooperating?"

Datt shrugged. "I might have, had it ever proved necessary, but it never has. By the time a man has been studied by me and the girls for six months, he needs us."

"I don't understand."

"You don't understand," said Datt patiently, "because you persist in regarding me as some malign monster feeding on the blood of my victims." Datt held up his hands. "What I did for these men was helpful to them. I worked day and night, endless sessions to help them understand themselves: their motives, their aspirations, their weaknesses and strengths. The girls, too, were intelligent enough to be helpful and reassuring. All the people that I have studied have become better personalities."

"Will become," I corrected. "That's the promise you hold out to them."

"In some cases, not all."

"But you have tried to increase their dependency upon you. You have used your skills to make these people *think* they need you."

"You are splitting hairs. All psychiatrists must do that. That's what the word 'transference' means."

"But you have a hold over them. These films and records: They demonstrate the type of power you want."

"They demonstrate nothing. The films, etc., are nothing to me. I am a scientist, not a blackmailer. I have merely used the sexual activities of my patients as a short cut to understanding the sort of disorders they are likely to have. A man reveals so much when he is in bed with a woman: It's this important element of *release*. It's common to all the activities of the subject. He finds release in talking to me, which gives him freedom in his sexual appetites. Greater and more varied sexual activity release in turn a need to talk at greater length."

"So he talks to you."

"Of course he does. He grows more and more free, and more and more confident."

"But you are the only person he can boast to."

"Not boast, exactly, talk. He wishes to share this new, stronger, better life that he has created."

"That you have created for him."

"Some subjects have been kind enough to say that they lived at only ten percent of their potential until they came to my clinic." M. Datt smiled complacently. "It's vital and important work showing men the power they have within their own minds if they merely take courage enough to use it."

"You sound like one of those small ads from the back pages of skin magazines. The sort that's sandwiched between acne cream and Peeping Tom binoculars."

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. I know what I am doing."

I said, "I really believe you do, but I don't *like* it."

"Mind you," he said urgently, "don't think for one moment I'm a Freudian. I'm not. Everyone thinks I'm a Freudian because of this emphasis on sex. I'm not."

"You'll publish your results?" I asked.

"The conclusions, possibly, but not the case histories."

"It's the case histories that are the important factor," I said.

"To some people," said Datt. "That's why I have to guard them so carefully!"

"Loiseau tried to get them."

"But he was a few minutes too late." Datt poured himself another small glass of wine, measured its clarity and drank a little. "Many men covet my dossiers, but I guard them carefully. This whole neighborhood is under surveillance. I knew about you as soon as you stopped for fuel in the village."

The old woman knocked discreetly and entered. "A car with Paris plates—it sounds like Madame Loiseau—coming

through the village."

Datt nodded. "Tell Robert I want the Belgian plates on the ambulance and the documents must be ready. Jean-Paul can help him. No. on second thought, don't tell Jean-Paul to help him. I believe they don't get along too well." The old woman said nothing. "Yes, well, that's all."

Datt walked across to the window and as he did so, there was the sound of tires crunching on gravel.

"It's Maria's car," said Datt.

"And your back-yard Mafia didn't stop it?"

"They are not there to stop people," explained Datt. "They are not collecting entrance money, they are there for my protection."

"Did Kuang tell you that?" I said. "Perhaps those guards are there to stop you getting out?"

"Poof," said Datt, but I knew I had planted a seed in his mind. "I wish she'd brought the boy with her."

I said, "It's Kuang who's in charge. He didn't ask you before agreeing to my bringing Hudson here."

"We have our areas of authority," said Datt. "Everything concerning data of a technical kind—of the kind that Hudson can provide—is Kuang's province." Suddenly he flushed with anger. "Why should I explain such things to you?"

"I thought you were explaining them to yourself," I said.

Datt changed the subject abruptly. "Do you think Maria told Loiseau where I am?"

"I'm sure she didn't," I said. "She has a lot of explaining to do the next time she sees Loiseau. She has to explain why she warned you about his raid on the clinic."

"That's true," said Datt. "A clever man, Loiseau. At one time I thought you were his assistant."

"And now?"

"Now I think you are his victim, or soon will be."

I said nothing. Datt said, "Whoever you work for, you run alone. Loiseau has no reason to like you. He's jealous of your success with Maria—she adores you, of course. Loiseau pretends he's after me, but you are his real enemy. Loiseau is in trouble with his department; he might have decided that you could be the scapegoat. He visited me a couple of weeks ago, wanted me to sign a document concerning you. A tissue of lies, but cleverly riddled with half-truths that could prove bad for you. It needed only my signature. I refused."

"Why didn't you sign?"

M. Datt sat down opposite me and looked me straight in the eye. "Not because I like you particularly. I hardly know you. It was because I had given you that injection when I first suspected that you were an *agent provocateur* sent by Loiseau. If I treat a person, he becomes my patient. I become responsible for him. It is my proud boast that if one of my

patients committed even a murder, he could come to me and tell me, in confidence. That's my relationship with Kuang. I must have that sort of relationship with my patients—Loiseau refuses to understand that. I must have it." He stood up suddenly and said, "A drink—and now I insist. What shall it be?"

The door opened and Maria came in, followed by Hudson and Jean-Paul. Maria was smiling, but her eyes were narrow and tense. Her old rollneck pullover and riding breeches were stained with mud and wine. She looked tough and elegant and rich. She came into the room quietly and aware, like a cat sniffing and moving stealthily, on the watch for the slightest sign of things hostile or alien. She handed me the packet of documents: three passports, one for me, one for Hudson, one for Kuang. There were some other papers inside, money and some cards and envelopes that would prove I was someone else. I put them in my pocket without looking at them.

"I wish you'd brought the boy," said M. Datt to Maria. She didn't answer. "What will you drink, my good friends? An aperitif, perhaps?" He called to the woman in the white apron, "We shall be seven to dinner, but Mr. Hudson and Mr. Kuang will dine separately in the library. And take Mr. Hudson into the library now," he added. "Mr. Kuang is waiting there."

"And leave the door ajar," I said affably.

"And leave the door ajar," said M. Datt.

Hudson smiled and gripped his briefcase tight under his arm. He looked at

Maria and Jean-Paul, nodded and withdrew without answering. I got up and walked across to the window, wondering if the woman in the white apron was sitting in at dinner with us, but then I saw the dented tractor parked up close behind Maria's car. The tractor driver was here. With all that room to spare, the tractor needn't have boxed both cars tight against the wall.

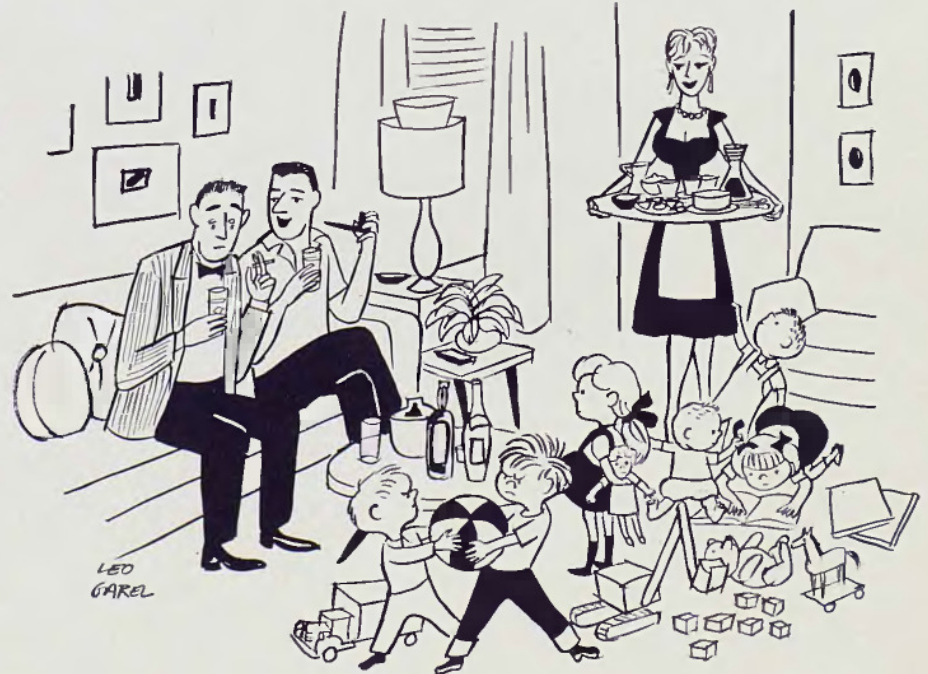
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"Read the greatest thinkers of the 18th Century," M. Datt was saying, "and you'll understand what the Frenchman still thinks about women." The soup course was finished and the little woman—dressed now in a maid's formal uniform—collected the dishes. "Don't stack them," M. Datt whispered loudly to her. "That's how they get broken. Make two journeys; a well-trained maid never stacks plates." He poured a glass of white wine for each of us. "Diderot thought they were merely courtesans, Montesquieu said they were pretty children. For Rousseau they existed only as an adjunct to man's pleasure and for Voltaire they didn't exist at all."

He pulled the side of smoked salmon toward him and sharpened the long knife.

Jean-Paul smiled knowingly. He was more nervous than usual. He patted the white starched cuff that artfully revealed the Cartier watch and fingered the small disk of adhesive plaster that covered a razor nick on his chin.

Maria said, "France is a land where men command and women obey. '*Elle me plait*' is the greatest compliment a woman can expect from men; they mean she



"No, we're not especially crazy about kids. They're sort of a by-product."

obeys. How can anyone call Paris a woman's city? Only a prostitute can have a serious career there. It took two world wars to give Frenchwomen the vote."

Datt nodded. He removed the bones and the salmon's smoke-hard surface with two long sweeps of the knife. He brushed oil over the fish and began to slice it, serving Maria first. Maria smiled at him.

Just as an expensive suit wrinkles in a different way from a cheap one, so did the wrinkles in Maria's face add to her beauty rather than detract from it. I stared at her, trying to understand her better. Was she treacherous, or was she exploited, or was she, like most of us, both?

"It's all very well for you, Maria," said Jean-Paul. "You are a woman with wealth, position, intelligence," he paused, "and beauty . . ."

"I'm glad you added beauty," she said, still smiling.

Jean-Paul looked toward M. Datt and me. "That illustrates my point. Even Maria would sooner have beauty than brains. When I was eighteen—ten years ago—I wanted to give the women I loved the things I wanted for myself: respect, admiration, good food, conversation, wit and even knowledge. But women despise those things. Passion is what they want, intensity of emotion. The same trite words of admiration repeated over and over again. They don't want good food—women have poor palates—and witty conversation worries them. What's worse, it diverts attention away from them. Women want men who are masterful enough to give them confidence, but not cunning enough to outwit them. They want men with plenty of faults so that they can forgive them. They want men who have trouble with the little things in life; women excel at little things. They remember little things, too; there is no occasion in their lives, from confirmation to eightieth birthday, when they can't recall every stitch they wore." He looked accusingly at Maria.

Maria laughed. "That part of your tirade, at least, is true."

M. Datt said, "What did you wear at your confirmation?"

"White silk, high-waisted dress, plain-front white silk shoes and cotton gloves that I hated." She reeled it off.

"Very good," said M. Datt and laughed. "Although I must say, Jean-Paul, you are too hard on women. Take that girl Annie who worked for me. Her academic standards were tremendous . . ."

"Of course," said Maria, "women leaving universities have such trouble getting a job that anyone enlightened enough to employ them is able to demand very high qualifications."

"Exactly," said M. Datt. "Most of the girls I've ever used in my research were brilliant. What's more, they were deeply involved in the research tasks. Just imagine that the situation had required men

employees to involve themselves sexually with patients. In spite of paying lip service to promiscuity, men would have given me all sorts of puritanical reasons why they couldn't do it. These girls understood that it was a vital part of their relationship with patients. One girl was a mathematical genius, and yet such beauty. Truly remarkable."

Jean-Paul said, "Where is this mathematical genius now? I would dearly appreciate her advice. Perhaps I could improve my technique with women."

"You couldn't," said Maria. She spoke clinically, with no emotion showing. "Your technique is all too perfect. You flatter women to saturation point when you first meet them. Then, when you decide the time is right, you begin to undermine their confidence in themselves. You point out their shortcomings rather cleverly and sympathetically until they think that you must be the only man who would deign to be with them. You destroy women by erosion because you hate them."

"No," Jean-Paul said. "I love women. I love all women too much to reject so many by marrying one." He laughed.

"Jean-Paul feels it is his duty to make himself available to every girl from fifteen to fifty," said Maria quietly.

"Then you'll soon be outside my range of activity," said Jean-Paul.

The candles had burned low and now their light came through the straw-colored wine and shone golden on face and ceiling.

Maria sipped at her wine. No one spoke. She placed the glass on the table and then brought her eyes up to Jean-Paul's. "I'm sorry for you, Jean-Paul," she said.

The maid brought the fish course to the table and served it: *sole dieppoise*, the sauce dense with shrimps and speckled with parsley and mushrooms, the bland smell of the fish echoed by the hot butter. The maid retired, conscious that her presence had interrupted the conversation. Maria drank a little more wine, and as she put the glass down, she looked at Jean-Paul.

He didn't smile. When she spoke, her voice was mellow and any trace of bitterness had been removed by the pause.

"When I say I'm sorry for you, Jean-Paul, with your endless succession of lovers, you may laugh at me. But let me tell you this: The shortness of your relationships with women is due to a lack of flexibility in you. You are not able to adapt, change, improve, enjoy new things each day. Your demands are constant and growing narrower. Everyone else must adapt to you, never the other way about.

"Marriages break up for this same reason—my marriage did and it was at least half my fault: Two people become so set in their ways that they become vegetables. The antithesis of this feeling is to be in love. I fell in love with you, Jean-Paul.

Being in love is to drink in new ideas, new feelings, smells, tastes, new dances—even the air seems to be different in flavor. That's why infidelity is such a shock. A wife set in the dull, lifeless pattern of marriage is suddenly liberated by love, and her husband is terrified to see the change take place, for just as I felt ten years younger, so I saw my husband as ten years older."

Jean-Paul said, "And that's how you now see me?"

"Exactly. It's laughable how I once worried that you were younger than me. You're not younger than me at all. You are an old fogy. Now that I no longer love you, I can see that. You are an old fogy of twenty-eight and I am a young girl! of thirty-two."

"You bitch."

"My poor little one. Don't be angry. Think of what I tell you. Open your mind. Open your mind and you will discover what you want so much: how to be eternally a young man."

Jean-Paul looked at her. He wasn't as angry as I would have expected. "Perhaps I am a shallow and vain fool," he said. "But when I met you, Maria, I truly loved you. It didn't last more than a week, but for me it was real. It was the only time in my life that I truly believed myself capable of something worth while. You were older than me, but I liked that. I wanted you to show me the way out of the stupid labyrinth life I led. You are highly intelligent and you, I thought, could show me the solid good reasons for living. But you failed me, Maria. Like all women, you are weak-willed and indecisive. You can be loyal only for a moment to whoever is near you. You have never made one objective decision in your life. You have never really wanted to be strong and free. You have never done one decisive thing that you truly believed in. You are a puppet, Maria, with many puppeteers, and they quarrel over who shall operate you." His final words were sharp and bitter and he stared hard at Datt.

"Children," Datt admonished. "Just as we were all getting along so well together."

Jean-Paul smiled a tight, film-star smile. "Turn off your charm," he said to Datt. "You always patronize me."

"If I've done something to give offense . . ." said Datt. He didn't finish the sentence but looked around at his guests, raising his eyebrows to show how difficult it was to even imagine such a possibility.

"You think you can switch me on and off as you please," said Jean-Paul. "You think you can treat me like a child; well, you can't. Without me, you would be in big trouble now. If I had not brought you the information about Loiseau's raid upon your clinic, you would be in prison now."

"Perhaps," said Datt, "and perhaps not."

"Oh, I know what you want people to



Smilby

believe," said Jean-Paul. "I know you like people to think you are mixed up with the S. D. E. C. E. and secret departments of the government, but we know better. I saved you. Twice. Once with Annie, once with Maria."

"Maria saved me," said Datt, "if anyone did."

"Your precious daughter," said Jean-Paul, "is good for only one thing." He smiled. "And what's more, she hates you. She said you were foul and evil; that's how much she wanted to save you before I persuaded her to help."

"Did you say that about me?" Datt asked Maria, and even as she was about to reply, he held up his hand. "No, don't answer. I have no right to ask you such a question. We all say things in anger that later we regret." He smiled at Jean-Paul. "Relax, my good friend, and have another glass of wine."

Datt filled Jean-Paul's glass, but Jean-Paul didn't pick it up. Datt pointed the neck of the bottle at it. "Drink." He picked up the glass and held it to Jean-Paul. "Drink and say that these black thoughts are not your truly considered opinion of old Datt, who has done so much for you."

Jean-Paul brought the flat of his hand round in an angry sweeping gesture. Perhaps he didn't like to be told that he owed Datt anything. He sent the full glass flying across the room and swept the bottle out of Datt's hands. It slid across the table, felling the glasses like ninepins and flooding the cold blond liquid across the linen and cutlery. Datt stood up, awkwardly dabbing at his waistcoat with a table napkin. Jean-Paul stood up, too. The only sound was of the wine, still chugging out of the bottle.

"*Salaud!*" said Datt. "You attack me in my own home! You *casse-pieds!* You insult me in front of my guests and assault me when I offer you wine!" He dabbed at himself and threw the wet napkin across the table as a sign that the meal would not continue. The cutlery jangled mournfully. "You will learn," said Datt. "You will learn here and now."

Jean-Paul finally understood the hornet's nest he had aroused in Datt's brain. His face was set and defiant, but you didn't have to be an amateur psychologist to know that if he could set the clock back ten minutes, he'd rewrite his script.

"Don't touch me," Jean-Paul said. "I have villainous friends just as you do, and my friends and I can destroy you, Datt. I know all about you, the girl Annie Cousins and why she had to be killed. There are a few things you don't know about that story. There are a few more things that the police would like to know, too. Touch me, you fat old swine, and you'll die as surely as the girl did." He looked around at us all. His forehead was moist with exertion and anxiety. He managed a grim smile. "Just touch me, just try . . . !"

Datt said nothing, nor did any one of us. Jean-Paul gabbled on until his steam ran out. "You need me," he finally said to Datt, but Datt didn't need him anymore and there was no one in the room who didn't know it.

"Robert!" shouted Datt. I don't know if Robert was standing in the sideboard or in a crack in the floor, but he certainly came in fast. Robert was the tractor driver who had slapped the one-eared dog. He was as tall and broad as Jean-Paul, but there the resemblance ended: Robert was teak against Jean-Paul's papier-mâché.

Right behind Robert was the woman in the white apron. Now that they were standing side by side, you could see a family resemblance: Robert was clearly the woman's son. He walked forward and stood before Datt like a man waiting to be given a medal. The old woman stood in the doorway with a 12-bore shotgun held steady in her fists. It was a battered old relic, the butt was scorched and stained and there was a patch of rust around the muzzle as though it had been propped in a puddle. It was just the sort of thing that might be kept around the hall of a country house for dealing with rats and rabbits: an ill-finished, mass-production job without styling or finish. It wasn't at all the sort of gun I'd want to be shot with. That's why I remained very, very still.

Datt nodded toward me, and Robert moved in and brushed me lightly but efficiently. "Nothing," he said. Robert walked over to Jean-Paul. In Jean-Paul's suit he found a 6.35 Mauser automatic. He sniffed it and opened it, spilled the bullets out into his hand and passed the gun, magazine and bullets to Datt. Datt handled them as though they were some kind of virus. He reluctantly dropped them into his pocket.

"Take him away, Robert," said Datt. "He makes too much noise in here. I can't bear people shouting." Robert nodded and turned upon Jean-Paul. He made a movement of his chin and a clicking noise of the sort that encourages horses. Jean-Paul buttoned his jacket carefully and walked to the door.

"We'll have the meat course now," Datt said to the woman. She smiled with more deference than humor and withdrew backward, muzzle last.

"Take him out, Robert," repeated Datt.

"Maybe you think you don't," said Jean-Paul earnestly, "but you'll find . . ." His words were lost as Robert pulled him gently through the door and closed it.

"What are you going to do to him?" asked Maria.

"Nothing, my dear," said Datt. "But he's become more and more tiresome. He must be taught a lesson. We must frighten him, it's for the good of all of us."

"You're going to kill him," said Maria.

"No, my dear." He stood near the fireplace and smiled reassuringly.

"You are, I can feel it in the atmosphere."

Datt turned his back on us. He toyed with the clock on the mantelpiece. He found the key for it and began to wind it up. It was a noisy ratchet.

Maria turned to me. "Are they going to kill him?" she asked.

"I think they are," I said.

She went across to Datt and grabbed his arm. "You mustn't," she said. "It's too horrible. Please don't. Please, Father, please don't, if you love me." Datt put his arm around her paternally, but said nothing.

"He's a wonderful person," Maria said. She was speaking of Jean-Paul. "He would never betray you. Tell him," she asked me, "he must not kill Jean-Paul."

"You mustn't kill him," I said.

"You must make it more convincing than that," said Datt. He patted Maria. "If our friend here can tell us a way to guarantee his silence, some other way, then perhaps I'll agree."

He waited, but I said nothing. "Exactly," said Datt.

"But I love him," said Maria.

"That can make no difference," said Datt. "I'm not a plenipotentiary from God. I've got no halos or citations to distribute. He stands in the way—not of me but of what I believe in; he stands in the way because he is spiteful and stupid. I do believe, Maria, that even if it were you, I'd still do the same."

Maria stopped being a suppliant. She had that icy calm that women take on just before using their nails.

"I love him," said Maria. That meant that he should never be punished for anything except infidelity. She looked at me. "It's your fault for bringing me here."

Datt heaved a sigh and left the room.

"And your fault that he's in danger," she said.

"OK," I said, "blame me if you want to. On my color soul, the stains don't show."

"Can't you stop them?" she said.

"No," I told her, "it's not that sort of film."

Her face contorted as though cigar smoke was getting in her eyes. It went squasy and she began to sob. She didn't cry. She didn't do that mascara-respecting display of grief that wrinkles teardrops out of the eyes with the corner of a tiny lace handkerchief while watching the whole thing in a well-placed mirror. She sobbed and her face collapsed. The mouth sagged, and the flesh puckered and wrinkled like blowtorched paintwork. Ugly sight, and ugly sound.

"He'll die," she said in a strange little voice.

I don't know what happened next. I don't know whether Maria began to move before the sound of the shot or after; just as I don't know whether Jean-

Paul had really lunged at Robert, as Robert later told us. But I was right behind Maria as she opened the door. A .45 is a big pistol. The first shot had hit the dresser, ripping a hole in the carpentry and smashing half a dozen plates. They were still falling as the second shot fired. I heard Datt shouting about his plates and saw Jean-Paul spinning drunkenly like an exhausted whipping top. He fell against the dresser, supporting himself on his hand, and stared at me popeyed with hate and grimacing with pain, his cheeks bulging as though he were looking for a place to vomit. He grabbed at his white shirt and tugged it out of his trousers. He wrenched it so hard that the buttons popped and pinged away across the room. He had a great bundle of shirt in his hand now and he stuffed it into his mouth like a conjurer doing a trick called "how to swallow my white shirt." Or how to swallow my pink-dotted shirt. How to swallow my pink shirt, my red and, finally, dark-red shirt. But he never did the trick. The cloth fell away from his mouth and his blood poured over his chin, painting his teeth pink and dribbling down his neck and ruining his shirt. He knelt upon the ground as if to pray, but his face sank to the floor and he died without a word, his ear flat against the ground, as if listening for hoofbeats pursuing him to another world.

He was dead. It's difficult to wound a man with a .45. You either miss him or you blow him in half.

The legacy the dead leave us are life-size effigies that only slightly resemble their former owners. Jean-Paul's bloody body only slightly resembled him: its thin lips pressed together and the small circular plaster just visible on his chin.

Robert was stupefied. He was staring at the gun in horror. I stepped over to him and grabbed the gun away from him. I said, "You should be ashamed," and Datt repeated that.

The door opened suddenly and Hudson and Kuang stepped into the kitchen. They looked down at the body of Jean-Paul. He was a mess of blood and guts. No one spoke, they were waiting for me. I remembered that I was the one holding the gun. "I'm taking Kuang and Hudson and I'm leaving," I said. Through the open door to the hall I could see into the library, its table covered with their scientific documents: photos, maps and withered plants with large labels on them.

"Oh no you don't," said Datt.

"I have to return Hudson intact, because that's my part of the deal. The information he's given Kuang has to be got back to the Chinese government or else it wasn't much good delivering it. So I must take Kuang, too."

"I think he's right," said Kuang. "It makes sense, what he says."

"How do you know?" said Datt. "I'm arranging your movements, not this fool; how can we trust him? He admits this

task is for the Americans."

"It makes sense," said Kuang again. "Hudson's information is genuine, I can tell: It fills out what I learned from that incomplete set of papers you passed to me last week. If the Americans want me to have the information, then they must want it to be taken back home."

"Can't you see that they might want to capture you for interrogation?" said Datt.

"Rubbish!" I interrupted. "I could have arranged that at any time in Paris without risking Hudson out here in the middle of nowhere."

"They are probably waiting down the road," said Datt. "You could be dead and buried in five minutes. Out here in the middle of the country, no one would hear, no one would see the diggings."

"I'll take that chance," said Kuang. "If he can get Hudson into France on false papers, he can get me out."

I watched Hudson, fearful that he would say I'd done no such thing, but he nodded sagely and Kuang seemed reassured.

"Come with us," said Hudson, and

Kuang nodded agreement. The two scientists seemed to be the only ones in the room with any mutual trust.

I was reluctant to leave Maria, but she just waved her hand and said she'd be all right. She couldn't take her eyes off Jean-Paul's body.

"Cover him, Robert," said Datt.

Robert took a tablecloth from a drawer and covered the body. "Go," Maria called again to me, and then she began to sob. Datt put his arm around her and pulled her close. Hudson and Kuang collected their data and then, still waving the gun around, I showed them out and followed.

As we went across the hall, the old woman emerged carrying a heavily laden tray. She said, "There's still the *poulet sauté chasseur*."

"Vive le sport," I said.

This is the third installment of a new novel by Len Deighton. The conclusion will appear next month.



"Gosh! I thought I'd be lucky if I was just asked to sit at the captain's table!"

QUITTING TIME (continued from page 85)

different job. If you don't get it, get the hell out!"

Such counsel would appear subversive, aimed at destroying all the oft-cited principles of executive loyalty to the company. But loyalty is a two-way street. As Dr. McCabe has observed, the loyalty of executives "depends upon the company's willingness to provide challenges and rewards in the job situation."

Stated simply, it all goes back to the old adage that you can't keep a good man down—or rather, in the present context, that a good executive will not permit himself to be held back in his career. The best men, those with the greatest ability and drive, will refuse to stagnate anywhere along the line. They will get ahead—even if they have to go somewhere else.

To hold such men, to keep them within an organization, it is incumbent upon the organization to make sure it has the incentives upon which these men

thrive. If a company cannot—or will not—provide these incentives, it has absolutely no grounds for complaint when its best men walk out.

Few, if any, of an executive's decisions are more important to him personally than those concerning the question of whether or not—and when and how—to quit a job he holds. Things being what they are in business and industry, these are decisions the average manager will have to make several times during the course of his career.

Estimates of executive turnover vary, but all tend to be on the high side. In his book *How to Pick Men*, Jack H. McQuaig maintains that it is "perfectly normal for a man to try four or five different jobs in his first three or four years at work." Some years ago, a survey conducted by McGraw-Hill indicated that one in every three key men in industry changes his job each year.

Chester Burger, author of *Survival in*

the Executive Jungle, comments that "the average survival time in the executive jungle is short. Rare is the executive who has spent most of his working career with a single company."

Burger cites the results of one study of a group of middle-management executives that showed that 41 percent "survived in their last jobs for less than three years." And, he continues, still drawing on data obtained by the study, "three out of every four [middle-management men] switched jobs before they reached the ten-year gold-watch mark."

Obviously, not all of these men leave their jobs of their own accord. Some are "allowed to resign" under pressure. Others are squeezed out in mergers or consolidations. Still others are simply fired. Even among those who apparently leave of their own volition, there are many who quit because they have recognized the not-always-subtle signs that indicate the ax is about to fall. We are not interested here in any of these types of job leavers. Our concern is with the men who quit at their own option while they are in good standing with their companies.

Why do executives decide to quit under these circumstances? There are many answers. Recently, a well-known management-consultant firm conducted a survey, questioning 422 job-hunting executives in an effort to determine what motivated them to seek a change.

Foremost of the reasons was the desire for more responsibility and challenge, for a bigger job—plums not available in the companies for which the individuals concerned were currently working or by which they had been last employed. Next in importance was the desire for greater future opportunity. These, of course, are the same motivations that impelled Walter Jones to leave the Noname Company and seek greener pastures elsewhere, the chief motivations that, as Dr. Frank McCabe put it, cause the "comers" to be "movers."

More money—a larger immediate income—was the third most frequently cited reason for changing jobs. Now, I can readily understand any executive's desire to earn as high an income as possible. After all, he is performing a commercial service and is entitled to demand the maximum monetary reward he can obtain for that service.

On the other hand, it is frequently unwise to measure either jobs or men solely by a dollars-and-cents yardstick. Companies should always bear in mind the basic truth that a man who is interested only in money cannot be "bought" for very long.

As for the executive, he is well advised to look with caution on any company that tries to snap up managerial personnel by making outlandishly inflated bids for their services. Such firms are often acting in desperation, and the big money might not last.



"Your mother tells me you've started smoking. Got a cigarette?"

There is a recent case in point that serves to illustrate how deadly booby traps may sometimes be attached to the most glittering offers.

A few years ago, a large and venerable corporation—which I shall call by the fictitious name of the De Sperate Company—underwent a drastic reorganization. De Sperate was engaged in publishing and other ventures—a corporate complex with a long history, huge and diversified assets and a fine reputation.

However, control of De Sperate passed from the numerous descendants and heirs of the founders to an outside group that decided on a drastic shake-up and installed a “fireball” executive at the top of the corporate pyramid.

After that, a great many things happened. First, the fireball did a wholesale house-cleaning job, firing scores of De Sperate’s veteran executives as well as hundreds of lesser employees. Then the company went on a large-scale executive-raiding campaign. Able managers employed by other firms were offered very high salaries and other glowing incentives to shift over to De Sperate. Among the many men approached was “Dan Miller,” a friend of mine. During a conversation, he told me of the near-profligate offer he had received.

“Are you taking the job?” I asked.

“No, I’m not,” Miller replied. “I smell a rat. The job simply isn’t worth what the outfit is offering. The company is shopping around for far too many managers at the same time. I’m inclined to think there may be something wrong.”

Miller admitted that all he had was a hunch. The fireball who had taken over top management of the corporate complex was widely reputed to be a miracle worker—and, after all, De Sperate was virtually a national institution.

Nonetheless, Dan Miller’s suspicions proved to be well founded. The fireball flamed and sizzled, but whatever his previous qualifications and experience, by some fluke he proved totally incapable of heading an organization of De Sperate’s particular type. Instead of showing greatly increased profits, the company lost money—millions each year. Other troubles developed. There were nasty internal squabbles. Costly projects proved to be total failures. Lawsuits of various kinds—involving staggering sums—were filed against the corporation.

And so it went, getting worse and worse, until the controlling group finally despaired and extinguished the fireball with a decision to send him packing before he burned the house down completely. Needless to say, many—in fact, according to reports, most—of the executives who had succumbed to the sky-high pay bait De Sperate offered during the fireball’s tenure also found themselves without jobs. They went in the wake of his passing as the group in control of the corporation moved frantically

to reduce costs, increase sales and profits—and clean out management personnel who had been brought in by the miracle worker who had created only chaos.

Now, I do not mean to imply that a company that offers executives high pay is automatically suspect. Far from it. The case I have cited is an exceptional one. My purpose in narrating it is solely to suggest that while the astute and ambitious executive is entirely justified in looking out for his own financial welfare, he will also look beyond the dollars-and-cents price tag that is placed on a job.

According to the aforementioned survey, the fourth most common reason given for wanting to change jobs is disagreement with or objection to company policies. It is interesting to note that this was the reason advanced by the majority of company presidents among the respondents.

There are always liable to be differences of opinion among individuals engaged in any activity—and business is hardly an exception. Some differences can be resolved. Others can continue to exist but all concerned can live and work in peace despite them. However, when the differences are basic and serious and prevent an executive from working harmoniously, efficiently or in good conscience, he is wise, indeed, to express his regrets and tender his resignation.

Withal, it has been my experience that executives will make the decision to quit even the best of jobs for a wide variety of other, entirely valid, reasons. For instance, a man may want to change his field, try his hand at some completely new type of managerial activity. Or, at a personal extreme of the scale, the health of a family member may dictate a change in job locales.

I recall an incident that occurred a few years ago in one of the companies in which I hold a substantial interest. An executive in the company—call him Bill Oliver—announced his intention to resign. Bill was a “comer,” universally liked and highly regarded, a young man everyone agreed was headed for the top. We didn’t want to lose him if we could possibly avoid it, and I took it upon myself to have a talk with Oliver. Curious to learn if he had some grievance or if there were some way he could be dissuaded from leaving, I asked Bill to tell me frankly the reasons for his decision.

“I have no complaints—none at all,” he declared with what was obviously complete sincerity. “I like my job, the people I work with and the company itself—and am entirely satisfied with my prospects. But, you see, I’m intrigued by the space industry. I won’t be happy until I get into it—even if it means starting for less than I’m now making.”

I grinned and gave up. I could understand how Bill Oliver felt. He had to move. He was irresistibly impelled to get into the space industry, which had



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captured his interest and fired his imagination. It would have been foolish to try to deter him.

Bill resigned and switched to a managerial job with a company producing space-vehicle components. I have since followed his career and have been gratified to note that he has been very successful, receiving several promotions so that he is now very near the top.

There is yet another important reason why some managers quit their jobs. It is a reason seldom discussed by organization-oriented management experts and personnel specialists—and more's the pity, for it involves the decision to stop being a salaried employee and to go into business for oneself.

Luckily for our economy, this still happens fairly often. Despite all the present-day emphasis on gaining "security" and the trend toward making a career in a large organization, there are still those individuals who prefer to achieve success on their own.

If I may be permitted to digress briefly, I have repeatedly expressed my belief that this is the only route to real success in the business world. Only by launching out on his own, building his own business, can an individual savor the full excitement and reap the greatest rewards that commerce and industry have to offer.

I think that when a man feels he is ready and equipped to go into business for himself, is cognizant of the risks involved and is willing to face them, he should unhesitatingly take the requisite giant step and make the most of his decision. Insofar as I am concerned, an executive in one of my companies who quits to start his own business does so with my full and sincere blessings and best wishes. In my opinion, such men provide the ever-needed fresh blood that ensures the health and the future of business and of the entire free-enterprise system.

That said, and many of the reasons why executives quit having been discussed, it might be well to explore the questions of when and how an executive should go about leaving a job.

In these regards, there is no better guideline than that provided by the ancient gamblers' adage that holds that the wise player knows enough to quit when he is ahead of the game. The best time for an executive to quit a job is when he, too, is "ahead," in the sense that he has a good performance record and is well regarded in the company for which he is working.

Although I do not personally subscribe to many of the current theories and practices of executive "head-hunting," I am realist enough to accept human nature for what it is and to acknowledge the harsher facts of business life. I am aware that, as Lawrence Stessin has observed in *The New York Times*

Magazine: "It's an axiom of executive head-hunting that to get a good job one should already have a job."

This argument is echoed and amplified by C. R. Shelton and Melba Colgrove, writing in *Nation's Business*. The best time to resign, they advise, is "when you are in good standing with your firm. When you are unemployed, you are at a disadvantage in seeking employment," they warn. "Lack of a regular pay check may lower your self-confidence. And being unemployed, for whatever reason, may render your judgment and your possible value to another firm suspect."

People are people—even when they're top-level managers who do the hiring for large organizations. And people are notoriously reluctant to take what they feel someone else has rejected. The fact that an executive is wanted by the company for which he works enhances his value and desirability.

When he quits, the wise manager also makes sure that he is ahead in his work, that he is not leaving any half-finished projects behind him. He knows that no matter how much his associates and superiors like him, they will deeply resent his leaving behind a mass of uncompleted work that others, who are totally unacquainted with it, will have to handle.

"We thought a lot of Smith around here—then, after he quit, we discovered he hadn't bothered to tie up many loose ends. His department was consequently in a mess after his departure. It took his successor weeks to get things straightened out."

"Joe Howard left this company with glowing recommendations—and what a mistake that was! It later developed he'd been soldiering on the job for a month before he resigned, and none of his work was up to date. We lost two big accounts as a result."

Word travels fast and far in business circles. Remarks such as these can play havoc with a man's future prospects. The wise executive makes certain they cannot be made about him after he leaves a company.

Age is another factor that should be taken into consideration when deciding to quit or not to quit. "Most companies seek men between 40 and 50 for top management jobs," Chester Burger states. "For middle management, the preferred age level is between 30 and 40."

C. R. Shelton and Melba Colgrove quote Harold K. Daniels, vice-president of Parke, Davis: "At least by the time you approach 40 you should have found yourself and have most of your job moves behind you."

I'm not sure that I would accept these generalizations as Holy Writ. Some men are outstanding top-management material long before they reach 40—and, conversely, some of the best, most solid and

seasoned middle-management personnel are well beyond Chester Burger's "preferred" 40-year limit. And I've known more than a few executives who made several big upward steps when they were in their mid-40s or even considerably older. Nevertheless, I imagine that with appropriate allowances for individual cases or special situations, the Burger and Shelton-Colgrove generalizations do serve as fairly reliable rules of thumb.

As for the question of *how* an executive should go about quitting, the answer, in my opinion, is very simple. He should do it frankly and honestly, giving proper notice and always writing a letter of resignation. He should state his reasons for resigning clearly and succinctly, but avoiding any personal recriminations.

This advice is not only good manners, it is also good business practice. Nothing leaves a worse taste in management's mouth than the man who quits without warning or explanation, who simply fails to show up in the morning or announces that he is through a few minutes before the office closes on Friday afternoon. It is also sound practice to quit without letting off steam, without taking the last-minute opportunity to tell this or that person where to head in.

These are cheap and cowardly tricks that have a habit of boomeranging on those who resort to them. I know of many cases like that of pseudonymous Ted Spencer, who quietly obtained a job with another company and then, on a Friday afternoon—needless to say, *after* he'd received his pay check—loudly told off his superior and announced that he was quitting then and there.

No doubt Ted Spencer derived a certain amount of personal satisfaction from his dramatic little act—but he was destined to regret it intensely. About a year and a half later, Spencer's old company absorbed the one to which he'd moved—and, lo and behold, the superior Ted had berated again became his boss. That is, he became Ted's boss for about a week—which was all the time it took for Spencer to find himself unemployed.

All in all, quitting rules are really not much different from any other rules of sound human conduct. Each man must decide for himself when it's quitting time—when it is advisable and advantageous for him to leave a job and a company and move elsewhere. Once he has decided to resign, he should take the step in a clean, straightforward fashion.

In short, the wise business executive emulates the wise gambler, and quits when he is ahead. Beyond this, he bears in mind that sometimes it is necessary to quit in order to get ahead—and that the man who knows when to quit is often the one who gets ahead the fastest and the farthest.



"Why can't I just wear an engagement ring like everybody else?"

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CANADIAN CLUB'S GUIDE TO KYOTO

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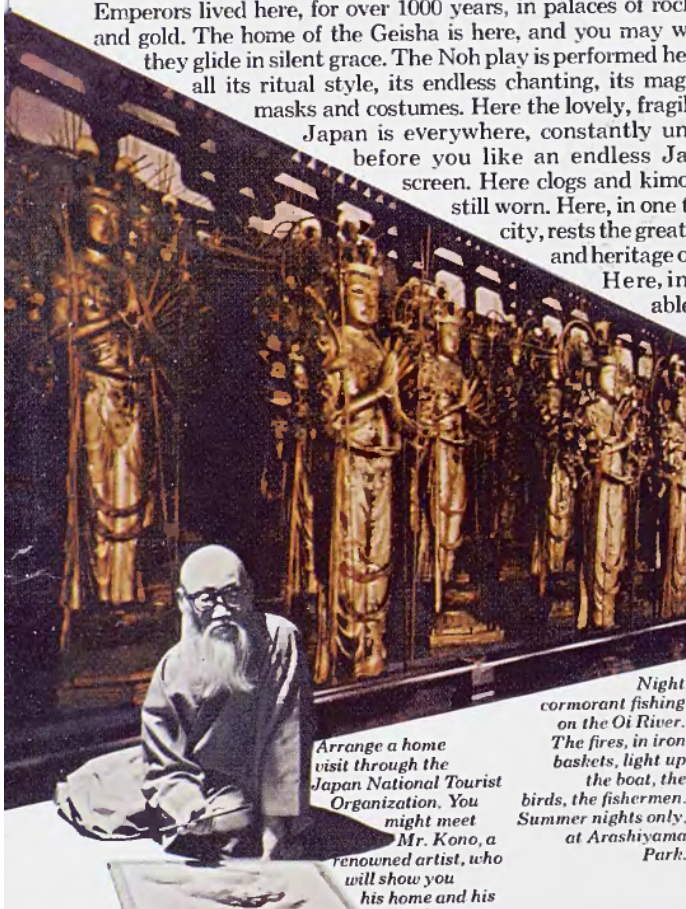
Entrance to Nijo Castle, home of Emperors since 1603. It's built without one single nail. The "nightingale" floorboards squeak, built to warn of approaching assassins.



Enter, please, this ancient city that is the very essence of Japan. For Kyoto is keeper of the treasures and traditions of Japan. The Emperors lived here, for over 1000 years, in palaces of rock, wood and gold. The home of the Geisha is here, and you may watch as they glide in silent grace. The Noh play is performed here, with all its ritual style, its endless chanting, its magnificent masks and costumes. Here the lovely, fragile art of Japan is everywhere, constantly unfolding before you like an endless Japanese screen. Here clogs and kimonos are still worn. Here, in one timeless city, rests the great culture and heritage of Japan. Here, in honorable Kyoto.

Perhaps the most spectacular sight in Kyoto: the one thousand and one golden statues of Sanjugoendo. Each mercy goddess has twenty pairs of hands; each pair of hands holds a symbol to ward off suffering.

About 30 minutes' drive from Kyoto is the village of Ohara. Its women are known for the heavy loads of wood they carry, and the special costumes they wear. This girl's father owns a lovely country inn, the Onoyamata, where you dip your sukiyaki in raw egg.



Arrange a home visit through the Japan National Tourist Organization. You might meet Mr. Kono, a renowned artist, who will show you his home and his paintings.

Night cormorant fishing on the Oi River. The fires, in iron baskets, light up the boat, the birds, the fishermen. Summer nights only. at Arashiyama Park.



At Kyoto's International Hotel, you can sit beside a lovely Japanese garden, with a tiny bridge and a stone lantern. You can order little Japanese sandwiches to enjoy with an old friend, Canadian Club. For Canadian Club is in Kyoto, too. In every fine hotel and restaurant.

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.

Enjoy Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—wherever in the world you are. Enjoy it tonight, in Kyoto, or in your own home.

The Golden Pavilion. It was the summer house of a Shogun, and stands serenely beside soft moss gardens and silent pools. See it when it is bathed in sunlight early morning or late afternoon.



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